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Triangulating peace

Bruce M. Russett, John R. Oneal

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THE TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE

EDITED BY

Senator Robert L. Taylor and John Trotwood Moore

NASHVILLE TENNESSEE

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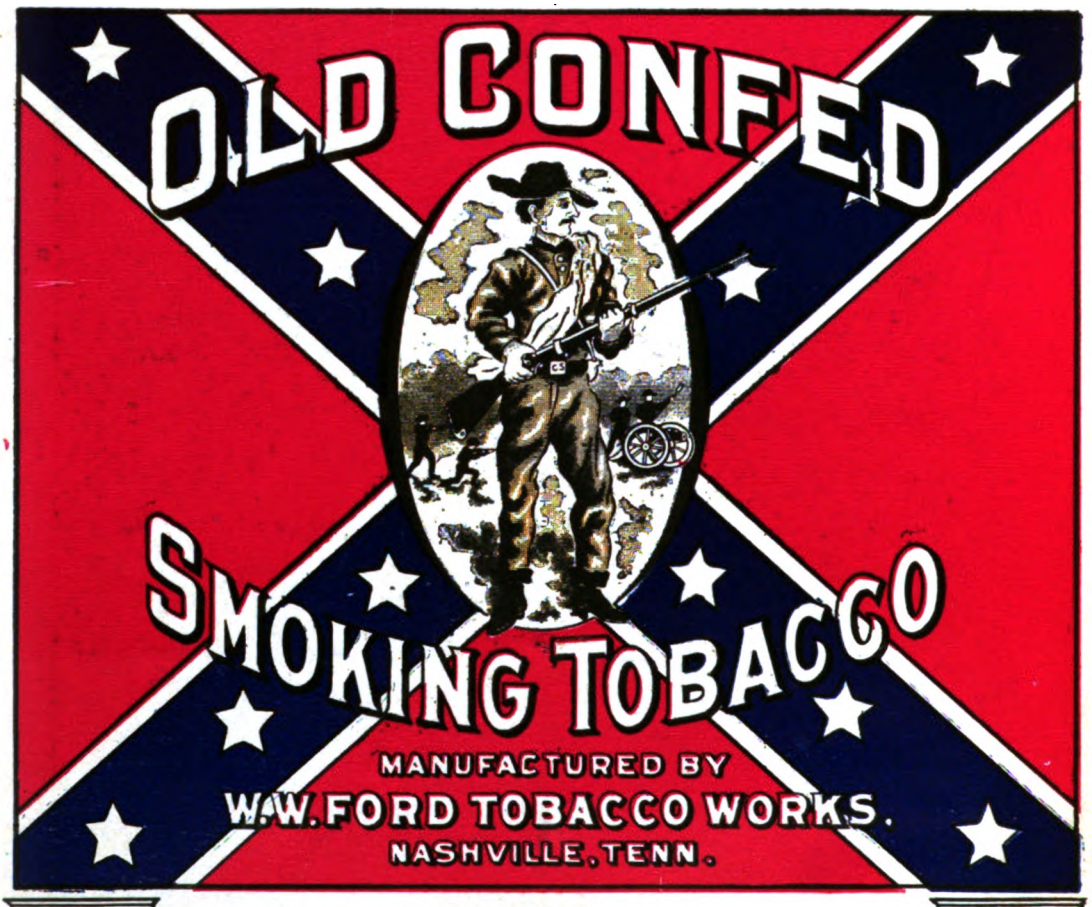

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RICHARD MANSFIELD

The Dead Master

Lines on the death of Richard Mansfield

By Tom Sigismund Stribling

Wail the master. He is dead.
Swiftly hath his spirit fled;
Mourn him stately, mourn him greatly—
He is princeliest of the dead.

Let Tragic Muse and Mirth Protean,
Raise a grand and mournful paean;
Their creator and translater,
He hath flown for endless aeon.

And, O ye realms which now he dowers,
Ye who took him in his powers,
Set stages vaster for the Master—
He hath grown too great for ours.

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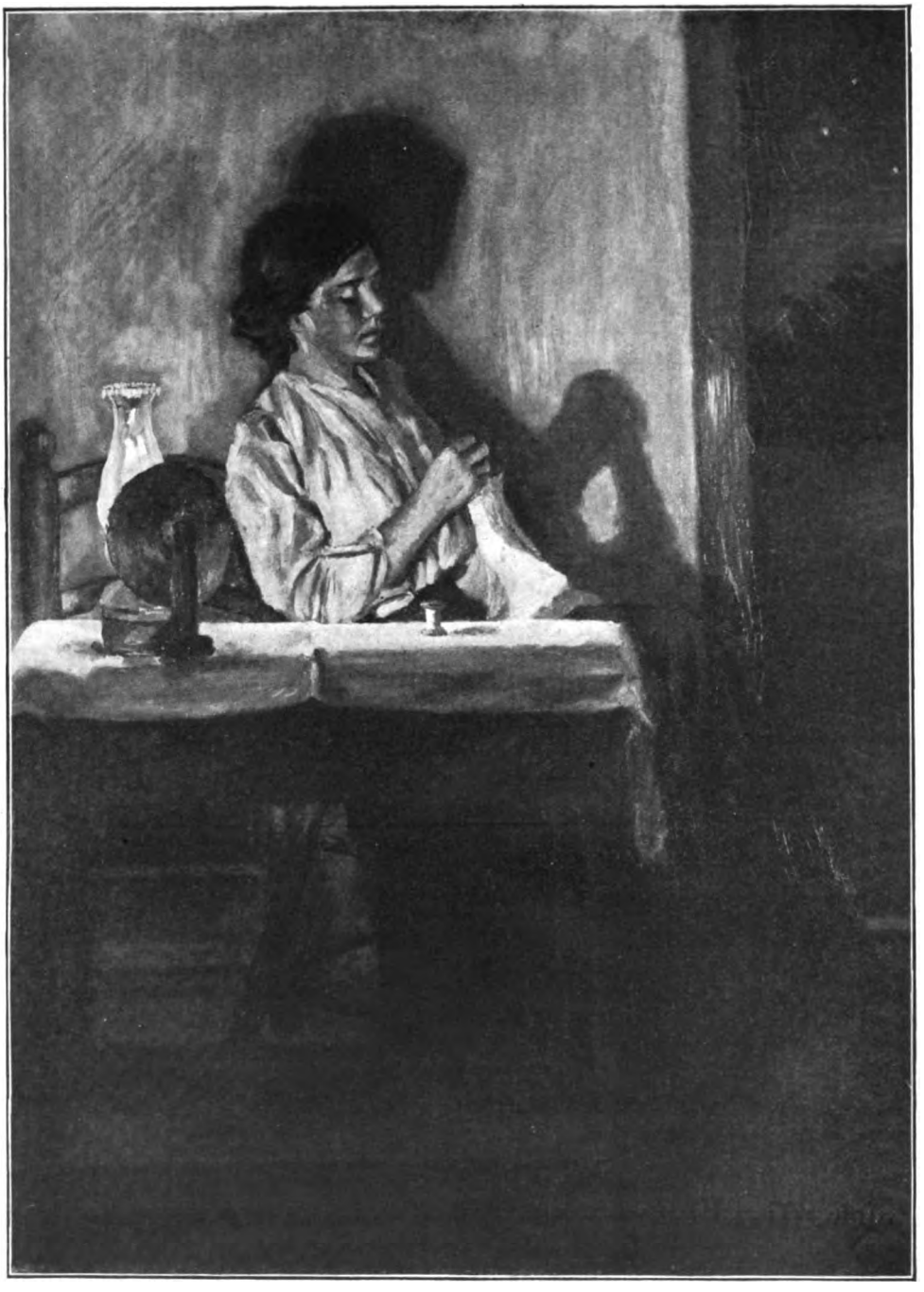

Painting by M. L. McComb

"When Sally sat down to her sewing a little later her thoughts were very far removed from her work, and she was more troubled than she cared to show."

The Night Riders. *(See page 47)*

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THE TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE

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THE PARSON PLAYS PROXY

By Berenice Fearn Young

"BUT Betsy," said her mother, "Robert Effingham is a worthy young man and of a most estimable family, which hath ever numbered men of distinction amongst its sons."

Betsy said nothing. She calmly broke four eggs for her cup cake, separating the yellows from the whites with careful precision.

"They have a fair property here in the Colonies," continued Madame Handsford, "and in England a country house and a town house, and are high in favor at court."

"As for land, property and the like, we lack nothing, mother, here at home. The care of a country house and a town house is irksome, and the sparking of them who are hangers-on at court wearies me—their words are scarce seemly to a country-bred maid—and moreover I like not the climate of England. Further, it ill beseemeth my father's daughter to find comfortable the affections of a nephew of Lord Howard Effingham, whose name and memory are bywords the length and breadth of the Middle Plantations."

Her mother sighed. True, she had been the wife and was now the not unresigned widow of the "rebel and martyr," Handsford, and she had ever borne herself as beseemed his consort. Yet often his stern simplicity had been distasteful to her. She longed for the flesh pots of Egypt and fondly remembered the gay doings at court when she was for one short year the lady-in-waiting on the wife of James the Second, where her martial and severe-eyed lover had found her and carried her away with him to his Majesty's dominion of Virginia, now twenty-five long years gone.

Mistress Handsford's sigh had but little effect on Betsy, who serenely beat the batter for her cake and as serenely set it to bake in the big oven and betook herself to the long front porch, whence could be plainly seen the roof of William and Mary College, presided over by Parson Camm. This gentleman, albeit he had been denominated by her father once as an "abominable Tory," was yet thought by her father's daughter to be "of a most commanding eye, and a most engaging demeanor" for a parson and college president. She was deeply concerned that John Camm should have been so bitter against her father's old friend, Patrick Henry, and deplored the angry words between them, but for all that she admired the parson for sticking to his rights as he saw them, and she defied all the Plantations to produce another such a pair of flashing gray eyes or such shoulders or so full and firm a mouth, so stately a walk or so musical a voice in reading a passage in Scripture! Here it was Betsy's time to sigh, and she did so soft-

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ly, for his voice out of the pulpit she but seldom heard. He cared little for the blandishments of women, being a scholar and ever with a book in his hand. Of late she had conversed with him at some length twice. Once being fallen somewhat behind the others on coming from church, he had overtaken her, and he had ridden with her even to her gate, where he had dismounted and led her horse to the horse block and assisted her to alight, and after had refused most graciously her mother's invitation to dinner. The next time, which was but a few days later, she had chanced to be gathering lavender blossoms for certain household purposes as he came by her garden on his morning walk. She had found his speech pleasant, and he had asked for a sprig of lavender, saying that its odor was extraordinarily grateful to him, making him think of his mother in England, who it seemed preferred it to all other sweet-smelling shrubs or garden flowers. Herself also, she had said, and he had smiled upon her, a wondrous winning smile for so grave a mouth, the prettier, she thought, in that it was so fleeting, like a sudden slant of sun across a leafy place. She sighed again, more softly still, and stepped quickly back into the kitchen, warned by the warm, fragrant smell that she had best look in her oven. "Robert Effingham," she thought, as she opened the oven door just a crack lest her cake "fall," and so her morning's work be for naught, "Robert Effingham is forever laughing at nothing, and a roysterer beside! He hath no wit, no parts. Could he make a speech? Never. Could he hold out stoutly against Patrick Henry himself in an argument? Could he fight a lawsuit with courage and accept defeat with calm and dignity? Not he. All he knows is tavern quip and jest, and how to troll a foolish song, and how to make a maid's cheek blush, and what dog to take a-hunting. His temper is too quick, his air too haughty to them who brook it, he is too high handed and too light headed! The best thing about him one can say is that Parson Camm hath a liking for him."

With this she drew her cake from the oven and with her face flushed by the heat of the fire, returned to the porch and her reveries while shredding the spikes of lavender into a snowy cloth laid across her lap, getting them ready to be later sewed into small bags and thereafter placed between the folds of household linen and napery. Presently her mother came out with her sewing, and there they were joined later by Mistress Culpepper, who came riding a-horseback to spend the morning, and who, abrim with gossip, could scarce divest herself of riding gloves and hat ere she began a moving tale.

"What do you think, Mistress Handsford, and you too, Betsy, of this latest prank of Robert Effingham—the roystering blade?"

"I protest I know not what it is, but like enough 'tis harmless, Mistress Culpepper," answered Betsy's mother, mildly. Betsy said nothing.

"Were you not at church, then, last Sabbath day? Strange, I did not miss you from the congregation."

"I had a slight quinsy on Sunday, and Betsy stayed at home to bear me company."

"So? And you have not heard of it?" She drew her chair nearer. "Why, the Middle Plantation is ringing with it, and good cause! I wonder the news hath been so long reaching you. 'Tis the most amazing bad behavior ever done by any gentleman in Virginia! Not that we are any of us surprised; for right well you know, Elizabeth Handsford, that this young Effingham is a sparkish, slashing blade, and that his manners smack too much of court and camp to please our quiet, gentle folk. You, who served at court yourself, and were used to free ways belike in your youth, may overlook his eye-making, his leg-showing, his unseemly love-making to this maid and that, and his ruffling it among all the damsels as if he were our gracious Majesty himself! I, for one, have found him intolerable, and like his haughty ways, which make

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him the picture of his hateful uncle, as little as I do his ill-timed jests and bold eyes."

"Have done with rating him, Ann Culpepper," interrupted Mistress Handsford, somewhat sharply. "We all know you were bred in the Colonies and unused to the custom of town-bred gentlefolk, and it may be having seen less of the manner of gentlemen than most, having married young and your good husband averse to any but a quiet life. Your friends, all, are willing to overlook your lack of knowledge of the world, knowing how small hath been your opportunity. But come! To the point, to the point in this matter! How hath young Effingham offended? What grave indecorum hath he committed now? Poor lad, he is like to receive scant consideration here in the Colonies where most of us have forgot the fashion—and some of us have never seen it!"

Betsy smiled at her mother's little spurt of temper and quickly curbed the smile. She was not only a dutiful daughter, but had an uncommon sense of humor, although in demeanor and look she strongly resembled her grave and handsome father, who had suffered himself to be called a rebel and had gloried in being called a martyr. While Betsy trod serenely and calmly through life, its big things and its small, she loved her spicy mother and rather enjoyed the latter's tart tongue and temper, though many a time she had fronted both down with her quiet eyes.

"You have much courage if you espouse the cause of Robert Effingham in this last mad caper," continued Mistress Culpepper, meek, but nettled. "This transcends all. You must know, of course, as all do, that he hath behaved with rudeness to good old Widow Blair, whose husband was the first president of our worthy and praise-deserving college of William and Mary, in which this Plantation hath great pride. Her husband's office and him should be respecket in her as any will grant. Young Effingham hath sent her many messages this past week in regard to the pew in church wherein she hath sate these thirty years. It hath pleased our young sir to sit in that pew, and he hath tried it on various occasions, for he hath declared it openly at the tavern, where you cannot deny he often drinks too much, that in that particular pew he can best see both Betsy here and Parson Camm also, for whom he professes a most uncommon attachment. For my part, I take it ill that a sober man holding in godliness the office and position which Parson Camm doth should be agreeable to a friendship which does him so little credit."

Betsy's color, which had heightened somewhat at the allusion to herself in Widow Culpepper's story, deepened further, and her eyes flashed at this criticism of John Camm, but the head of her father's child restrained the tongue of her mother's daughter, and she said or showed nothing unbecoming a maid in the presence of her elders.

"But to get at the matter and have done with it, for I take much longer in the telling than it took in the happening, since it was over and done between a look and a breath, to the consternation of us all assembled for worship! 'Twas like this. Last Sunday all in good time in came poor Widow Blair into the church, walking in her usual mournful manner. As you know, she is a small female and mightily sad. Each Sabbath day she sits dolefully and fixes her countenance as though she were carved in stone and weeping in an urn upon a tomb. She is a widow indeed. It hath developed that she came rather before her regular time to service, for I am told by one who knows that she had got word from Robert Effingham not to sit in that pew as he had a mind to occupy it alone, declaring her sniffling and moaning discomposed him so as to prevent him praying—the godless youth! Mistress Blair is a very determined female, for all her smallness. Being of the weaker sex, she yet hath the male will, and they do say that in the lifetime of her departed spouse she—but at any rate she was

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indisposed to give up her pew to Robert Effingham or any other, and had sent him word flatly that she would not yield to him. She came in a new fringed black paduasoy but late purchased from London, knelt, seated herself and, as is her custom, unfolded her handkerchief, holding it ready. She weeps without fail at the appearance of Parson Camm, in whom she sees a most touching likeness to Doctor Blair. Of a truth, I see not the resembling, for Doctor Blair was small of stature, and hath, or had in life, a most disconcerting wart on his nose and a most discomfortable manner of swallowing between each word with a face which ever put me in mind of a small boy taking a pill and liking it not. And we all know that Parson Camm hath a majestic demeanor befitting him and comforting to sit under. Widows do have strange vagaries about their departed lords. Now, strange as it may seem, I—but that also is a digression. As I say, the time drew near for Parson Camm to make his appearance, and we sat expectant in godliness and quiet, when in ruffled this Effingham sprig with hair much curled, in a new plum-colored suit, with pink facings of silk, and a vastly cock-of-the-walk manner. He walked down the aisle as if he trod a minuet, and on reaching the pew where sat Mistress Blair (her back being turned somewhat to him), he halted, elevated his eyebrows and then his eyes took on a most unbecoming merriment (I sit, as you know, just opposite Widow Blair), and before one could say 'Lord ha' mercy!' he stepped into the widow's pew, leaned over, caught her in his arms, lifted her high in air and sat her plump down in the pew behind—and this in the presence of both minister and congregation! This I think going too far! This I call too profane and scandalous an action. Poor Mistress Blair, what she thought I cannot vouch, but her look was amazing. We all, you may well believe it, sat up and for a space looked at each other and then at the parson. The instant was fraught with pain to all but young Effingham, whose countenance put me in mind of the line in the hymn which saith, 'Every prospect pleases.' Parson Camm bore himself admirably, all must unite in declaring, and said very solemn: 'Let us pray.' Whereat, who should bow the head devoutlier than any but that profane young man! At the end of the prayer his amen and the sniffle of Widow Blair sounded at one and the same moment. Of a truth it passes belief. I do not wonder that you look agape as I tell it. It doth transcend all that ever I have heard for sacrilege and blasphemy!"

Madame Handsford was fain to confess that there could be no defense for such an act on the part of her favorite, and to agree that his conduct should not be overlooked or condoned.

After some further gossip the Widow Culpepper departed, and Betsy, her domestic duties accomplished, seated herself in the summer house to read for an hour before dinner in a small volume of Ben Jonson, which she had found among her father's books.

* * * * * * * *

On this same morning closeted with Parson Camm sat "the slashing blade" and offender, the ruffling upsetter of service and uplifter of widows. They had talked over the scandalous behavior of Effingham. The young fellow had listened with becoming humility and every appearance of regret and remorse to the severe rebuke of the parson. Yet his eyes were suspiciously merry as he put out his hand to John Camm after an hour of lecture and reproof.

"Upon my life, John, I did not know that I was going to do it until it was done. The woman hath a parlous sniffle, and is as much given to balking as her roan mule. She thought by reason of her sex to out-general me. I had given her fair warning that I needed just that pew, could praise my Maker and my Maker's handiwork in no other position. For there best can I see you, John, and there best can I glorify God by looking on the face of the fairest maid

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in the three Plantations. Forgive me and forget it. I have come to you on weightier matter than lifting a puny, obstinate female from one seat to another. Doubtless it fluttered the lady. It hath been long since she felt a man's arm clasp her. Let it go, John; forget it. Thou hast ever befriended me since I was a small lad at school back across the water." And he would listen no longer to John's displeasure and rebuke. He swept it aside, saying:

"Be done, John; be done, be done! 'Tis past. Such a caper shall not hap again. I am concluded to settle down, build a house after the fashion of the Manor House back home, forswear the tavern and live honest. I am in love, John Camm. I am in love, man—think of that!" Here the young scamp had the grace to bow his head and add: "She is too good for me, but if a man got his deserts we would none of us wive! Unless," he continued, as an afterthought, "it were you. And, man or parson, there be too few of your pattern to wed all the women. I am in love, in love, John. Like enough you know her. She sits under you in church each Sabbath. You were a man of ice not to know her, and she a maid to make ice stream like a river! Will she have me, think you? Speak up, John."

"Your behavior," said Parson Camm, "hath scarce been such as to commend you to modest women. But women are creatures of the whilk but little can be prognosticated, and although I have but scant time to think on them, and have given no thought to their habit in love-making and mating, yet I am prone to consider that they mate as they talk, with small insight and no reason."

All at once the mien, eyes and conversation of Betsy Handsford were as if present. He somewhat hastily rose from his seat at the table and walked to the window and back. He seemed to see her in the garden gathering lavender, and had an unexplainable remembrance of the sweetness of her grave eyes and gentle voice. Also, he had a disconcerting recollection of a lock of bright brown hair blown by the wind across her face. He recalled to mind every word that she had uttered, shy, yet with a perfect calm. She had spoken of a certain matter in connection with William and Mary College, and he remembered that she had taken the same view of it as he had when thinking it over in his study. Then she had spoken of certain church matters also in capable and quiet fashion. Further than this, she had talked a word of her garden and her pleasure in it, and of the lavender whose odor was grateful to him. After a little speech of John Milton, between the leaves of whose "Paradise Lost" his finger was as he walked (John Milton, a very prig and a dunderhead in things political and temporal, yet for all that a godly man and no mean poet), they had parted. Strange he remembered every word she had spoken, most unusual! And that only the second time he had seen her to have speech of any length with her in her presence alone. Of the first time he recollected the very spot on the road where his horse had overtaken hers, the glow in her cheeks, her well-poised seat in the saddle, her —. He rose again, seated himself anew, and said quickly:

"And who is this incomparable she, Robert? Who is this damsel that hath set thee wool-gathering on the subject of houses built and midnight carousing forsaken, and court and camp distasteful?"

"Who but Betsy Handsford, John? And well I know that I have little to commend me to her liking, and that little I have placed in jeopardy. Much I fear me she will not listen to my further wooing, taking me so smally in earnest, in that she knows that I have kissed this hand and that, and lips where I could, but I vow I will rove no more. I am mad for Betsy Handsford, and I must have her. What I would ask of thee is this—do you seek her for me. Speak to her grave and convincing as thou well knowest how. Get her ear—thou canst. Make her sure of my unchanging devotion. Open up to her the

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thought that her affections will be my safeguard, and her union with me my salvation; her love for me will make a man of me."

"Robert, Robert, lad, it is not the love of woman which will make of thee a man; it is only within thyself that such power can arise. But of a truth thou speakest as a man in earnest, and canst do thy own wooing. Such words as have this moment fell from thee betokened eloquent enough matter for convincement of any woman; of most, at least." He added the last part of his statement in spite of himself, and then he argued further on the matter, and would have done so at great length. But no, young Effingham would not hear to anything but that John should go to the lady and plead the younger man's cause. Finally the parson consented, but he had unaccountable little heart in the matter. It was no unusual custom in those times for a friend to be the go-between in affairs of marriage, and alliances were arranged no less among the gentry than with crowned heads, the high contracting parties seemingly quite satisfied with this disposal of their fortunes by an intermediary—a sort of God-of-the-machine, cut and dried affair that more than one woman has in her heart rebelled at and some with their tongue, and that however complaisant the man in the case has shown himself, we may be sure had his "fling" for such complaisance either before or after marriage and many a time both.

Long that night did Parson Camm sit up over college matters, and an unquiet and restless mind did he bring to his duties. Late in the watches of the night his candles burned. He fingered over and over written instructions to be handed the housekeeper of "William and Mary" regarding a young Indian brave, son of the "Queen of Pamunkey," who had been sent to college with a boy to wait upon him, and likewise two chiefs' sons, "handsomely cloathed after the Indian fashion." These instructions having been written out in his bold, flowing hand, he pushed the paper aside. Presently he took a fresh pen and fresh paper and commenced to set down certain scriptural quotations anent matrimony, which he intended to use in speech with Betsy Handsford on the following day, if granted an interview in his friend's behalf. It was not the custom in those times for professors in colleges to marry, though not then forbid, as it was for a period in the life of William and Mary College; and John Camm had never thought of it before; why should he now? Impatiently he thrust aside his scriptural gleanings, took another piece of paper and set himself sternly to writing other needful instructions to the housekeeper, numbering each one.

1. Concern not yourself with any of the Boys only when you have a Complaint against any of Them, and then see that you make it to his or their proper Master.

2. That there be always both fresh and salt Meat for Dinner: and twice in the Week, as well as Sunday in particular, that there be either Puddings or Pies beside;

3. That the Society not only allow you, but desire you to get a Cook, and furthermore that the Boys' Suppers be not as usual made up of different Scraps, but that there be set at each Table the same Sort; that cold fresh Meat be often hashed for them;

4. That you yourself see their Victuals before it be carried to them when they are sick.

5. That they be given Medicine regularly.

6. That a proper Stocking Mender be procured to live in or near the College, as both Masters and Boys do bitterly complain of losing their Stockings.

7. Furthermore we particularly request it of you to visit less in the Town and Country that your Affairs at the College may not suffer. Stay at Home diligently that Complaints against you may be lessened.

These instructions being completed, he wrote out orders to be posted for the benefit of the young men of William and Mary College, thus:

1. yt no scholar belonging to any school in ye College, of wt Age, Rank or Quality, soever, do keep any race Horse at ye College, in ye Town, or anywhere in ye Neighborhood of ye same & yt they be not concerned anyway in making races, or in backing or abetting, those made by others

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& yt all race Horses kept in ye Neighborhood of ye College & belonging to any of ye Scholars be immediately dispatched & sent off, & never again brought back under Pain of ye severest Punishement:

2. yt no Student shall take part in Cock-Fighting, nor frequent ye Ordinaries, nor bette, nor play at Dice, nor Billiards, nor bring Cards or Dice to ye College:

3. yt severe Penaltie and Pain of Punishement will be put upon any Student who may presume to go out of ye Bounds of ye College, particularly towards ye Mill Pond, without express Permission, & ye Mill Pond be at ale time sedulously shunned:

4. to ye Ende yt no Person may pretend Ignorance of ye foregoing Regulations it is ordered yt a clear and Legible Copy of ym be posted up in everie School of ye College.'

All these instructions being writ and neatly placed in a pile for distribution on the morrow, John arose and walked slowly to the casement, flung it wide, and looked out across the fields and wondered if she were asleep, blushed at the thought, put it away from him, and went strangely moved to bed where he dreamed she came to meet him across the moonlighted fields with an apron full of lavender blossoms.

As early as was seemly on the following morning he mounted his horse to ride over to the house of Madame Handsford. He dressed himself very carefully, fine ruffled shirt of cambric, and his best in the way of buckles at knee and shoe. For surely it befitted a man bent on such an errand to be fittingly garbed.

His dream of last night had fled from him. He was thinking only of Robert Effingham, thinking rather gravely how lightly the lad was about to take a serious step, thinking that for the scapegrace to have chosen wisely was something much in his favor, thinking with a sigh of which he wot not that it was but natural for the heart to go out to such a damsel, seeing we needs must love the highest when we see it, wondering if the maid in question cherished a feeling of affection for this scatter-brained, lovable, untamed lad, whose suit he was to urge, fitting together the proper phrases in which to address her, and in which to clothe the virtues of the young man who desired her affections (for he had virtues, as little as his demeanor showed them to advantage), wondering remotely about the covenant of marriage as it was entered into by men, other men. He lifted his shovel hat from his head as he rode down the leafy country highway, and bared a thoughtful high forehead, a fine, clean-cut face, to the summer wind—a face well deserving the light touch of a woman's hand laid in tenderness upon it.

She was in the garden again, and looking up showed frankly her pleasure in the sight of him. On his alighting and entering the gate she passed promptly out through the opening in the privet hedge to meet him. Where her kerchief met across her bosom were two or three spikes of lavender.

"Good morrow to you, Parson Camm," she said. "The air is so fine I wonder not you were fain to ride forth in it. I will fetch my mother, if it please you to sit on the porch or in the summer house rather than within doors."

"Stay, Mistress Betsy, I pray you —and may I ask a little conversation with you rather than with Madame Handsford in the beginning?—though later I shall hope to speak with her also if she be at leisure and inclined to a visitor. May I further, since I desire to have speech for your private ear, direct our steps rather to the summer house than the porch, which I deem not quite so remote from chance of interruption?"

"Of a surety, sir," said Betsy, calmy, but she was not calm. She led the way to the summer house at the edge of the yard, where the yard touched upon the garden. There was a star jessamine climbing and shedding its tiny blossoms through the lattice work of the roof upon the floor. She stood, respectful of his cloth and position, and pointed to a low bench, saying, "Be seated, sir." Then she sat down beside him. The little star-shaped blooms smelled amazing sweet, he thought, and also that very likely he in time should

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come to like their strange and unfamiliar fragrance as well as the lifelong known perfume of the lavender. Straightway he plunged into what he had to say.

"Matrimony is an estate approved by heaven." She shot him a quick and startled glance, and then quietly took up from a work basket, on a low table near her, a roll of cambric ruffling, and said as she found the needle, "Truly, Parson Camm, it hath been approved by women and men as well as heaven, I believe, since Master Adam and Mistress Eve." Then she smiled, but he did not look at her and therefore missed somewhat.

"I have come to lay before your consideration the virtues and good parts of young Robert Effingham."

"I have myself pondered upon them, sir. Nor have I found them confusing in number."

"He hath sterling qualities, and a ready heart and arm to—"

"He hath, I grant it, a ready arm—and used it most readily on last Sabbath Day, I have been told. Also he hath a roving eye."

"Think not upon last Sabbath, child. It was an action unworthy of him, and of the whilk he sorely repents. It was done unthoughtedly, but without malice to Widow Blair, or intention of offense to me, or sacrilege of God's house. I do not condone it—but—." Was he about to say "I understand it?" Amazed and shocked at himself, he proceeded quickly, "The youth is enamored of you."

"Hath he sent you to apprise me? Is his tongue not so ready as his arm?"

"It is, indeed! He is not averse to wooing, but he deemed that mayhap you would listen sooner to his suit if put gravely by a serious man before you, thinking my words perchance might have weight with you rather than his."

"He thought not amiss there," she said, quickly, and then bit her thread off neatly and carefully selected a fresh needleful. Encouraged by this, he proceeded:

"It is written that it is not good for man to live alone, and that a virtuous woman is a crown to her husband and more to be desired than much fine gold. And—er—also it is recorded that Abraham dwelt many years happily with Sarah, that Isaac greatly loved Rebekah, and that Ruth forsook all and cleaved unto her husband."

He looked up and found her eyes fastened upon his face. A star jessamine fell upon his hand.

"Yea, sir; the love of them of whom you have spoke is pleasant to consider. Ruth hath ever been to me a moving ensample of constancy and devotion. I oft have thought upon her," said the maiden beside him.

"The union between man and woman is God's ordainment," he continued. "The enduring love of a steadfast man is the crown of a woman, the tender passion of a constant woman is the shield and buckler of a man."

"Yea," she said, calmly, and waited.

"Robert can offer you much that is now praise- and love-worthy, and your life linked with his, he thinks, will make a man of him."

"Shall I then marry a creature to make of him a man?"

"You wrong Robert Effingham, you greatly wrong him—and look you, a strong man, a steadfast, a true, a tender to her he loves, albeit stern to the world and his duty—such a man is an honor to the woman that he makes his wife and to the God who made him."

"I love such a man," quickly she answered. In his astonishment he opened out the palm of his hand, and a star jessamine fell in it. His hand closed on it. Swiftly she rose to her feet and said again, "I love such a man. For Robert Effingham there is no way open, nor to any save the one."

He rose also to his feet. He knew not that he spoke the question, "Who?" The word sprang from his lips with his breath.

Then she said, this daughter of a soldier, this maiden unafraid to face herself, this woman made altogether

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desirable by the humor that flashed in her eyes:

"Open your Bible, not at the story of Isaac and Rebekah, nor yet at the story of Ruth, but to Samuel in the second book, the twelfth chapter and the seventh verse, and belike you may divine who it is, oh, John Camm!"

Then she left him.

He forgot his horse, and strode home with the star jessamine fast in his closed hand. On his study table lay his great Bible open. With eager fingers he turned to the Book of Samuel, the jessamine loosed fell to the floor. He found and he read:

"And Nathan said unto David, 'Thou art the man.'"

He stooped, picked up the flower, kissed it, marked the place with it—and went back for his horse.

* * * * * *

Some months later John Camm entered his study and found his wife there dusting his books with circumspection and discretion, for it was a task of hers over which her Parson grew mightily restless. She lifted up his "Paradise Lost" the better to wipe it free of dust, when from it fluttered a loose sheet filled with handwriting. Now her John had a pretty taste in languages and knew somewhat of the Spanish and French tongues as well as Latin. As she was about to slip the leaf back into the Milton she read beneath the verse in French (for verse it was) a translation, done all in John's own hand, and headed thus:

TO BETSY, MY WIFE.

Looking up she saw him in the doorway. "Out upon you for a light-minded poet!" she laughed at him, but her eyes said "My Lover!" He entered, flung an arm about her shoulder and together they read, he the French and she the English.

El fait que dame, et si fait bien,
Car sos ciel, n'a si france rien,
Com est dame qui violt amer,
Quant Deus la violt a co torner;
Deus totes dames beneie.

She like a woman does,
And in so doing does well too;
For under heaven none so brave to do
As woman whom her own heart drives to woo,
When God hath willed she for herself must sue;
God bless the ladies all!

THE DAY OF ALL THE DAYS

Along the hills the veils of cloudage lie,
And cast their shadows on the crags and rocks;
Adown the valley, shrill, a wild hawk's cry,
And tinkle, tinkle of the browsing flocks.

The stately corn bows in the fragrant breeze,
And færy ripples run along the wheat;
The yearning Dryads murmur from the trees,
And wilding perfumes steal from each retreat.

Beneath the hills the little streamlet flows,
Now deep and still, with pines upon its breast;
Now fierce and strong, through mighty rocks it goes
To seek the sunset rivers of the West.

Oh, Springtime makes the heart's blood wilder flow;
Oh, Summer tints with rose the somber days;
While Winter comes with cheer and ruddy glow;
But Autumn's day—oh, day of all the days!

Edwin Wiley.

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HISTORIC HIGHWAYS OF THE SOUTH

CHAPTER XXV—CHATTANOOGA

By John Trotwood Moore

The lost opportunity at Chickamauga might yet have been retrieved at Chattanooga had not the Fate of the Southern Confederacy arrived on the scene in the person of U. S. Grant.

Bragg, after Chickamauga, shut the Yankee army up in their trap at Chattanooga (or rather stopped up the holes in which they had shut themselves) and with that superb belief that the Almighty was, of course, always for the Cause, and with that complete indifference to that element in warfare so essential to success, known by the common name of Time, the Southern General sat around the hole as self-satisfied and as silent as a cat in a barn loft, for full two good, precious months, until one day, to his eternal astonishment, there emerged from that hole, not the old, gray, doubting and erratic rat named Rosecrans, who had scuttled in two months before so badly whipped that he scarcely knew which hole-in-the-ground was his, but a bobbed-off, scrap-hungry bull-terrier, who, from downright failure as a house pet, had suddenly found that fighting was his forte, and had gradually and gloriously emerged from the mongrel lot of incompetents above him, to be the first real good thing Old Abe had discovered.

GENERAL JOE WHEELER

And as I said, the Fate of the Confederacy.

Two great battles are never fought on the same field at the same time by the same armies. The reason is obvious. And so Chattanooga was to Chickamauga what Nashville was to Franklin—a half fight by a half-destroyed army, up against another one that had been recouped, regeneraled, refed, and was everlastingly ready.

When I visited the battlefield more than a third of a century after the fight, it was evidently a different Chattanooga from the straggling village under the mountain which Grant first

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saw in October, 1863, when the Washington authorities ordered him to hurry there, take charge of things and save the army from its own generals.

In all the South there is no more picturesque city and, I am told, few more prosperous or with a greater future. Its highways are beautiful and whether one winds up to the summit of Lookout Mountain, or down in the valleys around, or over the health-laden hills of Missionary Ridge, the beautiful and the picturesque are ever uppermost. There are no highways of the South more interesting in natural grandeur, as well as the historic.

There was one broad stratum in the mind of Abraham Lincoln which won for his cause ultimate success—he gauged his generals by their success. If they failed he asked them to step down and out. McClellan, Burnside, Hooker—the list runs on even to Rosecrans. And after Chickamauga, Rosecrans went.

Not so with Jefferson Davis. A stubborn and iron friend, a brave soldier, a patriot and a pure man, yet he lacked the breadth for the great and trying office he held. It was not his fault—God made the angle between the two orbs of his brain the angle of the acute. Old soldiers tell me that Bragg was one of his favorites. That is human—we all have our favorites—our friends. Where he missed it was in fighting battles on friendship. After Chickamauga, Bragg, like Rosecrans, should have gone the way of the incompetent. Instead, we find Forrest, the greatest cavalry genius of the Confederacy, transferred to other fields, and Bragg retained to finish the catastrophe already begun when he failed to follow up the victory of September 20th. "General Grant is drinking too much whisky," said one of Abe's advisers to the President. "I wish you'd find out the brand he is drinking," was the twinkling reply, "I want to send a barrel of it to some of my other generals."

So Grant and his extra barrels went on to Chattanooga, and this tale is soon told.

Never was the Union army in more desperate straits for a full month after September 20th and before Grant arrived to take charge. At any time within thirty days, a real general could have taken the city and captured the half-starved army cooped up there. Bragg's idea was to starve them out. He evidently did not know how long fighting men can live without sufficient food. He had Rosecrans' army practically at his mercy, and Grant says when he arrived they did not have ammunition enough for a day's fight, and in his report to Mr. Davis, Bragg says of the enemy:

"Possessed of the shortest route to his depot and the one by which reinforcements must reach him we held him at our mercy and his destruction was only a question of time."

And like many another spendthrift, he squandered this available asset and awoke too late to find it transferred to the coffers of his enemy.

He had Rosecrans penned up, paralyzed and helpless, but Grant was of another stamp. The latter tells how when he arrived at Bridgeport, Rosecrans came to his car and told him all about how it could be done—"made some excellent suggestions," said Grant; and then the future president naïvely remarks: "My only wonder was that he had not carried them out."

But Grant began to carry them out, and it is the most interesting reading in the story of scientific warfare, his unraveling the balled-up yarn left him by the man who could see things but could not carry them out. He ordered Hooker to cross the Tennessee at Bridgeport and march to Brown's Ferry. He ordered Palmer with an army corps to follow and back him up; he laid pontoon bridges to connect his army; he opened the river from Lookout Mountain to Bridgeport. This tapped his line to Nashville and then there was poured in to him in unstinted quantities the provisions which Bragg thought never could be gotten and on the lack of which the Confederate leader was relying for victory.

Bragg made the mistake of think-

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ing that battles could be won by subtraction instead of addition; by elimination instead of substitution; by bread instead of bullets. Like the Irishman who was gradually teaching his horse to live on nothing, by the time the lesson was learned the horse was dead.

There was a month to this story—from October 22d, when Grant arrived, to November 23, 24, 25, when, taking the offensive, he swept out from his fortifications and the blood and courage and devotion of Chickamauga went to naught.

It is interesting to stand, as I stood, on Lookout Mountain many years afterward and see how it was done. Even where I stood occurred the so-called "Battle above the Clouds," and as far as the eye could see it rested on spots made heroic by the courage of the blue and the gray.

Looking at the fruitlessness of it all, it seems that even the bitterest enemy would admire and pity the Confederate soldier. He had not a dog's chance—that went with Donelson, Shiloh and Vicksburg. The country he fought for could not feed him, arm him, nor clothe him, and yet a richer, fairer or fuller country never lay back of a fighting man. The South was defeated, not from lack of men, but from lack of food and equipment. What a strange and incongruous situation! When the war ended the South was full of men, and cotton bales and bacon and corn in unlimited quantities were in out-of-the-way places. It is generally estimated that first and last six to eight hundred thousand Southerners went to the war, but the census of 1870, five years afterwards, shows there was a white population in the South of 8,854,816, fully 1,000,000 of which were men, and yet the South was defeated for lack of men, they say. They were driven out of ranks by lack of food and clothes and back to their homes with heart-sickness, and those who would have gone to the front were estopped by the bloody and barren victories extending from Donelson to Franklin.

According to General Grant, Bragg made three great blunders: "The victory of Chattanooga," says the Federal commander in his "Memoirs," was won against great odds, considering the advantage the enemy had in position; and was accomplished more easily than was expected by reason of Bragg making several grave mistakes: first, in sending away his ablest corps commander with 20,000 troops; second, in sending away a division of troops on the eve of battle; third, in pressing so much of a force on the plain in front of his impregnable position."

These, indeed, were grave errors, contrary to the rules of good generalship. Bragg sent Longstreet to Knoxville to attack and destroy Burnside. In this he had some excuse, for he believed he had the Yankees cornered in Chattanooga, and that Longstreet would destroy Burnside and get back in time to help him bag the principal game. The unknown quantity on which he failed to count was the fact that Grant and not Rosecrans was now in command at Chattanooga.

Rosecrans would have dallied and waited, but when Grant knew of Burnside's peril and the withdrawal of the best corps of Bragg's army, he, with true military genius, assumed the offensive, attacked Bragg when his army was thus weakened, and in a three days' fight, which was both picturesque and bloody, he drove him from position after position, in spite of the heroic bravery of his troops, who did all that men could do, but were powerless in the hands of that fate of incompetency which had been their lot from Donelson to Chickamauga.

The dice of fate can nowhere show so great a chance as was the South's, followed by so signal a failure. Nor can the records of war show a more heroic battle against hunger, fate and foe than those who fought it wearing the gray. Going into the war to fight for the principles of Anglo-Saxon self-government—the right of the people to govern themselves and conduct their own affairs—the most sacred and inalienable right of mankind—they found

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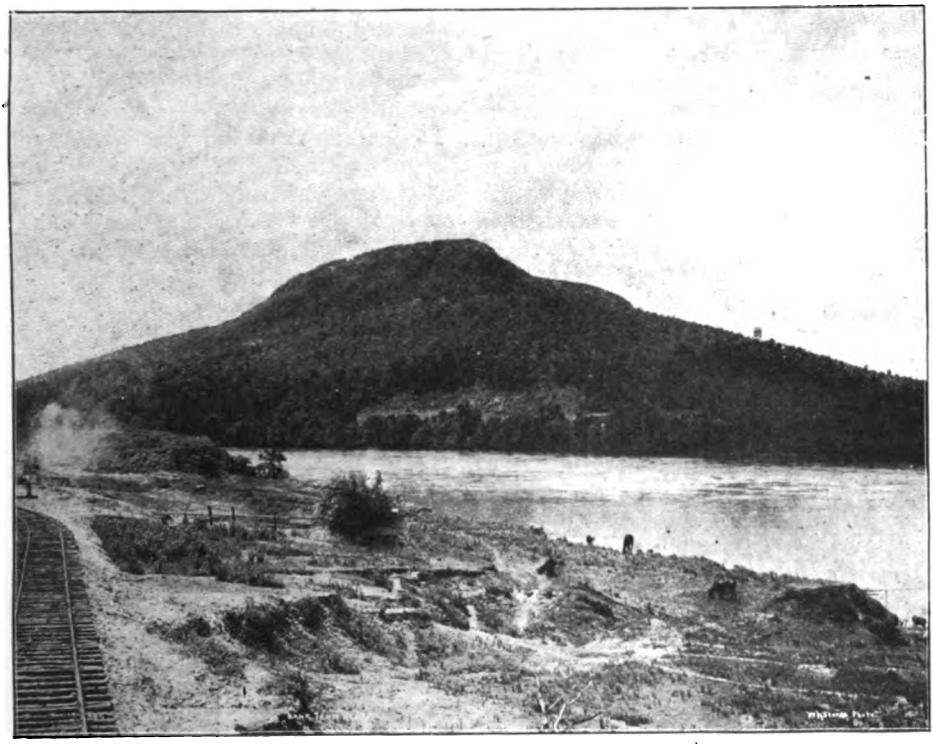
the moral conscience, the great deciding factor of the world against them, tied, as they were, to the dead body of the cursed slavery—a sin, not of their fathers, but of the centuries. Possessed of a country so fertile that it could have fed an army of a million men for unlimited years, they were starved and made naked and brought down to the stretches of death, with scarcely a decent gun to repel the invader. And with the most peerless staple in the world in their possession—a staple on which the very nakedness of mankind relied for covering and whose yearly value to this one favored strip of the belted zone, bounded between a wheat-field and a cotton-blossom, brought in more good gold than all the gold mines of the country—by short-sightedness and folly they beheld it shut up in their ports and rotting in their fields while the looms of the world cried for it in vain and their hungry shuttles rotted in rust. In every great decisive battle of the West, whenever called on to do or die—Donelson, Shiloh, Stone River, Chickamauga, Perryville, Atlanta, Franklin—they would arise in their rags and wrath and with faith sublime and courage unequaled drive back their foe, only to fall victims at the next turn to the ignorance, conceit and incompetency of the men an unswerving fate had placed over them for taskmasters.



LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN FROM THE BANKS OF THE TENNESSEE RIVER

Sent to the fields in butternuts, jeans and rags, behind them millions of slaves, enough to have fed the armies of the world, faithful and true to their masters and working in field and loom to feed and clothe them in vain; conscripted "as long as the war shall last," drained to the last man, winnowed from the cradle to the grave, they fought as long as the flag floated, a total number of 600,000 against 2,-

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800,000, going up against, not alone their known foe which they started out to fight, but the well-fed, instinct-bred fighting man of Europe, landed by the thousands to better their conditions in a country of war and rapine, and sent to the front to fight as soon as they landed. Starved, killed and forced to surrender, the remnant went back to their desolated homes, surrendering in the pledge of good faith, only to find that pledge broken by the powers which, bereft of its great head and heart, the immortal Lincoln, began a reconstruction of hate. In this, their most cherished principle was that a black skin was better than a Southern white one and the most beautiful picture hung on the wall of their fame was that of the black heel on the white neck. And this from descendants of the Dutch traders who sold these slaves to the South, and the children of the Puritan who sold captured Indians into slavery, "because it be gaynefull pillage for us!"

A few years ago the British fought and overpowered by numbers a brave race of white people who had made a civilization in one of the darkest spots of Africa; but to-day one of the bravest of the Boer generals fills one of the most important offices in the English Government and the sons of the Boers govern untrammeled in the land of their birth.

In this enlightened land, the home of the free—under the spell of reconstruction every Boer would have been disfranchised and naked Kaffir heels been placed on his neck.

And still we wonder why England is great. Ask Canada, Australia. Ask the white folks of her colonies which circle the globe. Their progress is the story of a self-governing people.

And in spite of all that, what marvelous things have these unconquered people of the South done! For into their land has come no immigrant, no outside help, and the blood that has builded up the new South to her present great heights is the same that fought the battles of the Revolution, gave to the Union every foot of land acquired up to Alaska, the same that fought at Chickamauga—the home-loving, independent, conservative-born, moral-loving blood of the Anglo-Celt—the people of Runnymede and Mecklenburg.

And as I stood on the top of Lookout Mountain and beheld the field where was fought the Battle above the Clouds, I looked down on the beautiful city at my feet, a living, furnace-framed, smoke-breathed, factory-pulsing, commerce-thumping body of the new South, a swarthy representative of what the unconquering soul of the Southerner had done. Here, where contending armies had striven for their rights not half a century before—what a change has come over the dream of their desire—a change, I am bound to admit, made possible by defeat. Facing starvation then, to-day the South has more than doubled that staple until Europe alone pours, daily, at her feet, the amazing tribute of over one million gold dollars for the privilege of her looms. And with the doubling of her cotton crop she has doubled her exports and her assessed property. Then, there was scarcely in all her borders, the smokestack of a factory to be found. New England mills wove all the fabric of her fields, and her iron and her coal lay dead in dreamless mines. To-day, thousands of spindles hum where primeval silence reigned, and thousands of furnaces light up the night where once shone only the garish stars. In her mills she consumes now more cotton than New England and the rest of the country, and the furnaces of Alabama alone are the despair of Pittsburg trust makers and the glory of the rest of the world. Every product of her homes, her fields, her forests, her mines, her mills, and even the brains of her folks, reads like a multiplication table; beginning with the doubling of her cotton crop in the past decade and a half alone, the trebling of her manufacturing products, her railroad mileage and her farms; multiplying by five her lumber; by six, her capital; by

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eight, her pig iron; by nine, her phosphate; by ten, her cotton bales consumed; by eleven, her money in cotton mills; by twelve, her tons of mined coal; by fourteen, her spindles; by sixteen, her coke; by seventeen, her cotton mills; by eighteen, her capital in them!

The mind cannot grasp these figures at random, but it may remember the story of the man who, not knowing the force of simple progression, offered a blacksmith one cent for the first nail in the shoe; two cents for the second; four cents for the third; eight cents for the fourth, and so on to the last nail of the four shoes to find that his bill to the blacksmith ran into the millions.

From the dreamy, conservative life of the cotton planter—the sky dreaming above him, men and women dreaming with him, and the hidden, inexhaustible world products dreaming beneath—the South has suddenly been turned into the forge of a blacksmith and the plant of a loom where the iron steeds of commerce must come to be shod and the ships of the world must come for their wings.

[The next Historic Highway will be the account of the capture of gunboats by Forrest's cavalry, the only time in the history of warfare, it is said, that it was ever done.]

WILLIAM JASPER

By Robert L. Taylor

BORN IN SOUTH CAROLINA ABOUT 1750. KILLED AT THE ASSAULT ON SAVANNAH, OCTOBER 9, 1779

IT is natural when we read of the deeds of heroes to want to know somewhat of the ancestry and training of those brave fellows who can plan and execute bold feats which are amazing in that they come from the unschooled, whom nature has endowed with that greatest of all gifts, the gift of good sense. But inquiry is not always rewarded by the finding of a long roll of illustrious lineage nor careful training in the duties of a hero. It is part of God's great plan of equalization to raise from the blackness of the nethermost obscurity names which shine upon the scroll of fame with luster undimmed by the proximity of those born to greatness. We expect men like Lee and Washington and Perry and Dewey to do great deeds, for it was part of their education to study the heroic performances of their forbears, and the nobility of their names carried the obligation of self-forgetting; but the historian who seeks for the mainspring of heroism in the "unknown great" finds it proceeds sometimes from emulation of the exploits of which the backwoods boy in his youth had earnestly read by the pine knot fire; sometimes he finds no trace of earnestness or study, but merely a shiftless, dreamy boyhood, whose youth gave no hint of achievement. Without exception, however, it will be found that every man who has risen above his fellows in courage or heroism had a mother of unusual force of character, for, after all, heroism and courage are spiritual qualities, and these are practiced by woman in her daily life, finding recognized expression mainly through the deeds of her sons. Read the histories of Washington, of Lee, of Jackson, of Davis, and you will find they were favorite sons of their mothers, that the bond between them and their mothers was unusually strong. Read the account of Bedford Forrest's mother being attacked by a catamount

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as she rode through the woods with a sack of "gyarden truck" for a sick neighbor and a child before her on her horse. With no weapon but her bare fists she vanquished the attacking beast and calmly continued her errand of mercy. We see, then, that it was only a development under opportunity that won for the son of this magnificent woman the sobriquet of "Wizard of the Saddle."

Such a mother's son, we may rest assured, was William Jasper. To-day every schoolchild knows him as the daring "Sergeant Jasper," who leaped through an embrasure in the ramparts at Fort Moultrie under a shower of cannon balls, recovered and replaced the flag of South Carolina, whose staff had been shot to pieces. Few know of his subsequent record, and none knows his life previous to that one deed. That he asserted himself a native of the colony and twenty-six years of age when he enlisted in the Second South Carolina Regiment in 1776, is all that is known of him. So little did he concern himself with being a hero that he never hedged himself about with the divine exclusiveness through which items of important knowledge filter mysteriously, but certainly. Nor in the hard, rough life of the common soldier of that time did he claim the place of leading braggart which might have been his, but as he had lived his life so unobtrusively and simply before becoming a hero that no one of any importance knew any of its incidents, so among his comrades around the camp fire he bore himself as a small part of the great whole. And when the governor of the colony sent for him and in the absence of means to make medals or gift swords, offered him his own official blade, the richest gift within his power, the simple fellow said: "No; what can I do with the jeweled weapon which recently signified a royal honor bestowed upon Governor Rutledge? Can I wield it more effectively than my own trusty bayonet?"

"But," urged the governor, "we will make you a lieutenant and promote you to higher office as occasion offers, and such a sword will befit your rank as well as your deeds."

"Nay," was the sturdy reply. "I am but a yeoman and have done what any of my comrades would have done. I can neither read nor write, and would feel but ill in the company of the officers."

The news of this renunciation gave Sergeant Jasper a warm place in the hearts of the soldiers, and his commander, Colonel Moultrie, appreciating this, and knowing he could depend upon his cool judgment and dashing bravery, gave him a roving commission to scour the country with a small band, surprising and capturing the enemy's outposts, making night attacks on small camps and harrying and worrying the British after the fashion of Marion, the "Swamp Fox"—a fashion new to them, and one which they never learned to incorporate in their routine of war.

Jasper's achievements with his little company equal any recorded in Revolutionary annals, but as his men were few and his attacks consequently confined to the smaller bodies of the enemy, none of them brought him into the limelight, and it might have been thought that his deed at Fort Moultrie would be the solitary shining spot in an obscure career. Yet, in 1778, scouring the forests with a single companion, he came upon a party of British soldiers, some eight or ten, bearing four American prisoners to headquarters, and by dint of making a great noise in the underbrush and rapid firing from its cover, turned the tables completely, and marched the British to prison.

The Colonial successes in the South were disheartening to the British, knowing as they did that their forces were superior in numbers, equipment and military knowledge. By all the laws of the science of war they ought to have had no trouble in spanking a refractory little colony into repentance and subsequent obedience. But the problems that worked out so smoothly in the ministry meetings at home and were O. K.'d so readily in the camp conclaves of Howe and Cornwallis,

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had a disappointing way of failing of the assured result when interfered with by the gaunt, elusive patriots. The attack upon Savannah was realized by both sides as a desperate resort. Each assembled all the forces available, and in the course of the express rider's rounds Sergeant Jasper received a summons to leave his greenwood stronghold and join the command of General Lincoln. No thought of the sacrifice of his practically independent command for a reduction to the ranks entered his head. With his wild-looking band of followers he repaired with all possible speed to headquarters. This man had, it would seem, but one rule of conduct, and that was the immediate performance of every duty that presented itself and to do it in the simplest way possible. For the rest, he never lolled nor lagged nor waited for opportunity to dig him out, but held himself always alert and ready to meet with a quickness which resembled a feminine intuition, any condition which confronted him.

On October ninth, he was in the column which, under General Lincoln and the noble D'Estaing, attacked the Spring Hill redoubt. Seeing the tide of battle at the flood, and ready to be turned, the valiant sergeant seized the regimental colors and scaling the parapet, planted them aloft. Alas! The bravery which had carried him unscathed through a worse fire at Moultrie availed him naught here. A ball struck him down even as he fixed the ensign in place, and the gallant fellow was removed forever from the field of golden deeds, to be henceforth a glorious name high up on the scroll of heroes. Uneducated, uncouth, without the natural gifts which sometimes polish a man deficient in opportunities, surely the truth was spoken of Sergeant Jasper when it was said of old: "Every man is eloquent in that which he understands."

NIGHTS WITH GHOSTS

By William McDonald Goodman

I—THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

HERE the stories came from no one could tell. That a large number could be crowded into the head of one fairly intelligent Southern darky of the old school was a well-known fact, but it did not explain the case in question. Everything that happened—every spot on which his eyes rested for a moment, the chirp of a cricket, the hop of a toad, the hum of a bee, the hoot of an owl, the cry of a whippoorwill, the 'possum-hunter's torch and horn, the howl of a dog—any one of these sights or sounds served to remind Uncle Adam of a "ha'nt tale," the telling of which was a specialty in which he excelled.

He came into the kitchen one evening where Aunt Martha was washing dishes and "runnin' on" about various things for the entertainment of little Lucia and Johnny—"young marster's chilluns"—and piling an armful of stovewood in the corner, he observed:

"I wuz a-settin' out yonder des awhile ago, a-tryin' to git myse'f on de outside uv a fifty-poun' watermillin whut me en Marse Bob raise in dat patch er his'n, en ez I happen fer to look over on de hill at de lights in dat big resi*dince* whut dat 'ar Mister

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Whatchername's des built, a tale pop into my head whut ain't b'en dar in so long I done fergot wharbouts I fus' heerd it. I sho' is got to tell dat 'ar tale to somebody befo' I fergits it off'n my mine agin."

"I bet I kin tell you two things 'bout dat tale befo' you staht," said Aunt Martha.

"Let's hear 'um den," he requested.

"Well, in de fus' place, de tale's a ha'nt tale," she asserted.

"Glad I didn't bet wid you," he replied. "You hit it de fus' pop. Whut de nex'?"

"De nex' is dat dar's a nigger mix' up wid it."

"You done heerd de tale!" he exclaimed, grinning delightedly.

"Naw, I ain't. I des know dat no tale but a ha'nt tale gwine take up wid you atter dark, en no ha'nt tale gwine to set des right wid you 'less'n dar's a skeerd nigger in it."

"Aun' Marthy," he observed, "you oughter be President er dese here Nuniten States. You is sho' got de head fer to keep de gov'ment books."

"Le's hear de tale," she said.

"Well, ez de tale come to me—now here dem chilluns a-pilin' up on my lap so's I cayn't git my bref—ez de tale come to me, hit seemed lak one time a man own a big mansion house, set way up in a big yahd on a hill, what uz so full uv sperrits dat nobody would live in it, en it stay dar 'long wid its bunch er ha'nts twell de man die, makin' one ha'nt mo', en den dey foun' dat de man had lef' de house en grounds in his will to de state whar he live in, to be use' fer a 'sylum fer crazy folks. Dat how de tale go, en it keep gwine twell de house is turn into a big 'sylum en is filled wid lunatics ez well ez ghostes; en dar you is."

"Naw, I ain't dar," she exclaimed, "en ef de good Lawd'll spare me, I ain't gwine be dar."

"Well," he continued, laughing, "hit seem lak de man whut run de place ain't skeerd, but I dunno how come dat, 'less'n it's kaze folks what kin put up wid crazy people kin stan' anything. It went on, it did, twell one day a nigger man whut wuz a stranger 'roun' dar, walk up en ax one er de men fer a job. De man say he b'lieve he got all de he'p he need. Nigger say he des got to have work dar, no matter how little de pay is. Dad-jim his fool hide, he didn't know what kinder double-barrel hark-f'um-de-tomb he tryin' to break into. All he know wuz dat a hongry nigger smell ham fryin'."

The old darky paused, shook his head, laughed, and then sang out as he danced little Johnny on his knee—

"Mister Zooks! Mister Zooks! I'm a-comin', Mister Zooks!"

"Who Mister Zooks?" Aunt Martha inquired. "Ef he de man what run de 'sylum, I guess he callin' you."

"I ain't crazy," he answered.

"You talk like you is."

"Well, I ain't. Mister Zooks is de highmucklemuck er dis tale. He don't come in des here, but he on my mine so strong dat I hatter interjuce him."

"Funny way to do it," she averred.

"Not nigh ez funny ez it might be," he replied. "Ef I should rise en say, 'Mister Zooks, 'low me to persent you to Miss Marthy,' en dis yer Mister Zooks should step up en make er bow, Marse Bob would hatter sen' fer de carpenters to build up whut a fat nigger 'oman tore down. You wouldn't wait to git de do' open—you'd make a do' wharuver you hit de side de house. 'Sides dat, ef Mister Zooks. er any uv his fambly wuz here, I'd be some'rs else."

"Go on wid de tale," she commanded.

"Dat what I doin' when you come er 'sturbin' me en Johnny wid yo' interrupshuns. De man at de 'sylum he hired dat nigger fer his bo'd en clo'es, but de bo'd 'uz all he got, fer he lef' his clo'es behin' when he th'owed up de job. He hired de nigger, he did, ez a sorter man uv all work 'roun' de place. Fus' day he mowed weeds in de yard. Dat 'uz all right. Second day he clean out de stables. Dat 'uz all right, too. Thu'd day he mop de flo's. En right dar de trouble begin."

"Han'ts don't show deyse'f in daylight," Aunt Martha observed, argumentatively.

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"Nobody ain't say dey showed deyse'f in daylight," he answered. "I ain't say nothin' 'bout han'ts. I say dat's whar de trouble begin. En it did. De nigger he scrub de flo's. Crazy folks out fer a walk, en he feel putty free, but he b'en pestered in his mine uver sence he foun' out what kinder place he stayin' at. He done fix it up in his head dat de fus' time he kin git a good runnin' start he gwineter resign. He scrub de flo's, he did, en atter while he come to a long, wide hall, en fix fer to scrub dat. Den he hear sump'n. Hit down to'ds de yuther en' er de buildin'. He liss'n, en fus' thing he know he see what make de noise. He look down de hall en see a crazy 'oman runnin' to'ds him. He set down his bucket en broom en ra'r back on his hocks ready to do de bird ack. Den he heerd de 'oman call—

" 'Mister Zooks! Mister Zooks! I'm a-comin', Mister Zooks!'

"He thought she talkin' to him at fus', en sorter sidle back agin de wall. But she come on, lookin' straight ahead. Den she stop en look lak whut she atter done gone. She look awhile dis way, she did, en den she bus' out cryin' en turn roun' en go back.

"It seem lak one time, ez de tale go, dis here 'oman wuz in love wid a man name Mister Zooks. She love him, en he didn't love her. She run atter him all de time, en all de time he dodge her. You know how it wuz, Aun' Marthy—sorter like me en you."

"I ain't nuver run atter no good-fer-nothin' nigger man sence I been bawn into dis worl'!" she answered, indignantly, but good naturedly. "You nee'nter come talkin' no fool talk lak dat. My name ain't Eve, en ef I uver runn'd atter anybody his name wa'nt Adam."

"Well, ez dat happen to be my name, I reckon you don't 'member things lak I does. Howsomuver, dat's needer here ner dar."

"You know I ain't nuver run atter you, nigger!" she insisted.

"I ain't sayin' dat you did, ef you don't remember it," he replied, soothingly. "I'm tryin' to tell de tale whut I started out to tell. De 'oman she run atter de man, en pester him twell he worry hisse'f sick en die. You dunno how dat is, but I do."

"I know you de bigges' fool uver raise on dis place," was the scornful reply.

"I ain't talkin' 'bout dat. I'm tellin' how de man worry hisse'f sick en die," he continued. "He worry hisse'f sick en die, en den de 'oman went 'stracted en wuz sont to de 'sylum. Dat how come things lak dey wuz. She landed 'mungst de y'uther crazy folks, en Mister Zooks ha'nt it hatter run wid birds uv a feather, too, so hit jine de ha'nts what been in dat house so long. Darfo' en hereby we see dat death didn't he'p Mister Zooks out'n his troubles. But dat's tellin' de tale befo' it begin.

"De nigger see de way de 'oman do dat day, en he didn't like dem kinder capers. De 'oman do 'zackly lak she see somebody en try to ketch up wid 'um. Nigger he make up his mine dat he gwine leave dat place soon ez night come. He think dat'll be easy, ez he b'en sleepin' in de barn, en de barn do' stay open. Dat night, howsumuver, de head man uv de 'sylum say to de nigger, he did, 'I got yo' room fixed up at de fur en' er de hall, en you won't hatter sleep in de barn no mo'.' Nigger say he much oblige, but he b'en sleepin' in barns all his life, en he wouldn't feel at home nowhars else. But de man 'sist on him occurpyin' de room, en show him to it, en den go out en lock de main do' to de buildin'. De winders wuz barred wid iron bars. Dar wuz de nigger, shet up at night wid crazy folks, en he dunno whut else. Dat Mister Zooks business wuz buzzin' 'roun' in his mine, en it don't look lak sump'n to laugh at, not by any manner er means. Well, when you cayn't do no better you mus' do de bes' you kin, so de nigger he went to bed. He try to lock de do' to de room, but de lock done broke. He put a cheer agin de do' en try to stay awake en watch it. He sleepy at fus', en its hard work, but d'reckly he commence

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to hear some crazy laughs en yells 'roun' th'oo de house, en den he fergit all about gwine ter sleep, en des lay dar watchin' de cheer 'gin de do'. He lay dar, he did, en atter so long a time he hear a familiarsome soun'. 'Way down de hall come a-patterin' uv feets, en a voice whut say:

"'Mister Zooks! Mister Zooks! I'm a-comin', Mister Zooks!'

"He hear dat, en den de fus' thing he know de do' flew open, en whut he fail to see in de light he seed in de night. De do' flew open, en in rush de fo'm uv a man so white en clear dat he could see plum th'oo him, clo'es en all, en de ha'nt, fer dat's whut it wuz, jump right in de bed en under de bedclose wid de nigger, en it felt des like a col' chill. But de nigger didn't feel mo' dan de fus' bre'f er de chill. He got no business dar any longer dan it take to make a 'stonishin' sort er jump, so out er de bed he come en out de do' he went, des ez de crazy 'oman come in. She see de ha'nt jump in de bed, en she see de nigger come out instinkly wid nothin' on 'cep' his underclose, en de motions uv bo'f wuz so samer date she fail to 'stinguish de diffunce. Darfo' she light out atter de nigger, callin':

"'Mister Zooks! Mister Zooks! I'm a-comin', Mister Zooks!'

"Here dey went—nigger ahead en de 'oman behine. He mighty nigh ez soon have er ha'nt to ketch him ez a crazy 'oman, but he ain't 'tickler 'bout which he runnin' fu'm—he des' doin' his almighty bes' on gen'ul princerpuls. He run, he did, twell he got 'bout halfway down de hall, en here two y'uther crazy 'omans jump out en try to stop him, but dey ain't on to de job er jumpin' lak he is, so he des jump over 'um en pass on. He come to de en' er de hall en here rise fo' ha'nts, holdin' out dey long, bony arms. It seem lak de y'uther crazy folks en de y'uther ha'nts done gone in cahoots wid de 'oman fer to help ketch her sweet'art."

"G'way fu'm here!" Aunt Martha exclaimed. "I say sweet'art."

"Well, in co'se none uv us is gwineter try to ketch er sweet'art er dat kind," he said, "en it 'ud hatter git up soon in de mawnin' to ketch us. But dat's how it wuz, es de tale go. De crazy folks en de ha'nts sot out fer to head off Mister Zooks, en de nigger wuz movin' 'roun' so fas' in Mister Zooks' place dat dey couldn't tell 'um apart. I guess dey thought Mister Zooks ack mighty soople en spry in his ole age—e—r haw! haw! whoo! I gollies, I kin see dat nigger right now! Cayn't you see him, Aun' Marthy? Cayn't you des stan' flat-footed en behol' de capers he cut? Lawd, Lawd! Some er dese days I gwineter git to thinkin' 'bout dis tale en t'ar sump'n a-loose inside er me."

"Whut de nigger do?" she asked.

"Whut he do? Well, dar wa'n't but one thing in dis here worl' fer him to do, en dat wuz to git out'n dar, en ez de tale go he manage dat to de 'struckshun er de property soon as he got a fair shake at de front do'. Some say he des bus' de do' down. Y'uthers say part de house went wid it. I ain't a-sayin' which wuz de case, en I won't sw'ar to nothin' 'cept dat de nigger changed his new name f'um Mister Zooks to Mister Zoon, en zooned outer dar same ez one er dese yer hummin' birds."

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LITTLE CITIZENS OF THE SOUTH

Photo by Parker, Marshall

MARGARET ALEXANDER
Marshall, Texas

Hodges, Bristol

MARY LOUISE SMITH
Bristol, Virginia

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MARY ELIZABETH WILSON
Birmingham, Alabama

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Photo by Eckler, Hot Springs

JAMES MAX CHAMBERLAIN
Malvern, Arkansas

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Photo by Ethel Ricks, Southern School of Photography

FLORENCE RODGERS
McMinnville, Tennessee

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Photo by Calvert Brothers

EDWIN MCNEILLY
Nashville

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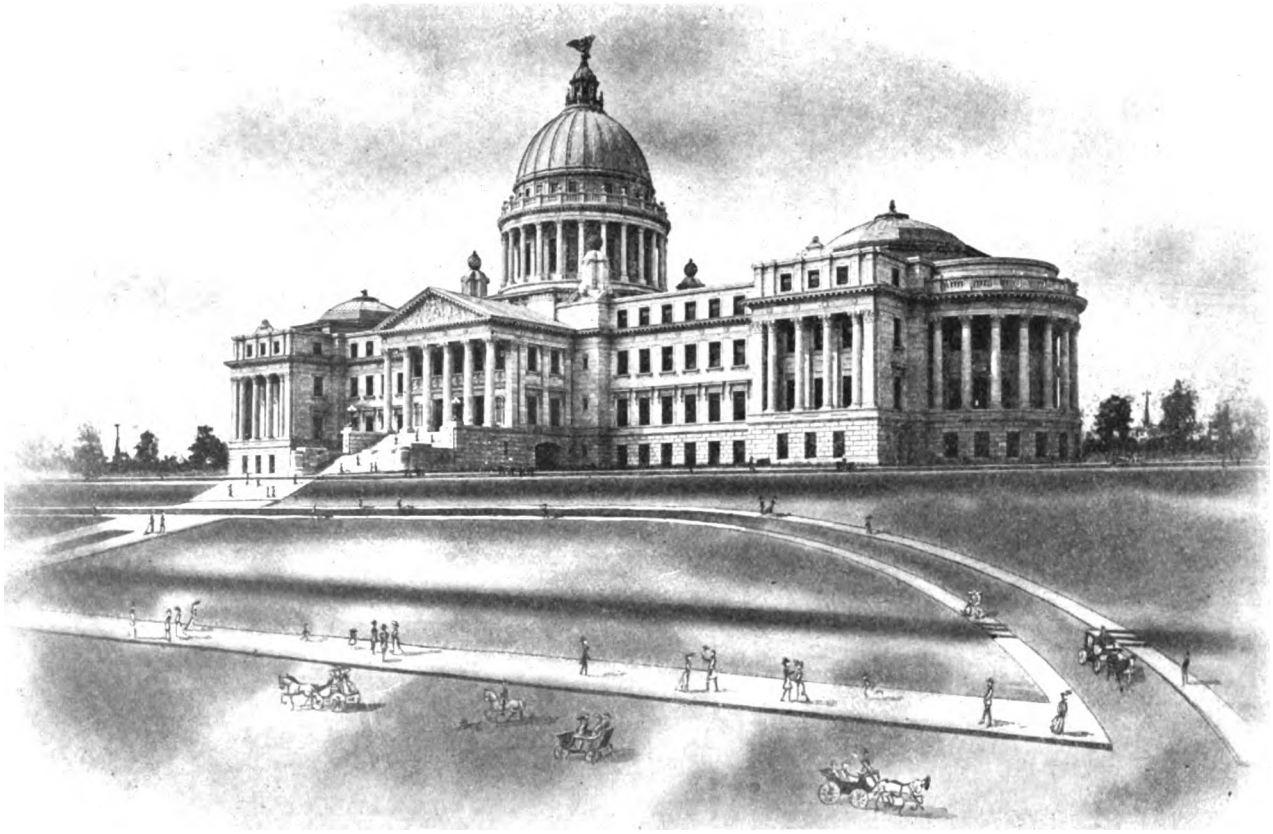

THE NEW CAPITOL

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THE NEW STATE CAPITOL OF MISSISSIPPI

By Eron Opha Rowland

JACKSON, the capital city of the State of Mississippi, is situated near the central portion of the state, and has a population of 30,000. It has for nearly a century been the seat of government, and has numbered among its inhabitants many men whose culture and learning would have made them potent figures in any place in which they resided. There is, to-day, much culture and wealth in the city, and State Street, which is one of the principal residence streets, with its handsome homes and well-kept velvety lawns, is one of the loveliest in the South.

The marvelous growth of the city during the past few years has excited great interest in commercial circles, and many large enterprises, which will mean much in the future, are continually being launched by capitalists.

A little apart from the business portion of the city, occupying a slight eminence, the state's new capitol building stands, clothed, as it were, in a dignity and repose that charm all beholders. From every portion of the city one catches a glimpse of its magnificent stone walls, great columns and high, white dome, the last surmounted by a shining bronze eagle, whose wide extended wings soar out on the soft, blue air, measuring sixteen feet from tip to tip.

The story of the building, which is the pride of all Mississippians and the admiration of visitors from other states, has its beginning in that wave of prosperity which swept over the state a decade ago. The cry for a new capitol was heard from every quarter of the commonwealth, and so vigorous did the clamor become that the result was the erection of the splendid structure of stone and marble which now ornaments the capital city.

The old capitol occupies handsome grounds near the heart of the city, and though much dilapidated, is a majestic structure. Great oaks cluster closely about it, some of which are nearly as old, perhaps, as the state itself. The building is interwoven with the history of Mississippi for nearly a century, among the great events which have transpired within its walls, besides the brilliant inaugurals and assemblings of legislative bodies, being a reception to General Jackson, with whom the people of the state had so many hopes in common. There it was that Colonel Jefferson Davis, returning from Mexico, with freshly laureled brow, received a great burst of applause from an admiring people. It was in this same old building, too, in after years, that he delivered his last public speech amid wilder and more tumultuous applause, for, "though he had brought them unsuccess, in the hearts of his countrymen he triumphed still."

The passage of the Ordinance of Secession of Mississippi took place within these historic walls; and after many weary years, full of the bitterness and ruthlessness of civil war, the great Constitutional Convention, which restored to the state, and ultimately to the whole South, the kindly rule of intelligence, assembled there. These, and many other soul-stirring incidents hallow it in the minds of the people.

But to continue in the old building,

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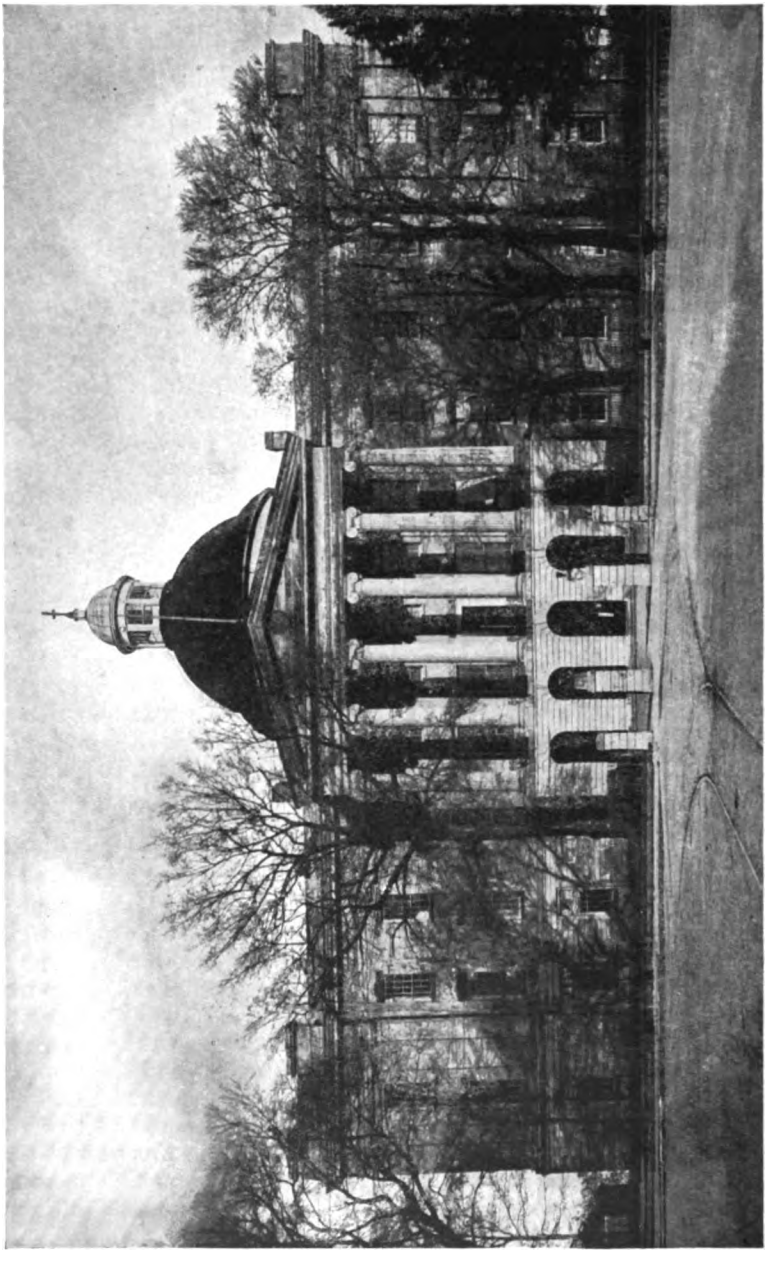

THE OLD CAPITOL

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notwithstanding their reverence for its hoary and honorable age, was to the people of this prosperous generation like putting new wine into old bottles; so with care and deliberation the work on the new building was begun. It was erected at the cost of one million dollars; a modest sum compared with that expended in the erection of some buildings; but "graft" had not touched this rural people, and every workman, contractor and subcontractor felt himself individually responsible for the outcome. Nothing was done hurriedly, and every stone composing the great building was tested by an expert before it was used. Theodore C. Link, of St. Louis, was the architect, and his son, Karl E. Link, with the skill of an artist, wrought out the design, which proved to be a masterpiece of architecture, combining great strength and dignity with perfect grace and symmetry.

The foundations of the building are of cement concrete, and on this rests the base stones of Georgia granite. From this granite base the building rises to the height of one hundred and thirty-five feet, and is carried out in Renaissance style with gray Bedford stone. Costly marbles, among which are the black Belgian, Vermont, Venetian and Italian, enter into the interior construction; and while passing through its long marble corridors and up its graceful marble stairways, one readily accepts the truth of the assertion that this is the most ideal piece of architectural work in the South.

One of the most artistic points of the building is the tympanum, which ornaments the pediment of the portico of the front entrance, which entrance is, perhaps, the most imposing feature of the building. The tympanum is composed of a group of figures symbolical of the arts, industries and resources of the state. There are fourteen in all; the principal one, seated on a throne, with feet on a cotton bale, in the right hand the sword of empire and in the left the palm branch, represents the great Commonwealth of Mississippi. About this the other figures are gracefully grouped. The tympanum was designed principally by Dr. Paul H. Saunders, of Laurel, Mississippi.

The wall of the second floor, near the landing, is adorned with three handsome stained windows, which represent the passing of the aborigines, the coming of the Anglo-Saxon and the establishment of law and order. High up, ornamenting the frieze of the great rotunda, are four bas-relief faces of Blind Justice, an ancient idea, which explains the Pagan's keen sense of that Justice which the Christian has interpreted as "no respecter of persons."

Every hall, corridor and apartment of the great building, the stately Legislative halls, the gubernatorial offices and the handsome library, are all beautifully and artistically finished. On the first floor, which is fast being converted into a great storehouse for records, the Historical Department is established and connected with it is the state's Hall of Fame. This is a beautiful, classic room, the walls of which are adorned with magnificent oil portraits of distinguished Mississippians, who have made the past history of the state. The Historical Department is under the control of a number of the most scholarly men of the state.

The dedication of the new Capitol occurred on the 3d of June, 1903, the birthday of Jefferson Davis, and the exercises were, perhaps, the most imposing ever witnessed in the state. A special number of the *Times-Democrat*, of New Orleans, was given up to the description and the publication of speeches made by Bishop Charles B. Galloway and Chief Justice Albert Hall Whitfield.

The grounds around the capitol are, as yet, in a state of transition; but hundreds of handsome young trees from the great forests of Mississippi have been transplanted there, and it will be but a short while when the gorgeous magnolia and stately live-oak will bury in cool shadow the broad concrete walks and approaches.

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ANNE: MORE LEAVES FROM HER DIARY

V

By Kate Trimble Sharber

July 20.—Did you ever think what a dear old thing anybody's black mammy is, my diary, especially when she's done all the cooking and raised you for twenty-five years? Mammy Lou has belonged to us just like Pa and Ma ever since we've been at housekeeping, and my heart almost breaks to-night when I think of the fire in our stove that won't burn, and the dasher in our churn that is still. Ever since I have kept a diary I have been awful glad to hear about anybody being in love, and took great pleasure in watching them and writing it all out, for I could always imagine it was me that was the lady. But I would rather never keep a diary another day than to have had such a thing happen to Mammy Lou.

When Ma heard about it she said not to be an old fool, but Mammy Lou said "either Marse Shakespeare or Marse Solomom said a old fool was the biggest fool, and she wasn't goin' to make him out a lie. So marry that Yankee nigger she was!"

Bill Williams first came here to teach school, being very proud and educated. Then he got to be Dilsey's beau, and they expected to marry. When he first commenced going to see Dilsey, Mammy Lou would cook the nicest kind of things for her to take to picnics, hoping to help her catch him in a motherly way. But when he started to promising to give Dilsey a rocking chair, and take her to "George Washington" if she would marry him, Mammy Lou changed about. She had always wanted to see a large city herself, and she thought it wasn't any use of letting Dilsey get all the best things in life even if she was her child.

Pretty soon she commenced wearing red ribbon around her neck and having her hair wrapped once a week. Then she told him that *she* was the good cook that cooked all the picnic things and ironed all of Dilsey's nice dresses; also that she had seventy-five dollars saved up which she would be willing to spend on a grand bridal trip the next time she got married. Mammy Lou is a smart old thing, and she talked to him until he said all right, he would just as soon marry her as Dilsey, if she would stop cooking for us and just cook for *him* and iron *his* shirts. She promised him she would do this, like people always do when they're trying to marry a person, though it looks very different afterwards. None of Mammy's other husbands have ever been so proud. They would not only let her cook, but would come around at meal-time, in the friendliest kind of way, and help her draw a bucket of water. This is why the whole family's heart is breaking and we feel so hungry to-night. She's quit, and the wedding is to-morrow.

July 21.—This morning early she came up to the house to ask Ma if it would be excusable to take off her widow's bonnet, not being divorced from Uncle Mose but four months; also how she had better carry her money to keep him from getting a hold of it. She said she wouldn't trust any white Yankee with a half-dollar that she ever saw, much less a coffee-colored one. Ma was so mad at her and so troubled about the sad biscuits

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and the watery gravy at breakfast that she said she hoped he would steal every cent of the seventy-five dollars before the ceremony was over and that would bring Mammy Lou to her senses.

"And me not get to go to George Washington?" Mammy said in a hurt-like voice; "why, Miss Mary!"

"Where is this George Washington?" Ma took time to ask, thinking Mammy would know she was poking fun at her, but she didn't.

"Law! I didn't know my white folks did know such a little until I got a school teacher. It's where the President and his wife lives. Mr. Williams is mighty well acquainted with the President, and says he is certain I could get a place to cook for the family, only I ain't to cook for nobody but him from now on."

Ma wouldn't encourage her to talk about her love and matrimony any, so she took me by the hand and we went out and sat on the kitchen doorstep and had a long conversation. She seemed sad at the notion of leaving us, but she was so much delighted at the idea of marrying a young man, as anybody would be, and going to Washington that she could not think of giving that up. Pretty soon in our long talk she commenced telling me about the things that happened a long time ago when I was a child, like people do when they are going on a long journey or die.

She began from the time I was born and said I was such a brown little thing that I always looked like I had tobacco-juice instead of blood running through me. And I made use of a bottle until I was four years old. Because I was the only one of Ma's and Pa's children that lived and was born like Isaac (*I* don't know of any special way that Isaac was born, but two of Mammy's husbands have been preachers, so she knows what she's talking about) they let me keep the bottle to humor me. It had a long rubber thing to it so I would find it more convenient. Mammy said the old muley cow was laid aside just for my benefit, and when I got big enough to walk I'd go with her into the cow lot every hour in the day and drag my bottle behind me to be milked into. I enjoyed being milked into my mouth, too, if the bottle was too dirty to hold it just then.

Mammy said I always admired the sunshine so much that I would sit out in it on hot days till my milk bottle would clabber, which was one cause of my brownness. When I found out I couldn't gnaw anything up through the rubber I'd cry and take it to Mammy. She would quiet me by digging all the clabber out with a stiff little twig which she would feed to the chickens. They got to knowing the sound of me and my bottle dragging over the gravels so well that they would come a-running, like they do when they hear you scrape the plates.

This, of course, was very touching to us both, and we nearly cried when she talked about going to Washington, where all the people are too stylish to keep a muley cow. They won't even keep a baby there, but the ladies keep little dogs and get divorces.

Ma wouldn't go to the wedding, for dinner and supper was worse than breakfast. The rest of the family all went except Dilsey, who didn't much like the way Mammy had done her. Professor and Mrs. Young went, being still down here and a great pleasure to us all. They were delighted, being raised up North, and wanted to take pictures of everything. Whenever we would pass a cabin with a nigger and his guitar sitting in the front door, and him picking on it, they would say it was so "picture S." And the real old uncles with white hair, and the mammies with their heads tied up, they said reminded them of "Aunty Bellum days." I guess she was their old cook when they were little.

Everything went off as nice as could be expected under the circumstances until the preacher said, "Salute your bride." Then when Bill started to kiss her, Mammy Lou laid her hand against the side of his head so hard you could of heard it clear up to the house, and said she would teach him then and there how to show

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impudence to a woman of sixty, even if he was a Yankee and educated. The slap didn't seem to set very well on him, being nineteen years old and not used to such. We left right after the ceremony, and Mammy Lou and the others walked on down to her house to wait for the twelve o'clock train, that they was going to leave on. Although I always enjoy going to places with the Youngs on account of the curious words and the picture-taking camera, and although it was the sixth marriage of my old nurse, which, of course, you don't get a chance to witness every day, still when I think of breakfast in the morning, I must say it was the saddest wedding I ever saw.

July 22.—This morning when I first woke up and heard that regular old tune, "Play on Your Harp, Little David," coming so natural and lifelike from the kitchen I thought it surely must be a dream, Mammy being hundreds of miles away in Washington. It kept on, though, just like it has done every morning for twenty-five years:

"*Shad*-rach, *Me*-shach, and A-*bed*-ne-*go*,
The *Lord* has *washed* me *white* as *snow*,"

so I got up. It never does take me a *minute* to wash my face of a morning, and this morning it took less. I hopped into my clothes and flew down stairs. It wasn't any dream. There was Mammy, not looking married nor anything, and a cheerful fire in the stove and some bacon smelling like you was nearly starved. I didn't ask any questions, but just said "Mammy," and she said, "Baby," and there I was hugging her fit to turn over the churn. I asked her if Ma knew, and she said no, she had been easy and not made any noise, so as to surprise us all. I reckon Ma and Pa are so used to having Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego wake them up of a morning that it seemed like a dream to them, too. Pretty soon they heard us talking, though, and came in. Ma came first, for, of course, it is a gentleman's place to let a lady go into the kitchen first when they think that breakfast is to be got.

Ma said, "What are you doing here?" and Mammy Lou said, "Getting breakfast, Miss Mary," which was about as straightforward as they could have been with each other. Then Ma asked her if she wasn't still married, and she said no, for she had had occasion to give that uppish, Yankee nigger a good whipping last night, and she told Dilsey she could have him if she wanted him. She said she hoped Dilsey would take him, for she would just admire to be mother-in-law to that nigger.

I remembered hearing Pa once say that the devil must have been in a bilious spell when he made a mother-in-law, so I hoped for his sake Bill would let one marrying be enough.

Just then Pa came in, hearing the last remark about "that nigger," and asked Mammy Lou what was the trouble between her and her husband. She was breaking eggs into the big yellow bowl that she was going to scramble for breakfast, and as she told us about her marrying troubles she commenced to beat them very hard, which seemed to ease her. It is a great help to people to think of their enemies when they are beating things, for it makes them beat harder and don't really hurt the enemies. And if you are helping chop up peaches for jam and can keep your mind on that one person, you chop so hard the juice flies up and almost puts your eyes out thinking if it was just her or *him* you were chopping.

Mammy said when they got home from the wedding she started to change her white dress and veil and put on her good cashmere dress to wear on the train. Just then Mr. Williams spoke up and remarked that he was sleepy and wanted to get a good night's rest, and would she have him a rare steak for his breakfast. Mammy asked him if he had been born a fool, or just turned that way since he had married so far above his station. He told her they would see who the fool was before the week was out, and that the steak better have good beaten biscuits to go with it. Then Mammy gave him another sam-

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ple of her strength like she did in the church and told him to go and change his clothes to go to George Washington. Then he laughed in her face right before Dilsey and the neighbors and told her didn't she know George Washington had been dead and buried behind the church door for a hundred years. He said "the ignorance of country niggers is really amusable."

Mammy said she hated to do it with her veil on, being a new veil and she hadn't used it but twice, but she couldn't wait to take it off, him grinning like a picture-taking man at his funny joke. All his teeth was showing, and as Mammy had always admired them being so big and white, she decided to keep a handful to remember him by; so she gave him one good lick in the mouth with her wedding slipper, which was very large and easy to come off. This broke a good half of his front tooth besides drawing a good deal of blood to relieve her feelings. While he was busy wiping away the blood and trying to open his eyes enough to see candle light again, Mammy sat down by him and before he knew it she had dragged him across her lap and was paddling him with that slipper like he was her own dear son instead of her husband. Then she called Dilsey and told her she could feel safe about marrying him if she still wanted him, for he had better sense now than to try to fool with any member of that family. Mammy Lou said of course she couldn't stay married to a man she could paddle. She was too much of a lady. But Dilsey turned up her nose and said she wouldn't have any second-handed nigger, much less a whipped one.

Pa spoke up then and said she couldn't give Bill to Dilsey without getting a divorce from him first. Mammy Lou said, well, Marse Sheriff might arrest her, and Marse Judge might fine her, but she would see them all in the place that was prepared for them before she would waste twenty-five dollars buying a divorce just for that little speck of marrying!

Pa went out to feed the chickens pretty soon, and Ma went to wake up Bertha (but not the baby) for breakfast, and Mammy Lou scraped up the eggs in the dish I had brought her.

"Divorce *nothin'*," I heard her remark, as she soused the hot skillet into water that sizzled, "I done bought a hundred dollars' worth of divorces *already*, and if the lawyers wusn't all scribes and Pharisees they would let *that* run me the rest of my days."

GOOD-NIGHT

I've lived my day; I've sung my song;
  I've fought and loved and striven;
The coming night is black and long—
  I meet it calm, unshriven.

I've wrought and fought as best I might
  And struck no coward blow.
A man's a man; a fight's a fight;
  This law is all I know.

And some sweet days of love I've had,
  Dear days of pure delight;
Then, oh! defiant soul, be glad!
  And, oh! my love, good-night.

William R. Luke.

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MEN OF AFFAIRS

The Bailie, one of the pithiest journals in Scotland, says that Mr. Austin "is the only Southern man sent to Glasgow in the capacity of consul since the Civil War in the States," and it says further that "personally, Mr. Austin is a distinguished success, and Glasgow people, from the Lord Provost downwards, have taken to him. As an American he is pardonably proud of his country and is a firm believer in the sovereignty of the citizen. He is an excellent after-dinner speaker, eloquent and humorous, and always graceful in compliment." This appreciation is Mr. Austin's birthright, for he is of Scotch descent and is besides, a citizen of the world. He was one of the first consuls to enter the service under the new rules requiring representatives to pass an examination.

RICHARD W. AUSTIN

Mr. Austin is peculiarly suited to the needs of his office, having filled various positions of trust under Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, McKinley and Roosevelt, having an extensive law practice in Tennessee and eight years of service as United States marshal. Moreover, he is a newspaper man, having been manager for some time of the *Knoxville Daily Chronicle* and a frequent contributor to other journals. It will be seen that Mr. Austin is a many-sided man and it will not be surprising if his long years of faithful public service are shortly rewarded with even greater honors than he has yet had.

Formerly the representatives of this country in the consular posts of England and Scotland were selected from our literary men, with the result that the society in these places came to look upon the Americans as the most brilliant men of the consular corps, while the commerce of the country was diverted by the other representatives of less brain and greater business instincts. Mr. Austin is a keen, strenuous man, quick to see and grasp opportunities, affable and accessible and his term of office cannot fail to increase the kindly feeling and broaden the trade relations between the people of Glasgow and the United States. "His hospitality to Americans and particularly to Tennesseans makes far-away Glasgow a garden spot for the trans-Atlantic traveler," writes "The Onlooker," in *The Scots' Pictorial.*

Starting out in life as a clerk in the post office at Clarksville, Tennessee, and working at night in a bank at that place, John Wellington Faxon has reached a prominent position among

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the bankers, not only of Tennessee but of the United States. He was for six years Secretary of the Tennessee Bankers' Association and is now an honorary member of that organization. He was for two terms the Vice President for Tennessee of the American Bankers' Association, although on neither occasion was he in attendance at the convention at which he was elected. Mr. Faxon was a strenuous worker for the adoption of the Negotiable Instrument Law by the Legislature of Tennessee, and for his efforts in securing its passage he received a vote of thanks from the American Bankers' Association, where the law originated. He has been twice endorsed and strongly urged for the position of Treasurer of the United States by a host of bankers and friends of many States both North and South, and he has in his possession a letter from President McKinley stating that "no man ever had stronger endorsements for the position of Treasurer of the United States, but the money centers of this country have always controlled this appointment." He has held many prominent positions in his State, and in 1894 was elected President of the Chattanooga Chamber of Commerce.

He compiled the "History of Banking in Tennessee," which is a chapter in "Knox's History of Banking in the United States," published by Bradford Rhodes & Co. He has contributed many articles of merit to the financial journals and public press of the country, and he was for eighteen years on the staff of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* as the Clarksville correspondent. In 1859 he was appointed Assistant Supervisor of the Banks of Tennessee under General William A. Quarles, the Supervisor. For nearly fifteen years he was an officer in the First National Bank, of Chattanooga, which position he resigned in May, 1905 to engage in other business. In June, 1905, he was elected president of the firm of Faxon, Stuart & Co. (Incorporated), of Chattanooga, dealers in stocks, bonds, securities, general insurance, and real estate agents.

R. B. GLENN, GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA
His recent ruling against the Southern Railway has evoked a storm of discussion

Mr. Faxon was born in Buffalo, New York, and removed with his father's family to Clarksville in 1843, when a mere child.

On his mother's side he is a descendant of Governor William Bradford, who was a passenger on

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JOHN W. FAXON

the *Mayflower* in 1620, and on his father's side from Revolutionary soldiers. His father, Charles Faxon, a writer of merit, was at one time in his early life a writer for the *Hartford Courant,* now the oldest paper in the United States.

John W. Faxon received his education at the Masonic College and Stewart College (now the Southwestern Presbyterian University) at Clarksville. He was the first Treasurer of this University, a position he held for about ten years, and for two terms was President of its Alumni Association.

He is a member of the following orders: "Masonic," "Society of the Mayflower Descendants," "The Order of the Founders and Patriots of America" and the "Sons of the American Revolution." He is also a member of "N. B. Forrest Camp No. 4, C. S. Veterans," of which organization he has been twice elected Lieutenant Commander and Historian, having served throughout the earlier duration of the Civil War. He was a Colonel and Aide-de-Camp on the staff of General John B. Gordon, commander of the United Confederate Veterans, and has been retained in the same position, since General Gordon's death, by General Stephen D. Lee.

On February 22, 1866, he married Miss Florence Herring, of Clarksville. Four children, all living, have blessed this union.

Mr. Faxon is a deep student of commercial and economic questions, and is in great demand as a speaker at banking and financial conventions. His interests are widely distributed throughout the State and with his family he travels extensively, but his home is in Chattanooga, where he is a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church, a trustee of Erlanger Hospital and treasurer of the Chattanooga Historical Society.

Charles James Faulkner, lawyer, jurist, statesman, was born in Martinsburg, Berkeley County, Virginia (now West Virginia), September 21, 1847. His father, Charles James Faulkner, Sr., represented Virginia in the Senate of the United States, and in 1859 was appointed Minister to the Court of France. Young Charles accompanied his father, and attended school in Paris and Switzerland until the

CHARLES J. FAULKNER

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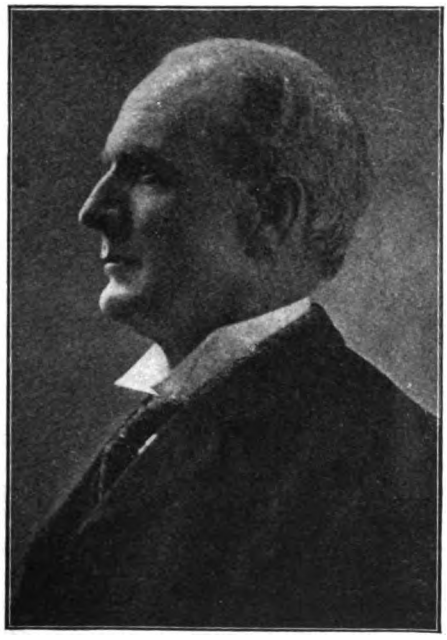
opening of the Civil War, when they returned to the United States, espousing the cause of the Confederacy. The son, then fifteen, was placed in school at Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, but the battle of New Market made soldiers of the cadets, and Mr. Faulkner was in active service from then on, serving as aide to General J. C. Breckinridge, and afterwards to General Henry A. Wise, surrendering with that officer at Appomattox. On his return to his home he studied under the direction of his father until October, 1866, when he entered the University of Virginia, graduating in June, 1868, and being admitted to the bar the following September. After twelve years of extensive practice, he was elected Judge of the Thirteenth Judicial Circuit of West Virginia, composed of the Counties of Jefferson, Morgan and Berkeley, and in 1887 was elected to the United States Senate on the Democratic ticket to succeed Johnson N. Camden. He was re-elected in 1893, and when the Democratic party controlled the United States Senate was Chairman of the Committee on Territories of that body. He was also the organizer and leader of the contest in the Senate against the passage of the Blair Educational Bill when it was defeated and with Senator Gorman, of Maryland, was one of the most active leaders in the defeat of the Force Bill, speaking at one period of the contest, at the request of his party, from 10 p.m. until 10 a.m. the next day, this being necessary to meet a move of the Republicans, which would have forced a vote on the main question, which if it had succeeded at the time would have carried the bill. During his senatorial terms Judge Faulkner served on the Judiciary, Appropriations, District of Columbia, Pacific Railroads, Territories, Indian Depredations, Claims and other important committees. He is a member of the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States; member of the American Society of International Law; National Geographic Society; Committee of One Hundred of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; is a Trustee of the Alumni Endowment Fund of the University of Virginia; was permanent Chairman of the Democratic State Convention of West Virginia in 1888, and was both temporary and permanent Chairman of the Democratic State Convention in 1892; was Chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee in 1894 and 1896; appointed a member of the joint commission of the two Houses of Congress to investigate the question of the price of railway mail transportation and postal-car service, and all sources of revenue and expenditures of the Post Office Department, under Act of Congress approved June 13, 1898; and appointed a member of the International Joint High Commission of the United States and Great Britain for the adjustment of differences in respect to the Dominion of Canada, on September 19, 1898. Since retiring from public life Judge Faulk-



IKE T. PRYOR

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ner has devoted his time to the practice of his profession and to the management of his large agricultural interests in West Virginia.

An orphan at six, a newsboy in the Army of the Cumberland at ten, witnessing the battles of Murfreesboro and Chickamauga and a farmer's helper, working for his board and such schooling as could be had—such was the fortune of Ike T. Pryor's early years. He was born in Florida in 1852 and at the close of the war found a home with Tennessee relatives, and for the next six years the boy did a man's work under the disadvantages of the reconstruction period. When he was eighteen he determined to try his fortunes in Texas and that great state, teeming then, as now, with opportunities for ambitious, industrious men, proved the best field for his talents and has claimed his allegiance ever since. Beginning as a ranch hand at fifteen dollars a month, he worked his way through the successive steps of trail hand, driver and foreman to that of manager. This was in the days of "free grass" when the whole boundless West was a grazing ground for Texas cattle, which were driven slowly in great herds from pasture to pasture. Cowboy life in those days was picturesque and vivid and every day brought buffalo hunts, Indian fights or mix-ups with other herds. Mr. Pryor, in a recent speech before the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress at Kansas City, thus truly characterized cattle men: "Those who follow this business are broad in their views, brave and chivalrous in their natures, asking only from others that which they would be willing to grant under similar circumstances."

In 1877 he began driving cattle on his own account and during the next few years, in partnership with an older brother, he increased his herds, driving them to Colorado and Kansas and selling them there. As the net profits on cattle at that time ranged from three to five dollars a head, the Pryor brothers accumulated a large fortune, which they invested in ranch property and more cattle. The disastrous winter of 1884 and 1885 swept away this fortune, and the subsequent building of railroads and introduction of barbed wire fences cut off the enormous profits in cattle. Mr. Pryor then confined his attention to his ranch in North Texas and began to work with the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association to promote cattle interests under these new conditions. He also became interested in the promotion and management of the Evans-Snider-Buel Company, one of the largest live stock commission companies in the world. Notwithstanding this connection with the buying market, he was elected, in 1906, to the presidency of the Cattle Raisers' Association, his ten years of work in their interests having proven his ability to adjust matters equably, and in 1907 was unanimously elected by a rising vote to succeed himself. Mr. Pryor holds office in several other live stock associations, has banking and property interests in the Indian Territory, Missouri and Kansas and makes his home in San Antonio.

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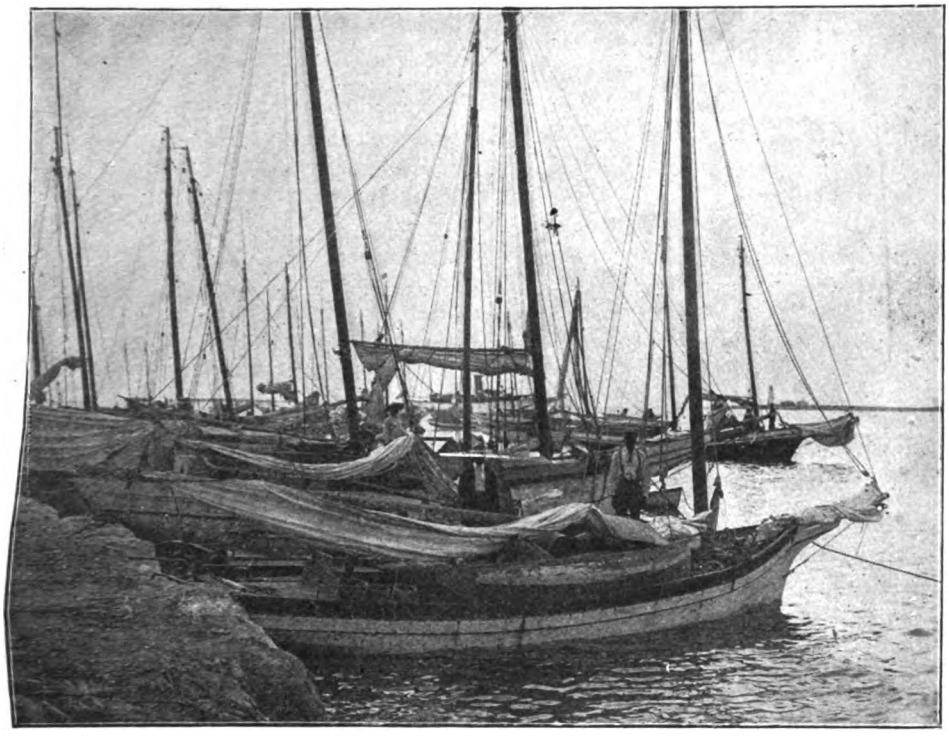
SOME SOUTHERN SCENES



SMALL CRAFT ENGAGED IN THE TRUCK AND FRUIT TRADE ON THE SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

THE EVERGLADES, FLORIDA, WHICH ARE TO BE RECLAIMED

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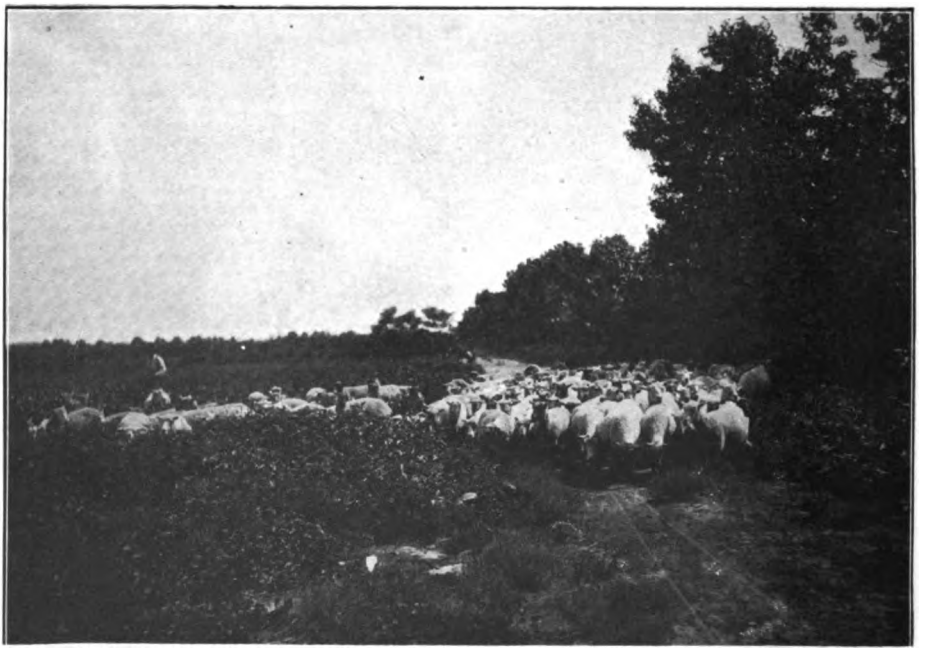
COCOANUTS GROWING IN THE SOUTH.



SHEEP ON A VIRGINIA PLANTATION NEAR NORFOLK, VA.

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THE NIGHT RIDERS

By

HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

She gave a low exclamation of astonishment as she unrolled to view a number of bank notes, mostly new, and of small denominations—ones, twos and fives. As Sophronia carefully fingered the bills, noting their value and the number the roll contained, her eyes opened wide with surprise at the sight of so much money.

No wonder her neighbor had exercised such caution in concealing his treasure. Here was a larger amount of money than she had ever imagined he would possess. How had he ever come into the ownership of such a sum? Could he have stolen it, and from whom?

The girl hastily counted the bills. "*Goodness!*" she exclaimed. It was ninety-five dollars in all—a small fortune indeed for a person in Judson's situation. How came he with such booty, for booty it must be, since he had never been known to save a dollar in his life, yet here was quite a snug little fortune that had been acquired by some unknown means.

As Sophronia puzzled over the matter, her eyes chanced to fall on the scrap of paper in which the money had been wrapped, and smoothing out the paper, she slowly read the reward offered by the President of the Turnpike Corporation, for any information that would lead to the arrest and conviction of the raiders, whose recent deeds of violence were a menace to the community.

So this, then, was a solution to the problem vexing her brain! Steve Judson must have betrayed the raiders, and this money was the larger part of the spoils he had received. He certainly could not have accumulated such an amount otherwise, for his ill-kept, sterile patch of ground scarcely yielded a poor living.

As Sophronia sat looking first at the money then at the printed reward, the fear of detection suddenly came over her. Whether it was ill-gotten gain, or not, the money certainly was not hers, and she had no right to thus unearth it from its secret hiding place. Suppose some one should discover her in the act!

Alarmed at the mere thought, she hastily wrapped the scrap of paper around the money, and dropping the roll in the jar, screwed on the lid and reburied the treasure, taking care to leave the place looking quite as she had found it. Then she hasily quitted the spot.

CHAPTER IX

Night.

The dark forms of a group of men were brought out in sharp contrast against the fitful light of a small brushwood fire built in a sheltered spot among the hills.

A few faint stars dotted the moonless sky, and the night air was raw with the frosty breath of late October.

Some of the men were sitting about on scattered blocks of rejected stone,

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left in the abandoned quarry years before when the abutment of a bridge had been built over a small, swift stream near by, but the great number of raiders stood in careless attitudes around the fire, talking or smoking.

"Captain's late," one of the men in the foreground said.

"I heard the ring of Black Devil's hoofs comin' up the hill just a moment ago," a raider answered.

As he spoke, he thrust a fresh supply of brush into the fire, and briskly stirred the bed of embers until it glowed with sudden fervor, while a shower of sparks arose and fluttered into the night like a swarm of fireflies rudely disturbed.

"Be saving of the brush," cautioned one of the raiders. "There may be officers of the law abroad to-night."

"It is money to them if they bag us," answered the other, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders and a hoarse laugh. "There's a reward of two hundred dollars offered for information concerning the raiders, or night-riders, as some folks call us."

"Perhaps some one's after it," suggested another.

"And what good 'd the reward be? It would melt or burn where we'd send him."

"Is it the gate at the stone bridge to-night?"

"No, I have heard it's to be another —one more familiar to some of our members," the speaker continued, casting a furtive glance at a number of the band standing near.

"Suppose it should be the pole of the New Pike gate, and Milt was chosen to do the cutting?" The man at the fire spoke tauntingly.

"The pole of the New Pike gate won't be cut to-night, I'm thinking," said Derr quietly.

"Not if the Captain commands it?"

"No."

"Listen, you fellows—hear what this man's sayin'!"

"And what's more to the point, I'm willing to bet that he isn't going to insist on me cutting it, either," added Derr, glancing about him with a half-defiant air in which there was also the suggestion of a threat.

Quickly the attention of the others was drawn to the speaker, who had unconsciously straightened to his full six feet, while the rich color in his cheeks, augmented by the ruddy glow of the firelight, deepened perceptibly, and quickly spread to his throat and neck, which were partly revealed in their robust outlines, where the heavy coat was thrown back to the warmth of the fire.

"Any special reasons for not wantin' to cut down the pole of the New Pike gate?" asked one of the band, with a wink on the sly at his companions.

"I have," answered Milt frankly and seriously. "One good reason I will state a little later, the other can be given right now. It seems a cowardly thing to do—the chopping down of a gate that's kept by two lone women. Now if it was a man, the case would be altogether different."

"It ain't the women folks we've got the grudge ag'in," spoke up one of the men. "It's the graspin' turnpike companies back of 'em we're after."

"Yes, but it's taking away the living of two worthy women," protested Derr.

"That can't be helped, though," argued the other raider. "If we're gôin' to do away with toll-gates, an' have free roads, we can't play favorites, you know, by cuttin' down some poles, an' leavin' others standin', just on account o' family relations," he said.

"What's the talk?" The deep voice came from the outer gloom, and as the men glanced in its direction, the captain emerged from the shadows hovering close about the circle and joined the group.

An embarrassing silence fell suddenly upon the company, at the leader's presence, and each man waited for his neighbor to make reply. As no one seemed inclined to answer, finally Derr spoke.

"It was concerning the New Pike gate. Some one suggested that I would be chosen to do the cutting of the pole."

"Well!" The captain fixed his steel

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cold eyes full on the speaker, while the semblance of a sarcastic smile hovered about his mouth.

"I have good and sufficient reasons for not wanting to cut down that pole, and especially if I was called upon to-night," continued the speaker quietly, his eyes meeting the captain's gaze unflinchingly.

"Have your reasons been called for?" demanded the leader with a contemptuous curl of the lip.

"Among other reasons," continued Derr, ignoring the question, "I don't see the need of disturbing that gate for the present, when so many others around here might claim our attention."

The little groups merged into a large one, and general attention was quickly centered in the two men, for trouble seemed brewing in this quarter. As they stood face to face, eyeing each other keenly and coolly, the spirit of unfriendliness that had long held a place in each bosom was plainly evident, and a clashing of strong wills appeared imminent. There had ever been a feeling of rivalry, dating far back to the days they had gone to school together in Alder Creek Glen, and pretty little Sally Brown was the figurative apple of discord between the two.

"His reasons for not wanting that gate disturbed may not be hard to guess," said the captain, a sneer lingering on his heavy lips. "He's in love with the pretty toll-taker."

"And the captain's rather sore because she's jilted him," retorted Derr in clear, deliberate tones.

The leader's face flushed crimson with anger at the words that carried with them the sting of truth, and a look of hatred blazed for an instant in his eyes as he turned them full on the speaker, standing calm and disdainful, meeting the look fearlessly.

Perhaps this utter lack of fear deterred the captain from his first impulse, for he knew that to press his adversary further at this moment meant a speedy settlement of old scores. Jade Beddow was not ready for such a course just yet, indeed he knew a better plan of revenge, so with strong effort he managed to control the rage that filled him, and to bring himself to a more fitting realization of his present course of conduct.

"We haven't met to-night to settle personal grievances," he said, letting his eyes slowly wander to the men surrounding him. "These can be left to another time an' place. Our business to-night is to strike another blow for our just cause, and the New Pike gate is the one to go down. Let those who are not cowards follow me. To your horses, boys!"

CHAPTER X

A little before eight o'clock, while the young girl was still busied in the kitchen with the supper dishes, for on court days this meal was always a late one, Squire Bixler again passed through the New Pike gate on his way to town.

Sally's mother raised the gate for him, and curious to know the cause of his speedy return, straightway began to ply him with questions. When she came into the house after he had ridden on, the seal of secrecy being the price the Squire required of her for the information he had imparted, she heaved so deep a sigh, and looked so full of melancholy forebodings that her daughter quickly inquired the cause.

"Nothin'," answered the old woman evasively, but the tone and her actions suggested quite the contrary. Indeed, her face bore the unmistakable impression of an impending disaster. The girl's curiosity was at once aroused and piqued by her mother's bearing and words.

"But there is certainly something troubling you," insisted Sally. "You look quite put out."

"Well," admitted the other grudgingly, "perhaps I am."

"Then what's the matter?"

"I'm under solemn promise not to tell anybody, not even you, but when

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a person don't know what minute they're liable to lose the very shelter over their heads, it's high time for dismal looks I should say."

"Are we in any such danger?" asked the girl quickly.

"I'm not sayin' as we air or ain't," yet the speaker gave a most gloomy shake of her head along with the noncommital answer.

"But you act like something serious was the matter."

"I can't well help showin' what's on my mind, I suppose."

"Then why on earth don't you say what's troubling you?"

"When you're told a thing, an' then told positively not to tell it, how is a person to do?" asked Mrs. Brown in dire perplexity. Her pledge to the squire was already beginning to weigh heavily upon her.

"I don't see why you hesitate to tell me," said Sally emphatically; "I'm not a child that can't be trusted with a secret."

"I don't see the harm myself in your knowin' it," acknowledged her mother, "and that, too, when you'd be sure to find it out in a mighty little while, for as soon as the guards come, you'd know that somethin' was wrong."

"The guards?" echoed the girl. "Then it's something about the raiders?"

"I didn't say," answered her mother with exasperating evasiveness.

"But it is," cried the girl. "Surely I've quite as much right to know as you. Don't it concern me equally as much?"

"Of course, but then the squire didn't seem to want to make you uneasy any sooner than was necessary. That's why he cautioned me about tellin' you, I suppose."

"And very thoughtful it was of him, too," declared the girl with shrewdly feigned graciousness. "So it was the squire that told you about the raiders?"

"Yes, and it goes to prove how much he really thinks of you, not to want you worried."

"That's true," the girl's manner took on a careless indifference, "He was speaking to me the other day about the raiders; what did he have to say to you?" she asked in an off-hand way that threw the mother quite off guard for the moment.

"He was sayin' that he feared you'd be badly frightened if you knew the raiders would be here to-night."

"To-night?" cried the girl excitedly, no longer acting a part.

"There! I've gone and let the cat out of the bag, after all!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown in sudden contrition. "You partly guessed it, though. I didn't tell you out and out." She came a little closer to Sally, while her voice dropped to a tragic whisper. "Yes, the raiders air comin' this very night."

"How does he know?"

"He didn't tell me, but he's found out somehow."

"What will become of us?" cried her hearer in genuine apprehension.

"Dear knows!" answered her mother melting into tears at the thought of the impending raid. "We'll likely have the roof burned over our very heads, and to-morrow will find ourselves without a shelter."

"Well, there, don't worry!" urged the girl, touched by her mother's evident distress of mind. "There's another shelter been offered us, if the worst comes to the worst."

"Whose?" questioned Mrs. Brown quickly, for the moment forgetful of impending danger in the thirst for further knowledge of this generous offer. "Has the Squire offered us a home?" she questioned eagerly, eyeing her daughter askant.

"Yes, he has," acknowledged the girl with a little show of hesitation; "not that I mean to accept it," she added to herself, with a pretended flare of courage that was far from real. "What does the Squire think the raiders will be apt to do?" she questioned, returning to the primary subject under discussion.

"He don't intend they shall do us any harm if he can help it. He's gone to town now to get men to come an' guard the gate, an' he hopes to ketch

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the last one of them lawless raiders before mornin', " declared the elder toll-taker.

"I hope not!" cried the girl impulsively as a sudden fear crossed her brain.

"You hope not?" repeated Mrs. Brown in open-eyed wonder, turning on her daughter in quick wrath. "Is Milt Derr one of them night riders that you talk like that, Sally Brown?"

"Of course not, mother, else they wouldn't be coming *here,*" answered Sally with quick wit to repair the slip of her tongue. "I mean on account of the trouble it would bring to a lot of innocent people," she hastened to explain. "Of course these raiders have friends and kinfolks, likely some of 'em acquaintances of ours up in the hills. Besides, the raiders think they're mightily down-trodden and oppressed, for toll-rates *are* high, there's no denying the fact."

"Sally Brown! I'm downright ashamed of you, that I am!" cried her mother sharply. "The idea of you takin' up for them miserable law-breakers, an' them tryin' to burn the very roof over our heads, an' take the daily bread out of our mouths. You must have gone clean daft."

"I didn't say I thought they were right," persisted Sally. "I said it likely seemed so to them."

"An' you got no cause to say even that," insisted Mrs. Brown, "you, that's dependin' on a livin' by takin' of the toll. It's nothin' short of downright treason!"

CHAPTER XI

The girl had been dreading just such news as her mother had revealed, yet since the conversation with the Squire the day Sally had so unwillingly ridden with him from town, she had been hourly expecting it. Now that the ill news had really come, her present uneasiness was not altogether on her mother's account, nor her own. It was probable that her sweetheart was now affiliated with the band of raiders, yet if this was true, it seemed a little strange that the New Pike gate was the one to be attacked.

When Sally sat down to her sewing a little later, after her various household duties had been attended to for the evening, her thoughts were very far removed from her present work, and she was much more troubled and perplexed in spirit and mind than she cared to show.

At the time she had heard the talk between the Squire and his unknown informant, it was evident that Milton Derr had not then joined the raiders, but from the trend of that conversation it seemed likely he would soon become a member of the band. He was evidently debating the feasibility of joining them. Had he done so, and was he now powerless to change or divert their plans?

It was not alone the news that the gate would be attacked which was troubling the girl, but the further information her mother had given that the plans of the raiders were known, and the Squire was even then in town organizing a posse to resist the attack and capture the band.

Supposing her sweetheart was now a member of it, and some subtle intuition was urging her to such belief, what would be the outcome of it all? This then was the trap the Squire was adroitly laying for his nephew. She had warned Milt of the danger, but had he heeded? The band was probably composed of men he knew well, and was doubtless gathered from the ready material to be found among the rugged hills wherein he dwelt.

There had ever seemed to exist among these people a certain wild spirit of adventure and reckless daring, which one naturally imbibed along with the very air of these free remote hills, and the Squire's nephew was of that restive nature too easily attracted by anything savoring of excitement or danger, such as these lawless escapades might readily furnish.

On recalling a talk she had held

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with her sweetheart the Sunday evening before, when they rode together from Alder Creek meeting-house, she felt that her very own words may have had some weight in influencing him to cast his fortunes with the raiders. Though she warned him of such a course, yet in almost the same breath she told him of the Squire's prediction that the New Pike gate would be wrecked, leaving her mother and herself homeless, but she wisely said nothing about the Squire's offer of marriage, deeming it prudent to remain silent on this point for the present, at least.

She had appealed to the nephew to do what he could to prevent the destruction of the New Pike gate, and had meant to enlist his aid only so far as the exercising of his influence over any personal friends who might belong to the band of raiders.

As things now stood, a great danger lay in the fact that the posse of men now being gathered together in town, would probably make speedy war on those who threatened destruction to the gate. There would doubtless be fighting, some might be killed, wounded or taken prisoners, and her sweetheart was as liable to be among the first as the latter, if he were a raider. What great relief it would be at this moment to know that he was not connected with those who had lately declared warfare on the toll-gates throughout the country!

If she could but manage to see him, even for a brief moment, a simple word of warning might avert serious trouble. There was still left her a faint chance for such warning to be given, for Milton Derr had gone to town that morning, and she had not seen him return, though it might be that he had passed the gate on his homeward way, while she was busied with her household duties.

She felt a growing eagerness to know if her mother had seen him pass, yet dared not ask. Finally she decided on a little subterfuge.

"Dear me!" she cried, suddenly pausing in her work and glancing at her mother inquiringly, "I forgot to send Phrony that skirt pattern she asked me to hunt for her. Has every one passed living up that way?"

"I s'pose they have," answered Mrs. Brown grumpily. "It's gettin' late, an' if the country folks ain't at home by now, they oughter be."

The girl made a show of hunting up the pattern, then sat down with it and her sewing near the front door.

Several belated travelers passed, some rather the worse for having imbibed too freely of the cup that cheers, but the one she wished to see was not among them. Along toward nine o'clock a small party of horsemen came galloping along the pike, loudly hallooing and firing their pistols as they came, and for a moment the girl thought the raiders were surely at hand.

Then quickly realizing that the cavalcade was coming not from the direction of the hill country, but the town, and that the night was yet too young for raiders to be abroad, she understood that it was merely a drunken crowd on their homeward way, therefore she hurried out and raised the pole, then fled into the house and blew out the light, as the horsemen went dashing by, in a volley of shouts and oaths, like a miniature whirlwind.

Just as the clock was striking nine, and when her mother had once more fallen asleep after her recent rude awakening, the girl's attentive ear caught the sound of a horse's familiar tread, and tiptoeing lightly out on the platform, she softly closed the door behind her and awaited the rider.

She was not at fault in her surmise, for the horseman was the one she had hoped to see, and at her low summons he rode close up to the platform where she stood, all impatient to divulge her message.

"I thought you'd never come, or else that you had already passed the gate without me seeing you!" cried Sally in an eager undertone when he drew rein.

"I would certainly have started ear-

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lier if I'd known you were waiting," answered the rider contritely.

"Did you know we are expecting the raiders to pay us a visit to-night?" she asked hurriedly, coming at once to the point.

"Pay this gate a visit?" queried Milt in genuine surprise that proved her words news to him.

"Yes."

"Are you quite sure about that?" he asked thoughtfully. "How do you know it's to be this gate?"

"The Squire came by on his way to town only a little while ago, and told mother. He's gone now to raise a posse of men to guard the gate."

"Here's trickery," thought Milt. "I was led to believe it was to be some other gate for to-night's raid, or else I've got things badly mixed. The Squire said it was this gate?" he added aloud.

"That's what he told mother. I didn't see him. You musn't ever tell that I told you, never!" she insisted.

"I never will," he declared fervently. "And how did the Squire know about it?" he added thoughtfully.

"I don't know, likely from the man who is acting the spy for him."

"I wonder who that man can be?"

"I don't know, but the Squire's got somebody in his pay who is not only spying on the raiders but on you also. He's acting a double part."

"And you say the gate is to be guarded to-night?"

"Yes, the guards will be here soon."

"Well, perhaps that may scare the raiders away," said the young man reassuringly. "I'm awful glad you told me about it."

"I thought you ought to know," said Sally in a low tone, "for perhaps you have friends that might be interested in such news."

"This gate shall never be molested as long as I can do anything to prevent it," said Milton Derr earnestly, bending sideways until his arm encircled the waist of the pretty toll-taker on the platform; "and if it ever is, you can understand that I am powerless to save it. Good night, sweetheart!"

CHAPTER XII

The girl stole quietly into the toll-house after her lover had ridden away toward the misty hills. She found her mother still sleeping soundly in her chair, quite oblivious of surroundings, and little dreaming that the secret the Squire had urged her to keep so securely had reached a third pair of ears already in its swift journeyings.

Catching up her sewing again, which she had quickly dropped on the floor in her eagerness to see the belated rider, Sally began to sew away industriously to make up for lost time, while her thoughts flew a good deal faster than her needle.

Her surcharged mind was now happily relieved of a portion of its burden of fears. There was no longer any danger threatening her sweetheart, so far as the present intended raid was concerned, and possibly this itself would fail of fruition.

Soon after ten o'clock the sheriff and a posse of armed men appeared.

"You keep late hours, Miss Sally," he said when she and her mother came out to receive them. "I expected to find you both asleep."

"Not when we are expecting company," the girl answered with a laugh that was somewhat forced; "that wouldn't be good manners, you know."

"It's no use to go to bed," insisted Mrs. Brown. "I couldn't sleep a wink, not if my life depended on it, that I couldn't." Sally smiled faintly, thinking of the recent long nap her mother had taken, and of the warning that had been given, quite unknown to the sleeper, thanks to this period of oblivion.

"I do hope none of you will get hurt!" cried the girl in deep concern. "It seems dreadful to think that perhaps before morning a very battle may be fought right around this quiet spot."

"Don't be alarmed," the sheriff insisted. "I look for little trouble or bloodshed either."

"No more do I," thought the pretty

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toll-taker, with a secret satisfaction she admirably concealed.

"I expect to take the rascals so completely by surprise they will have a chance to make but little resistance," the officer continued reassuringly, for the girl's apparent fear appealed to him. "Perhaps we may be able to capture the whole band without loss of a single man."

A feeling almost bordering on resignation had gradually supplanted the disturbed condition of Mrs. Brown's mind since her daughter's reassuring confession that the Squire had placed a shelter at their disposal, in case the raiders deprived them of the one they now had. She began to feel that the threatened calamity might, after all, take on the characteristics of a disguised blessing, since it would help to bring to a climax a state of affairs she had long striven, though unsuccessfully, to mold to her purpose, and that through the raiders the Squire might also manage to get him a wife, which, up to the present moment at least had proven a most elusive quantity.

With the coming of the posse to guard the gate, Mrs. Brown's spirits took on almost a jubilant turn, for though the raiders might fail in their present venture, they would ultimately succeed in the destruction of the New Pike gate, and its doom would probably not be far distant, in spite of officers or guard, while the price of its downfall would be the speedy realization of the mother's fondest dreams concerning her daughter's future.

"We might just as well lay down on the outside of the bed, dressed as we are," said Mrs. Brown, as she led the way into the house, after the men had been placed on guard. "It's no use stayin' up, though, of course, I don't expect to close my eyes the entire night, for nobody can tell what may take place before mornin'."

"The raiders may not come, after all," ventured Sally, hoping to allay her mother's evident fears, "though, as you say, it's just as well to look presentable, in case we should be turned out of house and home in the middle of the night." She gave a covert glance in the small looking glass on the tall dresser as she spoke.

"There's at least one that will not be captured to-night, whether he is a raider, or whether he isn't, and the Squire may find that his traps are not as carefully set as he thinks," said the girl to herself as she blew out the light, and lay down.

The incidents of the past few days came crowding confusedly through her brain as she lay thinking over the many entanglements that seemed tightening their meshes closer and closer about her.

As the night grew on apace, a suggestive sound by her side proclaimed that her mother had fallen asleep, despite all predictions of a watchful vigil, and as the girl lay and listened to the droning monotone, it finally lulled her into forgetfulness and slumber.

Darkness and silence hovered over the New Pike gate, and while its inmates slept on through threatened danger, others were yet awake and watchful along the opposite side of the road, their alert and crouching figures hidden in the gloom of the sheltering stone wall as the guard impatiently awaited the coming of the raiders.

CHAPTER XIII

At the captain's arrogant words, flung at Derr in the wake of a scornful laugh, the raiders began to move slowly in the direction of a near-by cedar thicket darkening the entrance to the quarry. At this spot the horses were hitched, guarded by a member of the band, who at the same time guarded the approach to the rendezvous.

Milton Derr stood motionless, silent and defiant, with tightly compressed lips, and in his dark eyes a vengeful, half exultant light.

Should he let them go unwarned? This was an easy and speedy way to even up with Jade Beddow for his insulting words, and his intended blow to Derr through the downfall of the New Pike gate.

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Silence on the part of his enemy would surely bring harm this night to the captain of the band, and also to the raiders themselves, yet many of these were Milt's friends, and must not be sacrificed to his own hot anger and hatred of one man. This were cowardly. It was his duty to speak out plainly for their sakes. Understanding this, he made a sudden move forward, and called out sharply:

"Listen to what I have to say!"

As the men looked back he raised his hand warningly. "The captain has given you *his* reasons as to why I have so frankly spoken against raiding the New Pike gate to-night, now I will give you *mine*."

He paused a moment and looked around on the waiting crowd.

"It's because the plans of the night-riders have been found out, and a posse of men are now waiting at the gate to give a warm welcome to those who come."

At his words a sudden confusion fell among his listeners, as when a bomb is exploded in the ranks. The men stood irresolute, alarmed, looking first at the captain, then toward the spokesman, whose tall dark figure loomed up against the background of gray rock dimly outlined by the expiring fire.

The captain hesitated, uncertain what move to make; then he came back a few steps to where Derr stood.

"How do you know this?" he asked sharply.

"I know it," answered the other quietly, "and that's enough."

"But how do you know it? Who told you?" The leader grew insistent.

Derr compressed his lips and made no answer.

The captain gazed at him steadfastly some moments, then turned abruptly toward his men.

"You have heard what he says, boys, that our plans are found out, and the gate under guard. If this is true, there's a traitor in our midst, and this is his work."

A deep silence followed these suggestive words. The men glanced furtively at one another, as if a sudden distrust had arisen, specter-like, among them. The band separated into little groups and fell to talking in low tones among themselves, with now and then a suspicious look shot in Milton Derr's direction, but he stood silent and impassive, a little apart from the others, seemingly oblivious of these glances, or of the words to which they gave rise.

"This may be only a hatched up tale to scare us off," suggested the captain at last, looking inquiringly around him.

"Remember, I have given you all fair warning," Milt said quietly, looking beyond the leader to where the men stood in scattered groups.

"Who is your authority for this report?" the captain once more asked.

"I learned it, that is all you need to know."

"When did you hear it?"

"In time to warn you."

The captain turned away with an impatient gesture and a muttered oath. "Perhaps it wouldn't be a hard matter to tell how the toll-gate people learned of it," he said with meaning emphasis in his tone.

"There may be something in this, after all, so what's the use of running into danger when you can steer clear of it?" asked one of the raiders. "The New Pike gate will keep till another time."

"But if there's a traitor in our midst, what other time is so safe for us?" the leader interrogated. "The only course before us is to strike now and as often as we can, guards or no guards. For my own part I don't believe the gate is guarded."

A warm discussion arose among the men, and hot words were bandied to and fro. A few favored the postponement of the intended raid. Several, along with the captain, were inclined to discredit the story that the gate was under guard, and the majority advocated a bold assault, even in the face of danger, which served to lend a certain zest to the act.

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Through it all Milton Derr stood silent, and offered no advice.

"Well! what shall we do, boys—go or not?" asked the leader impatiently.

"Put it to a vote."

"Agreed!" the leader answered. "All who favor making the raid, step to the right. How many of you? Twenty. A fine showing, my trusty lads! Cowards are in the minority tonight. If one goes, all should go. Only a traitor would hesitate. To your horses!"

"Free roads! Down with the toll-gates!" The cry arose in a hoarse howl as the men moved quickly in the direction of their horses.

Derr stood hesitating, abashed and vanquished. If he now refused to go along with the others it was but the signing of his own death warrant, and the invoking of swift punishment. He would be proclaimed a traitor, branded as one. Rather would he run the risk of getting killed by the officers of the law than thus incur the enmity of the band, and perhaps suffer the penalty of a traitor's deed.

By his presence he might still be of some benefit to the inmates of the toll-house threatened, and possibly through the influence of friends among the raiders the building might be spared and only the pole cut down.

If the captain persisted in venting his anger and spite on a couple of helpless and defenseless women, and was fully determined to burn the New Pike gate, and make a repetition of the Cross Roads affair then—Milt's hand unconsciously grasped the handle of his pistol—the band might be speedily called upon to elect a new leader.

Milt slowly followed the raiders down the hill and joined them at the thicket. At a word from the captain the cavalcade set out through the keen frosty air, the clang of many hoofs on the loose stones along the way echoing amid the silent hills, and breaking sharply into the quiet of the night. Now and then, a tiny trail of sparks flashed beneath the flying iron shoes like a nest of glow-worms scattered into the darkness.

Around the base of frowning, tall, uprising hills the raiders swept in a swift gallop, now through gloomy rock-bound ways, past quiet farm-houses, by fallow fields, following the winding courses of the road that trailed under the dim starlight like a ribbon of mist between the silent, opaque hills.

Still on and on the horsemen rode, sometimes dropping into a slower gait, then spurring their horses anew, with never a jest as they rode along, nor a fling of laughter or song to the darkness—a shadowy, silent band with suggestion of deep-set purpose in the ominous quiet they maintained. When at last they swung around the curve of the pike and came in sight of the New Pike gate, the captain drew rein and called a brief halt.

"Go forward!" he commanded, selecting Derr for the mission.

"Let me go! I'm not afraid!" hastily cried another member of the band, as Milton hesitated and seemed on the point of refusing. It was Steve Judson who spoke, and there was a touch of eagerness in his voice as he made the request.

"I have chosen the one to go," said the leader sternly. "If the gate is guarded, as he seems to think is the case, he is on better terms with the toll-takers an' their protectors than any of us."

"Aw, let me go!" persisted Steve. "That's always been my duty, an' I'm not afraid to shirk it now. Send me ahead!"

"You stay here!" commanded the captain decisively. "I've got other work for you when the time comes."

"Go forward!" the captain continued, addressing Milt. "If you find the coast clear, ride on beyond the gate, then signal us, an' guard the road from that point."

"I have told you that I believe the gate to be guarded," answered Derr quietly. "I have warned you that it was to be. Do you command me to ride into almost certain danger?"

"If you know it to be guarded, you stand in no danger from your

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friends," answered the leader coldly. "If we find you have betrayed us you will stand in very great danger from your enemies."

"I have not betrayed you, I have only warned you," insisted Milt.

"Then you should be willing to share the danger with us. A brave man never fears danger if his duty demands it. Go!"

"I will go, then, since you command it. Remember, though, comrades," he added, turning to the members of the band who were nearest to him, "if I fail to get back, my blood be upon this man!"

He turned and rode quickly through the darkness toward the New Pike gate.

[*To be continued*]

OLD WASH AND THE NERVOUS GOATS

I NEVER had much use for goats," said Old Wash the other night, "an' I got less use for 'em now than ever. They may be as good to eat as sheep to some people, but when I hears a man say dat, ef he's white, I looks for his head to be all cymling and his foots all giblets, an' ef he's black I looks for blue gums an' wropped hair. Ever' now an' den, dey gits up a goat craze in de South an' dese city men whut edits farm papers in cities tells whut a pow'ful lot uv money dey is in goats. After tellin' how dey eats up ever'thing nuthin' else will tetch—not even barrin' a carryon cro'—an' can live an' prosper on a dry spot so nigh de wicked place dat nuthin' else cu'd live dere wid col' feet unless dey walked on stilts, dey den proceeds to tell how fast dey can prop-a-gait, which is a big word dey uses to tell how soon an' nachully a little sissy kid goat gits to be a nanny.

"It ain't often I drops into poetry, but heah is de way I figures it out:

Two little goatses, out in de sno'
Dey gits married an' den dar is fo'.
Fo' little goatses longin' to mate,
Bare is de larder, but soon dar is eight.
Eight little goatses, weeds, an' no mo'—
Weeds is for true love an' now twenty-fo'.
Twenty-fo' goatses climbin' de gate,
Ever'whar dey oughtn't be—now eighty-eight.
Eighty-eight goatses, all in de corn,
Still studyin' 'rithmetic—two hundred's born.
Two hundred goatses on house top an' tree—
Dey drops six hundred by de rule uv three!
Six hundred goatses, locustin' de land,
Living on lizards, love-knots and sand,
But sand is deir manna—dey marry ag'in,
Now sixteen million, nine hundred an' ten!

"Did you urver notice, Marse John, de turrible hard slam de Bible gives de goatses? An' when de Good Book tags a thing it's dar for all eternity an' warranted not to fade. Of all de animules in de ark, snakes an' goatses is de only things dat is under de ban. You know whut de snake done—tempted Eve, an' de rest of us been stayin' in after skule ever sense an' takin' our spankin'. But de way it throwed off on de goatses wuz wussur still, fur it laid every low-down white-livered thing that happened on de goatses. Whenever a ole Jew had done sumpin' specially low down' an' wanted to lie out uv it hisse'f, he'd rub asserfeterty an' gypsy juice on some goat an' start him th'oo de wilderness. Dey call him a scapegoat because dey thought he orter be thankful to 'scape wid his life, seein' he kerried so many other fo'kses sins on his back. An' de smalles' white man in all history, in my 'pinion, is dat ole 'sateful, oily Abraham dat had thousands uv goatses an' yet made a scapegoat uv his own son an' turned him out in de wilderness to die. I preaches 'gin him ever' chance I gits an' when

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I die I don't wanter go to no Abraham's bosom. No, suh, I'd ruther take my chances whar dars sum wool an' a warm spot! Hit looks lak ole 'sateful Abraham cu'dn't keep away from goatses—always doin' sum devilment an' layin' it on goatses. But a man buys back ever rascally trick he sells to others at las', in his own coin, an' so ole Abraham got his back in a goat. It wuz when dat boy Ikey uv his'n fooled de ole man an' got Esau's birthright 'cause Esau wuz nachully a hairy one—(no wonder, his daddy had goat on the brain all his life!)—an' Ikey, who wuz smooth, he jes' put on a goat skin an' made de ole man think it wuz Esau. When he found it out I'll bet he thort uv Hagar an' Ishmael dat he played it so low down on.

"Oh, you kin jes' bet a man gits whut he sows in dis worl'.

"When ole Abraham tried to turn his little innocent but onregistered boy into a scapegoat, he nurver thort his big boy Ikey, so godly an' so circumsized, would bob up an' be de real thing at last.

"Ole Abraham started de thing an' all de others kep' it up an' all th'oo de Good Book de sins uv de world is laid on goatses. Dey even studied it out fur de Jedgment day when dar'll be a big separashun uv de sheep an' de goatses, an' all sinners will be turned into goatses. This allers struck me as correct, for dere is jes' about dat much difference 'twixt a game, ole, naughty, bad-smellin' sinner an' a weak, no-'count, sissy, *bah-bah,* goody-goody!

"An' it's all in favor uv de goat!

"Es fur me, give me a goat over a sheep ever' time. A goat smells bad to some fo'ks, but he'll hustle for his own, is dead game, don't complain, 'tends to his own business, ain't stuck up an' is a pow'ful ladies' man. You nurver heah of a goat-killin' dog—no, sah, but I've seed a many a dog-killin' goat. An' de best way to save a flock uv cowardly sheeps is to put a few billies in amongst 'em. But a sheep—de thing we Christyuns is picked out es emblem of all dat's good an' holy, Marse John, it's a shame! He's a meek-faced, flop-yeared fool, so silly he'll jump into a bottomless pit ef his nigh neighbor happen to fall in, an' so cowardly any yaller cur can chase an' kill de whole flock. Whilst his big horns an' stiff neck is puttin' up a bold game of bluff, his slinkin' limber tail, floppin' betwixt his legs, is doin' all it can to lie out of it! Dey ain't got sense enuff to keep a crow offen deir babes when born, dey hunts fur all de soft spots in de pasture an' dey quits to anything dat gits a good holt on dey wool. Don't put up no lamb on my tomb when I'm gone, Marse John. If I've got to be pictured an' disgraced as a animule an' a nachur faker after I'm dead an' it's a ch'ice 'twixt de goat an' de sheep, carve for ole Wash a game ole goat, wise unto salvershun, keepin' his own council, speakin' no evil, stickin' to de middle uv de road—a good ole prop-a-gaitin' populite, whiskers an' all!

"Yassah!

"But I started out to tell about dem nervus goatses. I lives down nigh Marse George, an' he's got a flock uv dem goats, dat run in de pasture wid de fine mares. You know brood mares nurver git sick if a goat stays among 'em, fur de smell uv de goat is so servigrus, dat whenever a microbe uv eny breed gits a good whiff uv it, he des' gasps an' smiles an' dies, as de poet sez uv de hero soljer. An' so Marse George he keeps dem goats wid his mares, an' do' he 'low us to go thoo any other part uv de farm, he don't 'low nobody to make a common passway thoo de paddock. But de other Sunday es I went to preachin' I wuz late, an' thinkin' Marse George wouldn't keer dis time I tuck a short cut thoo de paddock. I seed de flock uv goats an' de mares an' colts but I wuz so busy wuckin' out my sermon, de tex' of which was, *'And he separated de sheep frum de goats,'* dat I run ober a kid asleep in de grass befo' I seed it. *'Bah-bah,'* sez de kid, jumpin' up so sudden 'twixt my legs dat I jumped two feet offen de groun'. Den I gin him a kick when I hit de yearth,

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clap my hands to make him run an' sed, *'Bah-bah, yo'se'f'!*

"Wid dat ever' goat dar started to run, but jes' hollered *bah-bah* an' drapped dead!

"An' when I seed whut I'd done I mighty nigh done it myse'f.

"I started on a run fur de fence, but looked back an' de groun' wuz jes' kivered wid goats kickin' an' stiffenin' out an' dyin'. I 'spected to see de mares an' colts tumble nex' so I makes a break over de fence an' over de hills back home.

"No mo' sermon fur me dat day. I'd seed all I wanted to see about goatses, unless it wuz how to raise 'em frum de dead.

"I kep' hid out all day, wonderin' ef anybody seed me. All night I dreamed uv goats—dreamed it wuz de last great day, dat Marse George wuz de great Jedge, an' when my time come I wuz cast over among de goatses. Dey had all des' riz to be jedged, but at sight uv me dey all drapt dead ag'in, jes' like dey did in de paddock, hollerin' *'No, bah-bah, no. He too mean to live wid us.'*

"Sho' nuff, at breakfus' heah cum de sheriff, an' reads me a writ an' takes me to de jestice cou't.

"I nurver had been 'rested befo'. I wuz scand'lized an' ruined, all by a lot uv goatses. I axed 'em to let me see you, dat you'd go on my bond, but dey dragged me befo' de squire.

"You nurver seed sich a trial; ever'body wuz dar, an' de trouble I wuz in seem to give gener'l satisfacshun. De Majah he spoke ag'in' me, tellin' de jestice dat I went into de paddock an' kilt de whole flock uv goatses. *'He wuz so tarnal ugly dey all drapt dead at sight uv him,' he say.* He kep' dat an' some mo' up fur a hour, an' he had de whole cou'thouse, jedge an' all, a-laffin' at me. I nurver seed fo'ks hab so much fun an' I nurver felt so mean an' low down. De Majah 'splains it wuz a flock uv ve'y unusual goatses, called Nervous Goats, an' dat dey wuz wuth a hundred dollars apiece, an' he figured out dat I owed Marse George des' five thousand, six hundred dollars an' de state pen two years hard labor fur trespass!

"Wid dat I jes' gib up. I'd figured dat ef it cum to de wuss dey wuz wuth 'bout two dollars each an' I knowed I cu'd sell de filly an' pay dat. But dis jes' ruint me. I wanted to die. I wuz willin' fur to sell all I had an' pay up, but de Jedge sed I'd hafter make a speech an' 'splain how it wuz or he'd hafter gin jedgment fur de amount an' hang me afterwards. Hit looked lak dey wuz gwine to make it es miser'bul fur me as dey cu'd so I done de bes' I c'u'd wid a heavy h'art.

" 'Marse Jedge an' Gen'lm'n,' sez I. 'I'm a ole nigger, dat hab libed a godly life gwine in an' comin' out befo' you, an' nurver got into no trouble befo' till I got tangled up wid dat ar lot uv goatses in de paddock an' I think dis wuz de same breed dat will be on de Lord's lef' han' at de jedgment morn. Dey am na'chully de chillun uv darkness an' dis heah wuz a put-up job on me fur to make me furgit my sermon an' do de debble a good turn. Gen'l'm'n, when dem goatses all drapped dead on me, don't you kno' I wuz des' as skeered as dey wuz, an' de only reason I didn't drap too wuz because I didn't stop runnin' long enuff? I wuz in de same fix dat Marse Jack Reeves, uv Hardeman County, wuz when he got drunk, missed his train an' wuz put in de same bed by de landlord wid a dead man dat had been laid out in de hotel. 'Bout two o'clock he got sober enuff an' thirsty enuff to take notice an' he heerd two young fo'ks talkin' sweet in de room an' de young man wuz tryin' to kiss de gal. But she said, *'George, you mus'n't try to kiss me whilst we're sittin' up wid a corpse,'* an' den Marse Jack puts out his han' an' feels to see who he is sleepin' wid an' de face he teches wuz marble! He wuz in his night clothes an' it was a race 'twixt him an' de young fo'ks as to which 'ud git to de open air fust. But he 'lowed in de piece he writ about it, dat he wuz des' es bad skeered as dey wuz. Now dat's de way it wuz wid me an' de goatses,

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gen'l'm'n, an' I think I got skeer enuff widout bein' fined an' saunt up.'

"Dis seem to tickle 'em mighty, an' de jedge said dat defo' he would decide he thort it jes' an' right fur all hands to go down to Marse George's farm an' see jes' how many goatses I *did* kill.

"Dis kerried, an' de sheriff handcuffed me an' dey all tuck me down to Ewell Farm, an' I felt 'bout de sheep-killines' dog dat ever wuz. I seed 'em all winkin' an' laughin' es dey went along, an' me a-beggin' 'em to let me go off an' die. We went to de paddock an' dar wuz anurr flock of goatses, 'zac'ly lak de ones I'd kilt. I looked at 'em 'stounded lak, fur I seed I'd lef' some seed goatses, an' knowin' how dey prop-a-gaits, I jes' na'chully thort dey'd done all dat in two days.

" 'Dar is a new flock,' sez de sheriff. 'Now, ole man, des' sho' us des' how you did manage to kill all dem other ones.'

" 'Gen'l'm'n,' sez I, 'I wuz comin' 'long right heah, a-wuckin' out my sermon, an' right heah,' sez I, 'I steps on a little goat entirely unbeknownst to me, an' he skeers me so I jumped twenty foot in de air, comin' right back down on dat fool goat, dat didn't do nuffin' but dance up an' down, hollerin' *bah-bah,* an' tangled me up so ever' time I step he'd be dar whar I step at. *"Bah-bah,"* sez he, still a-dancin' 'twixt my legs. *"Bah-bah, yo'-se'f,"* sez I; *"if you cayn't run, fur Gord's sake git outen de way an' lem me show you how;"* an' den, gen'l'm'n, so he'p he heab'n, I didn't do nuffin' but jes' gin a big whoop an' clap my hands like dis ——.'

"I heard 'em all shout wid fun, an' I looks an' 'fore Gawd, I'd done it ag'in—ever' goat dar had drapped dead!

"I broke an' tried to run, dis time to de creek to drown myse'f.

" 'Ketch him,' sed de Majah; 'don't you see he is de ole debbil hisse'f? Ketch him; he's a witch.'

"I stood par'lyzed, beggin' 'em to kill me an' den I seed one goat after anurr kick awhile an' den git up es solemn es deacons an' go to eatin' grass es nachul es a grass widder!

"I broke in a big laugh an' shouted an' de squire sed:

" 'Resurrection morn, Wash—fust man up fur a mint julip!'

"It wuz all fur fun an' dey had put it up on de ole man scan'lous, but de aftermath wuz fine—a shady grove, a good barbycue uv dat very kid dat had skeered me so, watermillions an' mint julip!

"But I nurver 'spects to heah dem white fo'ks tell de las' uv it an' nachully I keeps shy uv nervous goatses an' nervous fo'ks uv all kind!"

[For fear Old Wash's friends will think this story of the nervous goats is all made up, the Editor arises to say that the story is true and that in a near issue of TAYLOR-TROTWOOD there will be an account of this remarkable natural freak called nervous goats, with illustrations and a scientific explanation of the cause of their peculiar nervousness.]

PEPPER TAMES THE ZEBRA

A THUMB-NAIL SKETCH OF NEWSPAPER ROW

By Frank E. Anderson

"PEPPER, last evening's go at the Athletic was not a scrap. It was a fake for points," exclaimed Mr. Mace, the Sporting Editor, turning toward newsboy Jimmie Jones, whose fiery temper had earned him this nickname. But freckly-faced Jimmie was oblivious of O'Brien and Fitzsimmons for the time being; he was bobbing his red top-knot and stamping his bare feet to the lively strains of "Smoky Mokes," which the band was playing up Pennsylvania avenue as the end of the circus procession

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passed—two baggy white and scarlet clowns, leading a gray and black animal placarded: "$10 to the Man, Woman or Child Who Rides this Zebra To-Night." The Sporting Editor laughed. Then he thought of his own childhood and sighed.

A half hour later he was in his sanctum on the fifth floor at Newspaper Row. He had forgotten the parade, and was typewriting a half-column of fill-in on the race tracks at Benning's and St. Asaph's as educational centers for clerks who bet the money of their employers for luck on the horseshoe or a racer's hoof in motion, when he was startled into temporary locomotor ataxia by Pepper, who whirled in, roaring out: "I'm J. Pierpont Morgan, but Mom squeezes me till I can't take a fly at any kind of stock. Lemme twenty-five cents, an' if I win, we divvy."

Well, the Sporting Editor's weekly pro-quod might have paid for ten minutes' refreshments at the Raleigh. With the important items of drinks and tobacco and car fare to meet, to say nothing of incidentals, board and lodging and clothes, he had no coin to throw away. But, next after a hot finish, he loved a boy with a game streak—so Jimmie got his quarter.

* * * * * *

"I dropped in," protested Pepper, the next morning . . .

"Mix up in short-arm hooks and jabs or you'll drop out," growled Mr. Mace. "The Black Demon walloped another chump beef-and-ale champion in London yesterday, and I'm just rooting up Denver Ed's previous mills. . . ."

". . . to thank you for treating to the circus," continued the lad. "As you're so swift, I'll blue-pencil everything except the trick zebra. His gait and shape were the regular edition. But his stripes . . . I laid a wet finger on one. It left a gray spot in the black. 'It's a horse on me, if you ain't a mule,' says I. 'You never saw any more of Africa than you could find in your driver.' Yet he was a wild beast of a tame brute. With ears low and tail up, he so speedily made rubber balls of a white man, several niggers and three or four boys that Mr. Ringmaster nigh split his coat with laughing.

"'Nobody seems to want that reward,' he says.

"'I'll take a try at it,' I chinned in.

"'Life insured?' he cracks.

"'They're not needin' more newsboys to handle extras of the *Sun* or *Evening Star* in heaven at present,' I fired back.

"He says, 'You're tolerable flip,' an' he flicked at a fly with his whip.

I hopped on the zebra. Gee, whoa! That equine jumped at the roof and didn't miss it by much. Bunching his hoofs, he waltzed. Up on his hind-legs and reverse! He see-sawed, trotted, galloped, cavorted sideways. And buck! Come up! How he bucked! As soon as I had a chance I yanked two wads of raw cotton from his ears. He stopped short and switched himself. Laying his head on edge like a countryman listening for a train, he shook it. Out bounced quicksilver! A second shake and some more popped from the other ear. Then he simmered into the gentlest and most sociable mule you ever saw, an' he let me ride him straight at Mr. Ringmaster, like we had been friends from childhood.

"'Take your William,' remarked that gentleman. 'You're a pretty slick article. How'd you like to g'long with the show?'

"'I'm a young thing and cannot leave my mother,' I says. And that's all, Mr. Mace, except here's your half. . . ."

At this point Jimmie covered the Black Demon's picture with a five. For a second the Sporting Editor gazed at the youthful financier, after which, rising, he took his ninety-eight cent Derby and handed back the bill, saying:

"I'm not big enough to rob J. Pierpont Morgan. Sidestep, Jimmie. The beers are on me."

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CONQUERORS OF THE WILDERNESS*

By Anna Erwin Woods

[Arranged from the papers and personal memoirs of Andrew Erwin]

CHAPTER XIII—CONTINUED

My brother had gone to Charlotte with my father, and he and I talked together about all which had happened there. He said to me:

"Ned, it was our uncle who prepared those resolutions which have declared us to be a free and independent people, sovereign and self-governing, under the control of no other power other than that of our God and the general government of the Continental Congress. These were his very words, and then there were others just as noble, pledging our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor to the maintenance of our independence, and those resolutions were unanimously adopted, and they were read aloud from the courthouse steps by Thomas Polk. Oh, Ned, there were brave men at Charlotte."

"You speak truly, Hal," I said, with my heart full of a strong impulse for independence, the same feeling which so soon was to take full and enduring possession of all the men and women of the western world. "The men of Carolina," I continued, "are brave men. No province has come out boldly like ours. They have shed their blood in Massachusetts, but they have not declared their independence. I am proud that my mother is a Brevard, and she has the true spirit, too. Do you remember, Hal, my telling you about the wife of James Robertson? Of how she acted that time when he went to Oconostota? She did not say one word nor shed a tear. Whatever Robertson does she thinks is right; she is a woman of a great deal of sense; and I believe that her faith in him makes Robertson such a strong man; such women gave men strength. Our mother is that kind of a woman. She thinks that whatever our father decides to do is wisest and best. I have never in my life heard her question one word he said. If all the men in the colonies could have such wives as Robertson's wife, and such mothers as our mother, I believe the men would be strong enough to build a nation greater than any on the face of the whole world."

"Yes," replied Hal with equal earnestness; "if all the men of our colonies would be brave like those men at Charlotte, and declare our independence, we should be done with kings; and we would give the world a lesson in freedom."

CHAPTER XIV

WE FIGHT THE CHEROKEES

Early in the spring of the year 1776 we heard that instructions had been received from the British War Department to arm the Indians and excite them to hostilities. In obedience to this command, the British agents among the tribes called together the different chiefs and warriors and made known the designs of their government. At first it could not be understood by the savages that the whites, who spoke the same language, would destroy each other, civil war being unknown among them. A majority of the tribes were gained, however, to the British interests by promises of

*Begun in the May issue.

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large presents in clothing, the plunder of the conquered country, and that part of it which was on the Western waters to be reserved as their hunting ground.

My resolve was at once made to return to Watauga, and I set out upon my journey, leaving behind the tender ties of home and kindred. Once more I stood upon the Appalachian mountain top, gazing heavenward, but in my soul were no dreams of love and home and quiet happiness, no vain longings, no vain regrets; my heart was filled with an eager desire to return to the stern, adventurous, strangely fascinating life of the wilderness. There I would cast my fate, and I would share the toils and dangers of those children of Virginia and Carolina who had been thrust out to hew their way through the vast, somber forest.

The bold spirit of the men at Charlotte had awakened my soul to the delight of freedom, and the act of the British Government in arming the savages filled my heart with thoughts of vengeance. A vision of the future came to me—of bloody warfare with savage tribes, which was to try the indomitable spirit of border men and women, that fiery, restless race, so fierce in intensity of purpose, so irresistible in sustained energy. They it would be who would build a border empire in the basin of the Mississippi. They would be masters of the great river, along waters whose outlet should be, not the Atlantic, but the Gulf of Mexico.

Soon after my return to Watauga a warning was received from our friend, the humane Prophetess of the Cherokees, that we would be attacked. A messenger was sent to the Committee of Safety, in Virginia; but at that early period of the Revolution the executive authority of Virginia was a feeble body. No aid could be sent to us; and from that day we learned the lesson that not only must we men of the border defend ourselves, but we wilderness dwellers must be a living bulwark to keep back the savage tribes from the country of the Atlantic coast. There would be waged the war of civilized man, but for us would be savage butchery.

We soon learned that large bodies of Indians were on the warpath, and a council was held to determine whether to await their attack or to march out in search of them and fight them wherever they could be found. Several forts had been built in the different settlements, but it was decided to march and meet the savages. Soon the inquiry among us was not, "How many Indians are there?" but, "Where are they to be found?" Sometimes, when we did not succeed in finding and fighting them, they would devastate the whole country with fire and tomahawk, committing massacres by day and by night, torturing women and dashing out the brains of children against the trees.

So terrible and widespread did these outrages become that men were raised in both Virginia and Carolina to march with us into the heart of the Cherokee settlements and destroy them. Fearless of danger and regardless of hardships, through forests and rivers we marched by night, as well as by day; there was no need for army trains, for when there was time for sleep, wrapping ourselves in our blankets, the wilderness gave us shelter as it gave us food. With the sure and steady aim of the border men, our rifles never betrayed our trust, whether we sought deer or bear or buffalo or savage.

With determined purpose we devastated their towns and villages, laid waste their crops and drove off their cattle. So completely was this work done that they were forced to make a treaty early in the year 1777. Through that year, however, scouting parties of Indians still continued to kill and plunder the inhabitants upon the borders of the settlements and were pursued and punished by our rangers.

In making these attacks the Indians would seldom come in force, but acted individually or in small parties. They would conceal themselves in bushes

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or weeds, or behind trees or stumps; sometimes they would waylay the paths or fields of the settlers; then they would fire a gun or let by an arrow. If necessary, they would retreat, but if they dared they would advance upon their killed or crippled victim to take his scalp if possible.

They would aim to cut the garrison off from supplies by killing the cattle, watching the watering places and destroying the fields. When their own stock of provisions was exhausted they would supply themselves by shooting game. In the night they would place themselves near the fort gate, so as to sacrifice the first person who appeared in the morning; and during the day, if there was any cover, such as grass, bushes, stones or a clod of earth, they would crawl along toward the gate and fire at whoever came near. Sometimes they would approach the walls and attempt to fire them or to beat down the gate. At other times they would make a feint to attract the garrison on one side while they attacked on the other.

Such was the enemy with whom we had to contend. In combat they were brave; in defeat, dexterous; in victory, cruel. Neither age nor sex were saved from their tomahawk and scalping knife. It was only at intervals, when we had compelled them to retire for a while, that we could plow our corn, gather our crops, get up our cattle, or hunt game for our food. Our traveling had to be done at night, leaving the paths and not daring to build fires.

With such foes we soon acquired a fortitude, dexterity and wiliness greater than their own. Our frontiers were soon so well guarded by our militia that the savages began to consider their incursions as perilous to themselves as to the pioneers, and at length forbore to make them. It was finally decided that peace might be maintained by the good offices of a Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and Captain James Robertson, as Superintendent, was directed to reside in the Cherokee Nation.

CHAPTER XV

I VISIT DANIEL BOONE IN KENTUCKY

Peace, for the time being, was secured for our settlement, and I considered it an opportune occasion to carry out my long cherished desire to visit Boone in Kentucky. I had heard that during the early summer of the year 1775 he had built a fort on the south side of the Kentucky River, near a salt lick at a place which we now call Boonesborough.

I started in search of him, going through Cumberland Gap over a road which you know as the famous Wilderness Road, but at that time we spoke of it as Boone's Trace. As soon as Henderson had made his treaty with the Cherokees at Sycamore Shoals, in 1775, of which I have told you, he immediate sent Boone forward with a company of choppers and markers to cut out a road, and it was over this that afterwards all the early settlers traveled to Kentucky. Henderson himself, with a large company, soon followed Boone; their progress was slow, and after going a short distance with wagons these had to be abandoned. I have seen a letter which Boone wrote Henderson at this time, urging him to come forward as soon as possible, and as it is concise and to the point, I will repeat it to you. It was in these words:

"My advice to you, sir, is to come or send as soon as possible. Your company is desired greatly, for the people are very uneasy; but are willing to stay and venture their lives with you, and now is the time to flusterate [frustrate] the intentions of the Indians, and keep the country whilst we are in it. If we give way to them now it will ever be the case."

HENDERSON AND HARROD

It was about the middle of April when Henderson and his company arrived, and the great country of Kentucky was beginning to appear in its most gorgeous beauty. The building of the fort at Boonesborough at once gave a feeling of strength and

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permanence to the settlers. A very distinguished explorer, James Harrod, came down from the Monongahela country into Kentucky and built a fort at a place called Harrod's Town, the site of the present Harrodsburg, and likewise there was a small settlement about six miles east, called Harrod's Station. Colonel Benjamin Logan and Colonel John Floyd, of Virginia, whose families you know well, also established forts and settlements. The McAfees and others, whose names of note you would at once recognize, were among the first to come.

During my visit to Boone he showed me the grand old elm tree which had served as the council-house for the first legislature of Kentucky. It was at his fort and had a beautiful carpet of white clover. Immediately upon Henderson's arrival he had proceeded to organize a government and had issued a call for an election of delegates to the legislature of Transylvania. One of the first subjects considered by them was the protection of the game; without game and corn Kentucky could not have been settled. They also passed an act for preserving the breed of horses; the Kentucky spirit of to-day was abroad even from the beginning.

JAMES RAY'S PROWESS

Soon after my arrival I made the acquaintance of a young man by the name of James Ray, who lived at Harrod's Town. It happened that one day Ray went out with a friend to try his gun near the fort, and in a few minutes his companion was suddenly shot dead. Following the direction of the shot, Ray perceived the enemy, but while he was attempting to revenge his friend's death, he found himself surrounded by a large body of Indians who had crept up unseen. Exposed to their fire, he made a swift retreat for about a hundred and fifty yards, but when he approached the fort we, who were within, did not dare open the gate to admit him. The number of Indians was so great that it would have meant certain death for all.

There happened to be a stump just seven feet from the fort, and Ray succeeded in getting behind that. There he lay under the fire of the Indians, whose balls every now and again would throw up the ground around him; but they did not dare to come within the reach of our fire. Ray's mother was in the fort looking on for four hours at her son in this perilous situation. At last Ray called out, "For God's sake, dig a hole under the wall and take me in!" We immediately went to work and successfully dragged him in.

I alluded just now to Ray's swiftness in running; through his nimbleness of foot he had the year before saved the fort from a surprise, by escaping from the Indians and giving notice of their coming. When Boone was afterwards captured by the Chief Black-Fish he told him that there was a boy at Harrod's Town who could outrun all his warriors. During the whole summer the Indians were around the fort so that no crop of corn could be raised. There were in Kentucky at this time a little over a hundred guns, as we called the men. These were divided between the forts at Boone's, Logan's and Harrod's; the pioneers in these stations being separated by three or four hundred miles of Indian wilderness from their countrymen at Fort Pitt,* and six hundred miles from the seat of the Virginia government at Williamsburg. You will understand that, of course, Kentucky was considered a part of Virginia, looking to that colony for government but not for help; like all other people of the frontier, they had to protect themselves.

I MEET GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

One day as I was talking with Ray, I observed a fine, soldierly-looking man standing near, and asked: "Who is that man? I have not seen him before."

"That is George Rogers Clark," an-

*The present city of Pittsburg, Pa.

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swered Ray. "He is from Virginia, and he is a fine man. I will tell you about the first time I ever saw him. I had been out on the range to turn some horses out and had killed a duck which was feeding in the spring. Going up on the brow of the hill I kindled a fire and was roasting my duck when some one suddenly accosted me, and turning around I saw a man who said: 'How do you do, my little fellow? What is your name? "Aren't you afraid of being in the woods by yourself?' I answered his questions and invited him to take some of my duck. He found it so good that he ate it all. Then I asked him his name and business, and he answered: 'My name is Clark, and I have come to see what you brave fellows are doing in Kentucky, and to lend you a helping hand if it is necessary.' He is one of the finest men, Ned, you ever saw, and I am not sorry I gave him my duck."

After that I met Clark and found him extremely agreeable and manly in his deportment and remarkably intelligent in his conversation. There was about everything around him and to a spirit of enterprise which rendered him very interesting. He showed a desire to inform himself accurately about everything around him and to cultivate the acquaintance of all the people. He was a great deal in the woods and he also visited the forts and other places. He was probably about six and twenty years of age at the time I met him, as I think he was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, on November 19, 1752. As I saw more and more of Clark I learned to have a still higher appreciation of him, although I admit that I was very far from recognizing the consummate ability of the man or foreseeing the great achievements he was to accomplish as a leader.

I think he had first visited Kentucky simply as a romantic adventure; but he soon recognized its value as a frontier to Virginia and to the rest of the Confederacy, and was constantly devising plans for its defense. His efforts were unceasing to secure aid from the Virginia government; but although he met with the cordial approbation of Governor Patrick Henry, he was not successful in attaining his object. The tremendous struggle of the American Revolution demanded all the energies of the commonwealth. What was not fully appreciated at this time, although it was later in the progress of the Revolution, was the fact that the parent states were saved from the ravages of every Indian engaged upon the border.

Clark had seen at a glance, what had never been considered by any one else, that the sources of the Indian devastations were to be found in the British posts of Detroit, St. Vincent's* and Kaskaskia. The clothing, ammunition and arms supplied at these military stations to the Indians stimulated their heart-rending ravages. Could these places be taken and a counter influence established over the savages, the horrors perpetrated upon the borders would, in a great measure, cease. To none of these ideas, however, did he give expression; he merely declared his intention of going to Virginia on other matters of business. I had been rather closely associated with Clark since being in Kentucky, and my liking for him was so great that when he extended to me an invitation to accompany him to Williamsburg I very gladly accepted it.

CHAPTER XVI

PATRICK HENRY AND THOMAS JEFFERSON AT WILLIAMSBURG

We left Kentucky on October 1, 1777, and upon our arrival in Virginia found the people in fine spirits, the news of the victory of our army under Gates at Saratoga and the capture of Burgoyne having just been received. There were universal rejoicings and congratulations, and all men's hearts seemed filled with hope.

It was upon this visit to Williamsburg that I had the honor of meeting for the first time Governor Patrick Henry, and also the great Thomas

*Vincennes, Indiana.

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Jefferson, being invited by the governor to dine at his table when the distinguished statesman was his guest. I recall that it was the 10th day of December. Being the only person present who had taken part in the wars upon the frontiers against the Cherokee Indians, I was called upon to answer many questions in regard to their ravages and the terrible nature of the atrocities practiced by them; and as I spoke of these, all who listened seemed filled with horror and to feel that such deeds must call forth a feeling of desperate vengeance.

Even on the frontiers we had heard of the noble Declaration of Independence written by Thomas Jefferson; and on this occasion I listened with deep interest to every word which fell from his lips. In speaking of the outrages committed by the savages, Mr. Jefferson told us of William Pitt's employment of Indians in the Colonial wars.

"Spain," said the earl, "armed herself with bloodhounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America, and we improve on the inhuman example of even Spanish cruelty; we turn loose these savage hell hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties and religion. endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity."

There was profound silence when Mr. Jefferson finished quoting from this great speech, and he went on to give an extract from another speech made by Pitt:

"If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I would never lay down my arms, never! never! never!"

Although I knew nothing of it at the time, I have since been told by Clark that it was during that very evening of December 10th that he obtained a private interview with Governor Henry and laid before him the plan of his Illinois campaign. The governor was captivated by the brilliant prospect of striking such a fatal blow against the enemy in the heart of their savage allies. He appreciated the hazard and daring of such an attempt; particularly as the secrecy indispensable to success forbade the communication of the plan to the legislature.

I have always believed that the only persons from whom Governor Henry sought counsel were George Wythe, George Mason and Thomas Jefferson; all three of whom possessed the highest confidence of their fellow citizens. I was aware that he held several conferences with these gentlemen at the time, but of course I had not the slightest idea as to what matters were occupying their attention. As I learned afterward, most minute inquiries were made into Clark's plan of campaign, and especially his proposition that, in event of defeat (which seems to have been quite expected), he would retreat to the Spanish possessions on the west side of the Mississippi, upper Louisiana, as it was called. The Spanish officials who were in authority over this country resided at what was then the little town of St. Louis; but the inhabitants of that town and of all that country were French, as were also the people on the east side of the Mississippi; but the British held that part of the country.

The result of all these deliberations was that on January 2, 1778, George Rogers Clark received two sets of instructions from Governor Henry; one public, directing him to proceed to Kentucky for its defense, and the other secret, ordering an attack on the British post of Kaskaskia.

On February 4th we set off on our return to Kentucky. Clark afterward said: "I was clothed with all the authority I could wish." Few leaders would have taken this view, as what was furnished him was twelve hundred pounds in depreciated colonial currency, a suitable order on the officer at Fort Pitt for ammunition and boats, and directions to raise his troops west of the Blue Ridge, lest he should weaken the Atlantic defense.

MY COMRADE, CHARLES GORDON

There were some pioneers going from Virginia to Kentucky, and also

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some other adventurous persons who accompanied us upon our return. Among the latter was a young Virginian by the name of Charles Gordon, with whom I had been quite closely associated during our stay in Williamsburg. Between Gordon and myself there had sprung up a feeling of friendship, or I should rather say, a feeling of good comradeship, founded much more upon love of adventure than upon patriotism.

Accompanying Gordon was a Scotchman by the name of Donald McLean, a good deal older man than himself, and of much humbler place in life. Donald told me that, during many generations Gordon's ancestors in Scotland had been the lairds of the estate upon which his own forefathers had lived. After the uprising in that country in favor of "Prince Charlie," called by the enemies of the Stuarts "the Pretender," Gordon's grandfather had been exiled by King George's government and had come to Virginia, bringing with him a number of his followers, among others Donald's father.

Donald had passed his life at the beautiful home of the Gordons, near Williamsburg, and had been made head gardener of that place. His loyalty to the family rivalled his devotion to the royal house of Stuart and its exiled princes, and to the Free Kirk of Scotland.

When we reached Fort Pitt we met with some difficulties, and one day Gordon said to me: "Ned, the people here are saying that, instead of Clark's weakening the country by attempting to defend Kentucky, he had better let the Indians keep their hunting ground and move the Kentuckians back into Virginia."

"By the omnipotent Jupiter himself!" I replied, feeling my blood boil with resentful indignation, "you and the rest of these people know very little what you are talking about when you speak of removing the Kentuckians like so many chattels. Wait until you have seen that country and then say whether you would give it up to savages."

"Oh," exclaimed Gordon, "I understand about the extraordinary beauty and fertility of all that great western wilderness country, but it seems to be as much as a man's life is worth to attempt to live there."

"Yes," I answered, with a tone of derision in my voice, "I suppose you people on the Atlantic coast think you are brave and know something about danger and hardship. But wait until you have lived and fought with the men on the western side of the mountains; wait until you have gone into the wilderness with Boone and Harrod and Logan and Floyd and all the rest of these giants in body and soul. And they are doing giants' work; they have determined to conquer the wilderness and to be masters of it."

"Indeed," said Gordon, "they will surely have terrible work to gain the mastery now that the British have determined to let loose the savages upon them."

"We have had some dealings with the savages," I answered, "and we expect to have a good many more. You are going down here with Clark now to see how we manage such things, are you not?"

"Yes," replied Gordon, "I have come with Clark with the hope of some adventures, and of course some danger and hardship thrown in. I suppose he will make us a pretty good leader for such things."

Little we dreamed what it would mean to follow Clark.

CHAPTER XVII

WITH CLARK IN THE ILLINOIS

Colonel Clark dispatched Major Smith to the settlement on the Holston to recruit, and Captain Harrod, Captain Bowman and Captain Leonard Helm were sent to other settlements for the same purpose. Clark himself continued his course to the Falls of the Ohio River, where he fortified a post opposite the present town of Louisville. Here we were joined by the different detachments; and then, for the first time, Clark disclosed

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his real destination. The troops were informed by him of his purpose to invade the Illinois territory and to capture the British forts, and, with the exception of one company, we all ardently concurred in his plans.

With baggage consisting of the barest equipment we began to descend the river. On our passage down the river Colonel Clark received a letter from Fort Pitt, informing him of the French alliance. This news was most propitious, as it afterward aided us in establishing friendly relations with the French inhabitants of the Illinois, and also with the Indians.

Soon after we had landed at the mouth of the Tennessee we met a party of hunters who had recently been in Kaskaskia and could give us some valuable information. They said spies were stationed on the Mississippi, and all Indians and hunters were ordered to keep a lookout for the rebel Virginians.* They told us that the fort which commanded the town was kept in good order, but the military defense was attended to more as a matter of parade than from any expectation of the necessity to guard against an attack. If this should be anticipated, the force of the place was capable of giving the Americans a warm reception. These hunters thought that if we could surprise the place there would be no difficulty in our capturing it. They were from the American settlements, and expressed a desire to aid us in our enterprise, and we readily accepted their offer to join us.

They told us that the British had led the French inhabitants to entertain the most horrid apprehensions of our countrymen, as being more barbarous and more to be dreaded than the Indians themselves. Clark at once determined to make use of this feeling of dread and horror as a valuable auxiliary to his diminutive force. He thought that the more violent the shock which his arrival would produce, the stronger would be the appreciation of his subsequent lenity, so little to be expected from such barbarians as we were represented to be.

Everything being in readiness for our advance, the boats were dropped a short distance down the river and concealed. Then we took up our line of march, our commander being at our head and sharing in every respect the condition of his men. We proceeded in a northwestern direction, through the present state of Illinois, and our progress was attended by little that was unusual in those times of privation, except that game and water were scarce.

When we were only three days out, our chief guide became so bewildered that he forgot all the principal features of the country. This immediately aroused suspicion, and a general cry was raised to put the traitor to death. I had seen enough of Tories and traitors to cause me to be very suspicious, and to judge them without mercy. Gordon agreed with me and expressed himself strongly in favor of speedy punishment.

"Ye maunna be ower hard on him, Maister Charlie," said Donald McLean, who was marching at our side; "I dinna ken, but I will be judging he is a goot man. I hef seen that he has a hearty word for ilka body, and now may the Lord ha'e peety on the puir laddie and gi'e him licht to know the road."

Upon the solicitation of the guide, Clark granted him permission to go into the prairie, in full view, and try to recover himself; and Gordon, Donald and I were sent with him to prevent his escape. The commander also sternly told him that if he did not conduct the detachment into the hunters' road which led into Kaskaskia from the east, and which he had frequently traveled, and which could not be easily forgotten by a woodsman, he should be hanged.

*In this part of the country all Americans were called Virginians.

[To be continued]

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COTTON PATCH BILL

By Alice Frances Thomas

BACK in a very remote corner of our sunny Southland, where the bear, the hare and the raccoon often met and danced to keep time with the music of the wolf's howl; where the cotton patch bloomed the whitest and the cornfield waved the greenest; where the morning larks sang together, and all the sons and daughters of Pap and Mammv Lucas shouted for joy—here once lived a happy family. Pap Lucas was king of the province, whose limit was Lucas farm, and Mammy Lucas was queen of the household, while their nine children were their only subjects, ready ever to do their bidding.

One fine morning in September, long before the sun poured his mellow rays across the field of cotton surrounding the old log cabin where lived the Lucas family, Pap awoke from the peaceful slumbers of a long September night.

"Bill!" he shouted, for it was time, in his opinion, that the children were up and about their morning duties.

Bill was the eldest of the nine children, and consequently it was appointed unto him to be first in every call—first up in the morning, first to work in the cotton field, and first in the hearts of his parents.

Now, Pap was comfortably situated on a nice cotton mattress which was placed upon a plain wood bedstead—both of his own make. The bedstead stood in one of the back corners of the only spacious bedroom of the Lucas residence, while Bill and the rest of the children were far less fortunate, for it fell to their lot to bunk around on pallets made of old quilts and blankets spread out on the floor so as to make room for all nine of the youngsters. They were, at best, somewhat crowded, and Bill, his rest having been broken by an occasional kick from Jim or some of the rest of the boys during the night, was not awake so early in the morning as was his father. So Pap's roaring "Bill!" came right in the middle of one of those good old morning snoozes enjoyed by a cotton-picking boy of the South. He was only sufficiently aroused by his father's call to roll over and very indistinctly answer, "Y-e-s, s-i-r,' then away for another nap. A few moments of quietude, and the old man squalled: "Billy!" emphasizing his former call by the addition of a new syllable, and all the extra force of his lungs, making a noise, the other children thought, sufficient to raise the dead. But Bill did not move or stir, seeming to be away to the farthest limits of dreamland.

"Creak, crack, crackle," went the rickety old bedstead beneath its burden of three hundred pounds, as Pap slightly raised himself to reach for his persuader, which, in the form of a cowhide quirt, hung just above his head at night and suspended from a belt of the same material during the day.

While Pap's call, "Bill!" and his louder yell, "Billy!" the roar of the loudest thunder, the fury of the hurricane, and the "pinch and git further" of the younger boys failed to rouse Bill, he was up and in his homespun trousers in the wink of an eye when the old bedstead appealed to him to rise.

The fires were soon made and the eldest sister, Sallie Ann, was up and stirring. Ere Pap, Mammy and the small children could prepare themselves for breakfast, a sumptuous feast of flapjacks, red hot from the frying

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pan, syrup which did not have to be hemmed up in one corner of the plate with half a dozen biscuits in order to get to eat it; and butter, fresh and cool from the milk trough, was ready to serve. Each place at the table was soon filled, and the good old free-hearted coffee pot shared its contents liberally with every man.

Ah, the perfect, healthful appetite with which this breakfast was relished might call forth the envy of a king!

The meal was soon finished, and everything hastily put in the best order, for 'twas to be a great day at Lucas farm, a day to which all the family had looked forward with the pleasantest anticipation. All the neighbors and the youngsters, far and near, had been invited to a cotton-picking, and, as Bill expressed it, "a tump-to-my-luly" afterward. Of course, all were expected, and Pap's keen eye could see his snowy white cotton field robed in a duller attire in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Lucas and all the children were hastily dressed in their best, which consisted, in the main, of homespun and jeans, with now and then a touch of calico and ribbon used as an ornament. They all wore substantial shoes of Pap's own make, while Mammy alone wore a snowy white apron fresh from the Lucas laundry.

At an early hour the guests began to arrive, by ones and twos, by tens and dozens, traveling in all the fashionable ways of the day, some walking and some riding on horseback, some on muleback, and some in farm wagons drawn by horses and mules which were so sleek that a fly no sooner lighted upon them than he slipped up with a broken neck or leg.

The ordinary greetings were soon exchanged, and the cotton pickers were off to the field in high glee. They were a regiment of true workers, who found pleasure in honest toil. By the time the sun had risen to a height in the sky from which he could peep over the fence enclosing the Lucas farm, a gay crowd of boys, girls, old men, little men and children had gathered in Pap's cotton field, which fairly glistened ahead of them in its snowy white dress, but was soon to be stripped of all its present glory. Each one was provided with a sack some eight or ten feet in length, with a broad strap attached to the open end to extend over the shoulders or around the waist, it being a matter of choice which way it was worn. Into these the cotton was put, handful after handful, until all the portion of the sack which lay on the ground was full. Then they were emptied, for no one desired the weight of the monstrous sackful on his back. They were bountifully supplied with baskets, which Pap and Bill had made by weaving thin strips of some hardwood together. Into these the sacks could be sufficiently relieved of their weight to enable the laborers to carry them along without effort. Everything was ready and the eager workers were beginning their day's work and fun. You may well believe every one was very merry.

"Wait! Wait! Wait!" shouted a voice in the direction of the farmhouse. All eyes were instantly turned and they saw Mr. Lucas coming at lightning speed. "Before ye start yore work," said he, out of breath from over-exertion, "I jist want to express a feelin' uv mine. Right down in these old jeans pockets uv mine is a silver dollar, bright as a star, and what I wanted to say is this: The one 'mongst ye who brings in the most cotton this evenin' gits it." He slapped his jeans pocket, and having finished the expression of his feelings, he turned and walked leisurely back toward the house with an air of perfect satisfaction. Every one now went to work in downright, dead earnest, putting forth his best efforts to win the shining prize in Pap's pocket. It was an incentive which few workers in their locality had to prompt their efforts, and consequently Pap had their best talent displayed. The nimble fingers fairly snapped and popped as they grabbed and reached after the soft, white locks of cotton and played back and forth between stalk and sack.

"Yore back must be a rubber string, Jim," said Bill, as he observed the nimbleness with which Jim Dunce

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stooped and bent himself backward and forward, right and left, in quest of the snowy fleece.

"I can't say what it is made of," replied Jim. "I jist know that Mr. Lucas' dollar makes it powerful limber." He continued without stopping the excellent display of his wonderful ability as a cotton picker.

"Jim must get the dollar if I have to help him do it," put in Sallie Ann, who worked along with Jim.

"Say, Jim, I do believe you'll have to send Sister Sallie back over her work," laughed Bill Lucas, trying to call Jim's attention from his work, "for she's makin' these stalks look like half-picked geese, and it won't count if you win the dollar by goosin' the cotton. Why, she's leavin' half of it hangin' to the bolls!"

"Yes, but I'll bet Pap never knows it," laughed Sallie, taking in the joke at face value.

"The prize was to the one that gits the most cotton and not to him that leaves the least," said Jim, without ever raising his head from his work to see how much truth Bill was speaking.

"Well, Sister Sallie'd be certain to git it if it was to the one who leaves the most."

Jim Dunce and Sallie Lucas were soon far ahead of the other cotton pickers. Bill, the ablest picker in the crowd, remained with the main division of the laborers. When he began to get ahead of them he picked along on another row, knowing very well that he would excel all the others, for he had often before picked with this same crowd.

"I declare, I'm gittin' awful hungry," said Bill, as he leisurely and easily piled the big handfuls of cotton into his already full sack. "Joe Lee, step across here a moment. I've got some important business with you."

"I will, if I get caught," replied Joe, as he tripped lightly over to where Bill stood, and something was whispered between them as they hastily stripped off their cotton sacks and walked rapidly away. Only a few moments, and they reappeared carrying a heavy load of long, green-striped watermelons.

"Come, eat, one and all," called our heroic and big-hearted Bill, after he had split the watermelons, and at once proceeded to deal out liberal shares to every one. All answered the summons with their presence except Jim Dunce and Sallie, who evidently did not hear the call, so intent were they on their work and conversation.

"This looks like selfishness," said Bill, as he ate heartily of his mammoth slice, "but if them geese wants the dollar worse'n they do melon, let 'em go ahead."

"Who will win the dollar and be the honored guest at the 'tump-to-my-luly' to-night?" rang out Bill's clear voice, so shrill that it could be heard all over Lucas farm every time the conversation seemed to be ebbing low.

In the old log kitchen, Mrs. Lucas, with the assistance of her good neighbor women, who were clever, indeed, at preparing delicacies, was busy providing a toothsome repast for the laborers.

"Mrs. Jones, do open that oven and peep at the pig," exclaimed Mrs. Lucas, in great fright lest she should spoil the least particle of the feast which she was determined should be perfect. "'Pears to me that I smell him burning, and law! if I haven't sot right here and let the sweet 'taters roast too hard," she continued, as she grabbed the fire shovel in great excitement and began snatching them from the fire as she continued her talking. "Now, Sister Reuben, would it be askin' too much uv you ter git you ter put that b'iled 'possum right in this big oven so't I can be gittin' the table ready? Jes' put the sweet taters right round him an' in him an' all over him. An' I don't know if 'twouldn't add to the flavor to pepper him right good," Mammy instructed, as she proceeded to perform the whole work herself. "Now, I must be gittin' the greens an' the chicken an' the punkins an' the pies an' the custards an' the milk an' butter," said she, counting the different articles of food off on the fingers of her two labor-soiled hands, "an' law! I come mighty nigh forgittin' it, but I've got a great big sirup cake that I cooked yisterday!

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Well, I ain't much for nicknacks, nohow, but they do very well to top off on. Sallie Ann wanted cake on the table, though, gal like. I'm a great hand for diet, myself. I'll have to be in a hurry, for the comp'ny will soon be comin' in from the field—do notice the 'possum!—and I don't want 'em to hafter wait a minute." She proceeded to scatter the many delicacies over the great table, the smooth clay floor receiving an occasional drop of the gravies. "I declare to goodness, Aunt Sarah, if I hain't spilt grease on my bran'-new frock, and Sallie Ann worked so hard to make it stylish and nice for me to 'pear well at this occasion! It's awful hard for me to 'pear an' act stylish, not bein' raised to it, but I jes' hafter try, for my chillen's so proud-like. I guess I can wash the grease out," she said, somewhat recovered from the effect of the disaster.

Dinner time, and the guests began to arrive from the field, laughing and chattering like a million blackbirds let loose in the treetops of a pine forest. Many a day had passed since these youngsters had taken such wholesome drinks as Pap Lucas' well afforded—cool, fresh, thirst-quenching. They drank their fill from the golden goblet which once grew on Mammy Lucas' gourd vine.

"D-i-n-n-e-r!" came Mrs. Lucas' shrill call from the kitchen, which was some distance from the other part of the house. It was a welcome sound for the smell of roast 'possum and sweet potatoes, pig and turnip greens, made the appetite sharper than any two-edged sword. They soon gathered in the kitchen and were seated around the long table where one continued course of good things was served until they had done ample justice to the wholesome farm dinner, after which they hurried back to the field to contest further for the silver dollar. The cotton-picking closed at four p.m. Then came the exciting moment. Sacks and basketfuls for some hands, and apronfuls for others—'twould soon be determined to whom the diadem belonged.

"Squire Comins," said Pap, when he saw the crowd gathering around his little cotton house, "you go right down yonder and weigh them chillen's cotton an' send the smartest boy or girl here ter git this dollar."

"You needn't to count mine, for I'm not in the contest," said Bill. "Pap cayn't pay me' fur pickin' his cotton."

Bill's withdrawal gave the prize to Jim Dunce, to the great delight of his partner, Sallie Ann, who had slyly put a part of her cotton into his sack.

Half past seven, and all were in readiness for the party to begin. Mammy, with the assistance of Pap and the neighbor women in attendance, had during the cotton picking hours after dinner removed every article of furniture from the bedroom. All the boys, girls, men, women and children remained for the party that night. Each one was straining both eyes and ears to catch a glimpse or hear the approach of the fiddler.

"Well, chillen," said Mr. Lucas, as he drew himself up in his old arm chair, "ye might as well git ter playin' an' singin', fur these getherin's don't come ever' day, an' ye ought not lose a minute. Git right ter work on 'tump-to-my-luly,' an' stop yer worryin' about ol' Dave. He'll be roun' after while. I've been a-knowin' Dave these forty years, an' he never has disapp'inted me yit."

Following Pap's advice the youngsters were soon arranged in a big ring on the floor, marching around as our heroic Bill sang out, in a clear, loud voice:

Go it boys, tump-to-my-luly,
Go it boys, tump-to-my-luly,
Go it boys, tump-to-my-luly,
Tump-to-my-luly my darling," etc.

Ere they reached the second stanza, every one on Lucas farm had joined the singing and the swinging, which continued until Bill suggested that they change it into "A sweet sugar lump," to the perfect satisfaction of all concerned. The singing was then changed to

That gentleman's rockin' his sugar lump,
That gentleman's rockin' his sugar lump,
That gentleman's rockin' his sugar lump,
Oh, turn, sinners, turn," etc.

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"Hello, Uncle Dave!" exclaimed Bill in the very midst of the play, as he saw the old darky enter the room with his fiddle under his arm and the bow in his hand. "Now, boys, git yore partners for a b-i-g dance—eight-handed cowtillion."

The fiddler and the fiddle put new life into the whole affair, and the machinery which had carried the singing and swinging was easily adjusted to another tune. Uncle Dave was an important personage at all the parties. Attired in his long, buff linen duster, high standing collar, red necktie and brown jeans pantaloons which were rather short, but large enough for two negroes his size, he took his seat with the greatest dignity and began tuning his fiddle.

"Pap, you call the dance," kindly demanded Bill of his honored father.

"Well, Uncle Dave, hurry with the music. These chillen cayn't hardly wait. You've tuned that fiddle enough—it sounds all right," said Pap in his eagerness for the dance to begin.

Uncle Dave drew himself up in an erect position and went off into the old air, "Run, Nigger, Run," at the same time vigorously patting his number thirteens, which dangled two feet out of his pants legs. Mr. Lucas began:

"Honah yore pardners; lady on the left, hands up and circle. Swing them corners! First couple out to the right. change an' swing, an' nex' couple foller, change and suhwing. Ladies in the center an' gents sashay to right; skip yore pardner—*suhwing!* All balance—suhwing! suhwing! Nex' couple to the right—lady in center—circle three, an' suhwing! Ladies to their seats!"

The dance thus opened, Pap took his seat and Bill called the "figgers" for the next dance—and the next and the next.

Pap looked on the whole enjoyable affair with a broad smile. His heart thrilled with perfect rapture as he watched his own beloved children, as well as those of his neighbors, drink the brimming cup of pleasure. Parched peanuts and snowy-white popcorn were served at twelve o'clock, after which the party continued until three, when the farm boys and girls went to their homes with the sweetest remembrance of the Lucas family, especially Sallie and her eldest brother—Cotton Patch Bill.

THE JAPANESE PEST

J. M. Scanland

EMBOLDENED by their success in forcing their way into the public schools of San Francisco, the Japanese are in like manner overcrowding the public schools in Los Angeles and other cities and towns throughout California. Heretofore they have not attended these schools in such large numbers, and in many instances did not attend at all, owing to race prejudice. But now they swarm into the schools and defy the white people. It may be stated, however, that under the law where there are no special schools for those of the Mongoloid races the Japanese and the Chinese are entitled to attend the public schools. For the past quarter of a century San Francisco has maintained such a school. No other city in the state, not even Los Angeles, had a special school for Mongoloids. Yet, in none of these cities and towns did Chinese youth attempt to attend the public schools. On the other hand, the Japanese have attended these

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schools, and in San Francisco they stubbornly refused to attend the special schools provided for them, and insisted upon attending the white schools. Then they insolently claimed that the San Francisco officials were "discriminating" against them. Yet the Japanese government is "discriminating" against its own people in prohibiting Korean and Chinese youth from attending schools in Japan. They make the flimsy excuse that the Chinese and Korean youth do not sufficiently understand the Japanese language. The Japanese language is derived from the Chinese and the Korean languages, and until comparatively recent years the Japanese used Chinese characters. Everything useful that they have was borrowed from the Chinese. They are descended from the Chinese, and Chinese pirates, at that. Consequently they are Mongoloids, and come under the state school law.

The island now known as Japan was the headquarters and base of operations of Chinese pirates for ages, and, like ancient Rome, it was the refuge for the criminals of the world. From this they grew into a nation of fifty millions of people, and are now a menace not only to the United States, but to the civilized world. Being a mixture of Chinese, Korean, Tartar and of the wild tribes of the mountains, they have retained the semi-barbarous traits of these people, and underlying all is a stratum of cunning, treachery and dishonesty, which unite to make them the most peculiar of all the races in the world. They stand alone. Knowing their own degraded characteristics because of this admixture of tainted blood of low species, they hate the Caucasian race, and affect a superiority over those from whom they sprang. They are restless and domineering—an enemy to mankind, and now that they have gained recent victories the world will know no peace until Japan is reduced to a condition when it can no longer bluster and threaten Christian nations. In the event of war, and it is more than probable, there should be no defensive and offensive treaty between a Christian nation and Japan as against the United States. That war will be one in which the Caucasian races and the Christian world should unite against the Asiatics, who will strive for supremacy over the white races.

The Japanese are not original thinkers. They are imitative, and owed to the Chinese everything they had, except their vices, until the United States opened their doors half a century ago. Since that time the Japanese have advanced further toward civilization than they had in the previous thousand years, or even since their history began. They evolved no civilization among themselves, for its germ was not implanted within them as it is with the Caucasian races. That those in the United States will become Christianized or civilized is very doubtful. They are so steeped in bigotry, idolatry and zeal for their own belief that no reasoning power can change them. Furthermore, our religion is not suited to the peculiar sluggish mind of the Asiatic. They do not think as we do—that is, their mode of thinking is different, and their power of reasoning is very limited and blunted, owing to their superstitious training. Their nature cannot be changed. Nor will they ever become Americanized. They may become educated and still be uncivilized. Education is not civilization. It is the education that the Japanese desire. They care nothing for our civilization or Christianity.

They are dishonest, from our standpoint of morality. They hold that any deception is permissible if by such deceit they can accomplish an object. They deliberately violate a contract, oral or written, and offer no excuse as a justification, only that more money can be made by this violation of faith. There is not a banker in Los Angeles or in San Francisco who will lend money to a Japanese on his note, unless it be endorsed by a Chinese or a white man. They know to their financial sorrow that all Japanese are falsifiers—that they deny their obligations, their word and their signatures, even

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when under oath. The banks in California do not desire and will not have their business. Consequently, their banking business is done through the medium of Chinese, and the Japanese banks in San Francisco employ Chinese in the most important positions, as the Japanese will not trust their own countrymen. Any bank in Los Angeles will lend money to a Chinaman merely on his word—provided, of course, that he is known to be worth the amount asked for. That is the Chinese custom of doing business. They do not give notes, and it is an insult to ask them for security.

In like manner the Japanese bazars in Los Angeles and in San Francisco are conducted by Chinese. It is the same in other important lines of business. This is a severe arraignment of the Japanese, especially as it is by themselves, and it places their moral standard at about the lowest degree of that of any people on earth.

Like other Asiatics, they treat women as chattels and as degraded things, scarcely human. Japanese merchants buy their wives in Japan and later sell them to keepers of dens of infamy. Frequently these women are bought by others, who marry them, and these wives are received in Japanese society. The fact that a woman was once an inmate of such a place of infamy does not make her immoral, according to his oblique ideas. Since the exclusion of the Chinese, the Japanese have undertaken the importation of their women for this vile business, and have superseded the Chinese in the female slave traffic.

Until the passage of the Chinese Exclusion Law, in 1880, "bread riots" were frequent in California, and more than once the red flag of anarchy was carried through the streets of San Francisco, the laborers demanding the exclusion of Chinese, in order that they might earn bread for their families. At that time there were fifty thousand Chinese in San Francisco and its vicinity, and they had a monopoly of the cigar manufacturing business and boot and shoe making. They were extensively engaged in the manufacture of all kinds of clothing, and were monopolizing the fisheries, underbidding the laborers in the fruit orchards, vineyards, hop fields, and on the ranches—in almost every branch of labor the hard-working, cunning Chinese was found. With the passage of this law the prosperity of California may be dated. Gradually the population has decreased throughout the state to less than half that number. There were no laborers to take the places of those who died or ceased to work because of old age. No others came to learn the trades, and thus the labor in the fields and in the various trades and industries again came into the hands of white men. The Chinese were not only depriving white men of labor, but draining the state of money by remittances to their relatives. The same thing is now being done by the Japanese. They are taking the places of Chinese laborers, and by their increased and increasing numbers, are also depriving white men of work, and are also remitting their earnings to their families in Japan. They import from Japan most of their provisions and their clothing. They spend as little as possible in the country where they work. The white man supports schools, benevolent institutions, churches, libraries, buys property and expends money on public improvements. Not so with the "Jap." What he finds necessary to spend is with his own people. He has his own saloons, tailor shops, shoe shops, hotels, general stores, etc., and he gets his education free, for he contributes almost nothing in the way of taxation. He is an expert at swearing, and to cheat an American, especially in the matter of taxes, is considered by him a patriotic duty.

Closing the door upon the Chinese opened it for the Japanese. Our statesmen, or rather politicians, could not see very far ahead, otherwise they would have included the Japanese in the law. At that time there were only a few thousand in the United States, and congressmen could not reason that if we closed the door on one the

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other would creep in, because cheap labor was desired by the railway companies and other corporations. They did not even see the necessity for such an amendment to the Exclusion Law in 1890, when the Japanese population in California had increased to about ten thousand, nor as late as 1900, when it had reached twenty thousand, half of that number being in San Francisco and its vicinity. The Japanese population in the adjacent territories of Arizona and New Mexico, and throughout the northwest, had increased to about ten thousand, making about thirty thousand on the Pacific coast six years ago. That population has increased to seventy thousand, and about half of this number are in California. There are twenty thousand in San Francisco and Oakland, across the bay, and there are eight thousand in Los Angeles and its suburbs. At this rapid rate of increase, it certainly did not require a high order of political science to see the coming trouble. Six years ago it was very apparent, and why a bill excluding the Japanese is not passed now can only be attributed to the abject fear on the part of our congressmen of being "offensive" to the Japanese government. We will find that in the Japanese we have caught more than a Tartar. We have caught something very difficult to shake off. The Chinese are docile, inoffensive, unpresuming, law-abiding and satisfied to occupy menial positions. Not so with the insinuating Jap. He is a laborer until he gets an education, at our expense, and learns our language and trades. Then he takes the place of the white man by working cheaper. It is not only the Japanese laborer that should be excluded, but the craftsman, mechanic and the worker at all trades. These are to be most dreaded. The Jap looks forward to easier work—that is, anything that is not menial. He is thus taking the places of those of the middle lower classes.

Japanese of all trades, occupations and professions, as well as laborers, should be excluded. They are a menace to our industries, our prosperity, our civilization and to the peace of the country. They contribute nothing to its support and live upon its resources. They are Asiatics by instinct, nature and training, and will ever so remain. In order to counteract what little effect our civilization and Christianity may have upon them, "missionaries" are sent from Japan to San Francisco, and to Los Angeles, to preach their cult, and, above all, to continually remind them of their duty to remain loyal to the Japanese government.

During the past several months they have been swarming to Southern California in large numbers, and especially to Los Angeles. It is proposed to establish a "Japanese city" near Los Angeles, and it is understood that three hundred thousand dollars have been subscribed for that purpose. Los Angeles is rapidly becoming "Japanized," and in every part of the city may be seen their employment agencies, stores, hotels and saloons. The Jap saloon is the roughest and most disorderly resort that can be imagined. More Japanese are arrested for disorderly conduct in Los Angeles in one week than there are Chinese for similar offences in one year. The criminal records show that there are eight times as many Japanese in the state prison as there are Chinamen. The five thousand Chinese in Los Angeles are "colonized," or rather live in their "Chinatown," and are little or no trouble to the police or to the citizens. The Japanese scatter into every part of the city, where they may undermine laborers and tradesmen. Wherever the Jap locates, property at once depreciates. White people avoid him as they do a pest—that is, self-respecting white people. Not even the Chinese will live near the Jap. The same conditions prevail in San Francisco and in other cities and towns throughout the coast that are afflicted with the presence of these pests of civilization.

Every community is infested with spies. Japanese are employed on our steamships and war vessels. Many of them are spies, and should war be de-

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clared no doubt some of these vessels would be blown up by these spies.

The recent one-sided agreement by which Japanese children were permitted to attend the white public schools, and laborers were not to be permitted to enter upon the "mainland" without passports, was suggested by the Japanese Minister at Washington. It was done so in a dictatorial manner, and our government meekly accepted it, contrary to law and public sentiment. Japan is now using the Hawaiian and the Philippine Islands as military bases, and when a sufficient number of men have been landed there and trained, as is now being done, a descent will be made upon the "mainland." This is plain to any one with ordinary intelligence. These islands are coveted by Japan as advanced positions for the conquest of North America. With an unbounded ambition that verges upon folly, they believe that they are the "coming people," and are destined to rule the world. They seek to dominate the white race. Their hatred toward the United States assumed an aggressive form several years ago when our President, without authority, projected himself into the peace conference between Russia and Japan. The Japanese government desired to levy a "tribute" of about one billion dollars upon conquered Russia. To foil these robbers and Ishmaelites of the world was to invite their eternal hatred. Then active colonization of the islands began. The claim that the Japanese authorities "discourage" and will continue to discourage the emigration of its people is a very thin subterfuge, and it requires no acumen to see through the duplicity. The Japanese government officials secretly encouraged and directed the migration of Japs to the Hawaiian Islands, and most of these are soldiers of the recent wars. Here they are given military training and are divided into brigades and divisions, and all of the male Japanese on these islands have been provided with arms of modern make. These arms are bought through secret societies, which levy an assessment weekly upon each member, and every subject belongs to one of these societies. If the government provided these arms it would naturally arouse inquiry, but they have cunningly adopted this underhand business to avert that suspicion. Our military officials seem to be asleep at their posts.

When the Hawaiian Republic refused to grant suffrage to the Japanese, that government began to ship swarms of its people to the islands, with the intention of forcing this demand, and, perhaps, taking possession of the islands. But the transfer of the islands to the United States blocked their plans, and this also is another cause of their hatred of the Americans. At present there are about thirty thousand Hawaiians on the eight islands. Though citizens of the United States, their loyalty in the event of trouble is doubtful. The same may be said of the forty thousand Chinese and the seven thousand "Kanakas." The white population is about eight thousand. There are sixty-five thousand Japanese on the islands, of which, it is estimated, at least fifteen thousand served in the recent wars against China or Russia. Thirty thousand are males between the ages of sixteen and fifty years, and are capable of bearing arms. The remaining twenty thousand are women, children and old men. Practically Japan has possession of the islands. We have not a fort on the islands, and there are not five hundred soldiers at our army posts.

The swarm continues, the arrivals being about four thousand a month. They are supplanting the Chinese on the sugar plantations, and in every other class of labor. A few months ago the arrivals from Japan were only 2,500 a month.

Colonization of the Philippines continues at the same rate, and, in addition, they are swarming into this country from South America and from Mexico. A steamship company, owned by Japanese, brings cargoes monthly to South American ports to work in the silver mines and on rubber plantations, under contract, re-

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ceiving about sixty-five cents a day. They soon learn that wages are higher in America, and find their way to the Pacific coast. They are shipped by the immigration agents in "transit," through San Francisco, but many of them elude the officers and do not continue the journey. Of this number, and of the number who return from South America, there is, of course, no record. But the number is estimated at from five hundred to one thousand monthly. The arrivals at the port of San Francisco are from three thousand to five thousand monthly, and all of these are under contract to the immigration agents, and are at once distributed by them to sections of the country where cheap labor is most likely to find a demand. In most instances the contract is made with the employer before the Japanese are shipped to this country. This, of course, is in violation of the labor contract law, but it is evaded by false swearing, at which no Japanese will hesitate.

In view of the rich field offered to cheap labor, it is idle to suppose that the Japanese government will "discourage" the emigration of its poverty stricken subjects, especially as that government has entered upon a career of conquest and plunder! On the contrary it is reasonable to suppose that emigration would be encouraged, and that is what is being done. This is proved by facts. The statements of Japanese officials to the contrary is mere duplicity. There is little national honor among Asiatic nations, and personal honor is so rare among Japanese that it is an exception. An Asiatic government will adhere to a treaty only so long as it suits its convenience and interests. They are still in the feudal ages, and respect only superior power. They cannot understand why a country will make concessions, unless through fear. And in receding from our rightful position on the public school question the Japanese government officials believe that it was done through fear, rather than a desire for peace. And it looks as if their estimation is nearly correct. Consequently further concessions will be demanded until the expected happens. It will be a war not of America against Japan, but of the Christian and Caucasian world against the Asiatics. It will be a war of races, of civilization against semi-barbarism, for the possession of Europe and America. It will begin unexpectedly and treacherously in the same manner that Russia was attacked by Japan, that Ishmaelite of the world.

ISRAEL

By Jeanette Sterling Greve

"COME now, Israel," called an old woman from within the mountain cabin. "Jeems'll be hyer 'fore long, an' ye know he cain't abide ter see ye wastin' yer time over that everlastin' readin'."

The frail, thin boy who sat on the doorstep did not stir. He was bent low over a book, striving to catch the last rays of the sunlight which tinged with a rosy glow the top of "Old Baldy," towering high above him.

"Thar ye air, at it ag'in! I reckon I'll jest burn up that trash fer ye!" The harsh voice of a tall man coming along the path fell on his ear and the boy jumped up precipitately.

"Git on in an' eat yer hoe-cake, boy! Ye've got ter be up airly in the mornin' so's ter help Euthasy shear them sheep. I'm goin' a-huntin'."

Fellers strode into the cabin and Israel followed him without a word.

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"Jeems," said Euthasia, as he sat down to the simple fare which she placed before him, "thar was a feller hyer this arternoon axin' could he git a cabin ter start a school an' have preachin' o' Sundays."

Israel leaned forward with an eager look on his face.

"Wal, I s'pose ye told him thar ain't?" The man brought his fist down on the rickety table with a thump that made the few plates and cups rattle. " 'Slong 's Jeems Fellers has the say-so in this valley, thar'll be none o' them thar preacher-men a-sneakin' 'round hyer. I've got along good an' well fer more'n seventy year 'thouten 'em, an' I reckon hit'll be seventy more 'fore I need 'em."

"I know ye've allus been down on the larnin', Jeems, an' hit does 'pear like we-all gits along all right thouten it, but Israel's plumb sot on it, an' I 'lowed some o' the other chaps mought be wantin'—"

"What ye puttin' in fer Israel fer?" demanded her husband. "Beggars' brats hain't got no need fer larnin', nohow. I turned my own son off fer gittin' so upsot by that dum-foolishness that he warn't no 'count fer workin'."

"Yes, but Rufe—" The woman stopped, frightened by the black look her husband gave her.

"What's Rufe got ter do with it?" he demanded. "Ye kin tell that preachin' feller that ef him, or Rufe either, sets foot near me, I'll shoot 'em both down, same as ef they was polecats."

Israel shrank back against the wall as if trying to squeeze himself out of sight. Jeems, however, gave him no further attention. He seemed to think he had delivered an ultimatum, and kicking off his heavy boots, soon tumbled into a bed in the corner of the room.

When his heavy snores gave evidence that he slept, Israel drew from beneath the table a little old hair-trunk which contained his few belongings—among them six old and battered books—and sat down in the firelight to gloat over his treasures. They were a "McGuffey's Fifth Reader," without a cover, a well-thumbed copy of "Pilgrim's Progress," a paper-backed Ivanhoe," Wordsworth's poems, and two odd volumes of old-fashioned sermons.

"I 'low I has one of all they is, granny," he said, looking inquiringly into the old woman's face.

"I reckon you has, honey," she replied in a low tone. She glanced uneasily at the bed, fearful of rousing her husband, whose well-known antipathy to "book-larnin'" had scarcely permitted the poor waif he sheltered to retain these precious relics of happier days.

"How smart you be to know the letters an' the readin', too!" Euthasia went on in admiration. "I'd think you'd git mixed up with 'em an' couldn't tell one from t'other."

"They was my mammy's, ye know," said the boy, his face brightening with a tender light. "After she died me an' pappy useter read 'em together. We brung 'em along in the wagon when we started over the mountains fer Kaintuck, an' when he tuck sick hyer in the settlemint an' died, I hadn't nothin' left me but her books."

"Pore leetle chap! I'm feared sometimes ye has ter work too hard. Jeems means all right," in sudden remembrance of loyalty to her lord, "he jest don't rec'lect as you ain't mountain born an' cain't stan' what our boys kin."

"Oh, I don't mind that, granny; I'm a heap tougher'n you think fer, an' I want ter work fer you. I ain't never forgot how you-all give me a home when pappy died. I jest natchully couldn't 'a went off, ye see, an' left his grave up thar alone under the pine trees."

Euthasia gently laid her rough hand on his arm as she rose and said:

"Wal, ye better turn in now. Ef Jeems 'lows fer us ter shear all them sheep to-morrer we'll have ter git a powerful airly start."

"Yes'm, I'll come purty quick," the boy replied, and she left him bending over his book, held close to the flickering glow of the backlog.

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The morning sun had not yet peeped over the top of "Old Baldy" when Jeems Fellers issued from the cabin door, equipped for a long day's hunt.

"Euthasy," he growled, as he stopped to light his pipe, "you an' Israel git right along now. I don't want no lazin' 'round hyer. Them sheep's got ter be done time I gits back ter-night."

Gun on shoulder, he struck off into the woods directly up the mountain side without a backward glance or other sign of farewell. From long experience Euthasia knew that her husband's will was law, so she wasted no time on her household duties, but began as soon as possible on the work he had laid out for her. With the help of Israel only, who made up in manly desire what he lacked in physical strength, she caught, washed, and clipped the heavy wool from the patient animals. It was tedious work, and strive as she would, noon found them with only four fleeces to show for their six hours' labor. They stopped then for a short rest and a hasty mouthful of food. As they sat wearily beside the table in the cabin, a shadow fell a-thwart the doorway and a cheery young voice called out:

"Howdy, Euthasy! Hello, Israel! How you'all gittin' along?"

Israel's face fairly beamed as he looked up at the girl standing before them. And indeed she made a pretty picture with her fresh, clear complexion, so unlike that of most mountain girls, and her bright hair, framed by the blue sunbonnet which had slipped back and was suspended from her neck by the strings.

"Come in an' have a bite, Loviny," Euthasia said hospitably.

"I'm 'bleeged ter ye, but I reckon I cain't stop ter-day. We-uns has done had our snack. I—I come over ter see ef Israel 'ud help me tote some books down the Ridge. I heered as how Jeems was off a-huntin' an' I knowed you wouldn't keer."

Israel looked eagerly at Euthasia.

"Oh, kin I?" Then his face fell. "No, I don't reckon as I kin, Loviny. We ain't through with the sheep yit, an' we're 'bleeged ter finish 'fore night."

Before the girl could reply, Euthasia stood up and said with decision:

"You go along o' Loviny. I'm good an' rested now an' kin work faster'n you an' me together did this mornin'. I reckon I won't be much behind. What books be they, Loviny?"

"Hit's a whole box full as is sent out a-travelin' by them women's clubs in the valley. Rufe done got 'em lent ter me, knowin' how I liked readin' when I was over ter Glen Mary ter school. He cain't fotch 'em hisself, ye know," the soft color stole into her face and she cast a timid glance at the old woman, who nodded grimly, "but he 'lowed he'd carry 'em ter the top o' the Divide ef me an' Israel could git 'em the rest o' the way down."

"Oh!" Israel jumped up excitedly. "Do you reckon I mought take the steer? I'd be awful keerful o' the critter. Hit wouldn't take us long that-a-way ter snake 'em down on the lizard, an' then I'd git back in time ter he'p you a heap."

"Wa-al," Euthasia pondered. "I reckon 'twouldn't hurt none. Jeems needn't never know we done it."

It was a happy pair who, a half hour later, walked along the steep and rocky road leading to the top of the ridge which divided their remote settlement from the populous valley on the other side. The kindness and affectionate sympathy of the young girl was the brightest spot in Israel's forlorn life. Together they read and discussed in their simple way the few books which fell into their hands. They sat for long hours, when the boy could steal away from his heavy tasks, beside his father's lonely grave on the hillside, and there, overcoming his habitual reticence, he poured into the listening ears of his one friend the aspirations which were beginning to bud in his sensitive soul. Happy just to be with her, he trudged along beside her this afternoon, not noticing that her replies to his eager chatter grew more and more brief and absent. The girl's heart beat high in anticipation of an interview with Rufus, the

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sweetheart whom the tyrannous interdict of his father forbade to return, even for the shortest visit to his own people.

They found the stalwart fellow waiting for them at the top of the Divide, and the box of books was soon transferred to the lizard from the wagon which Rufus had managed to procure for the enterprise.

"Are you glad to get 'em, Loviny?" he asked, taking her hands in his and looking tenderly down into the sweet face.

"You knows that, Rufe," shyly withdrawing herself from his clasp, half frightened by a demonstration unusual in her people. "Me an' Israel's lottin' on a good time with 'em. I wish't ye could be thar ter share it," she added wistfully.

"Well, maybe pap'll see differently some day and won't always think I'm a thief and a rascal for tryin' to do the things I like best. If he don't," he went on in a lower tone, "it won't be long before I'll be fixed so as to have you come to me."

"Oh, pshaw, now, Rufe! Air ye shore ye hain't changed yer mind 'bouten all that?"

Israel's attention, fortunately for the lovers just then, was given entirely to the box on which he sat, trying to pierce the boards with anticipatory greediness.

"They must be more'n one of a kind in thar," he thought, "fer shorely they cain't be all that many different kinds in the world!"

Rufus drew his sweetheart down beside him on the pine-needle carpeted couch of the woods, where, forgetful of the flight of time, they lost themselves in the confidences and oath-binding of their kind. The sun was casting long shadows athwart the valley when at last Israel and Loviny, making what haste they could with the slow steer, reached Loviny's home with their load. For all his hurry, however, Israel failed to get back to the sheep lot in time to be of much service, to Euthasia, and approaching night found them with several of their small flock still unshorn.

"Never mind, sonny," Euthasia said kindly when they were at last compelled to desist, "we'll jest finish in the mornin'. We'll tell Jeems we done the best we could. Ef he's had a good hunt he won't be mad."

As they neared their cabin they saw Loviny running towards them with flushed cheeks and happy eyes.

"Oh, Israel!" she cried, "them books is jest the finest ever! An' I want ye should see what else come in the box with 'em." She held out a half dozen prints of well-known pictures, among them a Madonna by Murillo, and a copy of Millet's Angelus.

Israel was as much excited as the girl. Never before in his short life had he seen anything so beautiful. His experience of pictures was limited to an occasional frontispiece in one of his few books, or a cheap cut in the newspapers which found their infrequent way into the secluded valley. He seized eagerly upon the Madonna. The sweet, tender, mother-love beaming down upon the infant clasped in her arms, struck a chord of sad memories which thrilled his lonely heart with exquisite pain. Euthasia reached for the Angelus.

"Let me see that air," she pleaded, holding it close to her eyes in the light of the fire she had kindled in the wide chimney. "Hit looks like me an' Jeems out a-plantin' in the spring. Hit's the fust time I ever knowed a person could pray while they's a-workin'. Say, Loviny, ye've got so many o' them thar, would ye mind ef I kep' this'n fer a spell? I'll pin hit ag'in the wall an' hit shain't come ter any hurt."

Israel looked up hungrily, holding his Madonna close to him, but said nothing.

"Why, course I don't keer! Ye're welcome ter the whole lot of 'em ef ye want 'em. Israel seems ter like his'n purty well, too."

"No, ye cain't git shet of 'em that-away!" A faint smile flickered across Euthasia's face. "But ef ye don't really mind me an' Israel a keepin' jest them two, that's all we've got a right ter ast."

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After Loviny had gone they stood looking at the pictures together, the toil-worn hand of the grizzled old woman resting on the shoulder of the fair-haired boy.

"Ye 'lowed ye'd guzzle me 'bout the steer, did ye?" Startled, they turned to face the angry Jeems, who had come unheard into the cabin and was now standing behind them. "Consarn ye both!" he snarled, "who said ye could use the critter? Crapshaw telled me as I come by the blacksmith shop 'at he seen that brat an' Loviny Williams a-goin' by with 'im. What was ye doin' with 'im, I wanter know?"

Israel cowered, but the woman faced the man in defense of the boy.

"I give him lief, Jeems Fellers!" she said shortly. "He'd worked all mornin'—an' he's sech a leetle feller! —an' I 'lowed hit didn't hurt nothin' ter let 'im go off fer awhile ter help Loviny tote some books—"

"Books! Who's been a-givin' Loviny books? They hain't gone clear over the Ridge arter books, has they?" His stern eyes fixed her, threatening.

"Wa-al—no," she hesitated, "they jest went as fur as the top o' the Divide."

"Who fotched 'em to the Divide?"

"Wal, ef ye must know, Rufe!" She put her hands on her hips and regarded him defiantly. "He got a passel o' them travelin' books from some women in town—"

The man's square jaw set with an angry snap. "I've done told ye that ef Rufe comes foolin' 'round hyer I'll kill 'im. An' ye better tell that crazy gal o' his'n that ef I hear o' any more o' her goin's on with 'im, she'll have ter leave the Settlemint! As fer Israel—"

Too excited to be observant, he saw nothing of the beckoning hand at the door, nor noted that his wife slipped out into the dusk.

"Rufe's hurt," said the neighbor who stood outside. She pushed him away from the house.

"Don't let his pappy hear! Whar is he? Jeems is in one o' his rages—he ain't 'countable—oh, I'm plum skeered!"

"This is the nearest place, an' Crapshaw 'lowed he'd fotch him hyer in his wagon ef I'd come ahead an' warn you-all. We found 'im—"

"Rufe dassent be brung hyer ternight, I tell ye! We got ter head that wagon off! Jeems 'ud nigh about kill 'im ef he kotched him hyer!" Their hurrying forms were swallowed up in the darkness.

Inside the cabin the eyes of the unsuspecting tyrant turned toward Israel, who in shrinking back against the wall, called his attention to the pictures pinned to the log above his head. He reached up and jerked them from their fastenings. The boy clutched his arm and clung to it tenaciously.

"Oh, don't tear hit! Hit looks like my mammy. She useter hold me like that an' sing 'Beulah Land.'"

With an oath, the infuriated man tried to fling the boy from him, but he held tight, reaching up with his free hand to rescue his prize. Holding it high above Israel's head to keep it from him, Jeems brought it to the level of his own vision. His gaze was arrested by the sweet woman-face, and something, he knew not what, in the pose and expression, awakened a long forgotten memory. So had looked his Mary, the first love of his boyhood, the wife of his youth; just so had she held in her arms her boy, their son Rufus, and sung to him —what was it Israel had said?—yes, "Beulah Land." His heart was gripped with pain and the chords in his throat ached with the intensity of his feeling. His Mary! Not for years had the ghost of his old love risen before him. Not in the long course of the sin-hardened years since Mary died—so young!—and left him alone with their baby boy, the strong, bright little chap whom he had driven from home with imprecations because he could not bend him to his will, had the depths of his nature been so stirred by the emotion which now welled up within him like a tidal wave. Across his perturbed thought flitted the vision of Euthasia, the unloved woman,

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whom he had married and brought to the cabin to care for the little Rufus. She had borne him sons and daughters, too, but they were to him only so many "hands" to help run the small farm, until one by one they had left him in rebellion. Where was his boy to-night? Had he come to hate his old daddy for all his harshness to him? His eyes fell on Israel, and the look of wonder on the boy's face abashed him. He would have spoken, but the clutch in his throat prevented. Lowering his arm, he handed the pictures to the frightened child and went swiftly out of the cabin. For an hour he walked fiercely up and down the road, driven by the lash of a late repentance he could not quell. At last, exhausted, he threw himself under the great white oak tree in the dooryard, and leaning back against its ancient trunk, stared fixedly at the solemn stars above him. In some mysterious manner their soft rays seemed to permeate his troubled soul, dissolving as in an alembic, the harshness which had been incrusting it through the long years. The man beneath the oak felt new sight given him—clearer, truer vision. Unreasoning, he lay in the hollow of a great crisis, rocked upon it, moulded, changed and softened by influences he could not have named. The possibilities of his youth, of Mary's lover, seemed to come back and whisper to him that it was not yet too late to live again as he had lived in that happier time.

The wagon, crawling along the road, creaked closer and closer, until its groaning could not fail to pierce even his dulled consciousness. He rose suddenly, and the wagon stopped. To his astonishment he beheld the tall form of his wife stalking beside it.

"Euthasia! What in thunder?—"

Shaken with fear, the woman leaned against the wheel.

"Hit's Rufe, Jeems," she stammered. "He was throwed outen his wagon t'other side the Divide, an' he's awful bad hurt. They was fotchin' him hyer 'fore I knowed it, so I went to meet 'em, an' we're carryin' him ter Loviny's."

"Loviny nothin'! He's my boy an' he comes hyer!" Jeems lifted in his own strong arms the son upon whose face he had for years refused to look, and carried him tenderly into the cabin.

When the young man lay in his own home, too weak and weary to question the why of his welcome, his father said to Euthasia in a kinder tone than she had ever heard him use:

"Euthasy, I hain't allus used ye jest right, an' I reckon I hadn't no call ter drive Rufe off on account o' the larnin'. He kin stay hyer, an' ye kin tell Loviny that ef she's still petted on him she kin wed him 's soon 's he gits well. I hain't got nothin' ter say agin it no more. As fer the leetle chap," he pointed to Israel, who, awakened by the confusion, was sitting up in bed, clasping his Madonna to his bosom and staring about him with blinking eyes, "we'll git up a school fer him an' let Rufe teach it ef he wants ter. I 'low I'm able ter do fer 'em both—fer Mary's sake," he added under his breath.

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A REMINISCENCE

By Maurice Smiley

I AM not going to argue whether I did right or wrong from a professional point of view. There are few questions which haven't two sides to them. Possibly this case had only one, or at the best was lop-sided, by reason of the fact that professional prudence would have suggested that I take a course opposite to that which I did take.

As I said in the beginning, I am not going to argue the point. To be frank with you, a fellow in my fix hasn't room for argument. At the present writing I am not living in a flat. It's worse than even that, and that is bad enough, goodness knows.

I am sitting in a cosy little apartment which is provided free of charge by the state, and my cell mate is snoring peacefully in his bunk. Never mind whether it's Sing-Sing or Joliet. Enough that I feel in a reminiscent mood and want to tell you of a little incident which occurred a year or so ago, and which interested me chiefly because the lights and shadows were so strongly contrasted. It was funny and a bit tragic at the same time.

Never mind how I got started on my career of appropriating other people's property. Thank goodness I am not a trust magnate nor a high insurance official. I can get down on my marrow bones at night and say my little "now-I-lay-me-downs" with a clear conscience on that score. They can't bring any such charges as that against me.

It may sound like a story, but I had a wife and child once, back there in the old days. No, booze didn't break up the little home. There wasn't any man in the case—nothing of that. I guess there was a yellow streak in me somewhere. I am not going to blame whisky for what I did with my eyes wide open. I just threw away all the chances to be good and honest and hold my head up like other men. I just naturally broke her heart, but I am thankful that she found a man who appreciated her as she ought to have been appreciated, and who is making a good father to the little one. I saw him the other day. He came through on a tour of inspection. He is the prosecuting attorney who put me here, but I don't bear him any ill will.

Seems to me I am a long time getting down to my reminiscence. But I can't help it. A fellow will ramble a bit when he has so many things to think about.

Well, I lost all track of my former wife and little one. You see, my residence was changed several times, for officious sheriffs from other places kept sending in their cards from time to time. But at last I could look them all in the face—until the next time. I got back to where I had once lived, and after looking over the ground with a professional eye, I picked out a certain "crib" which looked promising. It had the hall-marks of desirability, and one evening shortly after midnight I let myself in and soon got the lay of the land.

I found out where the silver was, and then I turned my attention to the proprietors of the establishment. By cautious inquiries I found that they were sweetly slumbering in their apartment on the second floor. With a practised hand I injected a sufficient quantity of chloroform into the at-

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mosphere to insure their sleeping soundly until at least 6 o'clock that morning.

Then I made my way down stairs and for half an hour or so I got busy with the silver and other portables of value, not forgetting a well stocked sideboard and refrigerator.

I was just about to bid the premises a reluctant adieu when I was startled by a sound that puzzled me at first. Then something seemed to come before my eyes and into my throat, and for an instant I was good and honest, as well as poor, and almost involuntarily I was about to call my wife and tell her—well, never mind what I was going to tell her. That's a little bit private. All that you need to know is that the sound I had heard was that of a child coughing and struggling and gasping and choking in that awful way a little child has when it is seized with a sudden and bad attack of croup. I had heard that sound before—back there in the old days.

That was the psychological moment in the job. I could have slipped quietly out of the house and made my getaway. Professional prudence bade me do it and lose no time about it.

Leave the child to its fate? Oh, no, I never had any thought of that. I am not quite so hardened—even yet. There were servants back in the quarters which were in the rear of the house. I could have given an alarm and got away all right. They would have discovered that a burglary had been committed and that their master and mistress had been drugged. But I should have been well away, and I had little doubt the women folks could have taken care of the child better than I could. I had not calculated on a child disarranging my plans. But I have always been glad of it.

The parents were in a stupor from which they would not rouse for some hours. They were the natural and best nurses. But with them out of the question and the servants eliminated by something that came into my heart —I don't know what it was, some little flutter of the wings of my good angel; some turning around and facing the old honest time; some flaming up of the finer spark that was flickering, flaring up and then sadly dying on the altars of my soul—something that the preachers might have explained, decided me to play the nurse myself.

By great good fortune I found in the kitchen in a hurried search the materials for some plain home remedies and with a feeling for which burglars very rarely have any use I mounted the stairs to the nursery. I opened the door, and then, as the vision of a golden-haired little one met my eyes, I started back with a cry.

I told you before that I had lost all track of my former wife and child, didn't I?

No this was not the child, nor was the drugged woman in the other room my former wife. I am not telling a magazine story, where you can fix things up to suit yourself, so they will pretty or weepy as the case may be. This is a reminiscence and to be of any value it must be truthful.

The child didn't even look like mine, though it was about my little one's age. I was simply startled to see that she was in a frightfully bad way, even though I had not been more than two or three minutes making my preparations. The delay of five minutes would have cost the baby her life. She might have been three years old, but all little children are babies to me since—

Without going into details I will say that the next ten minutes were the busiest I ever put in in all my life; and in fifteen minutes from the time I came into the room the little one was resting quite easily, her golden head against my shoulder and one chubby hand fast in mine. I knew it would be dangerous to leave her for an hour or so, and I thought I was pretty safe from interruption.

But I had reckoned without my host —supposing I could properly call myself the guest of the man of the house.

Maybe he hadn't breathed as much of the chloroform as his wife, or his constitution had shaken it off more

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easily, and he had been roused by the noise I had made. At any rate, he had jumped out of bed, and there he was standing in the door of the nursery, wild-eyed, horrified, fighting desperately to shake off the remaining effects of the chloroform, not knowing what it all meant, but believing that some terrible fate menaced his child. With an inarticulate cry, he lurched toward me in a blind, instinctive effort to save her. The poor chap thought I was trying to kidnap her.

I hated to do it, but I had to protect myself. I dropped the baby gently on the bed, and then I was on the father like a flash. But I wasn't rough with him. He put up a great fight for a man in his condition. Once he broke away from me and running into the hall he set off some sort of a burglar alarm which I suppose connected with the police station just around the corner.

I had to be a little rough after that, and in two minutes I had him trussed up as securely as a Thanksgiving turkey. I was just slipping a gag into his mouth when I heard the police running up the street.

That made the situation desperate. I had less than four minutes to get out an unfamiliar back way, probably guarded by that time. To go out the front way in my present get-up was to run into the arms of the main body.

I usually go provided for emergencies. I had a false beard in my pocket, and the long black beard worn by my host gave me an idea.

"Very sorry, I am sure," I whispered hurriedly in his ear, "but I must relieve you of those whiskers."

I dashed into the next room for his razor, and I think I gave him the record shave of his life. I didn't give him any bay rum or any of the trimming, and I didn't gossip very much with him. It couldn't have been more than two minutes before all that was left of his beautiful black beard was a ragged stubble that made him look tougher than I had ever done in all my life. He had his trousers on, so I gave him my coat to make him more presentable, replenishing my own wardrobe from the hall rack.

I wasn't much disturbed when I reflected that my false whiskers were a glossy brown. My mask I threw over his face and crammed my cap on his head, snatching a hat from the hall rack.

All this takes a long time in the telling, but things happened rapidly in reality, and when the police first thundered on the door I was ready for them. I ran down the stairs and agitatedly welcomed them.

"He's upstairs," I gasped, breathing hard. "I've got him all right!"

I accompanied the officers to the second floor and pointing to the desperate villain in the corner I exclaimed exultingly:

"I had a hard fight, officers, but I think I did a pretty good job. But I must run out to the drug store while you are getting him ready to take to the station. My little girl is quite sick."

"You sure did a good job," chuckled the officer in command. "He's a tough looking customer, and no mistake."

I hastily left them hustling my host about, and running into the dining room I gathered up my pile, and that is the last I ever saw of the man at 104 Avenue A.

But I have always been glad that I saved the kid.

In now for that job, after all? No, that's another story.

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SOME SOUTHERN WRITERS

WILL S. HAYS

By G. E. Johnson

"Let me write the songs of a people—
I care not who writes their laws."

GOD inspires His singers in various ways—each sings after his own fashion; there are those who are attuned to high things and whose splendid imaginations are above the comprehension of the masses; some whose lutes respond only to the touch of fame or gold, ambition or selfishness; some who commune with nature and forget nature's God and that poor suffering humanity which they turn away like angels from their door. All these have their admirers, those who but faintly comprehend them, and who, fired by immortal longings, follow after them in the pursuit of the unattainable.

And then again God has fashioned some singers whose music wells hot from the heart, whose ready sympathies bring them close to the people, whose inspiration is the sigh of love, the tear of pity, the echo of prayer, the simple, tender things of every-day life and every-day men and women. They care little for money, fame or ambition; they sing even as they breathe, and every breath is music. Their hearts are like an aeolian harp, which echoes back the sigh of every passing breeze. They make the suffering, the joy, the hopes, the dreams of others their own, and so they pass along the ways of every day, scattering songs as they go like roses from the bending boughs of spring.

These are God's best and truest singers, and of these Will S. Hays was one. Born on the banks of the beautiful Ohio River seventy years ago (July 19, 1837), he absorbed romance and poetry and sentiment, to which his wonderful versatility early gave expression. He had a rare faculty for writing verse, and he had the still rarer gift of being able to fit melody to his verses. While in his teens he wrote one song, "Evangeline," that would have brought fame and fortune to any man who cared for these things. Simple, honest, great-hearted, with a love for people and nature, Will Hays cared naught for glory or pelf. He loved to write, and he cared not what became of his work after he had written it.

In his life, Will Hays wrote more than three hundred songs that were published, and many of these became popular. Probably his most famous song was "Mollie Darling," two million copies of this being sold. Preceding and during the Civil War, he wrote many songs that were popular in the Southland. "My Southern Sunny Home" was written in New Orleans, while the author was a prisoner of war. "The Wandering Refugee," "Write Me a Letter from Home," "Old-fashioned Roses Are Sweetest," "Nora O'Neal," "Shamus O'Brien," were all written about the time of the war, or just after. "Signal Bells at Sea" was Hays' last popular song, published about ten years ago. Although Dan Emmett is the reputed author of "Dixie," historical facts prove that Will Hays wrote the first "Dixie" songs—and the one that became the battle hymn of the South—two or three years before Emmett's words were written or published.

Will Hays was always interested in

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the river, and, like Mark Twain, he served an apprenticeship as a pilot, but, unlike Clemens, he graduated and for some years was a pilot on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. He later became a captain, and spent many years on the big passenger steamers. He loved the river, and he could never forget the past greatness of river interests, always lamenting the departed glory with real grief.

In 1858 he began writing river news for Louisville papers, and he continued this work until the end. When he retired from the water, he became river editor for the *Courier-Journal,* and he made of his department the most interesting as well as the most novel published by any paper. He hated shams and fads, and he interspersed his river news with philosophy and verse ridiculing these things. The philosophy of "Old Ike" attracted much attention, as did the antics of "O'Grady's Goat."

About three years ago, Will Hays suffered a stroke of paralysis. A second stroke came a few months later, and the third early in July last. For a few days he lingered, then, on July 23, four days after his seventieth birthday, his gentle soul passed upward. No more fitting tribute could be paid him than to quote one of his own poems, written on the death of an old friend, Captain James Howard:

"He has launched his last boat and got in it alone,
And sailed to that beautiful clime,
Where angels are waiting to welcome him home,
On the banks of the river of Time.
He will land by himself in Eternity's port,
Then put the boat out on the shore,
And quietly walk through the beautiful gates,
And never come back any more.
We trust that some angel will show him the way
That leads to the great throne of Grace,
Where God in his mercy will give him a seat,
And smile on his time-wrinkled face.
If ever a man was true, honest and kind,
We think it was old 'Uncle Jim;'
And if God has a home and a crown for good men,
He will certainly give them to him."

WILL S. HAYS, AT HIS DESK IN THE COURIER-JOURNAL OFFICE

Will Hays' lyric gift became most widely known through the charm of his song, "Mollie Darling." This appeared about 1870. More than two million copies have been sold, and there is still an occasional demand for it. Colonel Hays told the story of this song recently. He was stopping at the Monongahela House in Pittsburg, and had just retired. Outside his room in the dark hall he heard whispering, and now and then

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could distinguish a word or two. Then a little louder came a question in a rich Irish voice, "Do you love me, Mollie, darling?" There was no verbal response, but the unmistakable smack of a kiss came through the door, then a scurrying of feet. Next morning when Colonel Hays was dressing he found himself humming a line, "Do you love me, Mollie, darling?" unconsciously fitting it to music. Out in the hall on the way down to breakfast, he met a rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed Irish lass, who smiled at him. He asked her name, and she gave it as Mollie. After breakfast he returned to his room, and in half an hour went to the parlor and played and sang the song just as it is printed to-day:

"Won't you tell me, Mollie darling,
That you love none else but me?
For I love you, Mollie, darling,
You are all the world to me.

CHORUS

"Mollie, fairest, sweetest, dearest,
Look up, darling, tell me this:
Do you love me, Mollie, darling?
Let your answer be a kiss."

Hays' first successful popular song was the world-wide known "Evangeline," and the story of its inspiration is a pretty one. He was visiting at the residence of Robert D. Mallory, the famous secession Congressman from Kentucky, who lived in Oldham County, about thirty-five miles from Louisville. There was a happy party of young guests assembled, and real Kentucky hospitality flowed. One night the young people went to a ball at a neighboring house, upon the wall of which young Hays saw, for the first time, a steel engraving of Longfellow's mournful heroine, sitting with clasped hands gazing out over the sea. That picture is now in everybody's eye. It took possession of the young composer on that night. When the young couples were walking home over the moonlit road he was humming the air and the words of the first verse:

"Sweet Evangeline, my lost Evangeline,
We have lived and loved each other fond and true;
Ever true to thee, tho' far away I've been,
My heart has ever dwelt with you.
But O, those happy days will ne'er return,
Those happy days that we have seen.
For I am left to weep alone,
My sweet Evangeline."

The girls teased him to sing it and teach it to them, and while strolling along they came to a heap of charred embers, where some slaves had been roasting some ears of corn. A new white plank fence ran along one side of the road, and upon the planks the young composer wrote the words and music with charred sticks, and the group marched up and down before the impromptu music-stand singing the verse. Next day Hays polished the song, added a chorus and an additional verse. Up to that time no one had much of an opinion of Hays' song. He kept the manuscript of "Evangeline" for some time, after having it declined with thanks by several publishers. Finally, one night in Cleveland, he concluded to go on in the first part of Skiff & Gaylord's minstrels. He had a beautiful voice, and for experiment determined to sing "Evangeline." It made a hit and was then published. Over a million copies of the song were sold before its popularity began to wane.

That Will S. Hays wrote the first "Dixie" song, there is no doubt. Daniel Decatur Emmett received credit for the song and for the music as well. Neither Hays nor Emmett really wrote the music. Shortly before his death, Will Hays told the writer the story of "Dixie," and it was verified by historical facts. Colonel Hays said:

"I was clerking in the music store of D. P. Faulds in Louisville in 1857, when one day Mr. Faulds received a sheet of music from somewhere in the South. It bore a simple title, pen written, 'From Dixie.' Charles Ward, also a clerk in the store, took the music and ran over it on a piano. Mr. Faulds liked the swing of it, and he remarked that he thought it would go if words could be fitted. He asked me if I could write the verses, and I stood up and wrote on the end of the piano on a piece of ordinary wrapping paper,

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as Charlie Ward played the music." This was the first "Dixie" song.

Colonel Hays could not remember all the words, but he repeated a few lines of the original. They were these:

"Dixie lan' am de lan' ob cotton,
Cinnamon seed an' sandy bottom,
Look away, look away,
Look away down South in Dixie."

The chorus ran thus:

"I wish I was in Dixie, hi ho, hi ho,
In Dixie lan' I'll take my stan'
To lib an' die in Dixie.
Hi ho, hi ho, I'll lib an' die in Dixie.
Hi ho, hi ho, I'll lib an' die in Dixie."

There was a line in the song referring to "vinegar shoes and paper stockings," in addition to the "cinnamon seed and sandy bottom" line. Colonel Hays explained these rather enigmatical lines with the statement that at the Saturday evening frolics of the slaves, when they wore shoes, the cinnamon seed falling in the sand, and the combination getting in the shoes, would harden them, and the negroes used vinegar instead of oil to soften them. They placed paper in the soles of the shoes, not wearing stockings or socks at all. This is historically correct.

As stated, this was in 1857, before the war. Early in 1861, after the war began, Hays revised the song, and made of it the hymn of the Confederacy, and it was this new "Dixie" that really swept the South. The Buckner Guards, a Confederate company organized in Louisville, was leaving for the South. Charles Ward, a friend of Will Hays, was in the Guards, and he organized a glee club. Hays dedicated his new "Dixie" to this club. The words, as near as Colonel Hays could recall, were like this:

"We gwine down to de lan' ob cotton,
Cinnamon seed an' sandy bottom,
Away, away, we gwine down to Dixie.
We gwine to take our guns along,
We gwine to fight an' sing dis song,
Away down South in Dixie."

The words of the original song, and the revised one, differ entirely from the "Dixie" sung to-day, and credited to Dan Emmett. Emmett's song was written in 1860, and published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York. The first heard of this song in the South was in 1861 or 1862, when Colonel Pond wrote Mr. D. P. Faulds and claimed that he had infringed on Pond's copyrighted "Dixie." Mr. Faulds denied this, and stated the circumstances as detailed above. He also claimed that while Colonel Pond might be entitled to a copyright on the words of the song as written by Emmett, he certainly was not entitled to a copyright on the music, and he proved conclusively that the music was common property in the South, that it was brought from England fifty or more years before, and had been sung by negroes on plantations and steamboats for years. The English song to the some music began:

"If I was a soldier wouldn't I go," etc.

Still later, the music was fitted to a parody, and the children of even this day sometimes sing it:

"If I had a donkey as wouldn't go,
I wouldn't beat him—Oh, no, no, no," etc.

Will Hays wrote the original "Dixie" song in 1857, and revised it in 1861. This was the song that became famous throughout the South. Dan Emmett wrote the song that is sung to-day. Emmett's song lasted, not because the words were the best, but because the Hays song was a war song, and it died with the war. In all fairness, however, it can be said that the words of neither are good, and "Dixie" would have been forgotten long ago except for the stirring music.

Daniel Decatur Emmett died in 1904, at his home in Mount Vernon, Ohio, aged eighty years.

There was always a touch of pathos in Hays' negro poems. His dialect was perfect, and he understood the negro character. "Dan'l an' His Dog" is an old darky's lament over the loss of his hound:

"I hearn he was in Memfus once, an' gwan
'bout de street
A-lookin' wid a mournful eye at ebery man
he'd meet;

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He'd allers drap his head an' tail w'eneber
he would see
How disapp'inted dat he wuz to find it wus-
n't me."

One Sunday morning Will Hays stood and watched the fashionable crowd entering a new and magnificent church in Louisville. "The Modern Meetin' House" came next morning. It tells of a plain old countryman who visited the city church:

"The meetin' house was built of stone, the
steeple p'inted high;
The winders they wus painted all the col-
ors of the sky;
An' runnin' up that steeple wus a great
long lightnin' rod—
I kinder thought ther members lacked a
confidence in God.

"I went along 'bout half-way down the vel-
vet kyarpet 'ile;
The men an' wimmen shet their gates, an'
'ud kinder, sorter smile;
I seed one open jest a bit, went in an'
pulled it to—
W'en some big feller sed to me, 'this
here's a rented pew.'

"I got out, tuk my hat an' coat, an' sot
down near the door;
Expectin' for sum man ter say, 'this 'ere's
a rented floor.'

"The parson quit and then sot down—the
orgin played ag'in;
I thought ef that was servin' God, the tunes
they played wus thin;
I've hearn the bands at circusses jest
play the selfsame air;
The parson, when the orgin quit, dis-
missed 'em all with pra'r."

The poem entitled "There, Little Boy, Don't Cry," is expressive of Will Hays' sympathy for children, especially for those of the under world. One cold, wintry day he saw a little newsboy on the street crying, with an armful of papers. He bought a paper, and immediately his heart sympathy found expression and he gave to the world:

"There, little boy, don't cry;
I know that you must be cold,
As you stand on the street
In the snow and the sleet,
With none of your papers sold;
But I'll take one as I'm passing by—
There, little boy, don't cry."

Will Hays was always a poet of the heart. In all his work there was a tenderness, a touch of gentleness, that appealed. Especially was this the case in his poems to or about children.

"When God gives earth a little child,
He bids it go and roam;
And when 'tis tired of the world,
He calls the loved one home."

Thus he wrote in a message of consolation to a young mother, whose precious and only baby had been taken away.

One of the best as well as the most touching of his poems, was on the death of Captain J. M. White, an old friend and companion on the river:

"Say, pilot, I am going with them
Up yonder through that gate;
I'll not come back—you ring the bell
And back her out—don't wait.

"For I have made the trip of life,
And found my landing place;
I'll take my soul and anchor that
Fast to the Throne of Grace."

Several years ago Will Hays was seriously ill in an infirmary in Louisville. Captain J. L. Lewis, of Pittsburg, called on him, and told Will he feared he would not survive. Calling for a paper and pencil, Will wrote "Who Cares?"

"When I am sick and sad at heart,
Who cares?
And all the joys of life depart,
Who cares?
When sorrow makes me bow my head
I wish for rest in death's cold bed—
How soon I'd be forgotten—dead—
Who cares?

I feel like I was all alone—
Who cares?
With all my hopes forever flown—
Who cares?
Oh, how much gladder I would be
If I the end of life could see—
Know when the grave would swallow me—
Who cares?

No loving lips, no gentle voice—
Who cares?
To bid me live, hope or rejoice—
Who cares?
None to let true friendship dwell
Within the heart, or love me well,
Or care, were I in heaven or hell—
Who cares?

When lips like mine refuse to speak,
Who cares?
And teardrops trickle down my cheek—
Who cares?
And if I pray, for my soul's sake,

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No comfort get, no pleasure take,
Though my poor heart should bleed and break—
Who cares?

I'll lift mine eyes to heaven above—
God cares.
He pities me—for He is love—
He cares.
His mercy and his love I'll crave;
He will forgive, my soul he'll save,
I don't fear death, hell nor the grave—
God cares."

Will Hays was a real Christian. He cared not for the forms and ceremonies of religion, but in his heart there was a deep reverence. His religious poems and songs indicate this. In "Save One Bright Crown for Me" he shows the heart cry for the Divine Spirit:

"Oh! Thou Omnipotent, Most High!
Still to Thy cross I cling;
Look down with pitying eye on me;
My soul to Thee I bring.
With troubled heart and tearful eyes,
I ask on bended knees,
When Thou dost welcome strangers home
Save one bright crown for me.

CHORUS

"Ye angels 'round the Throne of Grace,
When I come home to thee,
In pity hear, oh! hear my prayer,
Oh, save a crown for me."

DREAMLAND

Her soul swings out and far away,
Over unmeasured deeps it floats
Thro' mists and changing clouds of gray
To Arden's groves and castled moats.

Beneath the trees whose sylvan shade
O'erspreads the emerald carpet green,
Not e'en the grove where Daphne strayed
Portrayed a brighter, fairer scene.

From pillared porch and marble hall
Tall forms with stately tread emerge,
And down the steps thin footsteps fall
With cadence solemn as a dirge.

And on the terrace sloping down
She sees them stand, and o'er the sea
They beckon swiftly with their hands,
But answering forms she cannot see.

Whence do they come, whence do they go,
These stately forms of noble mien?
Where are the gardens of her dreams?
Where is the sunlit tropic scene

That fades away when rosy dawn,
Climbs up the East with long bright rays
And Phœbus' chariot brings the morn,
Where soars the lark with lifting lays?

J. K. Collins.

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OAK LODGE

AN IDEAL COTTAGE HOME AT AN IDEAL COST

By Irene Bowser

Illustrated with photographs by Lou A. Clark, Jr.

DID you ever read in the women's journals how to build a lovely little gable-roofed, bow-windowed, rustic cottage, set in a trim, laurel-fenced plot, for a few hundred dollars? Did you ever look at the pictured product and dream dreams rioting in artistic stained shingles and roses and honeysuckles extracted from a modest purse? And did you ever take one of the freely-offered plans to a contractor and get his figures? Did you compare the two estimates? Then did you call the author of the rose-colored article a name that the sanctimonious editor of the helpful journal would never, never permit to appear in his sterilized pages? You probably, in the bitterness of your disappointment, squandered your hoarded savings on open-air concerts and other cash-enticing devices which lure the flat-dweller to attempt to forget he is spending the summer in the heart of a sweltering city. Or else you allowed yourself to be drawn into the purchase of an artistic bungalow in a crowded suburb, whose inconveniences were balanced by the number of extra charges in the transfer papers.

Oak Lodge is neither the realization of a paper dream, nor the ready-made substitute built by a suburb pro-

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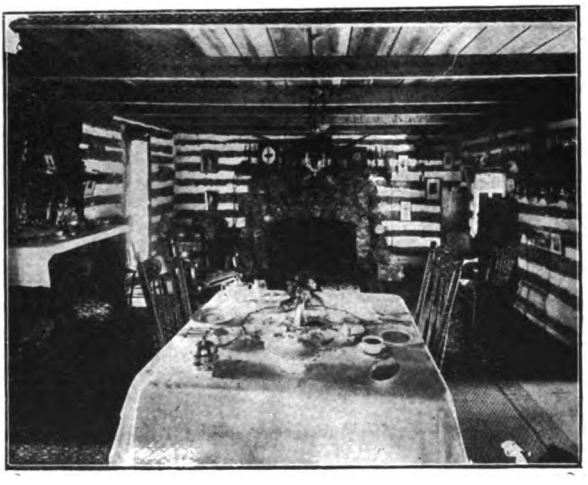
moter. In its original form it was a one-room log cabin in a forest clearing, which took the eye of a young man wandering in search of summer pleasure and health. It is thirteen miles from the nearest railway station, and this fact alone would have made it undesirable property to any but an energetic, resourceful man.

The cabin purchased and renovated, fences, well and outhouses repaired, the new owner has given his time since to the enlargement of the house. Room by room, now a porch, now a chimney, as time allowed, the house has grown, vacation by vacation, to its present size, expressing in every crook and line the individuality of the owner—a quality few houses possess.

The logs, hewn from the surrounding forest, were laid in place with the aid of friendly farmer neighbors, and the chimneys grew under the direction of one of these, and the labor of a good-natured "country nigger," who worked out the wide fireplaces, with their broad pillars and comfortable seats on either side for such fees as a "mess uv greens" and sundry articles of clothing. The broad fireplaces, furnished with quaint, bowlegged andirons, obtained by barter with the old residents, are never filled with pots of wild flowers, nor hidden by screens, for in this wildwood spot sudden, cool showers are to be expected, and the nights are frequently cool enough to make a log fire of more than picturesque value.

The interior walls have had the surface of the logs planed down to smoothness, and nothing done to hide the grain of the oak. The cracks have been filled with plaster, and the shelves, passe-partout-mounted pictures, curtains and draperies have been made and placed during the evening hours. Some of the shelves and mantels are of plain boards, others are of burnt wood. The window-seat, so in keeping with the walls, the hearth and the rafters, is a really handsome piece, and, the boards being a present, represents no greater outlay of actual cash than thirty cents' worth of weathered oak stain. An hour's vigorous rubbing not only gave the seat a fine polish, but gave the maker a fine set of healthy muscles as well.

One of the ingenious devices of the clever-fingered, nimble-witted homemaker is a folding-bed arrangement, which wears by day a mask of cretonne curtain, depending from a plate rack or mantel. At night the with-



THE DINING-ROOM

drawing of the mask reveals a set of bed-springs furnished with short, stout supports, hinged on. Mattress and pillows, made from the feathers of Oak Lodge chickens, and herb-scented sheets are drawn from a window-seat, and the slumber-wooing couch is ready. There are several of these folding beds, one being a "double-decker," the upper one supported from the ceiling by stout hooks and chains. These make possible an almost unlimited hospitality. The bed of state is an antique four-poster, resurrected from a long retirement in company with the spinning wheel, in a farmer's "lumber room." It is still

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THE BEST BEDROOM

furnished with "rope springs." For this bed the owner insisted on having a sweeping valance, as its staid dignity, he declared, could not brook the immodesty of a "rainy day skirt" effect. The quilts, pieced from innumerable tiny scraps of calico into "star," "crown," "pineapple" and "rising sun" designs, are the handiwork of the women on the neighborhood. During his winter absence at his work the young man never fails to remember his rural neighbors with mementoes which, while of small intrinsic or separate value, relieve their long winters and brighten their horizon in ways unguessed. These sincere folks are always eager, therefore, to contribute their "fixin's" to the furnishing of Oak Lodge. The curtains for the windows and beds, the table covers and other household linen, whose fashioning is beyond the ability of even the most accomplished of men, are the work of appreciative fair guests, for Oak Lodge is a kind of "Friendship Club," and partakes in no respect of the nature of a recluse's dwelling. One

AN AFTERNOON READING AT OAK LODGE

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party after another succeeds to its hospitality, and long days are spent in the woods and on the stream. Camp life is the order of housekeeping, and the open-air meals give an added flavor to the fatness of the country.

Vines and hardy flowers have been planted, and rustic seats and hammock hooks put up. Perhaps the most important article of supply is that of cushions. Pillows large and pillows small, pillows plain and fancy, all durable and all inviting, are heaped and scattered throughout the house. They lurk in the shady corner seats, whose cedar boxes hold everything from clothes to carpenter's tools; they lie in wait to tempt the energetic into a drowsy moment in the hammock, and they smile in open invitation from the top step.

Oak Lodge is, as may be seen, not a model to win a prize as "an artistic bungalow under $5,000;" nor is it an old house remodeled, with the help of a hammer and a hairpin, into a modern home. It is a practical expression of the ability of one man to make a comfortable home at a very small cost, where the art of hospitality can be as delightfully exercised, and rest and recuperation as completely experienced as under the most elaborate architectural triumph.

PHILOSOPHICAL POINTS

By William J. Burtscher

Listen to no man's gossip—not even your own.

A hypocrite is a man who talks two ways, but is only believed in one.

When a fellow is naturally of no account he will show it in almost every step he makes.

The rich always ride on the fastest trains, which seems to prove that riches have wings.

Some men tell lies before they think. They are, therefore, greater liars than thinkers.

Some evils are not as bad as they are painted, but some are not painted as bad as they are.

No man has any business trying to sail to the moon as long as there is room for him on earth.

When a man makes a fool of himself it is almost a certainty that the job was half done before he began.

The witnessing of a sunrise does not do a man any more good, really, than the getting up in time to witness it.

Some men think it a good idea to keep themselves so busy earning dollars that they have no time to spend them.

The pessimist is doing the world a great service—his gloomy view of life makes her appreciate the optimist more.

The reason some people do not see the great men in their community is because they keep their eyes on themselves.

Some people may be good when asleep, but if they are not good when awake they will dream bad dreams even then.

You can keep your neighbor from bragging on himself so much by doing a little bragging on him yourself as you go along.

When some men apply a little effort they do so well and feel so delighted that they allow themselves to believe that they are doing their best, when they are really only half trying.

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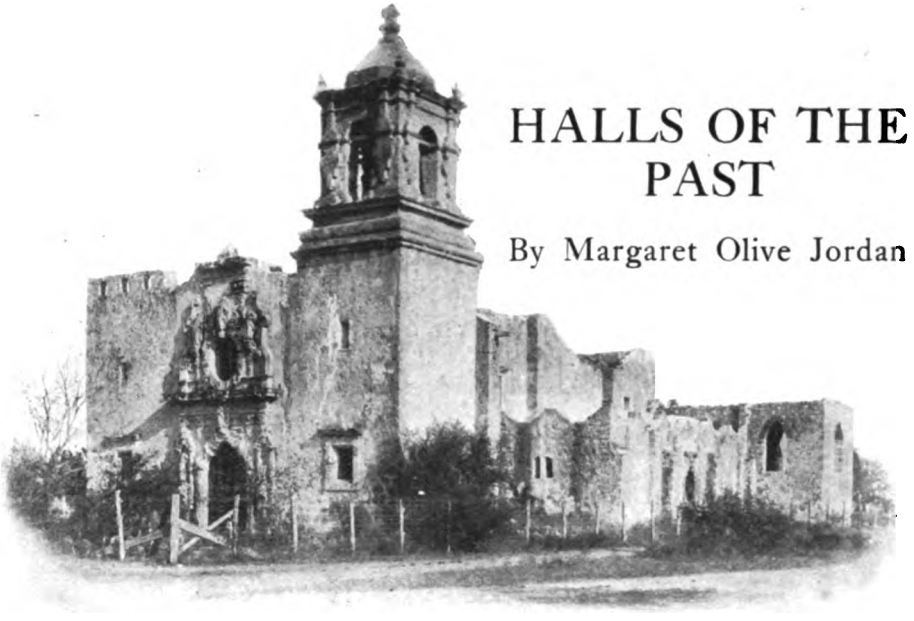
HALLS OF THE PAST

By Margaret Olive Jordan



MISSION SAN JOSE DE AGUAYO, FOUNDED 1715

Halls of the past! Their deep devotion proving,
Methinks I see adown your sacred aisles,
With silent tread, the dark-robed figures moving.

Halls of the past, how glorious are your walls!
And tho' the gloom now holds them in its clasp,
Their story lives and all the world enthralls.

MISSION SAN FRANCISCO DE LA ESPADA
FOUNDED 1731

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Halls of the past, a nation fair and grand
Was cradled in your arms, and there did learn
To win sweet freedom for our Southern land.

Oh, sacred halls, with dome-shaped towers ascending,
Hark, how the music of your swaying bells
Enchantment lends, with wondrous story blending.

Oh, ancient halls, whene'er I gaze upon you
I seem to touch a further past, and hear
The priestly voices chant of Him most true.

The shadows fall, the sun sinks from the hill,
And through the ruined casements whispers steal,
Faint echoes of devotions long since still.

MISSION CONCEPCION, FOUNDED 1731

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THE RACE AT REECE'S

By John Trotwood Moore

It wuz up at the race at Reece's,
An' my little Buster wuz th'ar,
With er sunflower patch in his britches
An' er turnip patch in his ha'r.
Ten, an' er holy terrer—
Great Scott, how he cu'd swa'r!

I lar'n't him to chaw ter-backer
Befo' his colt-uppers cum—
He'd chaw ther weed an' spit away
When he didn't have nuthin' but gum.
His mammy died at his borning,
Ther ole cow pegged out, too;
I don't give no milk m'se'f,
So I raised 'im on mountain dew.

Ride? Ther one-gallus raskill—
Why, he w'u'dden't stay off er hoss;
An' so at ther race at Reece's
They got me to fling him across
Ther pacin' stud of Side-wheel Jones,
An' we had er race that wuz boss!

BUSTER

Er race that wuz boss—fur Buster
He jes' sot tha'r an' won—
But Side-wheel Jones' ole pacin' stud
He acted ther son-of-a-gun,
Fur he didn't stop when he won ther heat,
But bolted ther track in a run.

Bolted ther track like ther devil—
Away he went down ther lane,
Cl'a'red ther fence an' swept er road
Through ther corn like er hurricane!
An' Buster? Sot th'ar chawin' 'is cud.
An' er holdin' on to ther rein.

Men mounted then like war-times,
An' we follered es fast es we cu'd.
"He's kilt ther boy!" I heard 'em say
As ther mad horse plunged in ther wood—
Kilt little Buster! An' then my h'art
Jumped up in my throat an' stood.

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His hat we foun' in ther corn row;
At ther bridge his britches wuz tha'r
(They had been mine, cut off at ther knees
To give him plenty of a'r).
He'd busted his gallus an' shed 'is pants,
But they didn't shed him, I'll swa'r!

Blood on ther bridge at ther cornder,
Hair on ther fence beyant;
Ther road tore up like two ole bulls
Had wrastled all night in a rant.
"Dead wha'r ther hoss run under that lim'!"
An' I lit on ther ground in a pant.

I prayed like er cirkit rider—
I know'd I had it to do—
Fur hadn't I tort 'im 'is meanness
An' raised 'im on mountain dew?
O Lord, I'll lead er diff'runt life
If you'll pull little Buster through!

I heard er laugh above me,
An' I shet off quick es er wink,
Fur tha'r on ther lim' sot Buster,
An' whut did he say, you think?
"Aw, Dad, close up that sermon;
Whut Buster needs is er drink!"

I reached fur that boy an' I yanked 'im—
(He cu'ddent er bin better dressed!)
The hickories grow'd all aroun' me
An' I give 'im my level bes'—
The good Lord saved his life that day;
You bet I saved ther rest!

Sentiment and Story

By Robert L. Taylor

HEAVEN AND HELL

Old Omar Khayyam had the truth by the tail and a down-hill pull when he said, "I myself am heaven and hell," for there is a perpetual warfare between the Angels of Light and the Angels of Darkness in every human breast from the cradle to the grave. Whoever clings to the pure and beautiful things of life has given the victory to the Angels of Light and has opened the windows of heaven in his soul. Whoever delivers virtue into the black arms of lust and unchains the other evil passions within him has surrendered to the Angels of Darkness and is nothing more nor less than a walking devil and a breathing hell. There is a heaven in every brain when some pure and beautiful thought is born; there is a heaven in every heart when the wing of an angel flutters in some rapturous dream; but the gate of heaven is closed and the angels take their flight when black-winged Evil enters in.

The amount of good in every individual depends upon his standing ever on the alert to resist the bad. What is it that impels the wanton boy to slip in range of the tree-top and pierce the breast of the thrush with a bullet as it pours out its little dream in song? What pleasure is it to him to know that he has robbed the air of a melody? A thoughtless girl romps and frolics in the ecstasy of life's happy morning. What good comes to the scandal-monger who

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tosses a rumor around, that bounces from tongue to tongue, and fills the quiver of society with poisoned arrows? Is there any happiness in breaking an innocent wing? Is there any joy in a wrecked hope and a shattered dream? If there is, what is it but the same joy that thrills the murderer when he has struck the fatal blow, or the devil himself when he has blown out the light of a joyous life?

A deft wizard of the bow sweeps the vibrant strings of his violin and turns it into a thing of passion. It laughs, and the world laughs with it; it weeps, and the world's in tears. In every note there is a smile and a sigh, in every strain there is a love-song. With every shifting of the bow a new dream is born; with every tremulous touch of the nimble fingers a new flood of melodies flows out from under the enchanted bridge to ravish the enraptured senses. He is a dream-maker and Eden-builder of the world. But look how the gold-jaundiced world sneers at the dreamer, even while it drifts on the silver tide of his dream. Look how sharp-faced commercialism starves him while it gathers sweets for the soul in the Eden he has builded. Where Mammon outweighs sentiment, is not hell uppermost in the soul?

An ambitious spirit enters the turbulent field of politics; he pours out his thoughts and dreams to his people and they cheer him on in the conflict; but as he climbs the rugged steeps he leaves happiness behind him—and his hair, too, if he has any hair—until at last he reaches the summit with a hole in his vanity and his pride in a sling. Whoever enters the field of politics will find Jordan a hard road to travel, for there is Ingratitude whetting its knife and crouching in the darkness waiting for the opportunity to spring upon its benefactor and friend. Did you ever throw the life-line to a man and drag him safely to the shore, but when his feet were on the rock and his clothes were dry he slipped up behind to stab you in the back or to push you into the flood from which you have rescued him? That is politics.

There stands

> "the hypocrite with holy leer,
> Soft smiling and demurely looking down
> But hid the dagger underneath the gown."

That is politics.

And yonder is green-eyed Envy with his bosom full of serpents, scattering slanders everywhere, and at every word a reputation dies. That is politics.

But when the struggle is ended and the victory won and the proud old politician stands there clothed with power and crowned with glory, with neither malice in his heart nor bitterness on his lips, the railroads snatch him bald-headed because he demands that they obey the law, the trusts kick him in the ribs because he is for tariff reform, the combines put the gaff in him because he is opposed to monopoly, the corporation-owned press tears off his coat-tails because he is opposed to the encroachment of the federal power upon the reserved rights of the states, declaring in flaming words that "nobody takes him seriously"—and that is hell.

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With Our Editors

The Pen of Destiny

It was J. M. Barrie who said of life that it was a story which a man starts to write, but is scarcely well begun before he finds his pen saying very different things from the purpose of the author. Certainly this is true of nations whose governments are never controlled by a single purpose, but always by the most powerful of a number of conflicting ones. The wish of the populace to-day is different from their wish yesterday. Their idols come and go as do their policies. There was a time in the history of the American government when the possession of insular territory and the control of colonies was a thing universally opposed. It used to be the maxim of our government that we would annex no territory that would need a navy to defend it, and that maxim was based upon other real facts of the case, upon the general principle that one must take care of what he has. But very often it costs more to take care of things than they are worth, and that is what the United States government is finding to be the case with the Philippine Islands. Not now, perhaps not in a hundred years, but inevitably they will have to be defended either against foreign nations or against themselves, and that it will cost money no sane person doubts, and a good deal more money than they are worth—to us. A good, stiff fight with Japan would do more to help us get rid of them than anything else. What a nation that owns a continent wants with a lot of islands over-populated with indigent, ignorant Malays is beginning to be a question again. Republicans and Democrats are joining in answering. The simple facts of the case are that the United States alone occupies an impregnable position, being over three thousand miles from any considerable rival, but the United States with the Philippine Islands, entirely alters the case. They are liable to cost us more in money and manhood than an empire would be worth.

How the Demagogue Comes High

The occurrences of the last few months in the labor world and in financial circles may well give pause to that wholesale and reckless warfare against all classes of rich corporations which has characterized American politics of the last two years. The wonderful demand for capital to be used in developing the resources of the world has been nowhere greater than in the South. Men of daring and of financial genius have been found who were able and willing to lead in that remarkable decade of improvement which has just ended. After forty years of wandering in the wilderness the South has at last sighted her promised land. It would seem that she would be the last section in the Union to desire any change in the financial situation; yet lately she has not been behind in doing her part toward retarding industrial progress within her own borders. There are more sensible ways, for example, to fix railroad rates than that devised by most of our states, as Governor Hughes, of New York, has lately proven. The truth of the matter is that the people have just begun to realize how intimately connected their own fortunes are with the railroads, whether they own one dollar's worth of stock in them or not. Yet it is a singular fact that nothing short of being brought face to face with financial disaster will usually suffice to

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make good times realize how bad bad times are. There has been too much senseless ranting against capital. Politicians desiring offices have led in the bad work. The demagogue, made so from ignorance, and the demagogue from expediency have united with sensible men and anarchists to give to the people that half-baked legislation which has given the whole country indigestion. It is not generally known to that section of our population which is accustomed to accuse our railroads of extortionate rates that the freight rates of this country are not one-third as high as Great Britain, not one-half as high as Germany, and only one-third as high as France. A kind of mania seems to have seized on the people of this country urging them by every means to hamper the development of the great industrial corporations, although these corporations have done more than any other cause to create the wealth of the American people. It seems odd that at the climax of our prosperity discontent should be able to strike blows so hard and that our memories should not be long lived enough to remember how idle men walked our streets in '93-'96 seeking work when there was none to be had.

The Electric People

In one point, at least, and that a very important one, the Southern States are blessed. The search of the coming years is destined to be a search for power, for clean, flexible power, for cheap, transmissible power. Which is another way of saying that electric motors, if they can be run cheaply, constitute the ideal form of energy. More and more it is being found that the smoke and dirt and cost of coal handicap it as compared with the new form of power, electricity. It is just here that the South is so well supplied. The streams that flow down from the mountains to the sea are willing and strong enough to turn many millions of spindles. There are villages and cities in the South of which electricity is the foundation, the life blood, the skeleton or the anything else which is important. Charlotte, North Carolina; Columbus, Georgia; and other cities similar in size and location, are being built up upon the basis of the electric fluid. It is a power which is noiseless, clean, smokeless, coming as it does from the rivers and the valleys, and these great water powers send it forth unceasingly to do the work of the Southern mills.

The New Milky Way

There is probably no one thing which promises more for the South than the combination of its many water powers and its great monopoly. The Southern sun, which lifts the waters to the crests of the mountains and causes the cotton plant to blossom in profusion, blazes a second time in the myriad electric lights that are making the piedmont sections of the South a new milky way at night, and is performing again its toils in turning the mill wheels of her thousand villages. Perhaps the most promising thing about it is that the development of these powers has just begun. Not a tenth, not a twentieth, perhaps not a fiftieth of her water powers have as yet been developed. In fact, the most accurate figures approach the latter estimate more nearly than any other, and this is a power that will not cease its labors until the fires of the sun shall grow cold, or the continents be washed level with the ocean, or the waters of the earth sink into its interior, none of which things are likely to happen in the present generation. The coal mines are destined to give out—very quickly, as compared with the length of a people's history—but the water that trickles down from the mountain side will not cease as long as the sun shines. The Southern states of this continent being richest in water powers are destined naturally to be richest in dollars. Furthermore, the general use of electricity, while a new thing, is becoming more and more common. Electric cooking, electric heating, electric ironing, electric sewing—these are some of the uses to which the new form of power

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is being put. Electricity is good for everything, from heating a hot water bag to a wireless outfit for calling the servants.

As to the cost, gas at a dollar per thousand cubic feet is just about equal to electricity at two and one-half cents per kilowatt hour. If it is managed properly for cooking, it will not be exorbitant, provided the charge is not above the figure quoted. Perhaps during the coming years we may see farm houses, as well as cotton mills, equipped with electricity. If so, they will have cool kitchens and clean ones, the housewives will not be bothered with washing chimneys for kerosene lamps; perhaps there will even be vacuum cleaners instead of the old brooms and brushes. Will an electric pump hoist the water to a tank on top of the house? Will a little laundry be equipped with nicely running motors? Will these arrangements do away entirely with that tired feeling? Over in the Carolinas there is a region whose center is Catawba, South Carolina, which is supplied by a single company, and which is larger than the state of Connecticut. There are nearly fifty power stations and perhaps approximately a million people served by it. They sell electricity at the rate of $20 per horse power per year, which, when figured down to the kilowatt hour, comes to something like eight-tenths of a cent per kilowatt hour, which is just about half as cheap as gas or coal or wood. This, indeed, is the blessing of the sun and the mountains with which the Southland is showered, and when the whole three million horse power is developed, instead of the little 100,000 that we now have, the Southern states will be inhabited by the electric people, and will be blessed with the one clean, cheap, flexible, sempiternal motive power. To add that it is the one power also best suited to a warm climate is unnecessary.

It is not going too far to say that the time will come when the most industrious farmers who live in the electric region will live by electricity, from the trolley car on which he loads his freight, to the telephone over which he sells it. There are even those who suggest that when the telharmonium has been perfected, the symphonies of New York and Boston will be listened to by myriads of farmers in the Southland when the evening's work is done. If we get the storage battery made perfect, perhaps they will fly by electricity. The prediction of Sir Hugh Bell that within a hundred years ocean liners will cross the Atlantic with power generated at Niagara Falls and transmitted to them wirelessly, may be like all the other great inventions—a dream. Certain it is that the electric age is upon us.

De Jure vs. De Facto

Few movements have been of more interest to the Southern States than the tremendous impetus given to the Prohibition Cause during the last few years and especially during the last few months. It seems scarcely believable that Kentucky is practically a prohibition state. One hundred out of one hundred and nineteen counties have gone dry, and hundreds of saloons have been closed up in that commonwealth, and the prohibitionists are exultant. Yet the whisper comes that *de facto* the state is wetter than ever. The collector of internal revenue for the Louisville district says that more than two million dollars worth of whiskey was tax-paid in that district for the year ending June 30, 1907. The Louisville district is known to be one of the heaviest whisky districts in the United States. Of course it is not to be supposed that all of this whisky was sold in and around Louisville, but the distillers say that the figures fairly represent the proportionate increase in the amount drunk in that district. During the year ending June 30th, 1906, only fourteen gallons were produced in that district as against two and a half last year. The above facts, when taken in connection with others, seem to throw doubt upon the efficacy of our present plan of legislating men into soberness. There is no difference

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of sentiment among the good people of the land as to the wisdom of promoting the temperate use of all stimulating and intoxicating beverages. Especially here in the South, where from twenty-five to sixty per cent of our population are negroes, is it necessary to keep strict surveillance upon the saloon, and from every point of view it is desirable that our people should be temperate. The new prohibition law, however, will be watched by a large element of the good people with a kind of hopeful incredulity. The truth of the matter is that if the sale of whisky is to be put out of business in the South the way to do it is by stopping the manufacture of it. Mowing a wild onion bed does not seriously damage next year's crop. People will drink whisky as long as they can get it, they will get it as long as it is made. The saloon may go, but it will only give place to the sideboard as long as whisky is manufactured.

The Rights of the Seamy Side

The American people are, on the whole, we think, a hopeful, optimistic folk, and so most of the magazine literature they print and read takes this bright, cheerful view of things as its keynote, well-nigh to the exclusion of the more somber side of life. Now, this desire to please is particularly characteristic of the American short story. Our common short story is a wonderfully deferential piece of literature. It wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world. We think, sometimes, they were all written in the parlor. The usual short story brings the *two* together and then hurries them, after a few conventional detours, gaily to the altar, leaving them there with the intimation, if not the exact words, of ye olden story-tellers that "they lived happily ever afterward." Just at this delightful culmination, Experience steps up, taps the reader's shoulder and whispers, "but very often, you know, they don't live 'happily ever afterward'—that is just magazine fiction."

Now, in our opinion, there lies within the short story the possibility of making as strong and vivid an impression as may be produced by any form of literature. A short story is to a novel what a rifle is to a gatling gun. The short story is compressed, may be aimed at any particular point, and, above all other things, it possesses unity, a factor which renders it capable of producing an abrupt and most trenchant effect.

So this is the question we wish to ask: Is it right to turn so potent an instrument on mere frivolity and amusement? The ability to do a great work binds the possessor to do it. The ability to present in a striking, forceful manner what is tender and sore and wrong in our country and what should be righted, binds man or magazine, hand and foot, to show the wrong and proclaim the right.

What leads to this line of thought is the fact that we recently published a cotton mill story entitled "Thrall of the Green" that brought us a number of letters both of praise and protest. Our most temperate reader must admit that cotton mill conditions in the South are not exactly what they should be. The owners of cotton mills themselves appreciate this fact. Many and many of them are working to better the present state of things. And now merely because cotton mill conditions are unsavory, are we to taboo this subject from our pages? What are the rights of the seamy side?

This is a Southern magazine for all the world. We are honestly striving to depict the South, not the sunshiny South alone, nor the gloomy South exclusively, but the South as we find it, mostly sunshiny, sometimes cloudy, but always fair to our eyes and always lovable.

The Roads

The movement among the Southern States looking toward the improvement of their public highways is one that will command interest everywhere. Good roads are beginning at last to be looked upon in the light of a necessity, and their expensiveness is easily offset by the saving to farm-

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ers and pleasure seekers of a very liberal interest on the amount invested. Perhaps the chief obstacle to be overcome is the long distances which must needs be traversed by state roads and the large public appropriations necessary to the building of any adequate state system. Outside of the section around Charlotte, North Carolina, and a few like progressive cities of the Eastern slope, and outside of the good roads of Tennessee and Kentucky, the highways of the Southern States are a very bad indication of the general good sense of the people. It has taken the little state of Massachusetts almost 300 years of unintermittent prosperity to perfect her system of state roads, and her work is not yet complete. We may expect, therefore, that in the South it will be at least a century before our country sections are even moderately well gridironed with macadam roads—perhaps twice that long will be taken in giving to the citizens of the South a satisfactory public transportation system. Even then the task must needs be heroic, for unless the condition of the black half of the South changes materially about one-half of the citizens will have to do all of the improvement. When one considers that the population per mile in the state of Massachusetts is something like 400, and in the state of South Carolina, for example (which is one of the most thickly populated of the Southern States), is something like 47, it is very easily seen how difficult a task the state has before it. Add to this the fact that 60 per cent of the population of South Carolina belongs to a race that is indigent and improvident, and the herculean nature of the task is still plainer. Yet the work can be accomplished, and will be, and the sooner the better. Tennessee and Kentucky are especially to be congratulated upon the progress made, and the piedmont section of the Carolinas and Georgia are aspiring to be a close second. We may look forward during the next half century to the creation of a public opinion in the South which will demand better roads and more of them.

How Others Prosper.

It is not generally known to the average American that the countries south of us and the country north of us are making strides in the industrial world which are the full equal of our own. Vast millions of American money are being taken to develop their resources. Little countries like Porto Rico and the small Central American republics have taken from five to ten million dollars each in the last two or three years, and in Cuba at least one hundred and fifty million dollars of American money may be found. This indicates a condition of affairs worthy of notice, and suggests that with the multitudinous places for the use of cash within our own bounds, the chances for good investments in Latin America must be fine indeed, or else our money would stay at home. That there are such chances the well-posted have long known. Take, for example, the city of Rio Janeiro. Its population is about one million, yet, excepting only New York city, it spent more money last year for local and public improvements than any other city in America. The United States is a great nation, and there are those among us who think our annual bill for the development of our rivers and harbors is entirely too much; yet Brazil, whose population is insignificant, compared with our own, spent more money last year on its rivers and harbors than the United States plus the individual expenditures of its several states combined. Such facts as these should suggest to those who would destroy our industrial fabric that their work should not be difficult. It should be a very easy matter to turn the stream of investment away from ourselves into other channels. Foolish legislation is the easiest way to do this. Senseless ranting against capital and all successful corporations is a close second. Once a good, lusty panic has been brought upon us we will all be wiser—and poorer.

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An Old Home Motto.

During the Old Home Week which was celebrated in Boston in the last week in July, there was a placard upon one of the leading wholesale houses of the city, which is so full of truth and so expressive of the true sentiment of every patriotic people that it commanded more than the usual attention. To come home is to the New Englander not unlike the home-coming of the Tennessean or Georgian, and both are typical of one of the very finest phases of American character. "A love of Boston," said the placard, "is not a passing fancy. It is founded on a conviction that here, more than anywhere else, does life gain best reward; that worth is more keenly recognized; that honor is held most high; that charity seeks closest for opportunity; that right is right and never can be wrong—and such a love endures." Substituting Atlanta, or New Orleans, or Richmond for Boston, these words are the secret of the home-drawing which brings the emigrant back from the West or the North, making him seek the old tree by the well under which he vowed to do such great things that his native village would remember him forever. Happy is the man who realizes that among his own people more than anywhere else life gains its best reward, and worth grows to be most keenly recognized. Happy also is he who resolves that in his own city right shall be right and wrong shall be wrong; that charity there shall seek constantly for opportunity. Such love as this has made Boston great as it will make great every city whose heart is full of it.

Things They Are Not.

It should be remembered by all who aspire to write about the disfranchisement laws of the South that they are not laws disfranchising the negro. Their whole purpose and tenor is to eliminate from the suffrage the ignorant, purchasable vote, so that elections in the Southern States can express the will of the educated, property-owning citizen. It happens that out of 100 indigent, ignorant and immoral citizens some ninety have black skins. If it were not so there would be no need of such suffrage laws. The so-called disfranchisement law of South Carolina is practically the same as that of Massachusetts, and is arranged so that no self-respecting, property-owning or educated negro is excluded from the polls. If he owns as much as $200 worth of property, or if he can read and write he can vote. To make the suffrage laws lower would be a mistake, were every citizen of the state a white man. In this connection also it would be well to call the attention of those who wield the pen to the mistake that is often made of considering the so-called Jim-Crow laws as a hardship or insult to the colored people. If there is an insult in them, it is not on the part of the legislators nor of the white citizens of the South, but comes from the mind of him who takes it to have been intended as such. No one would think that a law compelling white people to be seated separately in street cars or in the railway trains would be an insult to the white people, provided as good accommodations are furnished to the white as to any other race from which it might be deemed expedient to separate him. The pitiful part about the whole subject is the fact that a negro considers it an insult to be forced to associate with himself. Jim-Crow cars are classed by him and by some of his so-called friends as degrading. All of which calls to mind that ancient sentence, "There is nothing unclean of itself, but to him that thinketh a thing to be unclean, to him it is unclean." Until the negro really begins to respect itself and is unashamed to associate with itself and is not eternally whining to be taken into white company, its progress must necessarily be almost hopelessly retarded. Nothing could throw a clearer light on the race situation than just this fact that to be alone is to the white race a thing to be desired, and to the black race a thing to be avoided.

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THE FAMILY SCRAP BOOK

We have begun this department expecting our readers to make it. It has been suggested by a number of our readers, and there is no department that should be more popular. There are few of us who have not in old scrap books, or elsewhere, something—in prose or poetry—that we cherish; that has become part of our souls. Send them in, thus preserving them and permitting others to enjoy them.

THE OWL CRITIC

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop;
The barber was busy and he couldn't stop;
The customers waiting their turn were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
That young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis?
I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskillful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've studied owls, and other night fowls,
And I tell you what I know to be true:
An owl cannot roost with his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted, ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed into that attitude.
He can't do it, because 'tis against all bird laws.
Anatomy teaches, ornithology preaches,
An owl has a toe that can't turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears.
Mister Brown, I'm amazed you should be so near crazed
As to put up a bird in that posture absurd!
To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed him don't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes, I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem they'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh to encounter such chaff.
Do take the bird down; have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that, I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff, like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about him there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault this time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good-day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

—*James T. Fields.*

AN INDIAN SERENADE

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, Sweet.

The wandering airs they faint
In the dark, the silent stream—

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And the champak odors pine
  Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint
  It dies upon her heart;
As I must die on thine,
  Oh, beloved as thou art!

Oh, lift me from the grass!
  I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
  On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
  My heart beats loud and fast;
Oh, press it to thine own again,
  Where it will break at last!

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

PASSIONATE CRY OF THE MOTHER-HEART

"Bound with a Bond not God Himself Will Sever, the Babe I Bore Is Mine For Ever and Ever."

My child is mine,
Blood of my blood, flesh of my flesh is he,
Rocked on my breast and nurtured at my knee,
Fed with sweet thoughts ere ever he drew breath,
Wrested in battle through the gates of death.
With passionate patience is my treasure hoarded,
And all my pain with priceless joy rewarded.

My child is mine,
Nay, but a thousand thousand powers of ill
Dispute him with me; lurking wolf-like still
In every covert of the ambushed years.
Disease and danger dog him; foes and fears
Bestride his path, with menace fierce and stormy.
Help me, O God! These are too mighty for me!

My child is mine.
But pomp and glitter of the garish world
May wean him hence; while, tenderly unfurled
Like a spring leaf, his delicate, spotless days
Open in blinding sunlight. And the blaze
Of bloom and blossom, scents and songs at riot,
May woo him from my wardenship of quiet.

My child is mine.
Yes, all his grey forefathers of the past
Challenge the dear possession; they o'ercast
His soul's clear purity with dregs and lies
Of vile unknown ancestral impulses;
And viewless hands, from shadowy regions groping,
With dim negation frustrate all my hoping.

My child is mine.
By what black fate, what ultimate doom accurs'd,
Shall be that radiant certainty revers'd?
Tho' hell should thrust its fiery gulfs between,
Tho' all the heaven of heavens should intervene,
Bound with a bond not God Himself will sever,
The babe I bore is mine for ever and ever.
My child is mine.

—*From London Spectator. Author not known.*

A RED, RED ROSE

Oh, my luve is like a red, red rose,
  That's newly sprung in June;
Oh, my luve is like the melodie
  That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair thou art, my bonnie lass,
  So deep in the luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
  Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
  And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
  While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
  And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
  Tho it were ten thousand mile.

—*Robert Burns.*

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
  In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know,
  By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
  Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
  In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
  I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
  Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
  In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, that chilled
  My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
  And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
  In this kingdom by the sea.

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The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

—*Edgar Allan Poe.*

♣ ♣

THE TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE CO.,
Nashville, Tenn.

GENTLEMEN: Among the many good good things in your excellent magazine, I especially like to look over the Scrap Book Department. While most of the articles submitted are of the poetical variety, I see no good reason why we should not mix in a little prose. I am inclosing my little mite for your consideration, and if not suitable, no matter, as I will think just as much as ever of your paper. I have forgotten the name of the paper from which this was slipped, so cannot give the proper credit. On the death of the late Mr. Vest, a few years ago, a great many stories and anecdotes were published about him. I liked this one better than all. As Mr. Vest was a Southern man, and as I have never seen this story in print but the one time, I am in hopes that it might interest some of your many readers.

Very truly yours,
Roe, Arkansas. F. TROTTER.

[This is one of the little masterpieces of sentiment that will live, and we thank Mr. Trotter for sending it.—EDS.]

EULOGY ON A DOG

One of the pretty incidents told by Mr. Vest was his eulogy of a dog in a country court in Missouri. Mr. Vest was waiting for a case to be called in which he was interested. The dog case came up and a man was being sued for killing his neighbor's dog. He became interested and the plaintiff's attorney urged him to speak. He arose and said slowly:

"Gentlemen of the Jury—The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter, whom he has reared with loving care, may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure sets its cloud upon our heads.

"The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world—the one that never deserts him, and one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world, He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince; when all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journeying through the heavens.

"If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes his master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

Then Mr. Vest sat down. He had spoken in a low voice, without a gesture. He made no reference to the evidence of the merits of the case. When he finished judge and jury were wiping their eyes. The jury filed out, but soon re-entered with a verdict of $500 for the plaintiff, whose dog was shot; and it is said that some of the jurors wanted to hang the defendant.

Mr. Vest's life was full of such incidents. He was a poor man—as riches go, but whatever he had was at the service of any one in need. He loved children—he loved his fellow man—and he left a name of which his children may well be proud.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

LILLIAN KENDRICK BYRN

OMAR KHAYYAM. By George Roe. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, $1.75.

Like the first translator of the Persian tent-maker's verse, Mr. Roe is an Englishman. He has for years been a member of the Khayyam Club, and through his interest in this club has been led to make a thorough study of the Sufi philosophy and the Persian language, resulting in a translation of the principal quatrains into verse of exquisite English form. Mr. Roe has very wisely accented the philosophy, rather than the rhyme, of the quatrains, and in this shows more of the true poetic art than has been hitherto met with in these translations. Mr. Roe is an indefatigable traveler, and his experiences, as well as his talents, fit him peculiarly for authorship. He has another book in preparation, a Persion version of the creation of the world.

THE HEART THAT KNOWS. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, $1.50.

The Canadian professor, poet and nature story writer has shown his versatility in a problem novel. The scene is laid in a fishing village on the New Brunswick coast, and the theme is that of a loving woman who stoops to folly and "learns, too late, that men betray." Luella Warden, the heroine, though belonging to the rude fisher folk of the hamlet, displays a strength and brave honesty that is elevating. The whole story is handled with admirable delicacy and skill.

AUNT JANE, OF KENTUCKY. By Eliza Calvert Hall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, $1.50.

Seldom does a short story win such success as to justify its amplification into a novel, but this was Mrs. Hall's experience with "Sally Ann's Experience," which appeared in magazine form and attracted so much attention that the author was besieged with letters requesting further information concerning the interesting folks described. The result is a charming study of neighborhood life in a rural Kentucky district. Mrs. Hall has a happy faculty of making her characters live and breathe and seem like "home folks," while treating the incidents of their lives so that they seem fresh and unhackneyed.

ROY AND RAY IN MEXICO. By Mary Wright Plummer. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price, $1.75.

To make history and geography attractive to young readers is a difficult matter, but Mrs. Plummer, in writing of the "truly" travels of the Stevens twins, manages to convey a good bit of both in a delightfully palatable way. The children learn much of the music of Mexico and the national favorites are produced, with words and notes, at the end of the volume. It is a valuable travel guide, and a particularly helpful book to teachers and school children.

SPANISH EXPLORERS IN THE SOUTHERN UNITED STATES. Edited by Frederick W. Hodge and Theodore H. Lewis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $3.50, net.

In this series of original narratives of early American history the wanderings of Cabeza de Vaca, the expedition of Coronado and the expedition of Hernando de Soto are edited from the notes of the explorers themselves. These are not extracts, but complete translations, and provide students of history with comprehensive references of the highest historical value. They

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are embellished with reproductions of the maps, plans and drawings of the period, and the quaintness of the literal translation, added to the naïveté of the old chroniclers, make the work as interesting as a volume of romance.

THE MORNING GLORY CLUB. By George A. Kyle, Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, $1.25.

A pleasing, wholesome book of simple unpretentiousness. It is a record of the work of a woman's club in a small village, with the accompanying gossip, internal dissension and final achievements depicted in sprightly, entertaining way. A love story runs through the account of the trials and triumphs of the club.

THE TRUE PATRICK HENRY. By George Morgan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Prise, $1.50.

Mr. Morgan, for many years the editor of the *Philadelphia Times*, has long been a student of history, and is peculiarly adapted to the work of contributing to the Lippincott "True" series. The scenes and incidents of Patrick Henry's life are plainly told, and many false stories are refuted by indisputable evidence. Naturally there are many dramatic situations, and these Mr. Morgan depicts vividly, giving a thrilling human interest to history. The volume abounds in references and the bibliographical index is complete.

THE WHITE CAT. By Gelett Burgess. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price, $1.50.

No one would ever connect the author of "The Purple Cow" with Boston, but it is a fact that he was born and educated there, graduating as a civil engineer. His profession took him to California, and it was there that this nonsense classic was written. Mr. Burgess is versatile, both in his talents and his tastes. He has been a college professor, a furniture designer (he has a decided gift for drawing), a magazine editor and a writer of seemingly infinite variety—poetry, children's stories, adventure, essays and romance all flowing gracefully from his facile Blickensderfer. In "The White Cat" he has entered the field of psychological romance and he has given us a study of "dissociation of personality" much closer to our present experience than Jack London's "Before Adam." As the result of a shock the heroine's mind is split into two personalities, each alternately in control of her being and with separate trains of memory. In the denouement the author defies science and provides an original, if not realistic, ending.

THE MINISTRY OF DAVID BALDWIN. By Henry T. Colestock. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. Price, $1.50.

This intimate account of the change of view of an orthodox minister and his trial for heresy before his ultra-conservative congregation is especially timely in its interest now, in view of the Crapsey and other "heresy" trials before the public. While the novel is not autobiographical, it is a fact that Mr. Colestock is a young Virginian who abandoned the pulpit for a professor's chair on account of a change of convictions, and it is plain that the battle between young David's desire to be true to his principles and to minister to his congregation is written with a sympathetic pen. An entertaining glimpse of the home-making of the young minister and his bride gives lightness to the plot, and the factions and bickerings of the congregation are also full of flashes of humor.

THE CHRONICLES OF MARTIN HEWITT. By Arthur Morrison. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, $1.50.

For some years Mr. Morrison's detective stories have been the standard of excellence in American fiction of the mystery school, and the demand for his work has compelled the re-issue of these capital chronicles. The narratives are well told, and the element of plausibility is ever present.

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WITH OUR READERS

This department is open to our readers for the expression of their opinions on questions of public interest. The editors, while inviting contributions bearing on measures and events of general interest, reserve the right to exclude such matter as is not deemed suitable, and are not responsible for opinions expressed.

Editors TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE:

I am sending you a translation of the Mexican account of the battle of Cerro Gordo, taken from a book called "The Other Side." It is a graphic story, and I can testify to its truth, as I was a participant in the battle.

Yours very truly,

Walton, Tenn. W. B. WALTON.

BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO, BY A MEXICAN EDITOR

At dawn on the 18th of April, 1847, the roar of the enemy's artillery resounded through the camp as a solemn announcement of a battle.

On the hill where the brave insurgents had in former days shed their blood for independence, now waved our flag, and under its shadow, from that elevation, was seen a line of men who were to serve as a wall against the invader. Among the files, the different and distinctive ranks of the army, from the common soldier to the General-in-Chief, then invested with the supreme dignity of the nation, appeared at that time in all the prestige and with all the splendor which the illusions of patriotism conceded to them.

The enemy, using the battery of Atalaya, opened from thence, for some hours, their fire upon the Telégrafo, from which our own replied. General Santa Anna then employed himself in completing the battery by the roadside, and the engineers, Robles and Cano, under the enemy's fire, erected temporary works on the declivity of the Telégrafo, on the very spot where the corps who defended the center of the position the evening before, had formed. Above the positions of the center and the right of our line were now the same forces which had previously garrisoned them; upon the hill the First and Second Light were sent, which had gone down early in the morning to take their rations. The Sixth Infantry returned to cover the right. The Fourth of the line remained on the spot, where they had fought so bravely on the 17th. The cavalry, which had been ordered down from Corral Falso in the night, formed on the road, resting their right opposite the battery just erected, and were supported by the Eleventh Infantry. The Third and Fourth Light Battalions remained also formed on the road, ready to march to any point that might be designated.

Such was the disposition of our forces before sunrise, while the cannonade was becoming more and more active between the two hills, until the roar was repeated every instant. The enemy, without cessation, poured down grenades, rockets and all other kinds of projectiles, which fell upon the hill, upon the road and even far beyond our camp. Their columns, in the meantime, marched beyond the Atalaya, by the crags in front of our left, and about seven in the morning one of them, under the command of General Twiggs, commenced the attack upon the Telégrafo.

General Santa Anna, as soon as he had established the battery on the left, proceeded to the positions on the right, influenced perhaps by his first idea. But stopping after he had passed the battery of the center, and observing from that spot the activity with which the cannonade was sustained on our part, sent orders to General Vazquez not to expend his park, and to shelter the troops from the enemy's fire. Then returning by the road, on arriving at the foot of the Telégrafo, the fire of musketry opened, and he immediately sent up the Third and Fourth Light Battalions to aid the troops in defending that point.

The Americans charged with firmness, deploying as skirmishers, covering themselves among the bushes and briers that were on the ground upon the lines, scarcely marked out, which it had been intended to construct that morning, being supported by the Third of the Line, the Second Light and part of the Fourth. They made equal exertions against the left of the Telégrafo, defended by the Fourth of the Line, and against the right, where the Sixth Infantry was posted, to reinforce them, as on the previous evening. The artillery had ceased to play on both sides, on account of the proximity of the combatants. The fire of the musketry was as active as the excitement of the contest. Death, flapping her wings over the bloody field, set on fire in some places by the projectiles of the enemy, was mixed in a horrible manner with the thick smoke that enveloped thousands of men, crimsoned with the contest. Our soldiers fell in heaps in the midst of the confusion, and the enemy falling also, were instantly replaced by others, who seemed to reproduce them. There fell the worthy Colonel Palacios, commander of the artillery of the field, wounded by the enemy's balls; there a warrior's fame crowned the career of General Vazquez, in the fullness of his energies, with a glorious death amidst the tumult of battle, and three hun-

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dred brave men shed their blood in the most holy cause. This commander should have been succeeded by his second, General Uraga, but he was at the head of his battalion, the Fourth of the Line, on the left declivity of the Telégrafo, and having not a moment to lose, General Baneneli took the command, whose corps, the Third Light, had remained in reserve, sheltered from the fire by the very summit of the hill. The activity of the engagement redoubling more and more, destroyed new victims. The Second Light and the Third and Fourth of the Line had lost almost their entire force, and even the last the greater part of its officers. The enemy, pressing upon our troops with superior numbers, successively gained possession of the lower works of the position, and without losing an instant, rapidly ascended to assault the last crest of the hill.

Some of our soldiers now began to leave their ranks, and to descend the opposite side, attempting to mingle with the wounded, who were retiring, but General Santa Anna observing it, ordered some of his adjutants to prevent this disorder, and they, either on compulsion or by the stimulus of enthusiasm, succeeded in persuading the fugitives to return.

In the meantime, General Baneneli appealed to the last resource, and ordered his men to charge bayonets. They, eager to join in an action which they had only heard, immediately hastened this movement in full force, to come up to where they were directed, but, surprised at finding themselves hand to hand with an enemy so superior in numbers, and surrounded on all sides, were panic-struck in an instant, fell into disorder, and their commander in vain endeavored to keep them in their ranks. Being himself involved in the crowd with the chiefs of engineers and other officers, who endeavored, sword in hand, to keep back the men, they were actually rolled together down the opposite declivity, borne along by the multitude, which poured onward like a torrent from the height.

On the summit of the hill now was seen, in the midst of a column of dense smoke, a multitude of Americans, standing amidst the flashing light of their fires, which were directed against the enormous mass of men precipitating down the steep declivity, covered, as it were, with a white robe from the color of their dress. That shocking spectacle was like the violent eruption of a volcano, throwing out flames and cinders from its bosom, and spreading them all over its surface.

Among the fire and smoke, and above the mass of blue formed by the Americans behind the summit of the Telégrafo, still floated our deserted flag. But the banner of the stars was soon raised by the enemy upon the same staff, and for an instant both became entangled and confounded together, our own at length falling to the ground amidst the shouts and roar of the victor's guns and the mournful cries and confused voices of the vanquished.

It was now three-quarters past ten in the morning. The enemy had appeared on the right of our line during the attack on the Telégrafo, and advancing in column upon our position of the center, endeavored to take all of our entrenchments by assault. Captain Godinez, of the navy, commanding the artillery, had concerted with the respective commanders of the three positions, to allow the enemy to advance upon any of them without firing, until they should approach within a short distance, taking the precaution to have the cannon loaded with grapeshot. The American column, composed of volunteers, under the command of General Pillow, approached nearer and nearer our lines without receiving a single shot, but, as soon as they reached a convenient place, a close discharge of our pieces, which raked their ranks, accompanied with a vigorous volley of small arms from the three positions, made a horrible slaughter among the enemy, threw them into disorder, and obliged them to make a precipitate retreat.

Before they could reorganize, and when our soldiers had not suffered the slightest loss, the Telégrafo had yielded, and the Americans who had possession of it, descending by the right declivity, upon the battery on the road, which our forces had now begun to use, entirely cut off those positions, now surrounded on all sides, and commanded by the hill, from which the enemy directed their fire. General Jarero no longer attempted any resistance, but surrendered, with his force.

When the Telégrafo was lost the Sixth Infantry had retreated to the positions on the right, where they capitulated with the other corps. The grenadier battalion, which had been drawn out from the battery of the center to the foot of the hill, chiefly dispersed in spite of the exertions made to collect it.

The brigade of General Arteaga, that had arrived in the midst of the conflict, being infected by the disorder of the other forces, fell into confusion opposite headquarters without having come into action. The Eleventh Infantry, in obedience to different orders from the Commander-in-Chief, made repeated marches and countermarches for that same point, while the scattered remains of the Second, Third and Fourth Battalions, and Third and Fourth of the Line there likewise became disordered, and the entire mass of men, panic-struck, without morale, without discipline, moved about in that small piece of road in the most frightful state of confusion.

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An enthusiastic officer harangued the troops at the pitch of his voice, assuring them that they had yet lost nothing, wishing to reanimate the spirit now dead in all that unfortunate crowd. General Baneneli, rushing in with his horse, and full of wrath, poured forth a thousand horrible imprecations upon his soldiers, and with the butt of his pistol threatened particularly one of his captains. The General-in-Chief vented his rage upon the officers who had lost their positions, and the agitation of the multitude and the difficulties of the ground, with the general dangers and desperation, rendered the scene indescribable.

In the meantime the enemy's column, commanded by General Worth, passing the barrancas and crags on our left, which had been deemed inaccessible, approached the battery that had been thrown up that day, the only remaining one in our possession. The General-in-Chief ordered General Canalizo to charge with the cavalry, but the woods absolutely prevented the execution of the movement. The column advanced in spite of the fire of the cannon, in a direction for the road, to the left of our battery, to cut off our retreat. When, however, they had approached near enough, more than two hundred skirmishers were sent forward, whose balls, as if with a breath of wind, fast cleared away the men at our guns, which were supplied by the artillery and a party of cuirassiers, who had been ordered to dismount to reinforce the battery. The first adjutant, Velasco, chief of the cuirassiers, had the glory of falling at the foot of it. The skirmishers advanced to the front of the battery, so that the head of the column was very near the road, when our cavalry, seeing that they were about to be cut off, retreated rapidly by the Jalapa road. The last effort was then made by Robles, and the brave artillery officers, Malagon, Arguelles and Olzinger, who, surrounded on all sides, turned their pieces towards the left, directing them against the head of the column, a few moments before the skirmishers, who rushed upon them with the bayonet, got possession of them, and turned them against us.

General Santa Anna, accompanied by some of his adjutants, proceeded by the road to the left of the battery, when the enemy's column, now coming out of the woods, absolutely prevented his passage by a discharge which obliged him to fall back. The carriage in which he had left Jalapa was riddled with shot, the mules killed and taken by the enemy, as well as a wagon containing sixteen thousand dollars, received the day before for the pay of the troops. Every tie of command and obedience now being broken among our troops, safety alone being the object, and all being involved in a frightful whirl, they rushed desperately to the narrow pass of the defile that descends to the Plan del Rio, where the General-in-Chief had proceeded, with the chiefs and officers who accompanied him.

Horrible, indeed, was the descent by that narrow and rocky path, where thousands rushed, disputing the path with desperation and leaving a track of blood upon the road. All classes being confounded, all military distinction and respect being lost, the badges of rank became marks of sarcasm, that were only meted out according to their grade and humiliation. The enemy, now masters of our camp, turned their guns upon the fugitives. This augmented more and more the terror of the multitude crowded through the defile, and pressed forward every instant by a new impulse, which increased the confusion and disgrace of the ill-fated day.

Cerro Gordo was lost. Mexico was open to the inquiry of the invader.

A LETTER FROM DAKOTA

[The letter below is a sample of the many hundreds we receive each month; but as this is unusually full and complete and contains so many excellent suggestions both to us and to our readers we publish it in full. We have selected this letter for another reason—it is an index to our desire to show the kind of letters we wish to get from our readers—letters expressing a candid opinion of our magazine and its methods—letters of great value to us, since they give us an idea of what our subscribers think. And we are publishing this magazine to please our subscribers.—EDITORS.]

FARGO, N. D., Aug. 13, 1907.

MR. JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE,
Nashville, Tenn.

MY DEAR SIR: I see you mentioned a chicken hunt in Dakota. You would not know our city now, it has grown so since you were here, so many new buildings and other improvements. We have a fine city now and a great country. You should have had your chicken hunt here in the early day. Out in the western part of the state, in the "Cow Country," it was a shame the way they were slaughtered; and ducks, why, I have shot so fast that really and truly I had to dip the gun in water to cool off the barrels; they would get so hot I could not hold them. The next time you are out this way stop off and we will have a hunt, and I will tell you some hunting stories of the early days—true ones, that will tantalize you and scandalize me in your eyes, I expect.

In your last issue you wanted to hear from your friends in the matter of raising the price of the magazine. In the first place let me say that if it is raised I will cheerfully pay it, but I very seriously question whether it would be for the best. I have been watching the development of an-

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other $1.00 per year magazine that is next in my heart to TAYLOR-TROTWOOD, the PACIFIC MONTHLY, of Portland, Oregon. I like it because it is truly Western. I can see that it is enabled to live at $1.00 per year, because the people there use it liberally in advertising their country, *not* one section or *place*, but the entire extreme West use it, boom their country, as it were.

Can't you get the South to do better by you along the same line? If you can there will be no need to raise the price, but you can give us what you have in the past, and even better. Compare the August number of PACIFIC MONTHLY to yours, as to advertising of the country, I mean. Isn't there a way to go after and get it in the South for TAYLOR-TROTWOOD? It would help TAYLOR-TROTWOOD and would help the South. Can't you get the real estate men, commercial clubs, etc., of the South to do for you what the real estate men and commercial clubs of the West are doing for the PACIFIC MONTHLY? If you can't, the chances are you will have to put up the price. But whatever you do, keep it *truly Southern*. Keep out that which we get or can get in others. There is too much of a sameness in many of the Eastern magazines—too many of them. Give us, as you have in the past, Southern history, biography of Southern men, Southern stories, Southern poetry, and negro stories. *In fact, everything Southern*. If we want anything else, we can get it somewhere else. Please accept what I have written in the spirit in which it is meant.

With kindest regards, I am, your friend,

GEO. W. POAGUE.

A HANK OF YARNS

FRIEND MOORE: Inclosed find some sure-enough happenings in South Carolina. I met up with Polk Miller once in Charleston, and being a brother druggist, I asked how it was he could fill lyceum dates and travel all over the country. He replied, "Oh! I'd get too rich if I *worked* all the time." Yours truly,

H. K. AIKEN.

Skein I

The year 1881 was one of Pharaoh's seven lean ones throughout this section. No rain fell during July or August, and the stunted crops were burned up by the blistering drought. Bill Davis had, as usual, given his lien to a merchant here in town, but the dry weather, plus Bill's fondness for fishing and hunting squirrels up and down Saluda River, gave him the poorest prospects for even a third of a crop. When he came down about July 15 for another load of "rations," the supply man informed him that the amount for which he had mortgaged his crop was already more than taken up, and that he could get no more advances unless the rains came and the outlook improved. Bill drove home that afternoon with an empty wagon, vowing that he intended to "plow up every —— furrow of cotton on the place," but by next morning he realized that it would take some real work to do this, so he reconsidered, dug some bait, got his fishing line, and went down the river. As he waited for bites, he worked out an easier way of carrying his point. Before starting to town some days later, he went down to his spring and made up the wash-pot full of red clay mush. With this he painted the wheels and bespotted the wagon body, finishing up with a coat on his mule's legs. When he drove up in front of the store later in the day, Bill was a subject of hearty congratulations.

"Had a good rain, eh?"

"Well, a middlin' fair season. Little old cloud 'bout big as a sheepskin come over late yisterday evenin'—nuver reached nobody but me and Sam Whatley's place—he got a trash-mover and gully-washer."

Bill's lien was extended liberally. . . . When the sheriff's deputy went up that way in November to levy on the crop all was desolation and silence about Bill's former abode. Even the garden palings had been burned for stove-wood.

I saw Bill among the holiday crowd of Christmas shoppers in town and inquired if he had not moved out rather hurriedly.

"No, no," he laughed; "'tuck my time—didn't have nuthin' ter do but outen the fire and call my dog. I'm gwine live next year nearer town—on Major Watt's place. I need a man what's got money 'nuff to run me."

Skein II

Miss Jane S., aged seventy-one, farmer and spinster, through long years of industry and managing for herself, has acquired good property and is regarded as one of the best citizens of our county. She is a good friend of mine, and one day I was teasing her about never having married, when she came back at me with; "Well, I'd have you to know it wasn't because I didn't have my share of chances. When I was a young gal I moved about a lots—lived awhile at Union, then to Greenville and awhile at Spartanburg, and fact is, I got my courtin' so scattered it never come to nuthin'—that's why."

Skein III

Money is scarce in this part of the country all the year, but from September to January times are easier. During this period the fleecy staple is being marketed. When a negro has paid up his lien and then sells a few bales more, all of which goes to him without division, he is the best customer a merchant can find. He parts with the coin easily. Last fall a clothing salesman had sold a patriarchal-looking old darky whom he did not know a nice bill of wear-

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ing apparel. Thinking to say something pleasant, he commended him with thanks for his patronage, and added:

"I know you are one of the good old kind —good church member and all that, in fact, I'll bet that at home you are one of these good old Baptist niggers, ain't you?"

"No, sir," as he shouldered his bundles and went out of the door, "you're wrong dar; I b'longs to de white fo'kes' church myse'f. I'se a Presbyterian." The clerk is a member of the First Baptist.

Skein IV

One of the many things a mule pretends to be mortally afraid of is a collateral relative of his, namely, a donkey. The ordinary cottonfield mule will throw a fit at the sight of one of these quiet creatures, without notice to the engineer or passengers. My friend Dial, down our street, had purchased a donkey for his children. The seller put off on him a labor union donkey. He must have been a walking delegate, at least he was violently opposed to work, and being so obstinate, hard-headed and tough-hided that the aforesaid children could do nothing with him. He walked about the neighborhood most of the time, serenely enjoying an elegant leisure, grazing on open church lots and other unfenced places about town. One summer afternoon about dusk Dial's donkey was quietly cropping grass by the side of the street when a darky rode in from the country, bare-back, on the mule he had doubtless plowed since early dawn. All of a sudden the negro's mule saw the donkey and went into spasms. The rider went over the mule's head. The mule wheeled and trotted down behind my house and began browsing along the railroad cut. The rider brushed the dust of the street from his "over-hauls," got his hat, and muttering to himself, "I 'clar to goodness, dese folks in town ought to keep dem things up," he went to catch his mount. The scare was all over now (time, 30 seconds), and it was no trouble to do this.

It is a fact that when a negro gets mad with his mule, dog, or any of his daily animal associates and is unaware of any white man listening, he talks to them just as though they were human beings and expected to carry on their side of the controversy. When our colored friend had overtaken his riding animal and seized the trailing bridle reins, he first gave him a good, stout, broadside of a kick in the ribs to the accompaniment of "tuhn 'roun' here, you triflin' black rascal," and then going up to his head he caught hold of the "blinds," opening them out wide and looking the mule squarely in the eyes, he observed with suppressed emotion:

"John, you is a good-lookin' mule, but when a man's dun sed dat hit's ev'ry Gawd's blessed thing he kin say fur you. Come up here, sah!" and easing himself up on John's back, he jogged on down to the drug store for "five cents' wu'f of physical salts and one of dese here baby-sucks whut you puts on a bottle fur young-uns, boss."

Laurens, S. C.

LINCOLN AND DAVIS

EDITOR TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE:

In your last issue Mr. J. B. Oakleaf, of Moline, Illinois, states that Abraham Lincoln was not sworn into service during the Black Hawk War, and distinctly stated that that Davis during the war was absent on furlough. The latter part of the statement at least is incorrect, for while the records show that Davis had leave of absence, in fact, he was present during the whole of the Black Hawk War, probably acting as a staff officer. The fact is proven by a statement made by Davis himself in 1851; he mentions it again in a letter written in 1883, and he also mentioned it to his secretary, W. T. Walthal, who wrote a sketch of Davis' life about 1885; again in 1887 Davis made a statement to Mr. Aldrich, curator of the Historical Department of Iowa, in which he gave a number of details about the Black Hawk War, and distinctly stated that he took part in it. We also have the testimony of A. C. Dodge and G. W. Jones, both of whom were later in the United States Senate with Davis, that they served with Davis in the Black Hawk War, slept in his tent and ate at his table. These facts, it seems to me, proved that Davis served in the Black Hawk War, although the records of his company show that he was absent on leave. He did not serve with his regiment. As to his mustering Lincoln into service, that is perhaps doubtful, though Lincoln believed that he was sworn in by Davis; Davis himself was not sure about it. It is certain that he acted as a mustering officer at times; for instance, he was sent by General Atkinson to enlist men at Galena, Illinois. Lincoln was enlisted several times, and it is possible that Davis might have administered oath at one time.

Yours very truly,

WALTER L. FLEMING.

Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge.

IN THE FIRELIGHT

EDITORS TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE:

In looking over the June number of your magazine, I find in "The Family Scrap Book" a poem under the name of "A Memory," with this introduction: From an old scrap book, and name of author lost." I happen to have a copy of this same poem under a different title, viz., "In the Firelight," and the name of the author is given. The poem is by Eugene Field. I take the liberty of calling this to your attention as a point of interest Very truly yours,

Palestine, Texas. JOE H. RANSOM.

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FRONT STREET, LOOKING WEST

HATTIESBURG, MISSISSIPPI

By W. O. Thomas

AT the rate of forty-four miles an hour, it is five hours' ride from Memphis to Jackson, the capital of the great state of Mississippi. At the same rate, it is two hours from Jackson by way of the Gulf & Ship Island to Hattiesburg, and by the same road it is but two hours' journey to Gulfport, the land-locked and storm-proof deep water harbor on the Mississippi coast. Gulfport is the natural gateway to the Isthmus of Panama, and through this gateway the immense lumber and other manufacturing interests of Hattiesburg will find an ever improving outlet.

Southward the star of empire takes its way, and Aladdin has rubbed his lamp on Hattiesburg. No city throughout the entire country, not even excepting the marvelous West, may show a more rapid ratio of growth than can Hattiesburg. It has only been twenty-one years since the place was incorporated. It then had six hundred inhabitants and fifty-four registered voters, with an assessed valuation of $28,000. Even in 1900 the population was only 4,700. To-day the population is 23,000, and the total assessed valuation of realty and personal property is $6,898,968. The actual value of taxable property is estimated at $15,000,000. The tax levy for 1896 was only seven and one-half mills. Within the past year $185,000 has been expended in paving the principal streets of the city, and $90,000 in constructing an artesian waterworks system. More than $60,000 has been expended in public school buildings. In addition, the South Mississippi College furnishes higher instruction. The city is also provided with an admirable

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sewerage system. A well-equipped fire department, with three stations, safeguards the property of the citizens. For these and other betterments long-time bonds were issued at a five per cent interest. The city government is capable and enterprising, and is conducted with an eye single to the welfare of the municipality.

Two of the best indices to the growth of a city are the postoffice and the banks. Mr. A. S. Pitts assumed charge of the Hattiesburg postoffice September 1, 1900. For the fiscal year ending June, 1901, the gross receipts of the office were $10,663.71. For the year ending June, 1907, the receipts were $43,650.79. In the beginning it only required the services of Mr. Pitts and one assistant to perform the duties. Now there are employed ten clerks and five city carriers, and in addition a special delivery boy. The office is now in the first class. The growing importance of Hattiesburg has been recognized by the United States government, and an appropriation has been expended for a site on which to erect a public building. There is no doubt but that the next Congress will make an appropriation for a suitable edifice. This should have been done before now, but the truth is that Hattiesburg has grown so rapidly that she has outpaced Uncle Sam, who is proverbially dignified and ponderous in his movements.

For the same reason, Hattiesburg has not the depot facilities she deserves. The city has four railroads, the New Orleans & Northeastern, the Gulf & Ship Island, the Mobile, Jackson & Kansas City, and the Mississippi Central. A movement is now on foot to build a union station, which would certainly be the logical and proper thing to do. Because of its geographical and commercial importance, Hattiesburg is entitled to a $500,000 union depot. It is understood that the most of the railroads are favorable to this movement, and the citizens certainly

O'FERRALL BROS.,
Largest Department Store in South Mississippi.

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owe it to their beautiful and growing city to insist that it be done.

But when one turns to the banking industry of Hattiesburg the significance of the city's unexampled prosperity and substantial growth become apparent. There are four banks, with a total capitalization of $675,000, and deposits amounting to $2,373,000. The following table will show their relative standing:

Banks.	Capital.	Surplus.	Und'v'd Profits.
1st Nat.	$100,000	$ 60,000	$13,000
T. & B. Co.	150,000	———	14,000
Citizens' B.	100,000	———	22,562
Nat. B. of C.	325,000	125,000	39,000

All of these banks are magnificently housed. The National Bank of Commerce is the strongest banking institution in the state of Mississippi, with a banking capital of $325,000. It has a surplus of $125,000, undivided profits of $39,000, and deposits amounting to $1,177,000. I. P. Carter is the president, and F. W. Foote the active vice president. Mr. Foote not only possesses fine executive and administrative ability, but is one of Hattiesburg's foremost citizens along all lines of endeavor calculated to promote the interests of the city. The building in which this bank transacts business is very elegant and ornate. The front is Romanesque, made of Indiana limestone. The bank fixtures are of marble, oxidized nickel and mahogany. The building and its furnishings cost $50,000. This great banking institution is conducted along liberal lines, and it is a common saying

BANK OF COMMERCE

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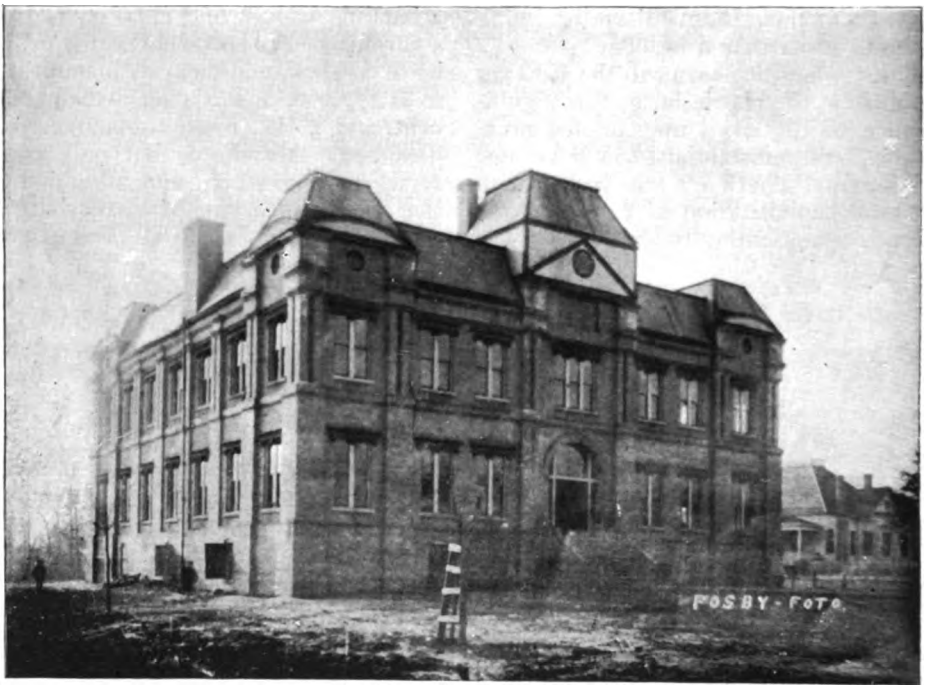

MAIN STREET SCHOOL

SOUTH MISSISSIPPI COLLEGE

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in Hattiesburg that it has done more to promote deserving enterprises, extend timely lines of credit and foster not only the material, but the ethical welfare of the community than any similar institution in the state.

Hattiesburg is in the heart of the richest pine belt in the world. Many lumber mills are located here and at tributary points. It is estimated that it will take thirty years to exhaust the timber of this section, even at the present rapid rate of consumption. More than three hundred cars of lumber are handled through Hattiesburg every day. But the city has many other manufacturing enterprises. They include lumber, sash, door and blind factories, wagon factories, iron foundries, machine shops, fertilizer works, denaturing alcohol plant, bottling works and many wood-working establishments. The car shops of the Mississippi Central Railway are located here. One of the important enterprises is the Dixie Mattress Company, that ships its products all over the country, and that is the originator of the "One Piece Felt" mattress. This company has its own plant for making excelsior from the resinous pine that abounds in this section.

Of churches, schools, fraternal societies and social clubs, Hattiesburg is well to the front. The Methodist church, now building, is to cost $100,000, and will be the handsomest church building in the state. The Hotel Hattiesburg is a hostelry that is the pride of the city. It is a five-story building, and cost $350,000 to build. It has 150 rooms, many of them *en suite,* with baths, is elegantly furnished and modern in every respect. It is conducted on the European plan. The Hotel Klondyke is a three-story building, has seventy-five rooms and enjoys a remarkable patronage.

HOTEL HATTIESBURG

The South Mississippi infirmary is a modern three-story structure, and cost $25,000. It is well equipped for clinics and as a training school for nurses and treats all non-infectious diseases. Dr. W. W. Crawford is the

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president and Dr. B. Lampton Crawford, secretary and treasurer.

Hattiesburg has two of the brightest daily newspapers I have yet come across. The *News* is a morning paper. It is owned by a stock company, with H. A. Camp as president and F. R. Birdsall as business manager. Frank Hamilton Conoley, who is known from the Rio Grande to the Aurora Borealis, is its versatile city editor. The *Progress* is an afternoon paper. The owner is Wm. Mofftt, Jr., a product of Tennessee newspaperdom. Mr. Moffitt came here about two years ago, bought the *Progress*, a lumbering, antiquated sheet, dumped everything, put in new material and is now publishing an aggressive, influential paper. Nearly every member of his office force is a Tennessean. Indeed, there are a good many Tennesseans here, which is only further confirmation of the virile qualities of the citizens of the Volunteer State.

This is a fleeting pen sketch of Hattiesburg's past and present. But of the spirit of its citizenship, the human dynamo, pulsating with life and energy, nothing is herein set down, for that must be personally felt to be appreciated. It may be said, however, that although Hattiesburg has had a wonderfully rapid growth, the city possesses every evidence of a permanent progressiveness. Many years from now the timber will be exhausted. But there will still remain the land. Agriculture is the real source of all solid, durable prosperity. At the present rate of increase, which is pretty sure to continue, Hattiesburg in ten more years will have a population of 40,000 people. By that time the Isthmian canal will be completed, and this will bring into operation new factors that will contribute to the continued development of southern Mississippi. This section will be eight hundred miles nearer the outlying markets of the world than the Eastern seaboard, and about two thousand miles nearer than the Pacific slope. And Hattiesburg is only seventy miles

CARTER BUILDING

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COURT HOUSE

SOUTH MISSISSIPPI INFIRMARY

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from the tangent that takes a straight shoot through the Isthmus of Panama.

Hattiesburg is already an important railroad center, and is destined to be more so. A preliminary survey has been made of the Birmingham & Mississippi Southern. This company has been incorporated by New Orleans and Chicago capital to build a line from Birmingham via Hattiesburg to Baton Rouge, with connections at New Orleans. As all roads formerly led to Rome, so will all railroads running through this southern belt of country wish to tap the growing city of Hattiesburg.

Hattiesburg real estate is a good thing to invest in. Many small fortunes have been made in this line within the past few years. Yet prices are not inflated, and there is no wildcat speculation. There is simply a steady, substantial growth, an expression of confidence in a municipality that is legitimately enlarging its sphere of usefulness because geographically and commercially the state of Mississippi requires at this point an entro-point to subserve the interests of her people and utilize to the best advantage the bounties of mother nature.

For further information regarding Hattiesburg it would be well for the prospective home-seeker to address Mr. C. F. Larson, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce.

OLD BLUE COMMANDING

By C. F. Cartwright

OLD BLUE sat bareheaded in the broiling July sun, comfortably engaged in burying his feet in the hot, sandy dust and watching it come up in little glistening heaps between the cracks of his toes, and with-al chuckling to himself. His high spirits were not in the least dampened by the fact that the long line of blue soldiers trudging down the lane had in their midst the last of the live stock on his mistress' plantation. Old Blue had compensations of his own.

First among these was the fact that the Bluecoats had not gotten all that they had come after, for safely hidden away in a small secret corner of the linen closet, which Old Blue himself had prepared, lay his master's friend, and, as Old Blue confidently told himself, his young mistress' future husband, Harry Lester, whose capture had been the primary object of the unwelcome visitors.

The second cause of Old Blue's congratulations was trailing along some hundred yards behind the line of soldiers, his old time enemy, Dick, "done run off to the Yankees."

Old Blue had hated Dick longer than he could remember, for he was the only one, outside of his master's family, that had dared to dispute his authority on the plantation, and he now considered that his hate was justified in the sight of the Lord, for his old enemy had gone the way that so many "field niggers" had gone before, and had cast his fortunes with the enemies of his master. Old Blue was pleased with himself, also, for he considered himself victor in the war of words that had been fought before Dick's departure. Dick's tongue had always been a boastful one, and his final announcement to Old Blue had been that "hit ain't gwineter be long 'fore I's er capt'in, ridin' 'roun' on er great big horse lack Mr. Ferguson, en den I's comin' back an' see who is boss ob dis plantashun."

"Yas, I hopes you is," Old Blue had rejoined, running his hand suggestively over the piece of willow that he

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carried as a walking stick, "kase I ain't neber gi'n a Yankee cap'n er lickin' yit, but my time's a-comin', hit sholy am."

The inmates of the house, however, were not in nearly so congratulatory a frame of mind as Old Blue. He, with true negro philosophy, was letting the troubles of the morrow take care of themselves, while Mrs. Pritchard and her daughter, Lucile, the only members of the family that had been left at home, were already engaged in concocting a plan whereby they could get their friend safely through the Federal lines, for they knew well the danger that he ran, uniformed as he was (he had on a suit that he had captured that was anything but gray), and inside the enemy's lines.

Harry Lester's visit into the enemy's country had not been one of business—at least, his captain would not have called it such. He had been a neighbor and a friend of the Pritchards for years, and it might be added that it was not his fault that he had not been something more than a friend to one member of the family, and when his regiment had camped some five miles south of their plantation, he had been unable to resist the temptation of running up to see them, especially as he had heard that Mrs. Pritchard and Lucile were the only ones left at home.

"I sholy is glad ter see you', Marse Harry," Old Blue had declared, when he rode up. "We ain't seed nuffin' but Yankees so long dat we mos' forgot how our own folks looks. When hit ain't some uv dey common sojers ridin' 'roun', hit's Marse Carter er Cap'n Ferguson, er some uv de yuther officers settin' in de parlor talkin' ter Miss Lucile, an' hit's mos'ly Cap'n Ferguson, too, suh. I's b'en mouty oneasy de las' mont', Marse Harry, kase dat ar Cap'n Ferguson, he come too of'en en he stay too long teh suit me, kase we ain't got no room fer Yankee blood in our family, we sho ain't. But I reckon yo' gwineter put er stop ter dat, ain't yo', Marse Harry?"

"Why, Old Blue, if Miss Lucile likes to have Captain Ferguson call on her, I don't see how I'm going to stop it," Lester had replied, not without an uneasy frown, however.

"Now, yo' quit yo' foolin', Marse Harry," the old negro had exclaimed impatiently. "Don' yo' know dat Miss Lucile ain't gwine ter fool wid no Yankee when dar's a gray coat 'roun', en' 'specially when hit's you whut's inside dat coat? Des yo' let Old Blue manage dis hyar bizness, en' we'se gwine ter see ef enny Yankee cap'n kin come down hyar en' teck Miss Lucile erway frum we all. Hit cayn't be done, suh."

Through some source, however, the Federals had gotten notice of Lester's presence that night and had been all but successful in surprising and capturing him, so that the principal problem that confronted him then was to get back to his own regiment with a whole skin and a straight neck. This feat was made all the harder by the fact that the Pritchard plantation lay just in the Federal lines, in a strip of country that was alternately raided by Federal and Confederate, and from this guerilla warfare both sides had drifted into the practice of dealing with any one suspected of being a spy in a rather summary manner and of considering the evidence later.

Presently Mrs. Pritchard came to the door and Old Blue was called in to the consultation within.

"The first thing is to see how we stand," Harry said. "Did they find my horse, Old Blue?"

"No, suh; he's down in de ditch in de back fiel'," the negro replied.

"That being the case, the only way I can figure out is for me to stay in hiding here until to-night and then try to make my way back on the horse," Harry suggested, looking from one to the other to see if they could propose a better plan.

"Dat's bes'," Old Blue commented, "kase hit's er mouty close watch whut's gwine ter be kep' on dis hyar house teh-day, en' ef dey sees ennything whut looks lak er Rebel dey's gwineter be down hyar lak er swa'm er bees."

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And so it was arranged, Old Blue being stationed as sentinel and general watchman.

The evening passed without any disturbance except an occasional alarm by Old Blue as a party of soldiers would pass the house, at which times Harry was hustled away to his cubby hole in the closet, while Mrs. Pritchard and Lucile would compose themselves to their sewing as best they could, and Old Blue industriously attacked the wood pile, that everything might appear as natural as possible.

Finally darkness fell, the curtains were drawn, and Lucile prepared supper for the three of them in her mother's room, so as to be near Harry's hiding-place in case of a sudden alarm, it having been decided that it was best for him to wait until after ten before venturing out. Lucile had been so solicitous for Harry's safety during the day that he had forgotten Old Blue's words of the night before in regard to Captain Ferguson, and was enjoying the last hours of her company in a peaceful frame of mind when the door was suddenly thrown open and Old Blue bolted in. "Missus, de yard am full uv Yankees, en' Cap'n Ferguson, he am dar. Sez he am come to call on Miss Lucile. Dis way, quick, Marse Harry."

At the mention of Captain Ferguson's name, Lucile's face whitened. "Oh, Harry," she exclaimed, "what have I done? I told Captain Ferguson he could call to-night, and—and I forgot to tell him not to. What shall I do? Oh, oh!" but Old Blue had dragged the surprised Harry away toward the linen closet. In a few minutes he reappeared, and crouching on a low stool at his mistress' feet, began in the loud voice of the negro story teller: "Yas'm, I seed dat ghost wid my own eyes. She was all dressed in white, en' she riz right up out'n de groun' and 'gun ter glide 'long to'rds me, en' dis hyar nigger wus des fixin' —why, bless de Lawd, ef dar ain't Marse Ferguson! How yo' do, Marse Ferguson? Teck dis hyar seat. I's gwine ter see erbout yo' hoss, suh, kase he mought slip his bridle out dar ef he ain't tied good."

Old Blue had left the door partly ajar, and Captain Ferguson, having knocked once or twice without receiving an answer, had pushed it open and looked in. He was a manly looking young fellow, of about twenty-six, and one to give good cause for Old Blue's "oneasiness." He spoke to Mrs. Pritchard, and then turning to Lucile he noticed her agitation. "You are ill, Miss Pritchard," he exclaimed; "let me get you a glass of water, or perhaps I can send one of my men for a doctor. I brought quite a squad with me to-night, as there is a rumor of a band of Rebels being in this part of the country."

Lucile was about to reply as best she could when Old Blue came to the rescue. "Dat des de way she act ebery time I tells her dat ghos' story, Marse Ferguson," he exclaimed. "I's des nachully gwine ter quit tellin' her dat story, en' go back ter de tales I used ter tell her when she wuz er li'l' baby, 'bout ol' Br'er Rabbit en' Br'er Fox. Lemme teck yo' hat, suh."

Lucile had by this time recovered herself sufficiently to support Old Blue's story, and the crisis passed. The old negro concerned himself to such an extent about the wants of his guest, and talked so much and so cordially, however, and this in such contrast to his usual air of quiet watchfulness and hostility that Captain Ferguson could not help but take notice of it.

"I'm glad to see you feeling so well, Old Blue," he remarked jokingly. "You must have fixed up a plan to run us heathen Yankees back home."

"Yas, suh; oh, yas, suh, we sho' gwine ter do dat," Old Blue replied, confidently. "We des waitin' twel we gits good en' ready, en' den we gwine ter bresh yo'alls clean back under de Norf pole."

"Well, for my part, I don't care how soon this war is ended," Captain Ferguson replied. "There are certain people that one can't be at war with, anyhow," he continued, turning to Lucile.

Captain Ferguson, with the sensitiveness of all well bred natures, quickly perceived that both Mrs.

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Pritchard and Lucile were laboring under some kind of restraint, and feeling that in some unaccountable way he was the cause of it, he decided to make his call as short as possible. Accordingly, he gave out some excuse for having to be in camp early that night, and Old Blue hastened out into the hall for his hat. The door had hardly opened, however, when from without there came a confused babble of negro voices, followed by a short scuffle, and Dick, with Old Blue a close second, burst into the room.

"What does this mean, Dick?" Mrs. Pritchard exclaimed, sharply, while Old Blue stationed himself where he could not be seen by Captain Ferguson, and began to motion to him to keep quiet, seconding these motions with threatening grimaces of all the dire things that were going to happen to him if he did not.

Dick, disregarding Old Blue's hand telegraphy, looked past Mrs. Pritchard to Captain Ferguson. "You black scoundrel, what do you mean by coming into the ladies' presence in this manner?" the Captain demanded.

"De enemy, suh, he am in dat closet," Dick began excitedly. "I seed dat nigger teck him in dar. He—"

"Whose enemy, and who the devil are you, anyhow?" Ferguson cut in.

"Me, suh? I's a Union sojer. I j'ined de army ter-day. Marse Harry Lester am in dat closet, en' he am er Rebel spy, en' hit's my duty ter report de fac's ter yo', suh, kase—kase, I's gwine ter be er cap'n ef we ketches him, suh, an' hit's meh duty." Dick rolled the last words with unction, casting a triumphant glance at Old Blue.

At the mention of Lester's name, Captain Ferguson suddenly understood the situation—Lucile's agitation, Old Blue's cordiality and his hostess' constraint, were all plain. "Mrs. Pritchard," he said, stiffly, "I fear that I shall have to search your house. God knows I would rather have found this man anywhere else than here, but it can't be helped now. I will call my men."

With this, he started toward the door, but Old Blue was already on his knees in front of him, while Lucile, with a look of terror, had laid a detaining hand on his arm. Before anything could be said, however, Harry Lester himself appeared from the linen closet and placed his gun in Ferguson's hands.

"It won't be necessary to call help, Captain," he said. "To offer resistance with your men on the outside would only be to cause trouble for my friends here. I surrender."

Ferguson hesitated before accepting the proffered gun. "Mr. Lester," he said, "I feel that you should know that it is as a spy that you are taken. You know the penalty."

"Certainly," Lester replied, "but I see no reason for a struggle that can only bring misfortune to my friends, and can have but one result for me."

"Then I must call my men," Ferguson responded, "but first I wish to say to you and Mrs. Pritchard, and—and Miss Lucile, that I came here to-night on a different errand from this, and as God is my witness, I wish as heartily as any of you that I had not found you here." With this he again turned to the door.

Lester remained motionless. He had made his decision and now awaited the results. Lucile attempted to detain Ferguson, but he, fearing for his own resolution, started abruptly for the door, and she seeing that he would not listen to her, buried her face on her mother's bosom: "Oh, mother," she sobbed, "I—I have killed him."

Old Blue was the only one who refused to give up hope. He was still kneeling, and when the Captain turned from Lucile he found his knees firmly grasped by the old negro.

"Fur de lub uv Jesus, Marse Ferguson!" he cried, "lis'en ter dis hyar nigger jes' ha'f er minute. I ain't gwine ter keep yo' long. Marse Ferguson, yo' ain't know whut yo' doin' when yo' turns Marse Harry ober ter dem sojers. Yo' ain't des killin' him, yo's killin' young mistis, dar, too. Ain't yo' done hear her say dat she done kill'm, en' don't yo' know dat

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she gwine ter think uv dat, twel finally she gwine ter wish she daid, too? Marse Ferguson, she done lak yo' all dis time, an' she done lak yo' moughty well, too. En' don' yo' know dat she gwine ter hate yo', gwine ter hate yo' des lak er snake ef yo' comes hyar en' gits Marse Harry hung? Marse Ferguson, I knows whut yo' come hyar fer ter-night. I's been watchin' moughty well, en' I knows. Yo' come hyar ter ax my mistis ter ma'y yo'. Marse Ferguson, Miss Lucile does lak yo', but she done lub Marse Harry. Now, s'posin' yo' gits Marse Harry killed, en' dat kills Miss Lucile? How yo' reckin yo' gwine ter feel? Yo' gwine ter feel des lak er muhderer, en' yo' gwine ter be one, too. Den Marse Harry ain't no spy, nuther. He done rid th'oo yo' lines, 'spectin' ebery minute, ter git shot, knowin' dat ef he git cotched he gwine ter be hung, des fur ter git er sight ob Miss Lucile, en' now he gotter hang fer hit. Look at dem clo'es he got on. Does yo' think he put 'em on ter fool yo'all? No, suh; dat's ebery rag he got ter his name, him whut used ter ride 'roun' hyar wid clo'es ter frow erway. I's dressed better'n him, en' he give me dese bery clo'es 'fo' he went erway, kase dey wa'n't good nuff fer 'im. Marse Ferguson, ef yo' got ter hang somebody, des teck dis hyar ol' nigger en' hang him. I's gittin' ol', en' Marse Harry hyar am young, en' den dey ain't nobody gwine ter miss des er po' ol' nigger lak me. Ef yo'll des let Marse Harry go I's gwine ter come wid yo' ez quiet ez er lam', en' I ain't gwine ter gib yo' no trouble 'tall, en' I gwine ter pray fer yo', Marse Ferguson, en' I gwine ter bless yo'. I gwine ter pray fer yo' while dey tyin' de knot, en' I gwine ter bless yo' while de rope's tightenin' 'roun' my neck. Marse Ferguson, cayn't yo' let dis ol' nigger do dat much fer his young mistis?"

Ferguson had stopped and stood looking down at the old negro, but when Old Blue ceased speaking, he turned to Lucile. "Lucile—Miss Pritchard," he corrected himself, "is what he says true? Do you—do you—"

Lucile placed her hand in Harry's. "If he escapes I—we will be married," she stammered.

"And you, Mr. Lester," Ferguson continued. "Will you swear that you came through our lines solely for the purpose of seeing Miss Lucile, and that you will not report anything concerning our army to your commander when you return?"

"I swear it on my honor as a gentleman," Lester replied.

"Then duty be hanged," Ferguson exclaimed. "I can't do it. Miss Lucile," he continued, and if his voice trembled there was none present who thought him the less manly for it, "if I have ever hoped to have my future I know how useless such hopes were. Allow me to wish you and Mr. Lester all the happiness that I know is in home brightened by a Southern rose, store for you, and then I will say good-bye. Old Blue, you have done a good night's work to-night. I owe you my peace of mind, and your mistress owes you her husband."

"Thank ye', suh, thank ye," Old Blue responded, once more the polite servant.

As Ferguson started for the door he spied Dick, the candidate for a captaincy, standing in the opposite corner of the room. "I presume you can furnish a night's entertainment for our future captain, can't you, Old Blue?" he asked.

"Lawdy, I sho'ly kin," Old Blue responded, piously, and Ferguson walked out into the night.

Mrs. Pritchard collapsed into her big chair, while Harry drew Lucile down by his side on the little stool. Old Blue silently signed to Dick, and the two stole out together.

Presently up from the horse lot there came the sound of wailing and gnashing of teeth. "I's done quit pinin' ter lay my stick ercross er Yankee cap'n's back," Old Blue was panting between strokes. "Dey's er heap too good fer Ol' Blue. Jes' er plain, no-count nigger is good 'nuff fer me!"

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RECONSTRUCTION DAYS IN ARKANSAS

By David A. Gates

TO every Southerner who knows of the days just after the war there is a peculiar significance in the word "Reconstruction." It suggests graft, violence, lawlessness, bloodshed, Ku-Klux-Klans, marauding militia and carpet-bag officials. But with all its ugliness the reconstruction period was not without its amusing incidents connected in some way with things governmental.

In the state archives at Little Rock, Arkansas, is the record of the trial of Judge McG——, a carpet-bagger. The articles of impeachment charged the judge with malfeasance, misfeasance, corruption and habitual drunkenness. He admitted the truth of the latter charge and agreed to resign if the other counts were withdrawn. In the evidence taken by the legislative committee are the two following stories which indicate the manner in which Judge McG—— conducted his court:

A young man charged with horse stealing was brought before the court. He plead guilty, but before sentence the defendant's attorney told something of the prisoner's history. He explained that the young criminal was from one of the best families in the county; that his mother and father were consistent members of the church and that the son had received the best training. In view of the defendant's youth and social environment, leniency was asked. The prosecuting attorney confirmed the statement of the defendant's counsel and expressed the hope that the court would impose a light sentence. Judge McG——, who was "three sheets in the wind," commanded the defendant to stand up.

"Young man," he asked, "is what these gentlemen say of you true?"

"It is," answered the prisoner.

"You were brought up by good parents who always told you it was wrong to steal?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, young man," concluded the court, "in consideration of your many opportunities and advantages this court is going to shoot you up for ten years."

* * *

On another occasion the judge was holding court in Columbia county. He was "sounding the docket" when he stumbled on the case of Solomon Rubenstein vs. Andrew Jackson Washington.

"What is this suit about?" he demanded of one of the attorneys in the case.

"It is a suit involving a horse," explained the lawyer.

"Mr. Clerk," commanded his honor, turning to the clerk of the court, "enter an order dismissing this suit. You fellows are mistaken if you think this court is going to sit here and listen to a lot of lies in a law suit between a thieving negro and a lying Jew over a pestle-tailed pony."

* * *

The story of the election of the negro lawyer to the position of judge of the municipal court in Chicago and the squirming on the part of some of his constituents was told in the newspapers a few weeks ago. The incident was interesting chiefly because it

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proved that on the race question there is no difference between the white man North and the white man South. Negro judges are acceptable to the white man when they have to hold court for the other fellow. In many sections of the South during the days of reconstruction, and for many years after, there were negro justices of the peace and occasionally a negro judge of the court. These conditions were objectionable but there were humorous sides to negro courts and the humor furnished some relief to the situation. A slave to-day, an American citizen to-morrow; a menial to-day, to-morrow presiding over the court in which his former master was either lawyer or litigant—it was a sudden and not an easy change for the negro. Accustomed to regard his master as superior to himself, it took something more than legislative enactment to change this feeling. When "Ole Marster" appeared in court the law or the facts, whichever was necessary, was found in his favor.

In the early seventies, Colonel Charles C——, who gained his title in the Confederate army, was a lawyer and planter in southern Arkansas. All the county offices were held by negroes and Isaac Wilson, a former slave in Colonel C——'s family, was a justice of the peace. Josiah Whitley, carpet-bag member of the legislature, brought suit on a note in Wilson's court. The note was made by John Saunders, administrator *de bonis non* of the estate of Cyrus Saunders. Whitley represented himself and Colonel C—— represented the defendant. Whitley proved the execution of the note, the possession of it by himself and rested on the presumption that it was unpaid. The defendant offered no evidence. If it could have been proven the defense was that the note had been satisfied, but both parties to it had been killed in the war and the only way whereby Colonel C—— could hope to win his case was "aliunde the record."

In his opening address, Whitley expressed his opinion that the court, "who was so learned in the law," could do but one thing—give judgment for the plaintiff.

"If the Court pleases," began Colonel C——, addressing his former slave, "the defense to this note is that it has been fully satisfied. We have introduced no witnesses because the lips of all who could testify have been sealed in death. The maker of this note fell before the enemy's breastworks at Franklin; the owner of it went to his death under the stars and bars at Chickamauga. Their voices are hushed forever but this note bears on its face evidence that it has been satisfied. Read it: 'I promise to pay to bearer five hundred dollars. John Saunders, Administrator, *de bonis non.*' What sort of language is this and what does it mean? 'Administrator *de bonis non*' is not English, that we know. 'French' did counsel say? I have lived here a neighbor to our French cousins in Louisiana forty years and I never heard such language as that fall from the lips of a Frenchman. 'Latin?' Your Honor will take judicial notice that it is not Latin. No, it comes from beyond the grave in *dead* language. And what have the heroes of Franklin and Chickamauga written into this note that some Daniel like Your Honor might interpret? 'Administrator *de bonis non*' translated from Sanscript into English means 't-h-i-s n-o-t-e h-a-s b-e-e-n p-a-i-d' and man should not dispute a message coming from the dead."

Whitley shouted his protest against any such "stuff" being read into the note.

"Dis cote fin's fur defender," announced His Honor. "Ah ain' gwine ter projick wid no daid men. En fudder mo," he continued, addressing Whitley, "dis cote am 'vided in 'is 'pinion es ter wudder er no 'e orter fine de plaintiff fer contemp' er cote er sen' 'im ter jail wid'out bail fer 'spirin' ter rob de daid."

Another negro justice of the peace was holding court in the same county. His former master was attorney in the case. Both the law and the facts were

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against "Marse George." The opposing counsel made a strong presentation of the case, but the court decided against him.

"I propose to appeal to the Circuit Court," announced the outraged lawyer.

His Honor looked to "Marse George" for a hint as to what was proper to do. This thing of "pealin" cases was new to him. "Marse George" shook his head, meaning to indicate that the losing party could not be prevented from appealing, but the court misconstrued the headshake.

"Naw, suh," he fired back at the astonished lawyer who proposed to go higher, "yo' cain' do dat, nudder. Dar ain' gwine ter be no 'pealin' ober dis Cote's haid."

Louis Gregory, a full blooded African, with a head half a yard long, was a justice of the peace in Pine Bluff, Arkansas. He held court in the Darktown section of the town and dealt with a tough element of "coons." An all around bad man was brought before him on the charge of assault. The offense was aggravated and the court imposed upon the offender the limit in the shape of a fine and gave him a severe "raking over the coals."

The bully was afraid to show any resentment in open court for Gregory had a reputation of jailing for contempt those who took exception to his lectures. But court adjourned and "his honor" became for the time being a private citizen. In the full enjoyment of a few moments of rest from his judicial labors and with deliberation, public care, etc., deeply engraven on his brow, Gregory was strolling along one of Darktown's thoroughfares when he met the bully he had lectured.

"Now, Mistah Griggory, yo 'sulted me 'case yo' had me whar Ah could'n he'p merse'f, 'n now um gwine ter wipe up de yeath wid ye; jes git yo'se'f riddy fer er frailin'," said the champion of Darktown, drawing off his coat and winding himself up for a swing at Gregory's long head.

Some lawyer had vouchsafed to Gregory the information that the court of a justice of the peace was always open and it stood him well in hand now that he remembered this. Quick as a flash off went his hat with the announcement:

"De jestice cote er Vaugine township, Jefferson county, Arkansas, am now open pursuin' ter erjournment an' am riddy for de transakshun uv any bizness, whutever may come befo' it. Now hit me! Now hit me!" he dared.

"You know Mistah Griggory, Ah wuz jes' er projickin' wid you," said the bully, all of the fight scared out of him.

"Huh, projickin', wuz ye?" retorted His Honor. "Mebbe yo' wuz, but hit 'peared to dis cote dat yo' wuz a-honin' fer trouble. De Cote will let yo' go dis time but don' yo' projick wid de state uv Arkansas no mo."

* * *

In a backwoods township of a "Blackbelt" county in South Arkansas, Squire Harrison, an old time negro, sat in judgment on the small controversies of a population that was ninety per cent black. Among the files at the court house is the transcript of the proceedings before 'Squire Harrison in a case brought to the circuit court on appeal. The transcript, which was written by a negro with some education, went into the minutest detail. It told how the case was called, the parties announced themselves ready for trial and how the trial progressed to the conclusion of the "charge" by the court. After the charge, the jury, according to the transcript, deliberated for hours but failed to agree and then came into open court and announced that it could not agree upon a verdict because Nick Manley, one of the jurors, would not agree with the other eleven. "Whereupon and wherefore" the transcript faithfully recorded, "the said Nick Manley was removed from the jury and the constable, who *would* agree upon a verdict, was placed thereon."

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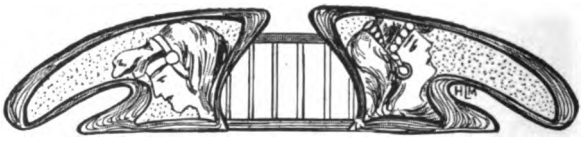

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BUSINESS NOTICES

The Massachusetts Squab Co., Box 878, Whitman, Mass., are offering bargains in pigeons.

The True-Tagg Paint Co. are offering the most durable floor paint on the market, made in nine beautiful colors. Any 10-year-old child can apply it.

The Dixie Artificial Limb Co., whose display ad appears on another page, agree to give an absolute guarantee to any one who needs an artificial limb.

The Peck-Williamson Co., 366 W. Fifth St., Cincinnati, Ohio, ask for an opportunity to prove to you that their Underfeed Furnace saves one-half to two-thirds on coal bills. In time of warmth prepare for cold. Write them.

A new department, the School of Expression, has been added to Vanderbilt University. This is thought to be the only established school of expression below Mason and Dixon's line. The interest developed in it already warrants the belief that its growth will be rapid under the management of that great master, Prof. Albert Mason Harris.

There is no better shoe for men on the Southern market than the "Big 4 Line" put out by the J. G. Hynds Shoe Manufacturing Company, of Nashville. This company has covered the Southern States with hustling salesmen, and the demand in that territory for this particular brand of footwear is enormous. It has been said by many that "when once a Hynds shoe is worn, no other will satisfy." We take pleasure in calling your attention to this company's advertisement on the page opposite the Table of Contents.

The department store of O'Farrall Bros., Hattiesburg, Mississippi, is the largest establishment of the kind in south Mississippi. The firm has just added another floor to accommodate their growing business. Courteous dealing and enterprising business methods have contributed to place them in the van of the mercantile procession in this section.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Having read of many lucky experiences in Mexican mines, I visited Oaxaca to see for myself. The richness of their mines is certainly wonderful. The thousands of tons of rich ore, visible in so many mines, will give any person the gold fever who visits that district. I had no idea of investing when I visited Mexico, but I bought 3,000 shares in the Zavaleta and Soledad mines, and have already been offered twice what I paid for my stock. A friend who invested $30 sold his stock in less than three months for $150. Don't invest in a prospect, even if the stock is cheap, unless you expect to lose. Invest in a mine where at least 5,000 feet of work has been done and not less than 20,000 tons of ore sold at a fair profit. In such a mine you are sure to make money. For safe advice regarding Mexican mines address the Pittsburg-Oaxaca Mining Co., Block 712, Pittsburg, Pa. You can rely on their statements and can make money quick and sure.

JAMES MACK.

We call the reader's attention to the liberal offer of Draughon's Business College on the page opposite the frontispiece. This is one of the most liberal offers ever made

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by any business college. If you are thinking of fitting yourself for a business career, read their advertisement. There are now thirty Draughon's Colleges in operation, Prof. Jno. F. Draughon, President of Draughon's Practical Business College Co., having recently returned from Washington, D. C., where he purchased the Spencerian Business College. Professor Draughon has placed able men at the head of his Washington College, and it will be conducted on the high plane occupied by all the other Draughon Colleges.

The first ad in this issue is that of the W. W. Ford Tobacco Works. It is printed in three colors and is very attractive, but does not rank in attractiveness to the offer made therein to pipe smokers. The W. W. Ford Tobacco Works is one of the best-known firms of the kind in the United States, and one that the tobacco trust has not been able to lay its hands on. "Ford's Twist" and "Old Confed Smoking Tobacco" are two of the most famous brands on the American market, and no other can supplant them where once they have been used. It is an independent concern, and no other factory has been able to duplicate the high-grade tobacco put out by it. The W. W. Ford Tobacco Works has made it a point to keep all its brands up to their original high standard. Herein lies the secret of its success. Users of this tobacco will not give it up, for they have come to rely on it, knowing there will be no change in its grade.

THE ADVERTISER'S HANDY GUIDE, VOLUME XVIII,

has just been issued by the Morse International Agency, whose reputation in the advertising field is world wide. It is a standard work of reference, indispensable to advertisers large and small, and as important to the buyer of space as a "price current" is to a buyer of goods. If any evidence were needed that this work has permanently taken the lead in its class, it will be found in the fact that the Morse International Agency has received a very large number of commendatory letters from the leading advertisers both in the United States and Europe.

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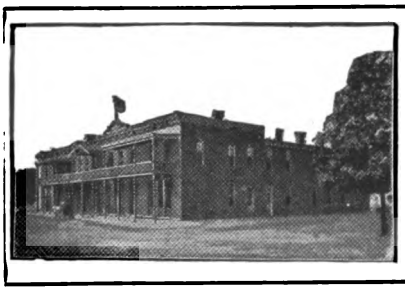
It may be obtained from the publishers—Morse International Agency, 19 West 34th Street, New York, on receipt of the price, $2.00.



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Painting by M. L. McComb **Milt Derr rode onward unflinchingly**
The Night Riders. **(*Page* 174)**

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THE TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE

VOL. VI NOVEMBER, 1907 NO. 2

THE SANITARY CONQUEST OF THE ISTHMUS

By Ernest Cawcroft

THE white men from the North have become the masters of the sanitary condition of the Isthmus of Panama. They have conquered the tropical jungle; they are waging a successful war upon the mosquito-malaria which rises from the swamps; yellow jack has vanished as a result of their fight; and the day is not far in the future when the death rate on the Isthmus from the dreaded pneumonia will be no greater than in the city of New York. It should be said in honor of the men, who, during two years of obloquy and criticism, insisted upon perfecting the sanitary arrangements before countenancing extensive engineering operations, that they have justified their contention in the eyes of the people and the scientific world. Those who visit the Isthmus of Panama to-day will be impressed with the perfection of the sanitary organization, which was successfully designed to maintain such conditions of wholesome living, that the efficiency of the canal laborers would be assured.

A casual glance at the Isthmus will convince any one that every element of nature conduces to viciousness and disease. Approaching the city of Colon from the Atlantic, Front street seems to be so near the level of the ocean that no drainage is possible, and then the swamps in the rear of the town were fragrant with disease germs. It is in this connection that it must be borne in mind that there is an annual rainfall of fourteen feet on the Isthmus, and the average is produced by a torrential down-pour during certain months of the year. Vegetation is very thick and the growth of recently destroyed bushes excites the wonder of the tourist. Added to the extent of the jungle and the rainfall is the tendency of the natives to neglect the ordinary sanitary precautions and the common essentials of health. When the American Government finally decided to construct a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, it was confronted with the necessity of sewering the communities along the entire strip, destroying the tropical jungle, draining the swamps, constructing reservoirs and doing the thousand and one things which are essential to the health of the modernized city. It was necessary to accomplish these improvements in the short space of four years and over a strip of land forty-five miles in length with a width of five miles. Sanitary jurisdiction over the cities of Colon and Panama was given the Zone Department by treaty arrangement, and the officials undertook the task of sewering, paving and cleaning those pest-ridden communities. Let those who are content to remain in their homes

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amidst the mild climate of the North; let those who are given more to criticism than to designing of constructive remedies, consider how difficult it has been to create sufficient public spirit to induce many of the smaller communities of this country to install modern sanitation; and then remember that what has been so difficult of accomplishment in the former was necessary in twelve or more communities located along this fifty-mile strip. That these things have been done, and successfully done, amidst the retarding influence of natural conditions and the degeneracy of the native population, doubles the honor that should be accorded to the men who initiated this achievement.

The French neglected these sanitary essentials in coming to the Isthmus, and their tragic record was written in blood within a few years. History records, as the manipulated newspapers of that day failed to report, that three hundred thousand Egyptians perished under De Lesseps during the construction of the Suez Canal. It was with the same wanton willingness to sacrifice human life in order to achieve his engineering ends and in the flush of his Suez victory, that De Lesseps landed at Colon prepared to master the Isthmus situation from the standpoint of the engineer and promoter. Unmindful of the fact that one dead man is claimed for every tie placed on the Panama Railroad, and despite the knowledge that the sailors of the world dreaded old Aspinwall as they would the fires of hell, De Lesseps planned to plunge into the tropical jungle with the same vigor and disregard of details which had characterized his operations in Southern Europe and the East. He secured the native, acclimated black man from Jamaica and other islands of the West Indies; he brought Chinese over by the ship load, and in Southern Spain and Italy he found laborers willing to go on an adventure, ready to undertake the work of canal digging under the keen direction of the best engineers of the Continent. But with all his engineering organization and because of his neglect of sanitation, De Lesseps failed. Poor food, bad water, hundred-year-old swamps, lack of sewers, the vicious, uncaught mosquito, yellow jack and small-pox, combined to discourage or kill large num-

BEFORE THE SANITARY CONQUEST

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bers, and at the same time tended to render inefficient those who managed to survive. Then it was that a regiment of the stolid Chinese marched from Matachin to the Chagres River banks, there to find suicides' graves; here it was that the Jamaica laborer was so abused or allowed to perish that the protecting arm of the Colonial Government will not allow the American Commission to have such labor unless a deposit is made to assure the immediate return of the men when so desired or when deemed advisable. These were the natural and artificial conditions that American physicians were compelled to master—those were the necessary achievements, while the natives, discouraged and abused by the previous French contractors, prophesied that the Yankee efforts were hopeless, and then did their part to make such endeavors futile, by their lethargy and inefficiency.

The visitor to the Isthmus of Panama is impressed with the extent of the American sanitary jurisdiction at the outset. There are many arriving at Colon who believe that their vaccination wound is sufficiently recent to relieve them of the operation; but whatever we may think of the theory or results of vaccination, it must be admitted that the Isthmian sanitary officials are impartial in their administration of cow-pox. There are no favorites in the administration of the Sanitary Department of the Isthmian Commission and Congressmen as well as steam-shovel men are accorded the same treatment in the name of the general welfare. The vaccination occurs before the passenger is allowed to place his baggage before the custom officers on the Colon docks for examination, and care is taken to see that the wound is dry before the incomer is allowed to unroll his sleeve. Arriving on the docks, he finds a boy distributing leaflets in several languages, signed by Dr. Gorgas and containing the following wholesome advice:

"This circular is handed to each new arrival on the Isthmus for the purpose of instruction as to how to avoid the disease most prevalent in Panama and the Canal Zone—malaria. Its cause is now well known and each one, with a little care, can do a great deal toward keeping free from this disease.

"It has been proven that malaria is only given to man by the bite of a female mosquito of a certain species (Anapholes). This female mosquito must always bite some human being suffering from malaria before she can become infected. In biting, she draws blood from the person suffering from malaria and in the blood thus drawn, she takes in the malarial parasite. Within a few days this parasite infects the mosquito herself, and when she next bites a well person she injects her spittle into the bitten place. In this spittle the malarial parasite is injected and thus the healthy person contracts the disease.

"Now, if every one would use the mosquito bar, so arranged that no mosquitoes would get into the bar at night, much protection would be secured from this disease; for, while it may be contracted during the day time, it is not likely to be. Probably nine-tenths of the malarial cases contract the disease during sleep, because the malarial mosquito is a night biter and the person is quiet at this time.

"Absolute protection from mosquito bites is impossible; but it is known that quinine is a deadly poison to the malarial parasite after it gets into the blood of a human being. If, therefore, every one would take three grains of quinine, once a day, any malarial parasite that has been introduced during the day would almost certainly be killed. The best time probably to take quinine is before going to bed at night."

The secondary problem presented to those who desired to organize the existing force of thirty-five thousand men into an army of efficient canal builders was the construction of a chain of new communities across the Isthmus. Throughout the interior of the Isthmus, the native villages huddle along the banks of the disease-giving Chagres River; and a glance at the

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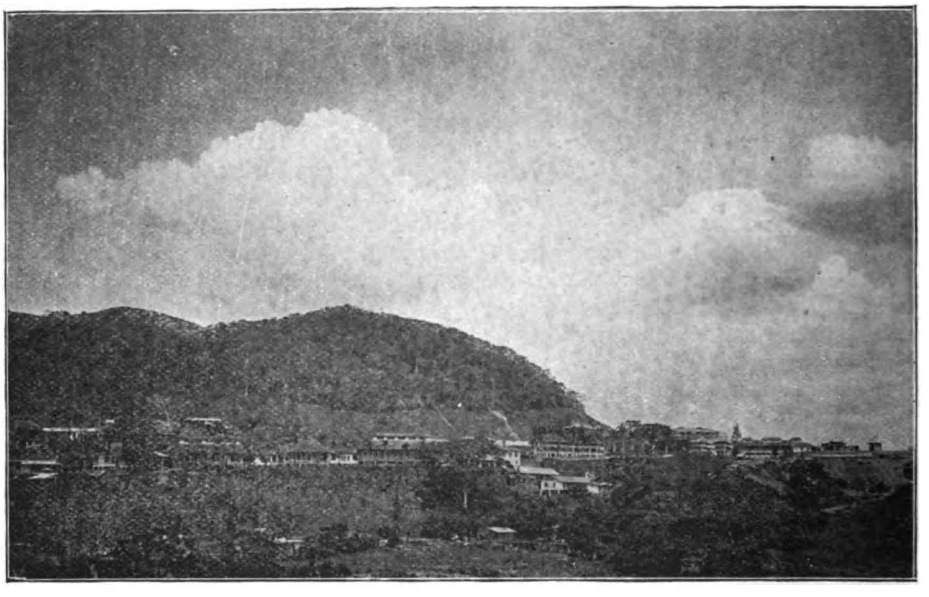
straw huts comprising those settlements, having no means of drainage but the natural sluice ways of the streets of dirt, was sufficient to convince the inspectors that a white man from the North could not remain healthy in such an environment. There was but one thing to do, then, and that was to create a series of new towns on the higher ground of the interior. As a matter of course, the town sites must be adjacent to the pivotal points of canal construction; and in consequence, from Bas Obispo through Empire and Culebra to Paraiso, the surrounding hills above the cuts have been made the camping grounds of the army of white canal employees. The observer notices at these and other centers where the work is under way, the typical square-constructed houses with double storied verandas. These verandas are completely screened, and they serve the double purpose of providing a covered, cool sitting-room for the canal employees after working hours and tend to protect the walls of the sleeping rooms from the extreme heat of the tropical day. Apartments are provided for the unmarried men and in theory at least every white man is entitled to one square foot of bed room for every gold dollar he receives as wages during a month. In addition, the Commission encourages domesticity by furnishing a house for the married man who brings his family to the Isthmus, together with firewood, ice and light at cost. Every family house is thoroughly screened, provided with netting for the beds, and a force of inspectors is employed to discover and repair any breaks in the wire screening. Both the apartments and married quarters are provided with adequate shower baths in order to enable everyone to comply with the general instruction to bathe and make a change of clothing at sundown.



TYPICAL PANAMA TOWN TO-DAY

Those upon whom the responsibility was placed of upbuilding the physical stamina of the canal diggers realized at once that good air and water, wholesome apartments and food, must be made the foundation of health. They appreciated the fact that as these things aided in the maintenance of vigorous constitutions they were more to be desired than the preventive means involving the use of quinine and cow-pox. Prior to the commencement of engineering operations, it was

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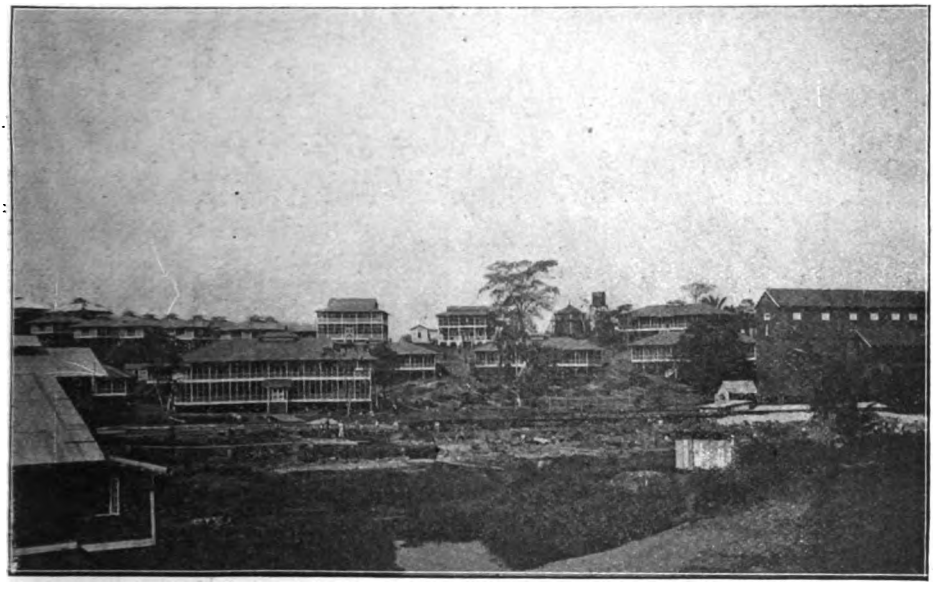
necessary to feed the white employees in mess-houses, after the manner of the culinary methods employed on Western railroad cuts; and experience having demonstrated that such is the only possible system, even conceding the many faults, it has been continued during the succeeding years. Having solved the problem of water, housing and sanitation, the responsible officers have experienced more difficulty in handling the food problem than any other feature of canal life. While there are those who urge particular systems of diet for the men of the colder North sojourning in the Tropics, it has been found that the meat and vegetables commonly found on the tables of the United States are the only articles of diet which afford satisfaction to the men. Food is shipped in large quantities from this country to the Isthmus; and the Government plans to place a wholesome meal before the men at the bare cost of purchasing the food at wholesale prices, which is estimated at thirty cents a meal. The menu is similar to that furnished in the middle class hotels of the cities of the United States; and while there are more complaints heard throughout the Canal Zone regarding food than as to any other condition, the defects must be credited more to the inefficiency of alleged cooks, than to a continued lack in the quantity or quality of the supplies. It appears that the Commission realizes the nature of this complaint, and a vigorous effort is being made to eliminate this last objection to the prevalence of wholesome living on the Isthmus. Whites and blacks are, of course, provided for in separate mess-houses; and it has been deemed wise, if not in fact necessary, to attempt, in so far as possible, to provide each nationality or class of canal laborers with food similar to that used at home. It is safe to say that a larger quantity of food is allowed each foreigner than he has been accustomed to at home, and that makes for increased vigor in the workers. The Jamaica negroes were allowed for a considerable time to prepare their own foods; but the black men from the outskirts of Kingston were so bent upon saving every piece of silver for the rainy day when they must return to the small wages of their home, and at the expense of their stomachs, that disease was increasing, and whatever efficiency



THE HOUSES HAVE DOUBLE-STORIED VERANDAS WHICH ARE COMPLETELY SCREENED

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they possessed was becoming impaired. The Government was forced to remedy this situation by insisting that every laborer must mess at the Commission houses; to that end the food is similar, in so far as possible, to that enjoyed by the particular laborers in their home countries; and for supplying and preparing the food the Jamaica laborers are charged ten cents a meal. Since the inauguration of this government mess, the tendency to the Jamaica negroes to become ill because of inadequate nourishment, or perish in the wake of diseases of a weakened constitution, has markedly decreased and the efficiency of the black men as canal diggers has been increased.

Those who have seen the Jamaican mammies on their native heath preparing the family meal in an open urn may imagine with what relish the canal diggers from that island attack a home-like menu of fried fish and yams and hominy and coffee.

A large force of Gallegos from Spain is now employed on the Isthmus; and as those men have the reputation of being hearty eaters and vigorous workers, the distinctive meals which the Commission provides at the rate of forty cents a day, will be of interest:

Breakfast: ham, one-fourth pound; bread, one-half pound; potatoes, one-half pound; coffee.

Dinner: soup; fresh meat, one-half pound; garbanzas (peas), one-fourth pound; beans, one-fourth pound; potatoes, one-half pound; macaroni, one-twelfth pound; bread, one-half pound; tea.

Supper: soup; stewed beef, one-half pound; garbanzas, one-fourth pound: potatoes, one-half pound; rice and beans; dessert; bread, one-half pound; coffee. The dessert consists of prunes, apple sauce or other stewed fruit, and the meals are prepared by Gallego cooks.

IN THE HOSPITAL

The experience of the sanitary officials in the conduct of affairs on the Isthmus demonstrates that the intelligent attention given to health by the Northern white man is a better protection to his constitution than is afforded to that of the black man through natural acclimation. Conditions have thus become so relatively wholesome on the Isthmus that a high-waged American is warranted in taking his family with him to Panama. When the mechanics

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and steam-shovel men have their wives to cook the food and care for the household, many of the problems now confronting the canal officials will be solved. It has been found that men who have their own households are far more immune from tropical diseases and vexations; and it is a fact that the American schoolboys and girls who are living on the Isthmus with their parents are healthier than the children of colored parents. Unlike the black man, the white man takes his daily shower after his day's work is completed; he does not puncture holes in the screens provided to prevent the ravages of the mosquito; and his intelligent attention to physical well-being assures for himself and family greater freedom from tropical diseases than nature extends to the tainted natives. What may be the ultimate effect even upon vigorous constitutions from continued work in the tropics is a matter for consideration elsewhere; but certainly, in view of the fact that the stringent examinations permit no one but exceptionally strong workers to depart for the Canal Zone, the results visible within the decade following the return of the army of canal diggers will settle this disputed question for all time.

The wisdom of this theory that the control of the sanitation, housing and feeding of the canal employees was necessary to their healthy efficiency, is proved by the statistical results. The department has used diplomacy or force, as each may have been necessary, to fumigate, cleanse and render habitable the Isthmus. And to-day, what are the visible results? There has not been a case of yellow fever on the Isthmus in fifteen months, despite the fact that every day ships arrive at Colon and La Boca from the infected ports of South America. There are thirty-five thousand men employed in the construction of the canal and collateral undertakings. Out of that number fifty-five hundred may be listed as American whites. There were two deaths from small-pox during the past year; and out of the 1,105 deaths during the year, 431 were due to pneumonia—a large majority of those were negroes, who after working during the hot days, sit in the open air during the moist, cool evenings, without changing their damp underclothing, as instructed. The remaining deaths were caused by diseases common to any average body of men and the cases were not proportionately excessive in number. Month after month there has been a remarkable decline in the American death rate, and despite their failure to take personal precautions, the more wholesome environment has lessened the danger to the blacks. Thus during the month of May only four American whites died out of the 5,481 employed, which would afford an average death rate of about ten per thousand. To the several excellent hospitals which have been located on the Isthmus there were only twenty-one to each thousand admitted as sick during May. During the same period the negro mortality was twice that of the whites in general and four times that per thousand American whites in particular. The negro mortality ranges between forty and fifty per thousand employed. A comparison of these figures simply leads to the conclusion that the intelligence and natural constitution of the American white assure his ultimate recognition as the most efficient type of canal builder. The existence of a large body of American whites, capable of competing with all other races in the Tropics from the standpoint of healthy efficiency, is a condition that renders possible political consequences not within the scope of discussion in a publication of this nature.

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HISTORIC HIGHWAYS OF THE SOUTH

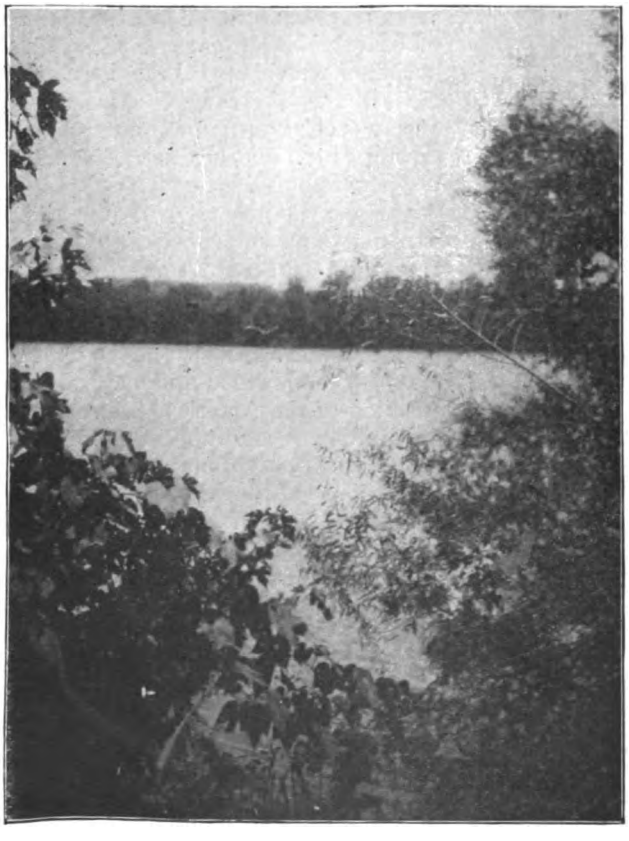
CHAPTER XXVI

THE CAPTURE OF FEDERAL GUNBOATS AT JOHNSONVILLE BY FORREST'S CAVALRY

By John Trotwood Moore

The Tennessee river is a very picturesque stream at Johnsonville. It is a beautiful stream always. Just across the river from Johnsonville is the village of Eva, and it was to this place, where the citizens of the county were giving an old-fashioned barbecue, that I went for material for this story.

It was here in this section some fifteen miles down the river, that Forrest's Cavalry captured, late in October, 1864, the Federal transport *Mazeppa,* heavily laden with stores and towing two rich barges, and on the next day, October 30th, captured the transport *Venus,* towing two barges, and convoyed by a gunboat. Later in the day the steamer *Cheeseman,* richly laden, was also captured.



THE RIVER AT JOHNSONVILLE

And at Johnsonville, November 3d, 1864, Morton's Battery of Forrest's Cavalry, coming suddenly on the east bank of the river opposite the town, under the command of Captain John W. Morton, utterly destroyed, according to Forrest's official report for the entire raid, the following:

Says Forrest: "The roads were almost impassable, and the march to Corinth was slow and toilsome, but we reached there on No-

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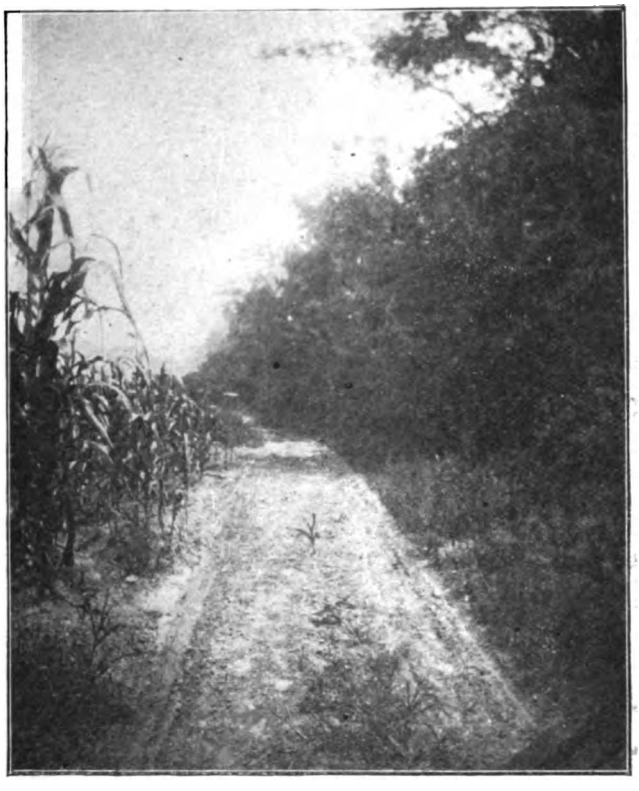
vember 10th, after an absence of over two weeks, during which time I captured and destroyed four gunboats, fourteen transports, twenty barges, twenty-six pieces of artillery and $6,700,000 worth of property and captured one hundred and fifty prisoners. General Buford, after supplying his own command, turned over to my chief quartermaster about nine thousand pairs of shoes and one thousand blankets. My loss during the entire trip was two killed and nine wounded."

Later estimates placed the property destroyed at about $3,000,000.

This sounds like Jackson in the valley after Banks. Forrest is the only other genius brought out by the war whose fighting recalls that of the "Praying Elder;" and Lord Wolseley is on record that these two were the two great geniuses of the war.

It was Morton's Battery which destroyed the vast amount of stores in front of Johnsonville on November 30th, 1864, and it was in his company that I journeyed to the scenes of that daring raid forty-three years afterward. A beardless boy then, he is now Secretary of State of Tennessee, and this was his first visit there since that stirring November afternoon. It is rare that a maker of history should visit a batterfield nearly half a century afterwards. It is rare that a writer of history is able to get it at first hand from the actual maker—a writer who at that time was also "in arms," but they were dusky and ebon, the kindly fort of which, the writer remembers very distinctly, was adorned by a red and spotted cotton bandanna and the faithful face above was known as "mammy." Before the war was over, the writer was old enough to take notice and to remember distinctly hearing the above-mentioned mammy say one day: "Yes, chile, we sho' is whuppin' 'em fas'. One uv ouah men killed ten uv 'em de udder day wid one ball, all in a line."

This made a lasting impression on the writer as a most satisfactory way of getting rid of one's enemies, also as a plan of his own which he intended to carry out when he went to war.



THE OLD ROAD ON THE RIVER BANK OPPOSITE JOHNSONVILLE DOWN WHICH MORTON'S BATTERY OPERATED

The actual capture of the gunboats by cavalry occurred before the destruction of Johnsonville, and was made effective by Forrest's moving with his usual swiftness and setting his trap on the river bank before the Federals knew it. The trap consisted of Bell's Tennesseans and one section of Morton's Battery being placed on

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the river bank at Paris Landing, the guns extending a mile or so up and down the river; and five miles below, at Fort Heiman, with General Buford, with his division and two twenty-pound Parrotts guarding that point.

Into this trap slipped, on the morning of October 29, the *Mazeppa*, richly laden, and with two transports. The lower batteries, masked, let her in, and when well in the trap she was shot up like a tomato can pitched into the air before Captain Andy Meadows. Her crew deserted her, all but her gallant captain. Private West, stripped, swam out with his pistol bucked around his neck and took her.

The next day the transport *Venus*, towing two barges and convoyed by the gunboat *Undine*, ran into the trap, all of which, after a desperate fight, were captured. The *Venus* was defended by a detachment of infantry and was captured by Colonel D. C. Kelley, now a distinguished minister of the Methodist Church, South.

POSITION OF SECOND BATTERY, MORTON'S GUNS
RIVER ON THE RIGHT

Captain Morton tells a characteristic anecdote of General Forrest's orders to him on this spot. The general sat on his horse watching the effect of Morton's guns. He thought they were shooting too high, and exclaimed: "Elevate her a little lower, John! Elevate her a little lower!"

Forrest now had horse marines, and Colonel W. A. Dawson, hoisting a commander's flag on the *Undine* and Captain Gracey hoisting another on the *Venus*, these daring land-lobsters started up the river, the first lot of cavalrymen that ever attempted to run gunboats.

"Now, General," said Dawson to his superior, "I will go with these gunboats wherever you order, but I want to tell you now I know nothing about them, and I want you to promise me now that if I lose your fleet and come in afoot, you will not curse me out about it."

Forrest laughed and told him to go ahead, and if he couldn't hold his water dogs, to run their noses into the mud, fire them and leave.

This happened to Gracey and the *Venus* the first time they met a Yankee gunboat whose crew knew how to handle her; and the *Undine*, after a gallant fight, met the same fate the next day.

It was all thrilling while it lasted, and it is the record in the history of war. Forrest was far-sighted and fought more bloodless battles by his head than his arm, terrible as he was in a hand-to-hand fight. Witness his raid into Memphis, destroying

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Sherman's base of supplies and fetching that general back from the Mississippi as effectually as if he had met and defeated him in pitched battle. Witness now the Johnsonville affair. It is bloodless victory that marks the great general.

The Federals held the state of Tennessee and as far as Decatur, Alabama. Hood turned and began his raid into Tennessee. Forrest saw at once there would be a great concentration of Federal forces at Nashville, threatening Memphis and West Tennessee. He asked permission to remain in West Tennessee, and at the proper moment he struck and destroyed their base. In effect it was the same as if Morton's Battery, when it slipped up on the banks of the Tennessee river at Johnsonville and destroyed three million dollars' worth of supplies for the Federals, had whipped them as if met in battle array. It was far better generalship than Franklin and Nashville. It was ahead of Atlanta. It surpassed Bragg in Kentucky, because it did things. It took food from men who must eat before they could march, and ammunition from cannon that must have powder before they could fire, and blankets from backs that could not march naked. And nobody was killed, and the Federal wheel of war stopped for a while, and time meant much to Hood, had he been born with sense enough to know it.

Waiting his opportunity then, Forrest struck. Down by the river he followed the road he made through the cane and timber as he came in. Forty-three years have passed, and Morton himself would not know where his eight guns had stood and fought a fort of seventy guns and an army of soldiers and gunboats to a finish, had not a citizen, Mr. J. F. McKelty, who had always lived there, and who remembered so well the memorable day, shown us the spot.

The field is now in corn, but for a mile down the river bank we drove, marking the spots. The whole scene was pictured. Yonder was the fort, high above the town, equipped with seventy guns. But luck favored Forrest, for the hill on which the fort was situated was so high that the guns could not be depressed enough to reach the river batteries just across the river and right under them. Like a hound who gets to the flank of a buck,

POSITION OF UPPER GUNS, MORTON'S BATTERY
Captain Morton standing where his guns bombarded the fort

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Morton was safe both from horn and hoof.

The gunboats and supplies lay out in the water in front of them. Now, either of the gunboats could have swept the bold Rebels from the river bank, but here luck again (or who says it was not brains?) came to Morton's Battery. The banks of the river were too high and the gunboats shot over them. Two of the gunboats seeing this, started up the river to enfilade, but the upper Rebel battery on the bank there pumped it into them so steadily that they turned back, and then occurred the remarkable scene of a battery of guns in pistol shot of a big fort and gunboats, in a curve of perfect safety, absolutely immune from shell above or gunboat below and deliberately destroying them and the millions of dollars of supplies they were guarding. It worked like the workings of some incarnate Prospero, death-immune. Morton cut his shells for fire. In a little while flames burst from one of the gunboats, and the gallant gunners in it jumped for the river. It drifted to the steamers, firing them. A hot shell, aimed at bales of hay, soon had them in flame. Then the warehouses were riddled, and a blue flame leaped to the sky, and a streak of devilish fire ran to the river.

TWO OF THE PRESENT-DAY CITIZENS OF JOHNSONVILLE

It was several hundred barrels of whisky, and one shell from Morton's Battery made the Yankee army dry for a month and for the first time in its history, Nashville, Tennessee, was on the water wagon.

May that time come again soon, even if it takes Morton's Battery to do it!

The flames lit up the country for miles. The futile guns in the fort rained harmlessly, the burning boats floated around with bursting flames from ignited powder boxes, and three million dollars' worth of property and supplies went up in smoke. No wonder Sherman wrote Grant, November 6th: *"That devil, Forrest, went down about Johnsonville, making havoc among the gunboats and transports."*

And Forrest, grinning like Mephisto, and waving his fiery forked tail, pulled away, unharmed. swinging around the Federal right, and led Hood away into Tennessee. And if he and not Hood had been in command of that fiery army of ragged patriots who could go up against the breastworks of Franklin through death with a zeal that swept up the gates of Nashville, Nashville would have fallen.

All's well that ends well. We can all see it now, but God saw it then. Still, it is good to tell these things, that the unborn may know whom to imitate and honor when they would fight again for their country.

And the next time they will fight yellow-and-brown and not white.

[The following very interesting article is from the pen of Rev. Dr. D. C. Kelley, the "fighting parson" of Forrest's Cavalry, and who took the initiative in the capture of the first of the Federal gunboats. It was written at the request of the editors of TAYLOR-TROTWOOD, and is a most interesting account of this famous capture.—EDITORS TAYLOR-TROTWOOD.]

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The writer has not deemed it incumbent on him heretofore to do more than furnish facts and incidents when called for in regard to General N. B. Forrest, believing that Tennessee would at last learn through the reports of the men who followed him in the war, the unmatched character of her own citizen.

Jordan and Pryor's "Life of Forrest" gives the following account of the attack on the Federal gunboats at Paris Landing, no forces on the part of the Confederates present except cavalry and light artillery:

"Just before the arrival of General Chalmers, Captain Morton had come up with orders from General Buford to transfer the section of his battery there to the immediate vicinity of the gunboat, and recommence the attack. Informed of this fact and the situation of affairs, Chalmers, after consultation with Colonel Bell, directed that officer to move his artillery as near as possible to the *Undine* and *Venus*, and drive them from their shelter. Some serious difficulties, however, being reported to be in the way of transporting the artillery to the proper point, Colonel Rucker made a personal reconnoissance and finding the movement to be practicable, was then ordered to take the section of Walton's Battery (two ten-pounder Parrott guns), supported by the old Forrest Regiment (Kelley) and the Fifteenth Tennessee Cavalry (Logwood) and attack as quickly as possible. Dismounting, and taking a position under cover of the bushes, below the gunboat, Colonel Kelley, opening a rapid fire both upon the *Venus* and at the port-holes of the *Undine* with his rifles, attracted the attention of the enemy, while the artillery under Sergeant Crozier, was moved up by hand into a favorable position, from which a vigorous fire was promptly opened and maintained with such precision that the enemy, unable to make head with their armament– eight twenty-four-pounder Howitzers—after a vain but spirited endeavor to do so, was driven to the opposite shore. One shot striking the bow, passed through from stern to stern, and she had been forced to close her port-holes from the effect of sharp-shooters. Her officers and men not killed or wounded then escaped to the shore. Meanwhile the *Venus* had been surrendered to Colonel Kelley, who, going on board with two companies, took possession of the *Undine*, raised steam, and carried both gunboat and transport to the Paris Landing."

This account needs emendation for the sake of accuracy.

The *Venus* was in sight, at full speed, as Kelley threw his sharp-shooters, dismounted, into the wood along the river bank; the Confederate artillery was fortunately in action above him, his sharp-shooters, pouring their accurate fire into the flying boat, saw a white handkerchief suddenly float out from the steamer's deck, and heard the command, "Cease firing," from their own commander. The boat, which now turned to the bank, crushed into the *Underwood*, a stage plank thrown out, an officer on it asking loudly for the "Commander of the Sharp-shooters," adding, "I could have passed the cannon, but the d—d sharp-shooters have killed all my men. I want to surrender to the commander of the sharp-shooters," at the same time holding out his pistol to the Confederate commander. A minute later a command came from Forrest, as he rode on the field: "Tell Kelley to bring me the gunboat from the opposite side of the river." Fifty men were selected to man the captured boat—the Federal engineer, fireman and pilot ordered to their respective places. A Confederate officer, with loaded pistol in hand, stood at the engine, and the commander of the Confederate regiment at the pilot house, while the crossing of the river was effected. Every moment a broadside from the *Undine* was expected. It was a wonderful relief when she was reached to find that her prow had been run into the bank upon landing, and her crew had deserted her. The difficulty, therefore, was to fasten her own hawser to us and after multiplied efforts pull her off the bank, so as to cross the river to where General Forrest awaited our "coming." As we were later on in this expedition standing on the river bank above the railroad brigade at Johnsonville, Forrest rode up and said: "Kelley, you see those two steamers on the opposite bank standing out well into the stream? Can't you do for them what you did the other day for the steamers at Paris Landing?"

The reply was, "I have no boat in which to cross the river to get at them."

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Forrest answered, "Send out to the homes of the citizens and get tools to make a raft, and bring me one of those boats over there." A detachment was sent for the tools, but ere it returned the steamers on the opposite bank were aflame, and the wind wafted to half-starved Confederates delicious odors from burning stores.

D. C. KELLEY.

NOTE.—"The Capture of the Federal Gunboats at Johnsonville" completes the "Historic Highways of the South," as originally contemplated. The mass of interesting material found by Mr. Moore during his research has tempted him to plan a number of additional visits to places of historic interest, accounts of which will appear intermittently.

SHEEP BELLS

A memory, wafted o'er a city wall,
Upon my heart fell soft as thistle-down;
And once again there came the vesper's call
From grasses brown,
And hidden sheep bells from the hillside flow
In tinklings low.

Long, long I sat beneath the hill to hear
Each sweetly vibrant pause, the sudden chime,
The broken cadences of far or near,
The silvery rhyme—
As tho' the dreams of music from each bell
In dewdrops fell.

The sun went down, but still its beams made fair
With golden light the cloud-flecked upper sky—
And in the silence of the beauty there
Still trembled by
At intervals, that melody of a day
Too bright to stay.

Ah me! not here, but there, my heart,
Within the wide, wide fields 'twere best to be.
Of all within these walls thou hast no part—
Thine to be free!
To hear the tinkling sheep bells on the hill
When all is still.

Ingram Crockett.

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INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH

VI

THE JUVENILE STATE ASSOCIATION

By Reverend Crawford Jackson

ABOUT five years ago, while editing a Christian journal in Atlanta and on my way to my office, I met a bright-looking lad in the hands of a policeman, to whom I put some questions concerning the boy's parents and general condition. I found out that his mother was dead, had died indeed when he was a baby, that his father was "no good," and that the boy had himself been put twenty times in jail and a dozen times in the stockade, sometimes for thirty days at a time. I talked with the boy that afternoon in prison, but made absolutely no impression on him.

I was more than ever impressed with the need of a means whereby boys could be turned from the wrong before association with hardened criminals had blunted their sensibilities. I made a visit to the Police Court the next morning and urged the judge to place the boy in my care instead of in the stockade. To my surprise, the lad seconded my request, and we left the court room in complete understanding and confidence.

This boy has turned my life around. After a few days he told me that his little brother was in jail and in getting him out I heard of another, then another, and before I was aware of it God had thrust me into this great work.

Speaking generally, the criminal is the one individual in our midst for whom the very least provision is made looking to his salvation and future usefulness; and of all men he is the one most in need of such provision, both for his own and for society's sake. But instead of his receiving the needed help, in most instances the very steps are taken which conduce to his greater criminality. Then can it not be rightly asked and answered, Is not crime on the increase, at least in part, because of our unwise methods in dealing with the criminal himself? To be a little more pointed, have we not been training our wayward and neglected children into criminals by putting them in a criminal atmosphere, and then foolishly asked the question, "Why is crime on the increase?"

To find a number of children sick because of some deadly germs in their system, and place them where more such germs would be received, and then ask why they were, when turned loose, spreading contagion and death in our midst—such a course would entitle such a man to a place in an institution for lunatics or criminals. And yet that is exactly what we have been doing.

Our first efforts to remedy these conditions were put forth for the establishment of a Juvenile Court in Atlanta. A number of citizens became interested in the movement and worked faithfully for the establishment of this child-saving institution. Relieved of the work with individual juvenile offenders, I was able to turn my attention to the letters which had poured in

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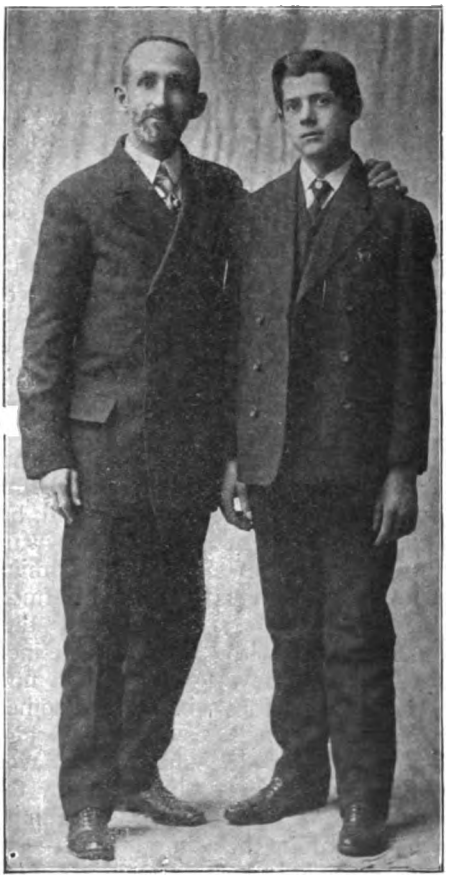
from all parts of the state, asking for help in extending the movement to other cities. The work continued to grow, and an active campaign for a State Reformatory was inaugurated. A good part of two years was spent in this campaign from the pulpit, platform, and press; and during the summer of the second year the legislature passed the bill creating this institution—but alas! it was placed on one side of the State Prison Farm, near Milledgeville. Besides, for a child sixteen years and under to get into this institution he must commit a crime and be committed by the courts.

A number of pitiful appeals kept coming to me, from Georgia and all over the South, from parents, guardians, from friends of such children, and sometimes from judges themselves, asking what could be done with this or that wayward child, for whom no local provision had been made.



REVEREND MR. JACKSON AND THE BOY WHOSE RESCUE LED TO THE FOUNDING OF THE WORK

The next logical step was to call an interstate conference, which met in Washington, District of Columbia, a little over a year ago to consider the needs of these chanceless children all over the South. Delegates were sent from the various states, and the whole subject was carefully considered. President Roosevelt addressed the convention, in part as follows:

"... The chance of success lies with the boy and not with the man. That applies peculiarly to those boys who tend to drift off into courses which mean that unless they are checked they will be formidable additions to the criminal population when they grow older. It is eminently worth while to try to prevent those boys becoming criminals, to try to prevent their being menaces to and expenses and sores to society, while there is a chance of reforming them."

It was decided to promote the work in a threefold form. First, advocating and assisting to institute Juvenile Courts and the probation system in the larger cities of the South; second, promoting state legislation; and third, creating a Juvenile State, for the educational, industrial, moral, and civic training of wayward or neglected children, to be founded and maintained by all of the Southern states.

The plan of government of the Juvenile State will include the election of officers by the boys, as is done in the George Junior Republic, with the exception that here the government will be a replica of state and not national government. This will beget in the boys a knowledge of the workings of the law and the citizen's responsibility for its preservation, as well as incite in them an ambition to so excel as to reach positions of trust and responsibility. It will be, in short, an education in practical citizenship, and we want and

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mean to have such an institution as any father would be glad to send his boy to, for this purpose, as well as to get him delivered from the manifold temptations of city life.

Schooling and training in all the useful trades will be provided, and the institution can easily be made to produce most of its supplies and be self-supporting on its surplus products.

A splendid start has been made, in the donation of four hundred and twenty-six acres of valuable land in the state of Georgia, near the Tennessee line; and an endowment fund is being raised by contributions from interested persons all over the country, the sums ranging from one dollar to thousands. Our treasurer is Judge W. R. Hammond, a gentleman of high Christian character, who has his office with me in the Century Building, Atlanta.

It will be seen that this work is different from that of the Reformatories. It is our aim to turn into right paths and useful pursuits boys who, while neglected or untrained, are not yet criminals; and by removing them from vicious associations, instill into them a knowledge of and a desire for upright citizenship.

I may add here that the boy whose rescue led to the founding of the work is now holding a responsible position in a large firm, and it would be hard to find a brighter, happier, more ambitious young man.

We have been successful in establishing Juvenile Courts in many of our leading cities, and if this interest continues and the various state legislatures will appropriate funds for the maintenance of boys sent from their states, we shall soon have the work thoroughly under way. We have every reason to be hopeful for the early fruition of these plans; for we receive every day practical proofs of the interest of thoughtful people.

Look at the printed words of wisdom and life and love on the beautiful pages of the Bible. Some one might ask, "What are these beautiful white pages and whence came they?" And the reply would come back, "These were once the waste papers and the cast-off rags of the street, but which were taken by hands of skill and machines and were transformed into leaves of whiteness and beauty, on which are the very words of inspiration."

Look yonder at the beautiful sunset and the varied, ever-changing glories of the heavens. What are these, and whence came they? And the answer comes back, "These are they which were once the poisonous vapors and miasmatic gases of the stagnant pools and the marshes, but which have been kissed by the sun, drawn up and changed into these surpassing glories."

Some day a great company of shining ones will be seen and admired, and the question will be asked, "Who are these, and whence came they?" And the reply will come back, "These are they who were once the ragamuffins of the street and lane, the wayward children of the alley and of the prison, but who were taken up by strong hands and loving hearts and have been changed into useful citizens and have been clothed in the white raiment of purity and knowledge of love."

This is the object of the Juvenile Court; this is the mission of our state institutions for such children; this is the end of the legislative measures we are advocating; this is the purpose of the "Juvenile State" which we are creating for the unfortunate children of our Southland; this is the one supreme purpose of the Juvenile State Association, with all of its branches.

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SOME BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF THE SOUTH

MISS EMILY ALBERT, OF BALTIMORE
Daughter of Hon. Talbot J. Albert, now American Consul at Brunswick, Germany

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MISS MARY DIGGES BELL
San Antonio

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MISS MARTHA CALHOUN
Charleston

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MISS JANINE A. KERR
Lynnville, Tennessee

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MRS. CHARLES R. GANTZ
Baltimore

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THE HOME OF JOE JEFFERSON

JOE JEFFERSON'S LOUISIANA HOME

By Campbell MacLeod

Photographs by Elizabeth M. Pinckard

MANY have read and enjoyed the delightful sketches of the Joe Jefferson that Francis Wilson knew, which have been a popular feature of a well-known monthly for many issues. The Joe Jefferson that William Winter knew and loved has also been featured in magazine articles at length. There is another Joe Jefferson equally lovable—the Joe Jefferson whose memory lingers in the "Cajun" section of Louisiana, where he lived a part of each year for many years, a modest sportsman and a model neighbor. The Joe Jefferson that the "Cajuns" loved was to them not the world-famed actor but the kind friend, the generous benefactor.

Jefferson's old home, on Orange or Jefferson's Island, may be reached by the Southern Pacific Railroad, which will leave you at "Bob Acres," the station whose name is self-explanatory. The dwelling house is two miles from there. Or you may drive from New Iberia, which is the pleasanter way and a trip of about three hours. This drive, if you are fortunate enough to make the pilgrimage in the late spring, is one of the delightful experiences that will remain with you; for about seven miles of the road leads through a Cherokee rose hedge that is then a glory of golden-hearted, creamy blossoms. These gleam against the glossy green of the leaves and the long vistas that stretch as far as the eye can reach present an avenue to which a landscape gardener could say his prayers. Part of this hedge, it is said, was planted by Mr. Jefferson himself. But hedges of this character seem to be a feature all over that part of the country.

This section of Louisiana is the fa-

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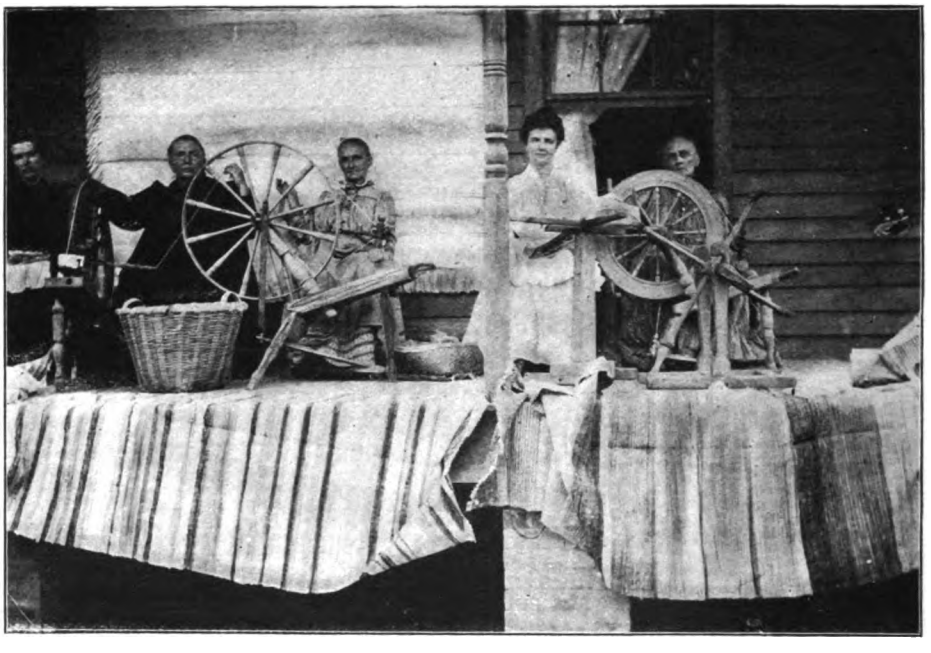
mous prairie, and it would be difficult to find anything more picturesque than the acres of rolling green pasture lands, dotted here and there by numerous lavender-lace-veiled pools of water hyacinths. Here the cane fields stretch forth to unnumbered acres. The eye loses itself in the far lines of forest miles away. The road runs like a dusty ribbon with many turns and unexpected twists past tiny stores at cross-roads and occasionally a church or schoolhouse.

"Yer turn in at er gate half er mile this side uv er big bo'din' house," were the explicit direction given our party by a small "Cajun" boy hoeing in a field. "The bo'din' house is 'bout three-quarters uv er mile from here, and hit's half er mile up the road from er old tree. Turn in the th' third gate and keep to the road." In the course of an hour we got in the right gate and turned towards the house visible over the tree tops on the hill on which it stands.

The house is large and pleasantly rambling; it sits on a hill and is surrounded by a pretty hedge of wild guava. The entrance these days is from the back, and the drive through the woods, for the forest runs right up to the stables, and it is surpassingly beautiful. The house is deserted now, except for a care-taker, an old family servant, Villere Duprée, who served Joe Jefferson as long as he lived on Orange Island.

Most of the original furniture of the house has been moved away. There remain several pictures, among them a painting by Jefferson himself. This is a bit of his earlier work, and is along the lines of his favorite theme, the misty, moss-draped Southern swamps. The paint is beginning to peel from this, and the gold frame is tarnished to such a degree that the picture might be taken to be a hundred years old. Jefferson's studio is in the upper story. It seems alive with his presence to-day, for on the walls are streaks of paint, seemingly still fresh; there are old paint tubes twisted and dried and a number of blocked off canvases, on which pictures were started. On the



FIVE GENERATIONS OF "CAJUN" WEAVERS WITH THEIR LOOMS AND SPINNING WHEELS

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walls are odd daubs that his servant, who followed at our heels to dilate on his beloved master, explained were where Mr. Jefferson loved to test his colors. Here are nailed up cardboards and addresses. One of them was addressed to

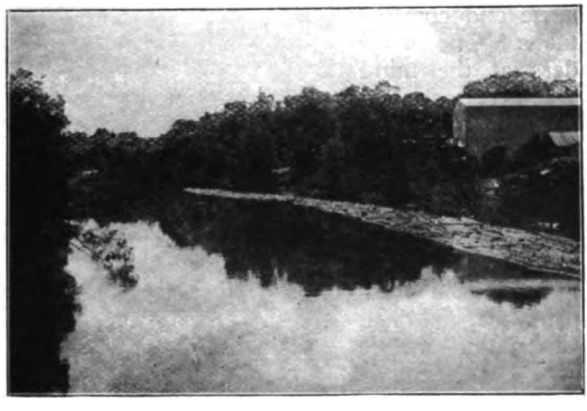
J. JEFFERSON,
CARE OF
JOHN MEUX, OF NEW ORLEANS.

Mr. Jefferson evidently liked to paint all over the place, for his belongings are scattered about in the several closets that open into this room, and even out on the crazy little balcony that is reached through what was built for a skylight. Here in the corner still stands his precious press. This, the servant explained, was the pride of his heart. The last words he said on leaving Orange Island were: "Villere, take care of my press." The servant proudly tells this to all visitors, and truth to tell, he has performed his task well. The press looks as good as new. Here, he continued, Mr. Jefferson would come in the early morning, to paint after he had returned from a tramp through the woods. At luncheon time he would be so absorbed in his painting that the only way to get him to come for a bite to eat was to take his brushes out of his hand. He did not resent this familiarity, for his servants loved him, and he realized that everybody knew better than himself when it was time for him to eat. "He told me I had been an ideal servant," Villere boasted. "Always on hand when wanted, and never in the way when he didn't want me around. And when he left he said it was for good, and he gave me twenty-five dollars for a present."

The upper part of the Jefferson house is a Chinese puzzle that will keep you awake nights after you have visited it. There are about six or seven rooms, all so cut up and devious that they couldn't possibly have been designed for bedrooms, and none of them finished. The studio is the largest of these, but it is far from suggesting a pleasant room in winter. There is no way of heating it. Jefferson used to have lamps placed about the room to heat it. He was mortally afraid of gasoline, and he abhorred a stove.

The story goes that the reason Jefferson left this place was because he came very near being accidentally hurried out of life there. It happened this way:

When the house was built he was not then a young man, and he had all the stage superstitions, among others that it is not wise for an old man to live in a new house—while it is still very new. So when he had the house built he did not live in it. His apartments were in the yard in an old-fashioned "office." After he had stayed two years in this, he concluded that the house was sufficiently ancient for habitation. The "office" was accordingly rolled up to the house. Shortly afterwards a gasoline stove exploded in the bathroom, and Mr. Jefferson always insisted that it was a miracle—he was in the room at the time—and escaped. The next morning he announced his intention of leaving the place.



SCENE ON BAYOU TECHE, GOING TO JEFFERSON'S ISLAND

It is not the province of the writer to pass on Mr. Jefferson as an artist—from a painter's standpoint—but it is hard to believe that any man who could consent to desecrating so ancient and lovely a spot as the place on which the

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house stands by a gingerbread, Queen Anne and a general mixture of "periods" could have the true artistic appreciation of the appropriate. For the house itself is to other houses what chow-chow pickle is to other pickles—a combination embracing everything in architecture. The galleries are broad and the posts to them small and fancy. The finish to the front should have been imposing and in keeping with lines of simplicity and strength, instead all dignity has been frittered away with gimcrack lattice-work decorations in star and crescent design.

The rooms are large and comfortable. One wonders at the mind that ever conceived the idea of placing them as they stand. Surely the architect must have been the forerunner of the man who constructed the mirror-maze, for once you get in one, it takes some time to get out, and never by the same way you entered.

The paper has faded in these rooms now, and the tiles are falling out in the fireplaces. A few good steel engravings remain. Among these are the old-fashioned "Welcome," "Farewell" and "Mother and Child." In the dining-room a really fine piece of French inlaid work in a cabinet remains. It is interesting to note that most of the windows in these rooms are of the tiny-paned Colonial period, set in bow-window style. The various deer horns and hunting pictures about the place indicate that it has always been in the hands of those who love the gun and rod.

Here Joe Jefferson entertained many famous people. Grover Cleveland was a frequent visitor, and any actor or actress was always welcome. While Mr. Jefferson bought the place for the rest and recreation and did no entertaining on a lavish scale, there were always visitors in his home. William Winter, the famous dramatic critic, was a near neighbor at that time, and a dear friend. The hunting preserve here is one of the finest in the whole country. It embraces three thousand acres, and snipe and partridge abound. Here, also, Jefferson had one of the finest kennels in the South.

ONE OF JOE JEFFERSON'S "CAJUN" NEIGHBORS, MADAME GUIS GUIS

Theogene Labaue, a Cajun, who lived on the Jefferson estate from the time it was purchased by the Jeffersons, tells many interesting stories of the old days when the genial owner and his friends used to come down for the winter.

Those were great days for the tenants on the island. "M. Joe Jeffairson," the Cajun explained in his broken English, "he brang Santa Claus for averbody. Nobody not forgotten. He brang toys, clothes, presents for every family. He remember all the children—no, not one was ever forgotten. We call him Santa Claus, yes." But to reproduce the quaint patois of the Cajun is a task to which the present writer humbly admits total inadequacy, so the conversation with Labaue is done into English.

Mr. Jefferson would come weighted down with presents for everybody. His generosity was well known, and the Cajuns were not slow in letting him know they adored people who gave,

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presents. The first time he came to have any dealing with him, the speaker explained, was many years ago, when the Jeffersons wanted to restock the island with quail. Labaue's children undertook to trap the birds, and he brought them to the Jefferson house. Charlie Jefferson opened the bag. The birds flew away. Then he turned to the astonished Cajun to ask how much he owed him.

"Nothing," that one replied. "See, they are gone."

"I bought them to turn loose on the island." He handed Labaue ten dollars.

"I'll take it to the children," he replied. "I'll say it is a present sent by Mr. Charlie Jefferson."

This was the beginning of a friendship between the two. For Labaue proudly claims Charlie Jefferson as his best friend. "Ah, but he was of the big heart," he exclaims affectionately. "He was the one everybody loved."

LAKE NICOLETTE IN WHICH JEFFERSON'S ISLAND IS SITUATED

Charlie Jefferson lived on the island for a number of years. Here, about half a mile from the home house, is the cottage that he built for his beautiful wife, who died and was buried there under the gray-draped trees that hide the cottage from view. The Cajuns loved Charlie Jefferson. He was one of them. He was at heart a cowboy, and entered into their sports, their amusements, with all the energy and enthusiasm of a native son of the soil. Indeed, when the question of the Jeffersons is brought up, they will switch from the distinguished father to tell you of the exploits of the son. They have heard vaguely of Joe Jefferson's acting, but they know that Charlie is the greatest actor the world will ever see, for they have seen him act. They will tell you of the time he acted in New Iberia. It is a story handed down from father to son, how the house rang to the echo with the enthusiasm of the audience who were seeing a play perhaps for the first time.

The fever for the stage was inherited in the Jefferson family. Even when Charlie Jefferson was supposed to be farming he had dreams of making his fortune on the stage. "Charlie, he say to me," Labaue reminiscenced, "'I put on de play. It make one hit. I come back with great money. I farm the rest of my life and live here.'" It was on one of these trips North that Charlie Jefferson's wife died. He had gone to New York with high hopes of making his fortune on "The Shadows of a Great City," or some play like that. While he was away she died. Naturally, after that the associations were painful to him, and he left for the North. The Cajuns still look for him to come back "home" to live.

One of the treats that Jefferson always laid great stress on giving his guests was "Cajun" coffee. They would call on the different tenants to drink with them. Labaue tells with pride how Mr. Cleveland told him "'he had never got no café like dat in his life before.'" Mr. Jefferson also declared that nobody in the world could equal the Cajuns in preparing his favorite drink. In the hunting trips through the country all of the Ca-

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juns on the island were visited, and coffee was taken at every place—to avoid the petty jealousies which would have been engendered if some had been slighted.

Cleveland's visit was a great time out there. For it seems he was quite as lavish and generous in gifts as his host.

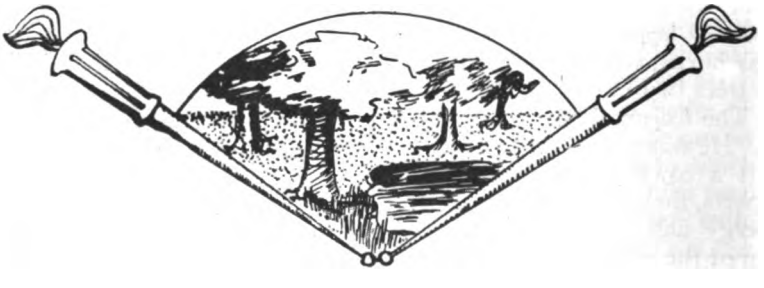
Labaue's wife spun a homespun suit for Mr. Cleveland and a riding habit for little Ruth, after his return to the North. This was sent to the ex-President as a Christmas present. In return he sent Labaue fifty dollars. "Yes, feefty dollar," emphasized the lover of Christmas gifts.

Joe Jefferson did much to help the Cajun women introduce their goods. His guests were always shown the product of the looms on his place, and many of them carried away suits of homespun to be made up as a Southern souvenir. Mme. Bicou-Bordreaux and Mme. Jules, the two Cajun weavers, were both well known to him, and he patronized them liberally. While they knew him then as a good man and a lovable neighbor, they have no idea even now how high he stood in the affection of the world. It was not generally known that Mr. Jefferson, in spite of his worldly training, was a timid man. And yet those who knew him best during his residence in the South declare that he was shy and diffident in meeting strangers and nervous about entering a roomful of strangers as the veriest schoolboy.

Theogene Labaue has one treasure that money can't buy—and this was another "present" from his good friend. It is a painting by Joe Jefferson of himself as "Rip Van Winkle." "De ole man," the owner loves to talk about the picture, "de ole man he come out on de stage in de picture, he raise his hand to his eyes, he lookin' for de years dat are gone away."

No, he can't show you the picture, he regrets, and explains: "Dat Bob Broussard, our Representative, he say to me, he say 'let me tek de picture to Washington, D. C., to hang it in de room on er wall for averbody—all de friends of Mr. Jefferson—to see.' So I say, 'Vairy well, tek it on to Washington, to put in de room,' but I say: 'Bob, ef de time come when I cain't stan' bein' separate from dat picture no longer, and I get er letter wrote to you sayin' return it to me, I want you to onderstan' I want you to hurry dat paintin' back frum Washington, D. C., to me.' Den Bob he say vairy well, an' I say all de money dat Grover Clevelan' 's got in de bank couldn't part me frum dat picture. Hit was painted by M. Joe Jefferson hisself, and he giv hit as er present, er gift, to me. Yes."

Here's to Joe Jefferson's memory. May it always stay green in the land and among the people he gladdened!



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MEN OF AFFAIRS

Hospitality is one of the great traditions of the South. It is this kindly spirit which justifies a custom which prevails widely among her young men. Such of them as have made preparation of unusual usefulness in professional or business life are prone to seek a field for effort in a state other than that of their birth. Always they find themselves ungrudgingly and cordially welcomed, and the facility with which they fit themselves into the new environment is a proof that the people of the South are truly homogeneous. It is this custom, too, which lends color to the good-natured boasting which occupies so much space in our newspapers. No Tennessean, if it be Tennessee that, at the moment, is pluming herself, will ever admit that Alabama or Missouri or Texas could manage to supply, from a native source, the splendid talents which they have borrowed from Tennessee, the inference being, of course, that men like Morgan or Pettus or Folk or Houston are as plentiful in Tennessee as huckleberries. Mississippi never overlooks an opportunity of reminding Texas that Bailey was born in Mississippi, and that Mississippi finds it no trouble at all to breed genius like Bailey's, supply Texas with all she needs and have plenty left over for herself.

Kentucky and Tennessee have, perhaps, made more of these drafts upon each other's supplies of manhood than have any of the other states. Kentuckians coming to Tennessee and finding the environment congenially compounded of blue sky, rolling hills, blue grass, fast horses and pretty women, have remained to compensate us for the many Tennesseans who have crossed Walker's and Henderson's line, and grown permanently accustomed to the alien mode of distilling corn, which is the only vital subject of difference between the two commonwealths.

In this exchange of citizens, by the acquisition of Hon. M. T. Bryan from Kentucky, Tennessee has made one of the clearest profits that ever accrued to her at her sister's expense.

Mr. Bryan was born in Bourbon County, and his youth was the typical American one—hard work on the farm, mixed with terms at the country school and the academy, a clerkship in a store which won him the coveted course in the law school, the beginning of practice in a small town, which he soon abandoned for a larger field. He removed to Nashville, Tennessee, in 1873, where he has practiced law ever since and always on the high plane of honor, which is the fondest tradition of that somewhat maligned profession. He has conducted a large mass of private affairs with great ability and with conspicuous success; he has been in the State Senate, where he originated much constructive and useful legislation; he was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention of 1888, and is at the present time the President of the Tennessee State Bar Association, a member of the Library Board and of the Park Commission of his town. In fact it seldom happens that a public occasion of any sort does not create a demand for his services either as chairman or toastmaster or post-prandial orator, in the discharge of which functions he commands an address and a social quality thoroughly appreciated by every one.

There are always plenty of people in the limelight who are making use of their energy, tact, brains, and cour-

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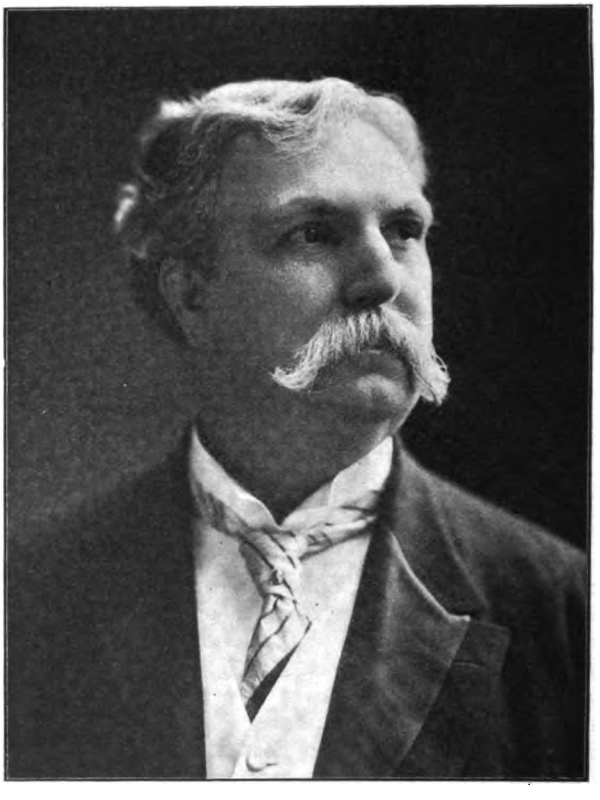
age to reach personal ends and personal profit. But surely it is more interesting to get hold of a subject who has never done anything showy or spectacular, and to point out the qualities of head and heart that have made him, not only a delight to his friends, but a pillar of usefulness to society. Mr. Bryan has always cared deeply for social ends and is unfeignedly interested in public affairs; but it can be truly said that he cares less for station and profit than for the opportunity to do effective service. As a result, there has seldom been a movement inaugurated in Tennessee for public betterment to which Mr. Bryan has not given the benefit of his splendid tact and ability for organization. He knows how to do things himself, and he has the rare gift of persuasion. He can weld men together in organizations which cope successfully with the disappointments and difficulties incident to all voluntary public effort.

A notable instance of this is the work he has done for the improvement of inland waterways. More than twenty years ago Mr. Bryan took hold of the project of locking and damming the Cumberland River. During all these years, apparently so fruitless to spirits less zealous than his, he has hammered away at the project. He has advertised it and talked it and has never permitted it to be forgotten by the people. He has enlisted men of influence for it and employed all the newspaper space he could get for it. He has talked to Congressional committees at Washington about it and has persuaded some of those committees to come to Tennessee and talk about it here. The result of this is that Congress has appropriated about three millions for the river, and before Mr. Bryan gets through there will be enough additional millions expended to make the Cumberland navigable the year round throughout its six hundred miles of length. When this is brought to pass, the effect upon the commerce and wealth of Tennessee and Kentucky will be beyond computation. It is not an exaggeration to say that this great public benefit will be brought about largely because one public-spirited man believes that where energy and a good cause are joined together, failure cannot follow.



M. T. BRYAN

The Sixtieth Congress will contain in the Upper House two men who have risen from newsboys to their present high estate and that not through the power of wealth, but through persistence and proven merit. One of these, Charles Curtis, of Kansas, is entitled to every distinction which the

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American people can bestow upon a thoroughbred American, for his father was an American soldier and his mother a member of the Kaw tribe of Indians. He is, therefore, fitted by inheritance to undertake the solution of the governmental problems in the Western part of our country, and he is by acquirement one of the best-read and most generally informed members of the Senate. He has served his state in the Lower House for fourteen years and has gained much valuable experience, which will enable him to handle his new work with ease and thoroughness. He was a valued member of the Ways and Means Committee, ranking high in the councils of his party in the House, and was one of the committee of the eleven Republicans to prepare the financial bill which was enacted into a law a few years ago. He never fails to grasp an opportunity of extending his knowledge of affairs and was a member of the Taft party on their visit to the Philippines. In addition to this, Mr. Curtis' twenty-three years of political work in his state have given him the confidence and sympathy of his people. They know he is working for their interests, and he knows they believe in him. With this mutual trust, Kansas cannot fail of great profit from her choice.

SENATOR CHARLES T. CURTIS

When Mr. Curtis was born, forty-seven years ago, the Indians were not the wards of the nation as now, and he had a rough-and-tumble youth. Always ambitious, he attended school whenever he could and between times earned his living as a newsboy. He was also successively a boot-black and a jockey and was driving a public hack when he commenced the study of law. Two years later he was admitted to the Kansas bar, and he then entered politics. A genial nature and a magnetic personality and a thorough knowledge of his fellow men made Mr. Curtis popular everywhere he went. In 1884 he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of Shawnee County, and the vigor and integrity he displayed in this position led the Kansas voters to send him to represent the Sunflower State in Congress. The probability is that he will continue in his present office as long as he cares to fill it.

Mr. Curtis has the erect bearing, the lithe, muscular figure and the coal-black hair and eyes of the typical Indian. He is proud of his Kaw ancestry and never neglects the remnant of his race, now living on an Oklahoma reservation.

Mrs. Curtis is in every way fitted to adorn and further her husband's career. Of a most gracious personality, of unbounded hospitality and interest in questions of the day, she is a practical woman, with common-sense ideas on home-making and child-training. There are three bright, healthy children, the eldest, Permelia, now a senior at Wellesley College. Harry, the only son, is now in his third High School year at Washington, where the youngest daughter is also a pupil.

A citizen of the world, a deep student of social and political economy, a diplomat, an editor, and a successful planter, Mr. Van Leer Polk has re-

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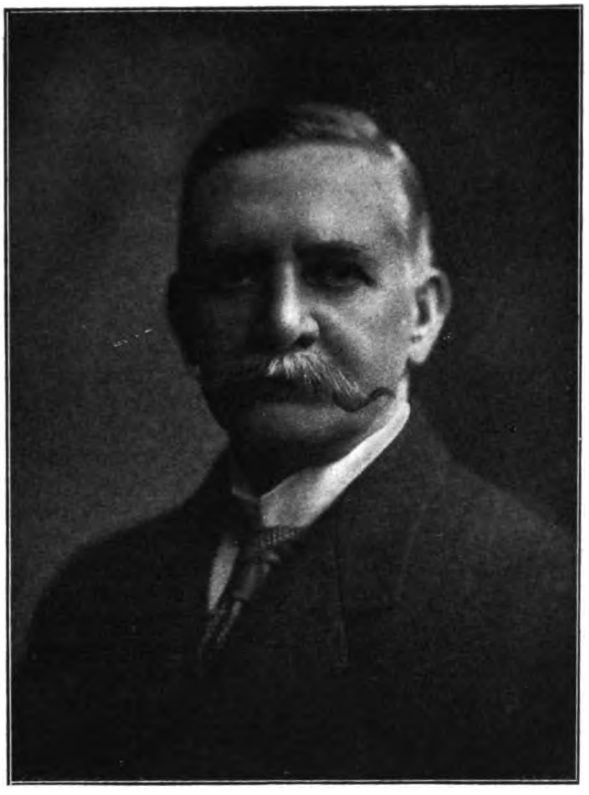
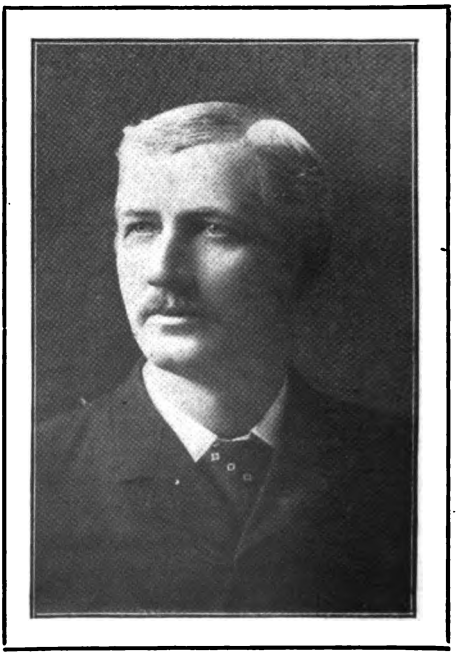


MR. VAN LEER POLK

cently joined the movement for the development of the wonderful phosphate mines of his native section, Middle Tennessee. Here, at the old Polk homestead, "Ashwood," he combines the broad hospitality for which the manor was once celebrated with the keen devotion to business necessary to the building up of mighty interests. Maury County phosphate rock is of the highest rank in the commercial world and its successful mining and sale bring additional prosperity to a county already famous as the home of the Hal pacers, Jersey cattle, and other blooded stock.

The Polk family have always been prominent in the annals of the state and of the nation. Mr. Polk, after receiving his education at Rugby, in England, and at Rome, traveled extensively in Europe, Asia and Africa. He returned to his home and was chosen to represent Maury and Lewis Counties in the Tennessee Legislature. During Mr. Cleveland's second administration he was appointed Consul-General at Calcutta and only resigned this position to take active part in the Bryan campaign. He was one of the delegates appointed by President Roosevelt to attend the Pan-American Congress at Rio de Janeiro in 1906, and since that time has devoted his energies to the upbuilding of the phosphate industry.

The Fort family has contributed as much to the shaping of the history of Tennessee as any family in the state, William Fort being a delegate to the first Constitutional Convention, which met in Knoxville, in January, 1796, and from that time to the present day some member of this illustrious family has been



JOEL B. FORT

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active in all things pertaining to affairs of state.

Joel B. Fort was born in Robertson County, August 5th, 1854. As a lad, he worked on the farm and attended the common schools of his locality until 1872, when he entered Cumberland University, at Lebanon, from which he graduated with high honors two years afterwards. Returning home, he took up the practice of law and from the beginning took front rank with the ablest lawyers of the state:

In 1887, he was elected to the State Legislature and so acquitted himself that in 1889, he was returned with an increased majority of votes. It was at this session that he was made Chairman of the famous Farmers' Caucus in which Colonel House, A. S. Marks and General Bate contended so long for the United States Senatorship.

Tiring of politics, he retired to his farm near the thriving little town of Adams, to devote his entire time to his chosen profession, and agricultural pursuits.

When the great movement for the protection of the tobacco growers was organized, Mr. Fort was one of the first to draw his sword in defense of the planters, and has ever since labored assiduously in their interests. Through his instrumentality protection associations have been formed throughout the tobacco-growing districts of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia, and plans for mutually beneficial relations have been adopted.

Mr. Fort is an earnest and convincing speaker. To his natural oratorical gifts he adds a thorough knowledge of the economic principles governing the world's tobacco market, and so well equipped is he for leadership in this work that his services are in great demand, and a large portion of his time is given up to organizing and directing the interests of the Planters' Protective Association.

ONE-ARMED SAM BERRY

SOME COMMENT AND REMINISCENCE OF A NOTORIOUS KENTUCKY WAR CHARACTER

By Will Levington Comfort

AMONG the characters of Kentucky, strenuous enough to force their names into books of history, and who have kept the annals of their native state alive and significant, is "One-Armed" Sam Berry, of Boyle County, notorious among the guerrillas of the Civil War. This is the story of a pale, studious schoolteacher, a classmate of Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Lexington, who became a scourge and a firebrand, fit to be mentioned in the same breath with Attila and Genghis Khan.

Central Kentucky is ripe with reminiscences of the "One-Armed." The trails he rode over; the barns from which he looted his thoroughbreds; the gun-shot scars in trees, porches, and window-casings which he made with his good right arm when he happened to miss or go clean through a fellow citizen—these are pointed out still, and with no false shame—much the same as the landmarks of the James boys are shown to a wayfarer in Missouri.

Samuel Oliver Berry came from a good family, which means something

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in Kentucky. There wasn't a more docile, gun-shy or studious youth in all the rolling land. He would play marbles, but not for keeps. Incidentally, the elders of Boyle County, today, have all played marbles with one-armed Sam. He must have filled one decade pretty full of mibs, agates, glassies and agate-agates. His stomach revolted at the thought of killing a rabbit, and he was called to the carpet repeatedly by the gang for being a milk and water party. Still there was something about young Sam, some subtle phase of eye or hand, that kept his person bright with his pals. It is not on record that he ever turned loose in his boyhood days the fighting lust that made him great and formidable in the later days.

And what does the pale, studious youth do at the end of his school days, but "take over" a school and teach boys and girls a step beneath him, the way to write and read and keep up their deportment averages! He didn't gad anybody. His voice never rumbled over the township. His was a model school, a pious school. All incorrigibility in youth and maiden, however, died before his gray eye, which could freeze like liquid air, and on occasion, glow like radium.

ARM AND CIDER MILL

Up to this time, Sam Berry was not handicapped in body or brain. It was during a summer vacation, when cider activities were opening up in the little town of Perryville, that Sam obtained a position in a cider mill. During the second week of work, his left arm was chewed off in the machinery; leisurely, thoroughly, out-rooted at the shoulder. Sam tore himself free, and stood up without a whimper, but pale as death, until the doctor came, twenty minutes later. There was not enough of the arm left to afford room for a binding to stanch the flow of blood. Such an exhibition of nerve had never been seen in the county.

This accident, it is claimed, soured Sam's temper somewhat. At least, it combined, with a later tragedy, to change the tenor of his life. He had scarcely healed when the war broke out, and the gray eyes boiled. Of the South, brain and bone and passion, was this so-far-controlled volcano. He tried to go out with a little detachment from Perryville, but was gently refused, on account of his disability. He went over to Lexington, and down to Memphis to enlist, but was refused in both places. Then the high seas of his rage broke over him.

KINGDOM FOR A HORSE

He was not to be denied the joy of waging war against the North. Perryville was astounded on one of those parlous mornings at the beginning of the war, to find that "One-Armed" Sam Berry had disappeared; also Roanoke, one of the prettiest thoroughbreds ever bred in Boyle County. The stallion belonged to the man who had refused to take Sam for a Confederate soldier. At this point Sam's Southern patriotism was considered a trifle ardent, even by his friends.

Tales soon began to pour up from the battle-grounds of Sam's demoniacal prowess afield. He had become a sort of free lance in action—running amuck in the face of battle-lines; doing hair-raising deeds of espionage, carrying messages through armed camps, and turning up like a crippled ghost in the moments of thickest action.

ROUTINE WAR SLOW FOR SAM

Kentucky swears that the war never produced his equal as a chance-taker and a lucky survival. Certainly he thrust his thrilling figure into the very vortices of action, again and yet again. History is more concerned with his later escapades. "One-Armed" Sam fretted in the winter's lull of '62 and '63. Camps of preparation didn't please him. His strange soul was aroused. The blood-madness was a brimming fountain in his brain.

Moreover, he couldn't forget Kentucky, where he had been turned down. He rode north from Tennessee

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to the town of Bloomfield, Nelson County, and organized a band of guerrillas. Then the Hyde in this pale, studious pedagogue began to revel. He stole horses; and when overstocked, forced the owners at gunpoint to buy them back at high prices. They say that he had round shoulders then; that he sat on his mount like a drunken sailor; that he demanded instant obedience and granite gameness from his followers; that the gray eyes glowed like a cat's in the dark.

PERRYVILLE SCORES SETTLED

He burned his way back to Perryville with his men—ashes, destitution and death in his wake. This was "One-Armed" Sam's lone war. He was an enemy to the North and South now. The Federal soldiers closed about him on the raid, but he gave them the slip; and on a quiet morning, early in 1864, the "One-Armed" and twelve men dashed into Perryville from the Mackville pike, yelling and firing in the true style of the open. Those valiant enough to offer resistance were shot down.

"Every man of you, form into line!" the "One-Armed" yelled to the villagers, with a curse like that which helped Ethan Allen to Ticonderoga. The townspeople, including many old friends of the schoolmaster, gathered in a ragged front before the Enterprise Hotel, a hundred or more, their hands raised heavenward, as requested. Sam and his twelve went through the company. Then the raiders divided, six to stand guard, and six to loot the houses.

SAM WANTS DICK LESTER

There was a man named Richard Lester whom Sam wanted to kill. Lester wasn't in the line, nor in his house, but an old man, named Lawson, was found in the dining-room of Lester's house. In a fit of impatience at not finding his quarry, Sam killed the old man. Then the enterprising homecomer rode his horse into Wallace Green's drugstore and looted the cash-drawers from the saddle. Under the counter a man's figure was hunched. Sam let go a shot on general principles, and routed the desired Lester, who dashed for the rear window, and took it with him, casing and all. The back of the building opens onto the Chaplain river, the bed of which was rock-covered, and twenty feet below the window which Lester demolished. By a miracle, the fleeing one missed the rocks and made good his getaway. At this moment, Sam encountered an uncle of his whom he had always respected. This was Henry McGraw, who lived in Perryville until his death.

"Sam, get out of here and let us alone!" McGraw commanded.

"All right, Uncle!" the guerrilla responded, riding out at the head of his men and shouting, "Forward!"

THE FEDERALS ARRIVE

Perryville was not yet through with her busiest day. Captain Fiddler and thirty-five Federal horsemen next "took" the town. They needed food and mounts and guns. They took what they needed; at least, what the "One-Armed" had left, and pushed on after the outlaw. Fiddler's methods were somewhat different from Sam's, however, insomuch that the residents were afterwards paid for the stuff that the Federals seized.

UGLY DEATH ENDS SCENE

It was very little later that Berry and his men were run down. Sam was shot from his horse; but did not give up until he was insensible. His captors, it is said, allowed him partly to recover in the Union prison at Joliet, Illinois. The story told of his end is that he became incorrigible again, and was placed under a stream of cold water for discipline. At all events, he died under the heinous torture, and it is recorded, that the "One-Armed" is buried in the National cemetery on the outskirts of Joliet.

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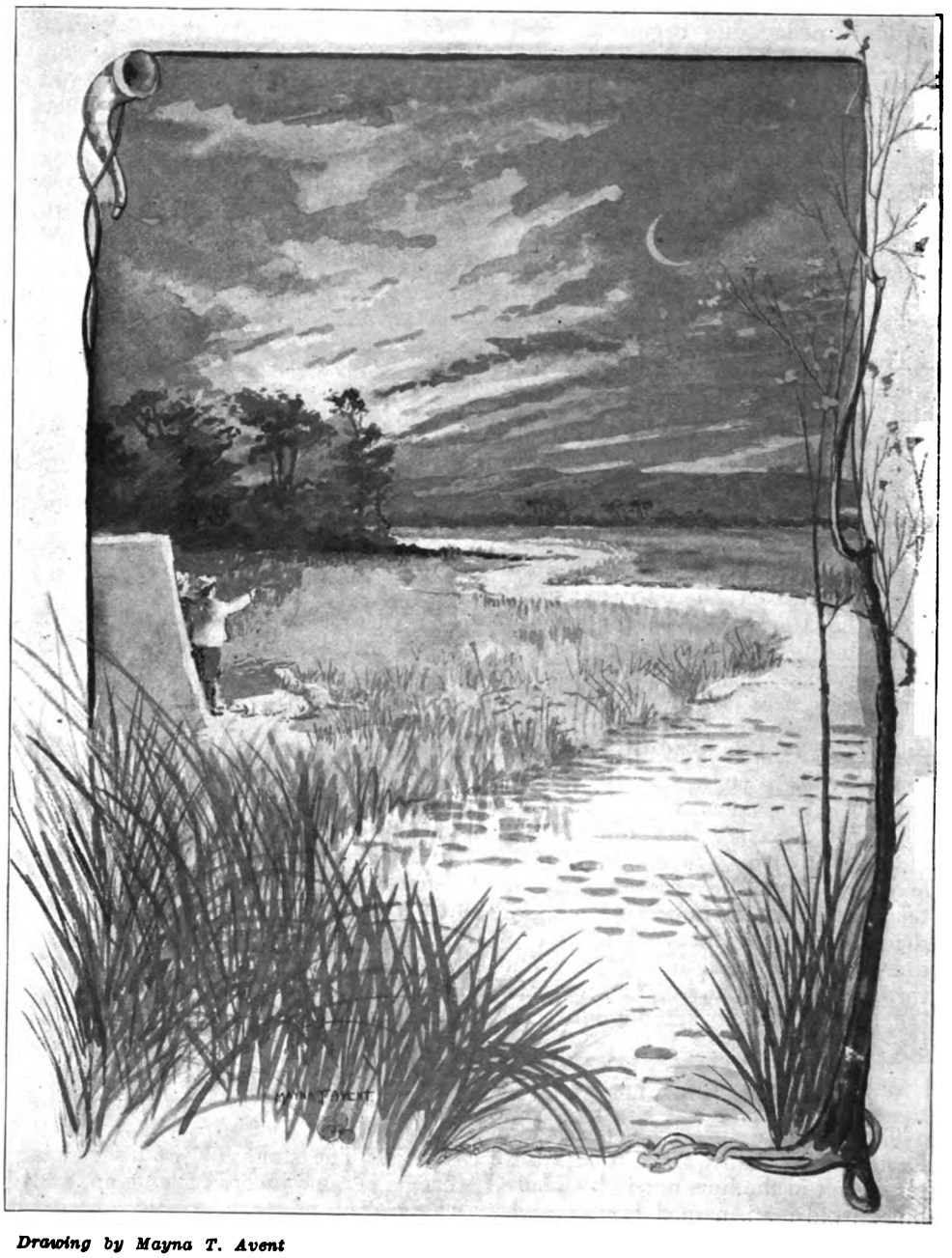

Drawing by Mayna T. Avent

THE HUNTER'S MOON

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THE HUNTER'S MOON

BY HELEN T. DICKINSON

The evening star hath set,
Not yet
The west grown grey
Where little tongues of flame
Proclaim:
"Here died the Day."
Tip-toeing winds the mossy pathways tread,
Because the day is dead.

Hush'd all the deepwood aisles,
Defiles,
And grottoes where
Dark shadows slowly sift
Adrift,
On waters there,
Beneath the late denuded poplar trees
That whisper to the breeze.

Now suddenly, behold!
All gold
The vale doth seem—
A largess without stint,
Aglint,
Falls on the stream,
And every dampened twig and blade of grass
Appears a living jewel in the pass.
For now upriseth bright
To-night,
The Hunter's Moon,
Her shield all polished,
And red
Her hunting shoon,
As o'er the hills she riseth gracious-slow,
Smiling the while upon the world below.

Camp fires in the vale
Grow pale
Beneath her ray,
Where huntsmen to the skies
Their eyes
Uplift and say:
Hail to the Queen!" as through the forests ring
The happy choruses of songs they sing.

The Hunter's Moon once shone
Days gone,
Mayhap on one
Who in a lonely wood
Mute stood,
As turned to stone,
Before a stag, twixt whose dark antlers reared,
The Holy Symbol of the Lord appeared.
And she shed golden gleams,
It seems,
With lovely light,
When Robin Hood was wont
To hunt
In Arden's night;
And o'er all Hunters she shall ever shine,
Fair Dian—of the ancients held divine.

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THE NIGHT RIDERS

By

HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD

CHAPTER XIV

On the Squire's return to town, zealously urged by his mission to warn the officers of the law of the intended attack on the New Pike gate, he felt that supreme elation of spirits belonging to a man who already scents splendid victory in the near future.

Indeed, it promised to be a double one, for not only would he be enabled to strike an effective blow at the raiders, whose warfare on the toll-gates threatened him with a considerable financial loss, but he would also have it in his power to crush one whose ever-unwelcome presence in the neighborhood seemed likely to deprive the Squire of winning a wife.

The wily old man reasoned with himself that he would much prefer to have his nephew alive and in the penitentiary than simply dead. Incarceration would prove a far more lasting and complete revenge than death. In death there would only come a quick oblivion to the Squire's victory, on the nephew's part, while in a long imprisonment, which to the victim would be a living death, there would yet remain a daily and hourly comprehension of unhappy facts, besetting the helpless prisoner like a pack of hungry wolves attacking their prey—an ever-present hideous knowledge of his own powerless condition, and his uncle's complete mastery of the situation.

It was this wish, this growing hope to place his nephew in just such a living tomb, that fanned the hatred of the Squire into a glowing heat, and made him all the more determined that Milt should soon feel the blighting power of his wrath, even though walls of massive stone, and behind barred doors.

All the way to town the old man fed his sluggish imagination by picturing his kinsman and rival thus imprisoned, slowly eating away his heart in range and solitude, understanding full well that his sweetheart had become the wife of the man he most hated in all the world. Ah! what could be a greater punishment than this? Death would prove sweet compared to it.

The Squire chuckled to himself in a sort of fiendish delight at the mental picture of anguish he had conjured up.

In their last bitter quarrel, when the young man had been driven from the Squire's home, the nephew had boldly laughed in his uncle's face, taunting him with his age and decrepitude, and declaring that he would yet win the girl in spite of all that the old man might do.

Youth and manly beauty are a powerful offset to wealth and age in the eyes of a young woman. The Squire understood this fully, and chafed under the knowledge, but he resolutely determined to see what craft and cunning could accomplish in the unequal struggle. He made up his mind to marry the pretty toll-taker, though there were a dozen importunate suitors

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in the way. He would ruthlessly trample them all underfoot, or sweep them aside, as he meant to do his nephew, showing neither pity nor mercy.

Ofttimes perseverance is even more effective than love, and the Squire was not of the kind to be easily thwarted when he had once made up his mind to attain a desired result. Stubbornness and determination were his strongest characteristics. These two traits, cleverly united, have carried many a man to success.

Deep down in his wicked old heart he had carefully considered the plan of having his nephew put quietly out of the way—the Squire knew a man that money could easily buy for this purpose—but the Squire disliked to part with money, and besides he did not care to place himself in a position to be bled by a hireling.

For obvious reasons, therefore, it would serve his purpose much better if Milt got himself hopelessly entangled in the meshes of the law by his own acts, rather than the Squire should be accused of helping to bring about his nephew's ruin. There would be much less difficulty in winning the girl, the old man thought, ignorant of what she already knew.

As matters now stood, everything was working beautifully to his interest, and with the exercise of a little diplomacy, such as he well knew how to employ when occasion demanded, his plans would soon be happily accomplished, and his nephew's downfall speedily brought about.

When Squire Bixler got home again, after an interview with the sheriff, he replenished the fire, closed the shutters, and discarding his heavy boots for his carpet slippers, he gathered the papers about him, and sat down to read. Although his usual bedtime had passed, he only yawned occasionally, and consulted his heavy time-piece, or glanced at the tall clock in the corner.

Along toward the midhour of the night he suddenly aroused himself from the stupor of sleep that was beginning to lay hold of him, and, straightening himself in his arm-chair, listened attentively.

A sound which seemed at first elusive grew clearer to his alert ear, arousing his drowsy faculties to fuller consciousness. It was an easy matter to interpret that sound aright—indeed, his ear had done so quickly. It was a welcome sound for which he had been impatiently listening all these long, weary hours, and it signified the raiders were abroad.

The old man sat motionless, listening intently. Clear and distinct, in measures musical as steel hammers on an anvil, came the rapid hoofbeat of horses along the pike, now louder where the open fields spread out on either side of the road, now dull and muffled when a hillock intervened.

As the sound grew nearer the Squire hasily arose, and blowing out his candle went to the window and opened it. The body of horsemen were even then passing his avenue gate.

Now the raiders were climbing the little hill that arose between his place and the toll-house, each fall of the iron shoe seemed a sharp, clear note, played in staccato time, on the hard, white surface of the pike, then the notes grew less distinct, softened and shaded as by a soft pedal, when the raiders descended the farther side of the hill. They must soon be at the very gate.

The Squire listened. There came a pause in the hoof music, then a solitary horseman took up the refrain. The listener recalled to mind the request that his recent nocturnal visitor had made concerning this advance guard—that harm should not come to him—and a grim smile played over the old man's face as he silently hoped that this one, too, might fall. The Squire had urged upon the sheriff that no man should escape—not one.

Suddenly a shot rang out—then another — two, three — a half-dozen. Quickly a volley poured forth, startling the night with clamorous echoes.

The fight was on in fierce earnest-

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ness between the raiders and defenders of the gate.

CHAPTER XV

The distance that Milton Derr had to go to reach the New Pike gate, from where the raiders halted and held parley, was but a short one, measured by paces, yet during that brief ride many irrelevant things came crowding fast upon his memory—indeed, it seemed that his whole life's history was swiftly reviewed in that brief period.

His boyhood days arose to his mind —those careless, happy days of early youth that were spent amid the wild, sweet freedom of the hills, from which he had just now ridden—the old schoolhouse in Alder Creek glen, that unforgotten spot where pretty Sally Brown had first ensnared his boyish heart and held it a willing captive ever since.

He recalled to mind the sharp pangs of jealousy Jade Beddow took a delight in arousing in his youthful bosom by showing marked attention to the object of their mutual admiration —then of gloomier matters, his mother's illness and her death, which had wrung his heart with the bitterest grief that had ever crept into his young life. There came to mind a memory of the subsequent home with his uncle —a home that meant little else than a mere shelter, and an opportunity for much hard work, for the Squire was a grasping man, close and calculating, and required of every one the last atom of effort.

Most clear in his memory was that eventful day when his uncle first learned that the smiles of the pretty toll-taker were rather for the nephew than for the uncle, and this discovery seemed suddenly to change the Squire's indifference toward his ward into an intense hatred, which smoldered for a while, then at last broke forth into a fierce flame of passion, when there was a bitter quarrel, and the young man was driven from his uncle's roof, and went back to live amid his native hills once more.

When Milton Derr made up his mind to join the raiders, he was actuated by the two strongest passions that sway the human heart—love and hate. The first and uppermost one urged him to join the band in order that he might be able to influence the members to spare the New Pike gate, for the present, at least; the second made it evident that, by aiding in the general destruction of toll-houses throughout the county, and the abolishment of tolls, he would be in a position to do his kinsman much damage, and affect the most vulnerable spot in evidence—his pocket. Thus, in Derr's bosom, love and hate held almost equal sway.

All these things passed in hurried review through the rider's excited mind, like a fleeting panorama, brief, yet clear and intense as the glimpse of a surrounding landscape seen by the flash of the lightning's path across the starless heavens.

He once more recalled to mind the conversation that his sweetheart had overheard and repeated to him, which had taken place between his uncle and some unknown man upon the public highway. Could this mysterious person have been Jade Beddow, and had they arranged it between them to have him sent forward so that he might be shot, or taken prisoner? This was evidently the trap that had been so adroitly set, and into which he was now riding, though not without protest.

Won to this belief, he still rode onward unflinchingly toward the toll-house now looming up before him like a ghostly warning, and dimly outlined against the cold gray midnight sky.

Nature herself seemed steeped in profound slumber at this wan, late hour, and neither life nor movement was visible about the place. The solitary horseman appeared to be the only living object in all that cheerless, dimly-defined landscape. There was no sign of danger on any hand, no suspicious movement of a lurking enemy. The deep silence of night's midhour brooded over the quiet scene, and its

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peace fell heavily upon it like the mantle of darkness round about.

The lone rider began to look about him with growing confidence. It was all so quiet, so still, so filled with the hush of midnight—surely the monition he had received that the gate would be guarded must have been built on mere rumor without the foundation of fact.

When he came to the gate, he found the pole up, as it was wont to be at so late an hour of the night, and after pausing a brief moment, thinking tenderly of one within the darkened toll-house, he passed from under the raised pole, and rode a short distance along the road.

Once again he paused, and looked back, and listened. No sight or sound betrayed the presence of guard or officer. It must be that the posse had failed to materialize, believing the rumor of an impending attack mere idle talk. With a feeling of relief the horseman raised a whistle to his lips and blew a sharp call as a signal that the raiders might advance.

In quick response the clatter of many hoofs came beating down the road in rythmic measure.

Suddenly—breaking harshly into the musical ring of the hurrying hoof-beats—rang the discordant note of a shot from out the darkness, and quick upon it came another, while the advance rider, startled and surprised by its unexpectedness, heard the bullet singing keenly past his ear.

An answering fire from the oncoming raiders, shooting at random, seeking an unseen and hidden foe, awoke the echoes, and speedily a volley of shots from both raiders and guards filled the quiet night with tumultuous sounds.

For a brief space of time Derr sat motionless on his horse, making no effort to escape, stunned by the surprise of his attack, then realizing that a fight was really on, that the gate was under guard, and, despite his warnings, the band had gotten themselves into a jeopardous situation, while he, being a sworn member, must now stand or fall with it. He turned quickly about and dashed back to join his comrades.

The first shot had been the premature discharge of a gun in the hands of a nervous guard, who had fired before the raiders had reached the spot where the men lay in waiting.

This, coupled with the fact that the stone wall behind which the guards were concealed, was on a stretch of ground sloping from the road, caused the later volley of shots fired on the raiders to speed harmlessly overhead, while the raiders' answering fire was quite as futile.

The latter had been quick to respond to their unseen assailants, and had pressed on, reassured by the first single shot, but when met by a determined volley, the captain gave orders for a hasty retreat, quickly realizing that the band had ridden recklessly into an ambush, and that the odds were greatly against his men.

As the raiders turned, the advance rider dashed back to join them. Several bullets sang a keen note of danger as he galloped by, but he was unscathed.

A little beyond the gate one of the riders fell, or was thrown from his horse, which seemed to stumble, then quickly regain his feet, and, riderless now, dashed along the road after the retreating band.

As Milt came up, he suddenly checked his horse at the spot where the accident occurred, for the fallen man had risen to his feet, and was sorely in need of succor, since his horse had taken flight without him.

As he stood in the road, a dark shadow on a light background, seemingly dazed and uncertain what to do, Derr pulled up alongside, and bracing himself in his stirrups, leaned forward and cried hurriedly, "Leap up behind me!"

The man quickly obeyed, though clumsily, for his right arm appeared to be of little service to him, but with the mounted man's assistance he managed to clumb up behind, and throw one arm around his deliverer, then both men bowed low over the saddle,

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yet not a moment too soon to avoid a parting volley fired at the two on the fleeing horse.

"The rest rid off an' left me, but you risked your life to take me up," muttered Steve Judson, as they galloped on through the night. "Milt Derr, I promise you I won't forget tonight."

"That's all right; hang on!"

CHAPTER XVI

The lurking shadows along the stone wall suddenly grew into animated forms, and the silence was broken by excited speech. The raiders faded as quickly into the night as they had come, while the faint echoes of retreating hoofs betokened a rapid flight of the band toward the hill country.

"Have we bagged any game?"

The guards hastily scrambled over the rock fence after a parting volley had been sent after the last retreating horseman, who had tarried a brief while in his retreat, and each guard was eager to find an answer to the leader's question.

"One man fell or dropped from his horse, I'll swear to that," the sheriff made reply, looking along the gloom of the road with expectant eyes. "We must surely have wounded one of them. It cannot have been a total loss of lead."

"No, for I'm hit," a voice made the doleful assertion out of the darkness farther along the fence line.

"Hello! Scott! Is that you? Are you much hurt?"

"Shot in the shoulder."

"Is that so?" asked the sheriff concernedly. "I'll look after your case at once. Anybody else hurt?"

"I believe a bullet went through my hat and grazed my skull"—this a second voice tinged with grave anxiety.

"If so, it probably flattened the bullet," was the unfeeling remark of a companion.

The girl from the toll-house appeared just then on the platform—a sudden apparition, startled of face, and with a hand that shook perceptibly as she carried an old tin lantern.

"Is anybody hurt?" she anxiously inquired.

"A wound in the shoulder of one of our men; nothing serious, I hope," and the sheriff came forward to reassure her.

"And the raiders—what of them?" The girl's query was hastily made.

"One fell from his horse, but we can find no trace of him. He seems to have escaped. Lend us your lantern," the sheriff added; "perhaps he crawled off into the weeds."

"Here's a hat I found in the road!" The words came from an excited guard.

"Fetch it to the light!" This from the sheriff.

The guard obeyed. As the hat was held close to the light of the lantern, which the girl held obligingly over the rail, the men crowded around, eager to examine the one trophy of battle.

"There's blood on it!" some voice exclaimed. "We must have wounded one of the rascals at least. Likely he's in hiding now, close by."

"Lend us your lantern, Miss Sally."

The sheriff reached out for it, but before his fingers closed over the handle, the girl's nervous hand suddenly relaxed its hold, and the lantern fell to the hard bed of the pike. The glass in the sides shivered as it struck, while the candle rolled out and was quickly extinguished in the white dust of the road. The girl became the picture of consternation.

"Oh!" she cried, "just see what I have done!"

"Perhaps it's the sight of blood. It makes some folks grow faint."

The sheriff spoke consolingly, pitying the girl's embarrassment, and covertly regretting the accident.

"I'm all upset!" acknowledged the pretty toll-taker frankly. She looked it, seemingly so innocent the while, one would scarcelv have suspected the accident to have been hastily planned by woman's nimble wit, in order to gain yet more time before a further search could be made for the wounded man.

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When the hat was held up to the light, the girl recognized it almost instantly as one Milton Derr was in the habit of wearing. He had worn it that very day when he passed through the New Pike gate. Its recent discovery by the guard, and the fresh stains of blood upon it, now filled her with sudden terror and consternation.

Was Milton Derr among the raiders? The hat was a silent witness to the fact. Had her lover been wounded? The blood stains gave conclusive evidence. Was it possible that Milt had ventured back with the raiders in the very face of the warning Sally had given him? Why had he risked so much? Ah! was it for her sake? She asked herself this with a sudden glow in her heart, set aflame by her lover's devotion, and a quick resolve was formed to aid him in his present strait.

Many perplexing thoughts arose. Why had he not in turn warned the raiders as she had expected him to do? Perhaps he had done so, but without avail. Could they have ignored the warning, or have forced him to come back with them? Possibly he came of his own accord to be of whatever assistance he could in the face of danger that threatened the inmates of the toll-house. The girl was in a sea of grave perplexities and conflicting thoughts.

The voice of the sheriff close at hand broke into her bewildered train of thought and recalled her abruptly to a sense of her surroundings.

"Miss Sally! I have stepped on the piece of candle and broken it. Can you get me another?"

"Yes, certainly; I'll go at once," she answered hurriedly, glad to escape into the toll-house, where her mother was busied hunting bandages with which to dress the arm of the wounded man.

"It seemed as if I'd never be able to find another piece of candle," said the girl in apology when she finally came out after quite a little search. "My wits have left me completely—I'm dazed."

"Hadn't you better leave the hat with me?" she asked with affected indifference as the sheriff and his posse started off with the light to look for the wounded raider along the road.

"I might as well do so;" then, as he was about to comply, the sheriff added on second thought, "no, I'll take it along to shield the candle from the wind, now that the lantern glass is broken."

At the spot where the hat had been picked up the searchers found some dark splotches sprinkling the dust of the pike, as if blood had fallen there, but the owner of the lost hat was nowhere to be found. The men searched carefully some distance along the way, and closely examined the patches of dusty weeds in the fence corners, but without reward.

"I am positive one of the raiders carried him off," insisted the guard.

"But for Gregory getting excited and firing before the raiders had gotten in close range, we would certainly have killed or captured some of them, perhaps have bagged the whole band by closing in upon them from each end of the road. This comes of having green recruits," the sheriff added grimly.

When the posse had gone with the lantern, Sally went once more into the house and began to assist her mother in caring for the wounded guard, but the girl's thoughts were far from being centered on the object of her present skill and care, and she listened momentarily and with growing anxiety for additional news concerning the owner of the lost hat.

Could it be that it was not Milton's, after all? She felt almost positive that she had made no mistake in regard to its ownership, and she had suggested the leaving of the hat with her that she might give it a closer scrutiny and satisfy herself on this point.

If the hat were really Milton Derr's, on the under lining, inside the band, was his name and hers, both done in red ink, along with an arrow-pierced heart, and the date on which the names had been written—September 10th.

There had been a little picnic on this date. She and Milton, along with

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Sophronia and her beau, and a few others, had gone for an outing up in the hills. The usual rain that invariably and maliciously awaits such gatherings suddenly came up, and the party had taken shelter for a time in the old schoolhouse in Alder Creek glen—the very log building where Sally's first girlish fancy had been captured by Milt's dark eyes and ruddy face. Here, as a stripling, he had fought battles for his lady love, and Jade Beddow had sought in vain to supplant him in her affections.

While the picnic party had waited for the rain to abate, Milt had usurped one of the children's desks, and written the two names on the inner lining of his hat-band, covertly showing the result of his skill to Sally.

If these names should be discovered, and discovery was imminent, it would clearly fasten the ownership of the hat on Milton Derr, even if no one could identify it otherwise. She felt a growing eagerness to get possession of the hat, and tear out the tell-tale lining, yet she dared not betray her anxiety, lest it arouse suspicion and hasten the discovery she would gladly avert.

In the midst of her uncertainties and fears she caught sound of Squire Bixler's voice outside the toll-house.

He had hurriedly put on his shoes and great coat, and ridden over to the gate to learn the results of the fight between raiders and guards, prudently waiting, however, until the firing had ceased; and he had heard, with deep disappointment and regret, the retreating hoofbeats of horses galloping toward the hills. Despite the sound, he hoped that one raider at least had been left behind.

The Squire's chagrin was poignant when he learned that not a single member of the band had been either killed or captured, and that the sole spoil of battle, on which he had so largely counted, was but a gray felt hat, streaked with blood, that had been picked up in the middle of the dusty road.

"By heaven!" cried the Squire wrathfully, when this single trophy was shown him, "I'll find the owner of that hat and punish him, if it takes every detective in the state to help me to do it."

CHAPTER XVII

The morning following the exciting experiences of the raiders' attack and repulse at the New Pike gate, soon after the clearing away of the breakfast dishes, Sally, on the alert, caught sight of Squire Bixler's buggy coming over the hill, the loose side-curtains morning breeze like the wings of some idly flapping to and fro in the fresh bird of ill-omen. Indeed, she felt, on seeing the vehicle, that its very appearance presaged evil, if not to her, at least to one very dear to her.

Usually she let her mother open the gate to the Squire if his coming was noticed in time for an avoidance, but this morning she made it convenient to be out on the platform, sweeping away industriously, when he drove up.

"Good morning, Miss Sally! I suppose you are quite glad to find yourself alive, and with the toll-house roof still over you."

"Yes," she answered promptly, "glad and grateful, too!"

"What brings you out so early this morning?" she asked, smiling pleasantly on the Squire as she raised the gate which had so fortunately escaped the raider's axe the night previous.

"Business," answered he with emphasis, "important business. Before the day is over, I hope to have a warrant served on the owner of that hat which was picked up last night. If I can get only one of the rascals caught and safely jailed, it will not be such a difficult matter to ferret out the rest of the gang."

"Have you discovered anything more?" asked Sally, trying to disguise the anxiety in her tones as she made the inquiry.

"Nothing definite, although there's one man among the guards who thinks he can identify the hat. I'm taking it to town now to show to the merchant that probably sold it."

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The girl's heart sank within her at the words. It would be little short of a miracle if the tell-tale names were not found and the hat's ownership revealed.

While the Squire was speaking, Mrs. Brown came out on the platform.

"Let me see that hat," she said. "It's likely I may know the wearer myself. I was so busy last night attendin' to George Scott's arm that I didn't do more than glance at the hat."

The squire handed out a package done up in a piece of newspaper, which Mrs. Brown opened, and taking the hat held it up at arm's length, perched on her outspread fingers, viewing it critically, her head slightly askew.

"I've seen that hat before," she said thoughtfully; "now who was a-wearin' it?"

"There's likely a hundred such hats in the county," interposed Sally quickly. "I've seen a dozen or more myself."

"No, you don't see so many of these light gray felts," avowed her mother, bringing the hat nearer. "Mebbe it's got a cost mark, or the maker's name; that would tell a body more concernin' it."

She turned the hat upside down and looked carefully at the lining.

"Let me take it into the house and brush some of the dust off it," interposed Sally hastily, fearing every moment that the hidden names would be revealed, under her mother's inquisitive scrutiny.

"No! no! let it be, just as it is," said the Squire, perchance put on the alert by Sally's manner, and suspicious of her ill-concealed desire to get the hat in her possession.

"Look here! what's this on the underside of the lining of this band?" asked Mrs. Brown, as she ran her fingers around the inside of the crown, and pulled down the lining. "It looks like writing, only it's red," she added, squinting her eyes after the manner of one whose vision has begun to fail.

At that moment Sally felt as though she fairly hated her mother's prying nature.

"What is it, Sally?" asked her mother; "your eyes are younger than mine."

The girl, after a careless glance, but with a sickening sense of fear taking possession of her as she recognized the arrow-pierced heart and the two names written underneath, answered in as calm and collected voice as she could command, "It looks like streaks of blood."

She partly averted her face as she spoke, for she felt that her mother or the Squire would read in her very eyes the secret she was striving to hide. There was no longer a doubt of the hat's ownership. It was Milton's Derr's beyond all questioning, and the discovery of his name and hers written therein was now but a matter of brief delay, as the Squire's next words seemed to indicate.

"I'll have it closely examined when I get to town. It will not be a hard matter to locate its owner, I think."

"Would you mind giving me a seat to town?" asked the girl suddenly, beset with a new resolve.

"Certainly not." The Squire was plainly tickled. "I'll be only too glad of your company," he said, smiling genially.

"What's goin' to happen?" asked Mrs. Brown wonderingly. It was a new mood for Sally.

"I've just thought of something that I've got to do, and if the Squire'll take me along with him, it'll save me the trouble of saddling Joe. I'll be ready as soon as I get my cloak and hat," added she, disappearing in the house.

"Humph!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, looking first after her daughter, then at the Squire. "This looks a little as if Sally was comin' to her senses at last."

"Just give her a little time, my dear madam, a little time," advised the Squire, smiling all over his fat, red face. "She'll come around all right by and by."

When the Squire and Sally drove off, she seemed lost in thought, and only answered in monosyllables to her

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companion's gallant attempts to be agreeable.

"What's the matter, Miss Sally?" he asked at last, piqued at her silence and indifference. "You act as if you might be in love," he added with a jocose look.

"Perhaps I am," acknowledged Sally, turning the full battery of her pretty eyes upon her companion, until his pulse quickened as it had not done in years. He made an effort to speak, but the words failed him, and he only edged a little closer to her. For a wonder, she did not attempt to draw farther away. Was she really coming to her senses, as her mother had predicted?

"Do you remember the ride we took a few weeks ago, an' what you said to me?" she asked slowly, and with averted eyes.

"My dear, I have thought of little else, I do assure you," answered the Squire promptly, suddenly finding speech, now that the dazzling battery was withdrawn.

"Well, I have thought a good deal of it myself of late," admitted Sally thoughtfully. "You profess to think a lot of me, but I expect you would refuse me the least little favor I might ask of you."

"Have you usually found me a hard-hearted old skinflint?" asked the Squire reproachfully.

"I've never put your kindness to a very great test, as yet. I thought I would begin with asking a little favor. You wouldn't refuse me that now, would you?"

The girl looked up smiling into the old man's face, and brought all the coquetry at her command into play.

"What is the favor?" asked the Squire shrewdly. "I never like to make a promise till I know what I'm promising."

"It's about the smallest possession you have, and the one least valuable to you."

"Well, what is it?"

"I want the hat that was picked up last night."

"Hum—m—m!" said the Squire meditatively. "In what manner does that hat concern you?"

"How it concerns me, does not concern *you*," retorted the girl promptly, with an arch glance.

"I don't know about that. Whatever concerns you, concerns me deeply, ducky!"

"Will you give me the hat?" persisted Sally.

"You fear it will be recognized?" ventured the Squire, and the girl winced under the words. "Well, it will be, before I've done with it. Of course I know it's that rascally Milt's hat," added the Squire shrewdly following up the clue the girl's manner and request had given him. "Haven't I seen him wear it, time and again? He had it on Court day," hazarded the speaker.

He noted the quick start his companion gave, and the look of fear that overspread her face and crept into her eyes. A sudden thought occurred to him. He was now in a better position to strike a bargain than he soon would be again.

"Now, suppose we put this matter on a strictly business footing," he said blandly. "You want the hat and I want a wife. A fair exchange is no robbery."

"Don't say that!" exclaimed Sally, as though a sharp pain had suddenly entered her heart. "You are cruel!"

"Not in the least!" retorted the Squire. "It's you that's cruel, my dear! You have it in your power to make me the happiest of men, and incidentally keep a friend of yours out of the penitentiary. The whole matter rests with you."

The girl made no answer.

"The case stands thus," he persisted. "If my nephew is a lawbreaker, he deserves punishment. As I am president of this road, and a large stockholder, too, and he's doing his utmost to injure and destroy my property, I fail to see why I should show him any sympathy or favor. If I do, it will be solely on your account, not his. It's up to you whether Milt goes free or is punished."

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"On just what conditions will you let him go free?" asked the girl quickly.

"On your promise to marry me."

"Oh, no!" she cried sharply, "not that!"

"Just that," insisted the Squire.

"And if I don't promise?" she asked in a low tone.

"It puts him in a place where you can't marry *him*," answered her companion promptly.

They drove on in silence until the edge of the town was reached.

"Here we are in town," the Squire said. "Shall I drive you to the sheriff's office with me?"

"Why are you going there?" asked his companion faintly.

"To give up this hat and swear out a warrant for its owner."

"Don't go!" pleaded Sally.

"It all rests with you as to whether I go or not," replied the Squire, his bold, unpitying eyes bent full upon her. "Milt can either be a free man or a felon—which shall it be?"

His eyes were fixed on hers in a concentrated gaze that seemed to fascinate her like the gaze of the wily serpent charms the ensnared bird. There was a confused buzzing in her head, a thousand small voices crying out, "Save Milt! Save Milt!" Her very power of will appeared to be ebbing away. She saw only those hard, unyielding eyes, she heard only those inner voices crying out in her lover's behalf.

"I'll promise!" she faltered.

"When?" asked the Squire.

"I don't know, some of these days," she cried desperately, quite at her wits' end.

"That's too indefinite," insisted her companion. "S'pose you marry me a week from to-day?"

"Oh! no! no! not that soon! Give me a little more time," she pleaded. Something would surely come to her aid, if she gained time, she knew not what. A wild thought came into her head that perhaps she might yet run away with her lover. At all events, a delay would give him time to get away, whether she went or not.

"Two weeks, then," said the Squire slowly, "no longer."

"Well," she said faintly.

"Then you'll agree to marry me?"

"Yes," she answered recklessly.

"Two weeks from to-day?" he insisted.

"Yes," she answered again, her voice dropping almost to a whisper.

"All right! A bargain's a bargain!" cried the Squire gleefully. "I'll drive to the sheriff's and tell him I lost the hat coming to town."

"Give it to me!" asked the girl eagerly.

"Oh, no, my dear, not yet!" he answered, with a grimace, thrusting the bundle into an inner pocket of his great-coat. "I'll just keep it next to my heart as a reminder of your promise. I'll give it to you the morning of our wedding—as a token of love and affection," added he with a chuckle of satisfaction.

CHAPTER XVIII

A larger number than usual of possible customers and evident idlers were gathered at Billy West's country store on the Tuesday morning following Court Day, discussing the latest news.

The building was a small one-room frame, set in an angle made by the Willis Mill dirt lane and the New Pike, an ideal spot for an exchange of news, often bordering on gossip, and a convenient halfway resting place for those homeward bound, or else on their way to mill or town.

The proprietor's small stock of merchandise consisted of a heterogeneous collection, well suited to the needs of the locality, and ranging in variety from knitting needles, for the industrious matron at her fireside in the long winter evenings, to plow-shares, which her sturdy spouse might grasp when the soil demanded tilling in the spring. The varied mixture of farming implements, groceries and clothing presented the appearance of having been deposited by some friendly passing whirlwind, for the owner was of far too sociable a nature to devote much time to "stock-keeping."

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When an article was wanted, it generally had to be hunted for, unless it chanced to fall under the immediate range of vision of salesman or customer, while the crowded shelves and counters presented a bewildering array of tinware, glassware, patent medicines, clocks, trimmed hats, churns, gaudy neckwear, cheap clothing, mock jewelry, hair-oils and colored perfumes put up in glass bottles of seductive shapes, along with sundry articles great and small necessary to the needs and adornment of the people of the surrounding country.

It was not for lack of time that Billy allowed his stock to fall into this chaotic confusion, for he had much leisure on his hands, but, as I have before remarked, he was of a sociable nature, and usually spent his spare moments tilted back in a well-worn chair under a locust tree, if the weather was warm, indulging in neighborhood news, or else was engaged in an exhaustive argument with his circle of solons as to how the government should be properly run.

If the season necessitated shelter, the usual coterie removed its sittings to the rear of the store, while during the rigorous winter months checker-playing afforded amusement, the board being of white pine, home-made, in alternate inked squares, and the checkers of black and white horn buttons supplied from the general stock.

On the morning I have mentioned, the air was yet cool from a frosty night, but the sun shone brightly, giving promise of speedy warmth, as the day advanced, and the little company chose the sunlight, being sheltered from the breeze by the front of the building, which faced the east.

Moses Hunn, an old stager, was descanting on the previous night's raid, having first borrowed a chew of long-green tobacco from his nearest neighbor. Moses was an inveterate chewer and had been relying on his friends for tobacco for the last twenty years.

"Yes, sir, they say them night-riders fit like wild cats."

"The guards didn't seem to be of much use," interposed Billy.

"They were pretty good at stopping bullets," Moses averred. "George Scott was shot three times in the leg an' twice in the body, I heard, an' four bullets grazed Joe Waters' skull."

"It must be bullet-proof," a voice insisted.

"The news is they've shot one of the riders, too. Leastways, blood was found on the pike, an' also on a hat one of the raiders dropped."

"Any of you wearin' new hats this mornin'?" asked Billy with an affected show of inspecting the head-gear of the crowd.

"I noticed Mose limpin' as he come up," a voice declared.

"Mose has been drawin' a pension for that same limp for a good many years past, so I don't think the guards can be charged with *that*," affirmed the storekeeper.

"Well, folks seem bent on havin' free roads," remarked the owner of the limp, as he sighted a knot-hole in a box near by, and, with the aim of a practiced chewer, adroitly sent a squirt of tobacco juice through it.

"Yes, an' I'm mightily afraid folks'll have the worst of the bargain when they do get free roads," answered Billy, with a dubious shake of his head. "We won't have no such good roads as we've got now."

"Free roads'll make dead agin you, Billy," insisted Mose. "I'm not blamin' you for not favorin' 'em, for when folks can go to town, an' it not costin' 'em a cent, of course they're goin' so you'll lose many a good nickle that now drops in your till."

"How did the sheriff get wind of the raid?" asked Billy, changing an unpleasant subject.

"There must be a traitor."

"Lordy! I wouldn't care to be in his shoes if they ever find him."

"They'll find him all right enough."

"An' swing him, high as Haman."

"Sure!"

Along in the evening, soon after sundown, Billy West closed his store

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a full half-hour earlier than usual, and went to his boarding house, not a great distance away. A little later he might have been seen cantering down the pike on his chestnut filly, arrayed in his best suit, and wearing the reddest and most conspicuous necktie his stock afforded, while the oily smoothness of his locks, and the odor of cheap cologne that hung persistently about him, announced the fact that he was on pleasure bent. To one acquainted with the state of his affections, it was an easy matter to guess that old man Saunders' was his probable destination.

This proved to be the case. Only the day before he had made an engagement with Sophronia to escort her to the New Pike gate, where she was to spend the night with her bosom friend, Sally, then go on to town the next day to do some shopping.

"I scarcely knew whether to come for you or not, after what happened last night," said the cavalier apologetically, when he reached Mr. Saunders'.

"I couldn't have blamed you, if you hadn't come," declared Sophronia frankly. "Is it safe to go?" she asked in sudden perplexity.

"I don't think you'll be disturbed tonight, after the failure the riders made last night. There's an old sayin' that lightnin' seldom strikes twice in the same place."

"But night-riders may," insisted Sophronia.

"I doubt it. Even if they should come, they wouldn't want *you*. I really don't know of but one person that does," Billy added with an engagingly meaning look.

"I could name half a dozen, at least," retorted Sophronia, with a coquettish toss of her head, as her cavalier assisted her to mount.

Sally was most glad to see her visitors, for she earnestly hoped through Sophronia or her beau, at least, to learn something of Milton Derr—whether there were any rumors of his being hurt, or if either of them had seen him since yesterday. If not, it augured ill for the owner of the blood-stained hat which had been picked up in the road near the toll-house.

Finally, when her mother had gone out of the room, Sally hurriedly asked concerning the young man, and on learning that he had not been seen, she added that she had an important message for him, and asked Billy to tell him so within the next day or two, if possible.

That night in the privacy of her room, and under a promise of the deepest secrecy on Sophronia's part, Sally confided to her bosom friend the besetting fear that Milt had been wounded the night before.

"Try and see him for me. If he's much hurt, let me know at once, but if he isn't, tell him to leave here as quickly as possible, that he is strongly suspected of being a raider, and to go away before any arrests are made. Tell him to go at once."

"How did you find out about the night-riders coming?" asked Sophronia.

"Through Squire Bixler. He's got a spy that's keeping him posted, and, I believe, this spy told him they would come last night."

"How do you know there's a spy?" asked her friend thoughtfully.

"I overheard him talking to the Squire one day when I was hid behind the stone wall that runs along the pike," and straightway the girl related the whole occurrence to her friend. "It's a hatched-up plot between the Squire and this man to get Milt into trouble," she added in conclusion.

"Didn't you see who the other man was?" asked Sophronia, beginning to connect this fact with some other circumstances in her mind, as links are added to a chain.

"No, I was afraid to peep over the fence for fear they might see me."

"Could it have been Jade Beddow?"

"No, I would have known his voice. It wasn't him, I'm certain of that. There was something about the man's voice that held a familiar sound, as if I had heard it before, but I can't place it."

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"Do you think you would recognize it if you should hear it again?"

"Yes, I'm sure I should."

"Then I b'lieve I can run that spy to the ground," said Sophronia decisively. "I believe I know the man, an' the place where he's buried the money he got for tellin' on the raiders."

"You don't say!" cried Sally, in open-eyed wonder.

"Yes," answered her friend impulsively. "You go back with me tomorrow noon, when I come from town, an' I'll take you to the very spot, an' show you the very man."

[*To be continued*]

THE MAN WITH THE PIGS

By Medicus Ransom

THE young man in the flannel trousers, the blue shirt, and the Panama hat stopped below the vine-clad piazza, and uttered a low, musical whistle. Then he looked expectantly upward, but there was no response save the suddenly insistent clicking of a typewriter beyond the screen door. Again the young man whistled. The clicking became louder and faster. The tasks of the operator were evidently arduous this morning. A shadow of impatience passed over the young man's brow as he dug a hole in the soft earth with the small end of his oar, but he continued to whistle.

"What do you want?" The tone was that assumed by busy housewives toward book agents or census takers.

The young man looked up quickly. The clicking had ceased, and a young woman was leaning over the vine-clad banisters. The blackest quality of black ink smeared the ends of her small, white fingers, and a formidable scratch tablet, which might very easily have been left inside, was held conspicuously in her hands. A frown of disapproval and unrelenting impatience only served to lend an additional piquancy to her saucy beauty.

For a moment the young man contemplated the wonderful effect of the summer morning sunlight on the fine-spun hair of the ambitious authoress. She in turn was struggling to maintain a business-like frown in spite of the boyish tanned face looking up at her.

"Oh, a great many things generally, and one thing in particular," was the deferred answer.

"Please be more specific. Doubtless you have observed that I am engaged." The authoress turned the pages of the tablet ostentatiously.

"Yes. That is just why I stopped. However, I felicitated the Professor on my way down. I believe he deserves all the congratulations." For the moment the thick pad appeared in danger of being appropriated as a missile, with the young man's head as target.

"If you've only stopped to tease, I must tell you I haven't time to waste, as some of my friends seem to have," said the authoress indignantly.

"Yes, some of them do waste a heap of time. I noticed the Professor reclining in the hammock with his palm leaf this morning," replied the innocent loiterer.

"If I were really going to be idle I think I should choose that quiet way rather than spending all my energy on a tiresome boat in this August sun." The young woman spoke in a careless tone and looked longingly toward the deep mountain stream beyond the meadow.

"Then you really won't join me for a glide to Boiling Spring? Well, as the Spencer girls are in town to-day, I'll have to make out alone. Perhaps

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this box of bonbons will sweeten solitude." The tempter drew from his generous pocket an alluring white box tied in tinsel cord. For a moment the conflict between literary ambition and temporal delights was plainly in the balance, but the former gained headway.

"Perhaps it will, but I cannot afford to lose more time now. The climax in 'The Voice of the Wild Wind' had just been reached when you whistled, and there is nothing which so robs an author of inspiration as interruption."

"Oh, then I am 'the man with the pigs,' and you are going to profit by Coleridge's example. Was it 'Christabel' or 'Kubla Khan' which he was writing when the 'man with the pigs' interrupted him, and deprived the world of the completion of a masterpiece?"

"Yes, you're 'the man with the pigs,' but I sha'n't allow you to haul me ten miles across country and break into my work; so good-bye."

The authoress disappeared beyond the screened door, but instead of resuming her seat before the typewriter immediately, she peeped through the window at the hearty young boatman swinging his oar as he vanished down the hill toward the river.

"He does not play the rôle of dejected suitor at all properly," said the genius of "The Voice of the Wild Wind" to herself as she entered again upon the stirring climax.

The long hours of the sultry morning dragged on, but the clicking of the typewriter was somewhat spasmodic, and the "Voice of the Wild Wind" had died down rather abruptly. The fur-coated, black-bearded hero had been strangely transformed into a clean-shaven, tanned young man in flannel trousers, blue shirt, and Panama hat. The plaintive moaning of the wind was mingled with a melodious whistle, and the gold-headed cane of the angry sire was nothing more than a long oar. Inspirations of two distinct kinds were in conflict, and one of them was rapidly outdistancing the other.

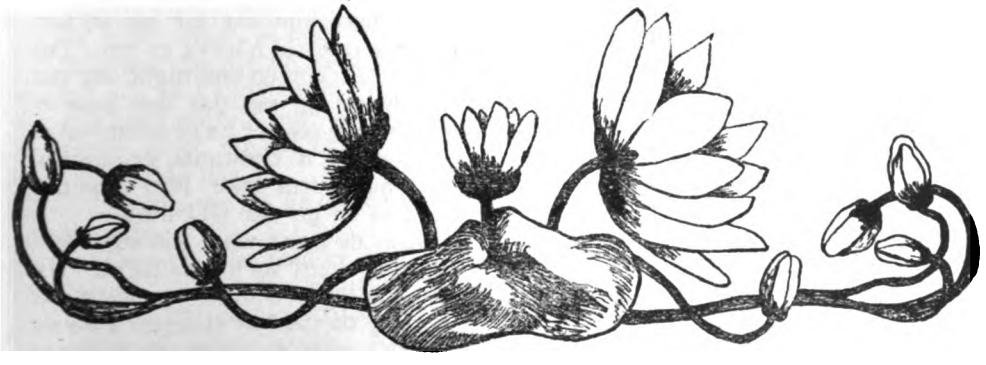
Beneath the cool shade of the sycamore tree a young man lay dreaming —day dreams. The water lapped against a securely fastened boat. A box of bonbons, whose wrappings of tinsel were untouched, lay in the grass near by. Down the hillside a young woman, whose fine-spun hair was shaded by a broad-brimmed hat, was approaching.

"I thought you were boating," she called in a surprised tone.

"And I thought you were writing," was the jovial reply.

Her air of affected surprise vanished. She took off her hat and sat down beside him, looking smilingly at the swift current.

"Then I *am* 'the man with the pigs,'" said he, reaching for the bonbon box and untying the tinsel cord.



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NIGHTS WITH GHOSTS

II—A LIMBERSOME SIGHT

By William McDonald Goodman

"WHUT dat tale 'bout dem boys drappin' dey ole cripple daddy?" Aunt Martha inquired, after Uncle Adam had succeeded in describing satisfactorily the manner in which he would run if he should chance to meet the Black Giant Ghost.

"Dat's hit, dat's hit," he replied. "Dat ve'y tale des show how er pusson'll do when dey git skeerd, ha'nt er no ha'nt. Dat ole man 'uz one er dese Yankees whut nuver is heerd 'bout no sich things. I 'members one onc't whut cum down Souf, en when de white fo'ks here tell him dat de niggers sees ha'nts he 'low dey ain't got no bizness er 'skuze'n de niggers er dat kinder foolishness—des like white fo'ks down here ain't live long 'nuff 'mungst 'em to know what dey talkin' 'bout better'n whut dey do. En dat ain't all. You show me er white pusson whut's been raise up whar dar's niggers on de plan'ation, en I'll show you er white pusson whut is seed er ha'nt Dat's de Gawd's trufe, ef it eber b'en tole. Dis y'er Yankee whut been raise whar dey ain't no niggers ner ha'nts, come down here en tell de white fo'ks dis, but he went 'possum huntin' wid some niggers one night, en he ain't sayd dat sence."

"Dey run'd ercros't er ha'nt?" she asked.

"In co'se'n dey run'd ercrost er ha'nt. Is you uver heerd uv er passel er niggers gwine 'possum hunt'n' 'd'out findin' sump'n' else 'sides er 'possum? Ef you is, I ain't. Dem niggers dis time seed one, en de white man seed it, too, en he de fo'mos' uv de lot gwine fer home. Dem kinder fo'ks'll l'arn sump'n' 'bout niggers whut dey don't know ef dey cum down here en cirkerlate deyse'ves roun' ermongst 'em erwhile. I'll leave it to de crowd. You cain't find nairy ole-timey nigger in de country whut ain't seed ha'nts, en mighty few uv de young 'uns. Ain't dat so?"

"Yes, Lawd! I know dey heap er lies tole 'bout ha'nts, lak dey is 'bout eb'rything else mos', but dar's ha'nts all de same," Aunt Martha replied.

"In co'se'n dey is. I know dat," he agreed. "Now dis ole cripple man whut ye ax 'bout, he didn't b'leeve in sich things, en he tole his two sons ef dey uver run'd ercrost one fer ter come en take him dar en let him see it. He hadn't been able to walk in seb'n year, en all dat time he lay in bed and hatter be fed wid er spoon. He knowed he couldn't go nowhar, en he tell his sons ef dey uver see a ha'nt fer ter cum en take him dar ter see it, too, kaze he nuver did b'leeve in 'em. Dat whut he tell 'em, en one night dey run in de house en say dat dey pass er graveyard en seed er ha'nt settin' on er toomstone eat'n' chestnuts, er sump'n' en he make 'em take him on dey shoulders en go dar wid him.

"Now, de ha'nt whut his sons seed in de graveyard wa'n't no ha'nt. Hit seem lak three white men went out dat night to steal er sheep. Two uv 'um went atter de sheep, en one stop in de graveyard en wait fer 'um ter

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cum back wid it en butcher it dar whar nobody wuz likely ter see 'um. Dat 'un whut stop in de graveyard tuck er seat on er toomstone en sot dar eatin' chestnuts, en he de ha'nt whut de ole man's sons see. He sot dar, he did, waitin' fer de res' ter cum back wid de sheep, en he see de boys totin' de ole man on dey shoulders en he thought dat 'uz dem. He look en see 'um, he did, en he call out:

"'Fat er lean?'—meanin' de sheep.

"When he holler dat de ole man's sons say, 'Fat er lean, you kin have him,' en dey drap dey daddy en split fer home.

"Genter*mens,* dat ole cripple man whut hadn't walk nairy step in seb'n year er mo' pick hisse'f up f'um dar en 'uz de fus' pusson inside de house when dey reach de do'."

"I'se heerd dat tale mo' times," said Aunt Martha. "Skeerd to def en no ha'nt dar nuther. Dat po' ole man! I des laugh en laugh! Lawsy, Lawsy!"

"His laigs wa'n't no good befo'," said Uncle Adam, "but dey cum ter dey senses when de boys drap 'im dar whar he thought 'uz er ha'nt. Gentermens, I tells you er thing er dat kin' is er pow'ful limbersome sight. I know. Time en time ergin is I run'd ercrost things en des walk out fu'm under my hat en leave it hangin' in de air. 'Bout de wus' I 'uz eber skeerd, 'skuze'n de time me en Big Joe en Bayliss struck up wid dat ha'nt ober yander at de little rock house, 'uz one night I cum 'long fu'm town en pass de spot whar Mingo 'uz hung at. 'Member dat place? Lawd, Lawd! I bet you ef I libes to be ole ez de hills dey ain't nothin' uver gwineter git er faster move on me dan whut I had right along dar."

"Dennis say he 'uz dar en seed dat," she said.

"Dennis tole you er lie," he observed. "I'll tell you 'bout whut all he seed dat night. Dat nigger nuver got to de place, 'oman. All he know 'bout dat ha'nt 'uz what he figgered out in his haid fu'm de caper I cut. Wait, wait, hol' on, do, en lemme go back to de fus'.

"Ole man Dennis wa'n't 'long wid me dat time. I went ter town atter some 'visions one Sat'day night, en had er quarter sack er flour en er lot er bundles en one thing er 'nuther to fotch back, en some de wimmen fo'ks started him out ter meet me halfway en he'p me tote 'um. Dey know'd de road I 'uz comin' back, kase I b'en dat way befo'—but nuver is sence. Dey sent him out ter meet me ha'f-way, en de place, you know, whar Mingo 'uz hung, is des 'bout dat fer betwixt home en town. Dis is 'bout de spot whar we oughter met at, but Dennis, he fool 'long de road en didn't git dar. I wush he had—I wush he had—consoun' his ole skeery times! I started back wid de flour on my shoulder en all de res' de things in er sack, 'cep' er jug er 'lasses, whut I helt by er string in my han', en I 'uz feelin' pow'ful like stoppin' en restin' when I reach dat holler whar de gallus stood, but instidder dat I sorter men' my gait ez de place make me feel skittish. I sorter men' my gait, I did, en step up pearter, en all uv a suddent I heerd sump'n' nother pop en rattle en I look up, en ef it's de las' thing I uver says, dar stood de gallus, en under it er man's body 'uz er hangin', des 'zackly like it des drap, swingin' roun' en roun'. Good-bye, flour! We got sum uv it de nex' mawnin' whar de sack bus' open on de groun', 's well ez my hat, whut 'uz layin' right smack in de spot whar I to' up de groun' makin' my fus' jump. I helt to de 'lasses jug, kaze it 'uz tied wid a string to my wris', but I struck it 'gin er tree en re'ch home wid des de handle en de string. I didn't drap de y'uther sack, fer why, I dunno. Hush yo' fuss! You uver seed er toad frog wid er black snake atter him? Well, suh, dat's des liken unto de motions I made. You uver see er mule run away? Dat's 'bout how fas' I went—maybe a little fas'er—I spec' I did. Now dis is whar ole Dennis come in. He 'uz pokin' long down de hill to'des de place, but er long ways too fer off

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ter see anything. I heerd somebody wheel roun' ez I lit out up de hill, en do' I run same ez er bird fly, I nuver got no closter to him, en could des hear who-uver it wuz tar'in' de road up ahead er me. Gentermens, when I got in sight de house I seed somebody fall ober de fence en go in de do', en when I done de same, dar stood ole Dennis er blowin' en he say, 'Wha—whut you runnin' f'um?' "

"De Law!" Aunt Martha exclaimed, "whyn't you ax 'im whut *he* runnin' f'um?"

"I did. I ax 'im dat, en he say he heerd me er-comin' en he know'd dey 'uz sump'n' atter me. He wa'n't gwineter wait twell I come up, kaze he didn't know how close de thing 'uz pushin' me, en whether er no it uz 'tickler 'bout who it ketch. I tole him den whut I seed, en I say it wa'n't noways likely dat it 'ud leave de spot whar de man 'uz hung, en he 'low he thought 'bout dat place 'uz de reason he nuver cum dat fer. Shucks! Dat ole nigger know'd he didn't have no bizness axin' any questions twell he got home inside de house. I wush he'd been erlong dar wid me. Ef he's dat skeerd, de sight er de thing 'ud er made him quit de y'urth for uver mo'!"

"Unk' Adam, you right sho' you seed dat?" she asked.

"Right sho' I seed it? Who, me? Why, dat gallus en ha'nt wuz ez plain ez de day de man 'uz hung. You know I wouldn't er drap dat flour en broke de 'lasses jug, bid'out sump'n' pow'ful 'uz de 'casion uv it."

"Ole Dennis stick to de fac' dat he seed it, too," she persisted.

"Ole Dennis stick to a lie. I done tole you whut all he seed," he answered.

"He 'low he seed it, en stop en study it, en went back dar de nex' night en look fer it again" she continued.

"De great Lawd f'um heavun! Dat's de mos' onpossible lie dat ole nigger uver tole yit. Why'n't you knock him down wid sump'n' nuther? Dadjim his ole bow-legged soul, he know better'n to tell me dat! *Stop en study it—stop en study it. En went back dar de nex' night.* Consoun' his good-fur-nothin' hide! You couldn't er tied him wid er long chain en drug him dar atter dat, en he only hear me say whut I see."

"Oh, you know ole Dennis," she replied soothingly. "He des wanter hear hisse'f talk, dat's all."

SONG

See, love, I give to thee a rose,
  Place it 'gainst that cheek of thine—
And know the reddest flower that blows
  By far is less incarnadine;
I tell thee of a heart that's still
  When thought of thee o'er memory flies—
Whose hope of thee is as a rill
  Heard from afar 'mid wild-bird cries.

See, love, I give to thee a hope,
  Place it 'gainst that breast of thine—
Perchance that it may inward grope
  And find thy love-stream's warmest wine:
O lute string of the inner spheres
  That twangs the march of onward time,
Come ope for me my loved one's ears
  And beat her pulse to your mad rhyme!

Sam Exton Foulds.

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CONQUERORS OF THE WILDERNESS*

By Anna Erwin Woods

[Arranged from the papers and personal memoirs of Andrew Erwin]

CHAPTER XVII—CONTINUED

As we went along Donald tried to cheer and encourage him. "What's wrong wi' ye, man?" he said. "You're a richt-minded man. Ma word, ye've dune your best; dinna be cast doon, laddie; sooner or later, there's nae doot ye're bound to gie us the road out."

After some time spent in examining the neighborhood, the poor fellow discovered a spot which he perfectly recollected.

"Weel dune, weel dune, laddie," exclaimed Donald, delighted. "You're a goot laddie, and this iss a prood moment for ye; and an awfu' relief to us all to ken ye're na mair anxious."

It certainly was a relief to us all that, in having his innocence established, we were assured of being on the right road. None rejoiced more heartily than Gordon and myself, and others, who, like us, had been willing only a short time before to condemn him to be hanged. But we were already beginning to learn that our commander was not a man to be influenced by rash judgments.

It was on the evening of July 4th that we arrived within a few miles of the town, where we lay until dark, when our march was continued. We took possession of a house which was on the opposite or westerly side of the Kaskaskia river. Here we learned that the militia had, a few days before, been under arms; but no cause of alarm having been discovered, they had been disbanded, and everything was quiet. We were also told that there were a great many men in the town, but the Indians were mostly gone.

Having procured a sufficient number of boats for transportation, two divisions of our force crossed the river, with instructions to repair to different quarters of the town. Gordon went with one of these while I remained with Colonel Clark with the third division, which was to take possession of the fort on this side of the river, in point blank shot of the town.

It was agreed that if our detachment met no resistance, we would make a given signal, and then the other two parties would, with a shout, take possession of certain portions of the town. As soon as this should be accomplished, they were to send persons who could speak French through the streets, to give the inhabitants notice that every man of the enemy who should appear in them would be shot down. All these arrangements had the most complete success. A hunting soldier, whom he had taken prisoner the evening before, showed us a postern-gate left open on the river side of the fortifications. We entered by this, and the fort was taken. The town was surrounded, every avenue guarded to prevent communication, and, in about two hours, the inhabitants were disarmed without one drop of bloodshed. Rochblave, the commandant, was taken in his bed-chamber; but, by imposing upon the delicacy of our men, his wife managed to screen or destroy his public papers so that none of them were secured. Better that, however, we thought, than that our good name should be tarnished by insult to a woman.

I did not meet Gordon until after midnight when, at the first moment we were alone, he exclaimed:

*Begun in the May issue.

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"By Jove! Ned, I have already had an adventure, and I have played knight-errant to the prettiest girl you ever saw in your life; and she has the sweetest way of talking French that was ever heard from human lips. It's worth while taking this long march just to hear her say, '*Ah, Monsieur, je vous remercie de tout mon coeur,*' and looking up with her great, dark eyes in a way to reach one's soul. It is entirely different and causes an entirely different kind of feeling to having a girl saying in plain English, with a straightforward look, 'I thank you, sir, with all my heart.' I've heard that many a time and it never made me feel as though I wanted to go down on my knees."

"Well done, Gordon!" I exclaimed in reply. "Not yet six hours in Kaskaskia and you have already made love to a pretty girl. There's certainly truth in the old saying about faint heart never winning fair lady. By all that's daring, I do believe that faintness of heart will never make you lose a chance of winning. But, tell me, how did such a vagabond as you fall upon this good fortune, while better men are sitting here not even daring to dream of such eyes as you have been looking into?"

"It would be going beyond the truth to say that I have already made love to her," said Gordon, in a tone of voice which showed the regret which this admission caused him. "All I can say is that I felt as though I wanted to."

"Very well, let's have the story then," I urged. "I'm sure it will only go to prove that you take advantage of your opportunities, where a more bashful man might not turn them to his purpose."

"Well, you know," said Gordon, "we heard that these people had been taught by the English to believe that we are more barbarous than the savages; and Clark wishes this delusion to be kept up so long as it answers his purposes. I am sure my appearance is calculated to aid him in his undertaking to inspire terror." As he spoke, he drew himself up to his full height, looking down at the costume in which he had made the march; and as he stood before me, I thought that any woman would pronounce him in her heart, if not with her lips, a magnificently handsome fellow.

Not giving expression, however, to my admiration, I said: "I think it is likely your looks are rather more calculated to terrify than to attract; unless you should meet some one who can discover your real worthiness, in spite of your present appearance."

"Stranger things have happened," he said with a grimace. "However, I'll return to my story. Clark commanded, you know, that the town should be patrolled with the utmost tumult, the troops whooping after the Indian fashion; and the result of this was that the terrified inhabitants have, some hours since, sought the shelter of their homes, preserving the most profound silence. Now, it was this blessed order of Clark's which brought me good luck.

"As a squad of our men were passing, whooping in the wildest manner, a torch borne by one of them threw a bright light on two female figures, a short distance in front of us. I could see plainly that one was an elderly woman and the other a young girl, who seemed to be frightened and trying to hide themselves. As I advanced quickly toward them, the elderly one exclaimed; '*Mon Dieu! Mam'selle Adrienne, c'est un de ces barbares! Le miserable——*'

"'*Tais-toi, Nannette,*' said the young girl, '*peut-etre——*'

Hoping to relieve their terror, I walked forward rapidly and spoke in French.

"'Pardon me, Mademoiselle, but I perceive that you are alarmed by the presence of our soldiers. Will you permit me to escort you to a place of safety?'

"'I thank you, Monsieur,' she said, speaking also in French; 'my home is very near.'

"Seeing that our way would be quite dark, I called to Donald to come to us with a torch: and, thus escorted, the

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young lady and her companion reached their home much sooner than suited me. I should have been greatly pleased to have allayed her fears as to what the inhabitants are to expect from us; but in deference to Clark's desire to overwhelm them with the terror of our supposed ferocity, I would not do that. I contented myself with making every effort to impress her with a conviction that there is one American who is not a barbarian."

"I do not doubt your success," I remarked. "I can picture your gallant, gentle deference as you allayed the fears of the trembling fair one."

"You may truly say fair one," said Gordon, with warmth; "for, as I was bidding her good night, and she was speaking these words of thanks which I repeated to you, just at that very moment Donald threw a bright stream of light from his torch upon her, and I saw in her eyes such a beautiful look as I have never seen in eyes before in all my life."

He seemed to be in deep thought for a moment, and then added: "As sure as my name is Charlie Gordon, I will see that girl again before the next sun goes down."

The morning of the 5th (the day following the entrance) found us in absolute possession of everything; and our troops were withdrawn from the town to different positions around it. All intercourse was forbidden between the inhabitants and the soldiers under penalty of heavy punishment; and even those persons who were sent for by Clark were not allowed to have communication with the rest.

"How are you going to do about finding your charming mademoiselle?" I asked Gordon when he learned of these strict orders.

"I am going to find her, and talk to her, too," was the quick reply, "if Clark has me shot for it."

Information was soon given to our commander that M. Cerrè, the principal merchant of Kaskaskia, and who was then in St. Louis, was an inveterate enemy of the Americans, had done all in his power to incite the Indians to commit depredations upon our settlements. M. Cerrè's family and an extensive assortment of his merchandise were in Kaskaskia, and, early on the morning of the 5th, Clark gave orders that seals should be at once placed upon his property and a guard around his house.

"I don't see why the commander should not have sent you, Ned, to execute these order about M. Cerrè's affairs," said Gordon to me, evidently in a bad humor in consequence of having been instructed to attend to the business. "I have been dreaming about Mademoiselle Adrienne, and can think of nothing else but trying to find her."

But in a few hours he come to me in quite another state of feeling.

"What do you think, Ned?" he called out in a jubilant tone, and with the most exultant manner. "The most splendid good fortune in the world. By all the heathen gods, I am convinced it is in following straight the path of duty that we find happiness! What do you say to that fine sentiment, Ned?"

"What marvelous thing has happened to awaken you to such an appreciation of all this high-sounding principle?" I asked.

"What has happened," he answered, "is that there exists, just now, the most delightful condition of affairs that you could ever dream of. Only listen to my story and tell me if it does not sound like a fairy tale. Mademoiselle Adrienne Soularde is a niece of M'me. Cerrè, and at the present time a member of her family; and I have been instructed by the commander, as you well know, to strictly guard that family. I shall most zealously discharge my duty. I will live, if necessary, I will die at my post."

"Certainly, Gordon, I fully understand now the happiness which is to be found in following the path of duty. But," I inquired, "have you seen her to-day? and do the glances from the dark eyes of la belle Adrienne touch

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your soul as powerfully by daylight as when Donald threw the brilliant light of his torch upon them?"

"Indeed, they do," he exclaimed triumphantly. "She is so dignified and charming that I admire her more than ever. Two of M'me. Cerrè's children are quite ill, and their mother does not leave them a moment; so, when I presented myself at the house, it was Mademoiselle Adrienne who received me. You may imagine my delight when I realized the situation of affairs. I made known to her the instructions I had received, expressing the hope that the presence of our guard would cause the family no annoyance. Don't you envy me, Ned?"

"Of course I do," I replied with great gravity. "You will have the satisfaction of being envied by every man of the detachment, even by the commander himself, no doubt."

Without listening to my words, Gordon resumed the story of his adventures. "The elderly woman who was with her last night is the children's nurse, and she has been the nurse of Mademoiselle Adrienne herself, whose mother is M'me. Cerrè's sister. During my interview with Mademoiselle, Nannette came into the room, and when I left the house, having placed Donald on guard duty, I recommended him to Nannette's kind attention. She said to me: 'I will do dad, M'sieur; eef you wand I spick Eenglis wid eem.' Between Donald's Highland Scotch and her Illinois French English, they will probably have difficulty in coming to an understanding."

After the removal of the troops the citizens had been allowed to walk around freely; but finding that they entered into conversation with each other, orders were issued to arrest and put in irons several of the principal militia officers. No reason was assigned for this action, nor was any defense allowed to be made.

The consternation was general, and the minds of all were filled with terrible and gloomy anticipations for the future. Finding themselves powerless in the hands of an enemy whom they had been taught to look upon as monsters of wanton cruelty, only the worst consequences could be apprehended, and they gave themselves up to despair.

The first time Gordon went to M'me. Cerrè's after this order had been issued, Donald met him and sadly shaking his head, said, "The puir lassie iss in sair tribble, sair tribble, Maister Charlie." Then he whispered, "Weesht, weesht, the young leddie iss comin' oot; it iss herself will be comin' oot to meet you, Maister Charlie."

Having seen Gordon approach the house, Mademoiselle Adrienne had not waited for him to enter, but had come forward in haste to meet him. The pained expression upon her face and the agitation of her manner showed plainly the distress and excitement from which she was suffering.

"Monsieur," she said, addressing him, as she always did, in French, "my aunt sends me to you with a message. You kindness to us causes her to feel that she will not in vain appeal to you for any help which you can give us. My Cousin Pierre has been arrested and put in irons." At these words, no longer able to control herself, she burst into tears and sobbing as though her heart was breaking, cried:

"Ah, Monsieur, what have we done to merit this cruel treatment? We were in the power of the English and we obeyed them. They told us such monstrous things of the barbarity of the Virginians that we were terrified when you came. But you, Monsieur, have been gentle and kind to us, and we are grateful to you. In our hearts we are ever giving you thanks. Now, this dreadful news has reached us that our friends are imprisoned and in irons, and we are in despair. We know not what misfortune may come to us. We are at the mercy of your commander."

You may well understand how tenderly Gordon's heart was touched by the sight of this lovely girl in such distress and that he offered her all the consolation in his power. Promising to leave no effort untried to effect the release of her cousin, he came as quick-

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ly as possible to Clark's headquarters. Not being able to see Colonel Clark, he found me and, with the greatest excitement, related to me what had occurred at M'me. Cerrè's.

After expressing a great deal of interest and sympathy, I said: "I do not believe, Gordon, that you can accomplish anything in this matter. Clark is inflexible in his determination to inspire these people with terror. No one knows so well as he does what a dangerous position we are in. He has brought us up here, a handful of men—less than two hundred of us—and now, here we are hundreds of miles from our friends, separated from them by a wilderness full of bloodthirsty savages, and all around us thousands and thousands of hostile Indians under British influence. I am not trying to make the picture any darker than the truth, and I am not dreading the result. I have absolute confidence in Clark; but we must all give him unquestioning obedience."

"But," argued Gordon, "these French people do not seem inclined to do us harm, and now they are being treated in the most severe manner."

"I know," I replied, "that these measures seem very harsh; and I believe that no one regrets more than the commander does that he is compelled to adopt them. He is certainly a kind and affectionate man in his nature; and I am convinced that to be compelled to use such harshness toward an unoffending people must be a terrible trial to him. He is influenced by the feeling that our safety depends upon it. He must establish a most absolute authority over the French, for you know the Indians love the French and would be greatly influenced by them. However it may be, Gordon, you must see as I do, that our only hope is in Clark. I feel assured that your confidence in him is is as great as mine."

In fact, these severe measures adopted by Clark did succeed in establishing his authority more fully than if he had been a less dreaded commander of a very large force; and he many times, in after years, has told me that I was correct in my judgment that to be forced to use such harshness towards an unoffending people was, indeed, a severe trial to him.

It was soon after this conversation between Gordon and myself that permission was granted to the priest of the village, accompanied by five or six elderly gentlemen, to wait upon the American commander.

I was in the room when they were admitted into Colonel Clark's presence, where he was sitting surrounded by his officers. As his plan was to make himself and his followers appear as savage and as frightful as possible, the abrupt and harsh manner adopted and their clothes torn and soiled by the march accomplished this purpose.

The Frenchmen did not speak until their business was demanded. As there was nothing to indicate any difference in rank among the men who received them, their first question was, "Which gentleman is your commander?" Upon being told, the priest addressed Clark in these words:

"The people of our village, expecting to be separated never to meet again, ask permission to assemble in the church to take leave of each other."

Suspecting that they thought their Roman Catholic religion would be obnoxious to us, Clark replied: "We have nothing to say against your church; that is a matter which Americans leave for every man to settle with his God. The people may assemble at the church if they wish; but if they do, they must not venture out in the town." Upon the gentlemen of Kaskaskia attempting some further conversation, they were repelled by telling them there was no leisure for further intercourse.

The whole town assembled at the church where they remained a considerable time. The strictest orders were given and enforced that during their absence, no soldier should enter the deserted dwellings. The priest, accompanied by the same gentlemen,

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again waited upon Colonel Clark to express, in the name of the village, their thanks for the indulgence they had received.

The deputation then begged leave to address their conqueror on a subject which was dearer to them than any other. The priest, being again the spokesman, said:

"We are sensible that our present situation is the fate of war, and we can submit to the loss of our property; but we solicit that we may not be separated from our wives and children, and that some clothes and provisions may be allowed for their support."

Being satisfied that their terrors had been wound up to the desired height, and that lenity might now be shown with good results, Clark determined to lay aside the cruel harshness which only his dangerous circumstances had forced him to adopt.

Abruptly addressing the deputation, he said: "Do you mistake us for savages? I am almost certain you do from your language. Do you think that Americans intend to strip women and children, or take the bread out of their mouths? My countrymen disdain to make war upon helpless innocence. It was to prevent the horrors of Indian butchery of our own wives and children that we have taken arms and penetrated into this remote stronghold of British and Indian barbarity, and not for the despicable prospect of plunder.

"The king of France has now united his powerful arms with those of America; and this war will not, in all probability, continue long. The inhabitants of Kaskaskia are at liberty to take which side they please without the least danger to either their property or families. Their religion will not be any source of disagreement; for all religions are regarded with respect in the eyes of the Americans. Any insult which should be offered to your religion will be immediately punished.

"To prove my sincerity, you will please inform your fellow-citizens that they are at liberty to conduct themselves as usual, without the least apprehension; and your friends who are in confinement shall be immediately released. I am now convinced from what I have learned since my arrival among you that you have been misinformed and prejudiced against us by British officers."

You may well conceive the joy of the village seniors upon hearing these words spoken by the American commander. They attempted some apology for the implied imputation of our being barbarians, under the plea of the property of the captured town belonging to the conquerors. Clark dismissed them in order that they might immediately relieve the anxiety of their friends; but before permitting them to go, he said:

"I shall shortly publish a proclamation and shall require a strict compliance with its terms."

Upon learning the generous and magnanimous intentions of their conquerors, the contrast of feeling among the people verified the sagacious anticipations of Colonel Clark. In a few moments the village was converted into a scene of the most extravagant joy. Perfect freedom being given to the inhabitants to go and come as they pleased, the church was crowded with people offering up thanks to God for their deliverance from the horrors they had so fearfully expected.

During all those days of anxiety and trouble, Gordon had been faithful and constant in his devotion to the family of M'me. Cerrè. The children had recovered from their extreme illness, and their mother could now absent herself from them. Gordon had seen her frequently, and she had most gratefully acknowledged the courteous kindness which he had shown towards her family. She sympathized in the general feeling of relief and joy which now prevailed throughout the village; but her uneasiness was very great about her husband, who was still absent in St. Louis. Now that Clark felt that his authority was fully established in Kas-

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kaskia, his next anxiety was about Cahokia,* a place of some importance sixty miles higher up the Mississippi river, and immediately opposite the town of St. Louis. We had heard that a considerable body of Indians lay in the neighborhood of the British fort of Cahokia, and Clark determined to take possession of it, if possible, in the same way that Kaskaskia had been taken.

Gordon, coming to me hurriedly one day and appearing to be quite excited, said: "Ned, I don't like to seem like a coward and object to going on a march, but I was terribly disappointed just now when Bowman told me that I was to go with him to Cahokia."

"Is Major Bowman going?" I asked. "I had not heard who was to be sent."

"Yes," replied Gordon; "Bowman is going with a detachment, and he told me that some of the Kaskaskia gentlemen had offered to go with him. I intend to see Mademoiselle's cousin, Pierre Cerrè, and ask him to go. He and I are very good friends. He knows I tried to help him when he was imprisoned."

"I think you are pretty good friends with all that family," I called to him as he left the room.

Later in the day Gordon told me that Pierre Cerrè had decided to go with them. Cerrè was a captain of militia, and Clark had arranged for their own officers to command the French party, which mark of confidence greatly pleased them. Of course, it was hoped that the French company would have influence with their friends and relatives in Cahokia to prevail upon them to entertain the same feeling towards us which they did; and, in fact, this was of great assistance in making the success of the expedition perfect. Major Bowman took possession of the British fort amid the huzzas of the people for the Americans; and the Indians who were encamped there dispersed.

* Now East St. Louis.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Cerrè Family

I had been instructed to take Gordon's place at M'me. Cerrè's during his absence; and he gave me a thousand directions as to the care I should take of the family, every member of which I found, entertained for him a most grateful feeling. He had been so good to the sick children that they, as well as their mother, seemed, indeed, to love him, as did also their faithful nurse, Nannette.

I could not speak French at all fluently, and the ladies spoke but little English; but I was not discouraged in regard to our conversing together intelligibly after having observed a conversation carried on between Donald and Nannette, during which, in spite of all difficulties, they arrived at some kind of mutual understanding. Nannette showed by many kind attentions the gratitude felt by the family to Donald as well as to Gordon; and Donald said to me, "Nannette iss fery ceevil."

One day I heard her say to him: "*Mon Dieu! il fait chaud aujourd'hui* —dis day hot—. Eef you pliz, you drink doze milk."

As Donald took the milk, he said: "Ye hev a gude hert, Nannette, a rael gude hert. Ye gie me a glass o' milk, but when ye talk I dinna understand ye noo."

Turning to me, he remarked: "Sic a landgidge ye've niver heeard a' the days o' yir life." But with his honest nature, fearing he had not been just, he continued: "I know my landgidge iss not fery goot for Nannette to understand. What iss wrong with my speakin' iss that my mither wass Scottish; but my faither wass Heilandman, and when I wass a wee laddie I wud be always sayin' some words like my faither."

"Thad ees veree funnee," said Nannette, trying earnestly to understand Donald's "landgidge," which gave me, at times some difficulty to interpret. After looking puzzled for a mo-

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ment, she added in a tone of sympathy, "No personne no spick lak thad; but you say id thad way eef you wand doo."

Donald was very fond of the children and would do all in his power to amuse them; but he had been too strictly brought up in the theology of the Free Kirk of Scotland not to fear the insidious approaches of the evil one, and to pass judgment upon the kindly promptings of his own heart.

One day, when he had been indulging himself by making the children happy, he said to me: "I wass juist sayin' to Nannette that it iss temptin' o' Providence to mak' idols o' the bonnie bairns; but a'm dootin' it's a' sair lesson to learn na to do it." And he looked tenderly at the children as he spoke.

"Thad ees troo," said Nannette, judging, I presume, rather more by the expression of his countenance than by his words; and taking one of the children in her arms, she spoke caressingly. "Ah! Mignonne, lill' darlin' chile. Pauvre, jolie p'tite, no papa. Papa no cum see hees lill' chile."

"Puir lassie," said kind-hearted Donald to the child; "I will be thinkin' it 'ill nae be lang till your faither 'ill came awa' hame to see the bonnie bairnies."

"Thad goot God He know all dem tings," said Nannette. With her tenderness for the child there seemed to be aroused in her a strong feeling of resentment against the accusers of M. Cerrè and giving expression to this, she exclaimed:

"Ah! thad goot God he mague eet more wurz fur doze bad man, 'ooever ee iz' w'at say thad thing 'boud M'sieur Cerrè. Comment! M'sieur Cerrè, he eez de bez man w'at God haf mague; doze udder man dey tell dem lies 'boud eem. Eef thad thing wa'd dey say 'boud eem ees troo, I tell you den wa'd ees troo, pas la lune—dee moon not ees een de sky." Loyal and true and with a heart full of sympathy, good Nannette continued: "Et pauvre Madame, she feel so bad—doze bad man wa'd mague sum troubl' to 'er 'uzban; an' nòboddie able do nuttin fo' 'er, exzeb de goot God eesev."

I was well aware of the great unhappiness of M'me. Cerrè; and she had several times spoken to me of the uneasiness felt by M. Cerrè in consequence of his separation from his family. He was fearful of entering into the power of the Americans without a safe-conduct, and had taken every measure to procure that. He had secured recommendations from the Spanish governor at St. Louis, and also from the commandant at St. Genevieve, supported by the influence of the greater part of the citizens. These papers, at the request of M'me. Cerrè, I had myself handed to Colonel Clark. All this, however, was in vain. Clark refused to listen to any such application. He said:

"M. Cerrè is a sensible man; if he is innocent of the charge of inciting the Indians against the Americans, he need not be afraid of delivering himself up. This backwardness upon his part only increases the suspicion against him."

I repeated these words to M'me. Cerrè, and she communicated them to her husband. Immediately upon their being repeated to him, M. Cerrè came to Kaskaskia and, before even visiting his family, waited upon the American commander.

Colonel Clark received him with these words: "The crime with which you stand charged is that of encouraging the Indians in their murders and devastations upon our frontiers. I regard it as a sacred duty, laid upon all civilized people, to punish such violators of honorable warfare whenever they can get them within their power."

Upon hearing this accusation, accompanied by this expression of stern determination upon the part of the man in whose power he was, M. Cerrè frankly replied:

"I am a mere merchant, and I have never concerned myself in affairs of state beyond what the interests of my business have required. My remote position has prevented my understand-

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ing the merits of the war now raging between Great Britain and the United States, her former colonies. I desire to support the strictest inquiry into the heinous charge made against me. I defy any man to prove that I have encouraged Indian barbarities, while many can be produced who have heard me deplore such cruelties. Permit me, however, to inform you that there are numbers of men indebted to me who might by my ruin seek to discharge their pecuniary obligations."

When M. Cerrè had ceased speaking, Colonel Clark, without making any reply to what he had heard, requested him to retire to another room. Then he sent for the accusers to be brought before him, and they entered, accompanied by a great many people of the town. M. Cerrè was then summoned to confront them. Upon his entrance, Colonel Clark said:

"I have no disposition to condemn any man unheard. M. Cerrè is now present; and I am ready to do justice to the civilized world by punishing him if guilty of inciting the Indians to commit their savage enormities upon women and children."

Every one present could plainly see the confusion which appeared among the accusers. They began to whisper to one another and retire, until, at last, only one of them was left. This person was asked for his proof, and he could produce none.

Colonel Clark then turned to M. Cerrè. "Sir," he said, "I acquit you of the charge brought against you." It was evident to us all that these words gave as much pleasure to his fellow-citizens as relief to the accused man.

Colonel Clark then congratulated him quite cordially and told him he would be glad to have him become an American citizen; "but," he added, "if you do not sincerely desire to take this step, you are at perfect liberty to dispose of your property and remove elsewhere."

The fair and generous treatment which he had received so favorably impressed M. Cerrè that soon after he took the oath of allegiance and became a most valued friend to the American cause. Throughout his life and that of his admirable wife my friendship for them both continued; and a lady whom I have the honor to number among my friends, M'me. Auguste Choûteau, of St. Louis, is their daughter.

As soon as I had felt assured of the result of the trial, not waiting for Colonel Clark to dismiss M. Cerrè, I hastened to convey the happy tidings to his wife. As I passed Donald, who, being in full sympathy with the family, had been anxiously watching for my coming, he said: "I wass thinking every meenut wass an hour; but I ken weel it iss a' richt. Tae see ye cum intil the yaird, the fery look o' ye wass sayin' it iss a gled day."

Nannette's joy was even more loudly expressed. "Ah, quel bonheur! Mon Dieu, quel bonheur! 'ow 'appy, 'ow 'appy! M'sieur, you couldn' biliev' me eef I tell you 'ow 'appy doze news mague ebryding." Clasping one of the children in her arms, the loyal soul shed tears of delight.

Good, faithful Donald and Nannette had, doubtless, offered many sincere prayers to God, to the Virgin, and to all the saints to look in pity on this family during their days of trouble, and now they were rewarded by sharing their joy.

It was the next day after M. Cerrè's return that Gordon arrived from Cahokia, bearing the dispatches from Major Bowman. He had a thousand questions to ask Mademoiselle Adrienne, and I said to him, jestingly:

"I have been teaching her English, and this is just the hour that I am to give her a lesson. You can go with me and listen to us."

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I call that cool impudence. I left her in your charge while I was gone, and now that I am back again, I propose to see her as quickly as I can get there, with or without you, but as Mademoiselle Adrienne and I always talk French together, it may be dull to you listening to us."

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I had spoken in jest, but the tone of Gordon's voice and the excitement of his manner convinced me of what I had thought before. There are some men who seem to entirely lose their reason in any matter concerning the woman they love, and I believed Gordon to be one of these. Noble-hearted and loyal as he was, still, in a moment of eager passion, he would have shed a brother's blood, although he was so true and generous that, had he been in the wrong, he would gladly have offered his life to undo the deed.

That his heart had been given to Adrienne, fully, honorably, irrevocably, I did not doubt. He was young, with the daring courage and trusting force of youth. In his veins there ran French and Scottish blood. With the vivacity of the children of sunny France, he had quickly yielded, with passionate eagerness, to the charm of her beauty and grace; but with the tenacious strength of the Highlander, he afterwards clung to this overpowering emotion. With such men love may come suddenly; but, once it has gained the mastery, it remains enthroned, for good or evil as fate ordains. Adrienne was lovely, and I counted her worthy of his devotion. We had both seen her under such circumstances as showed her gentleness and also her strength.

During a visit to M. Cerrè's house very soon after his return, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Père Gibault, the Roman Catholic priest whom I had seen on two occasions when he had his interviews with Colonel Clark. Both M'me. Cerrè and Mademoiselle Adrienne had often talked to me of him, and I knew he was greatly beloved by all the French in that whole region.

The day I met him at M. Cerrè's, Père Gibault spoke with earnestness of what had been said to him by our commander in regard to religious toleration. I recognized the extreme gratification he felt in the assurance which Colonel Clark had given that the august Church, so beloved by himself and his people, should be treated with reverence.

I have often thought that in nothing did George Rogers Clark give stronger evidence of his remarkable sagacity than in speaking such words to a man so revered by the people who surrounded us. They were wisely spoken and a rich harvest resulted, bearing good fruit. I spoke to Colonel Clark of having met Père Gibault, and of all I had heard of his widespread influence, not only among the French, but even among the Indians. Besides being the priest at Kaskaskia, he was also the priest at St. Vincent's, a British post of great importance, where the inhabitants of the town (as everywhere else in the Illinois country) were French Catholics.

Clark well knew the importance of this place, and I have heard him many times, in after years, say: "St. Vincent's* was never out of my mind." After listening to what I had to tell him, he instructed me to call upon Père Gibault and say to him that he requested an interview with him.

Through Clark's wonderful insight into human nature, this conference led to a marvelous success. He commenced by opening up to Père Gibault his plan of a military expedition from the Falls of the Ohio against St. Vincent's. Now, I will tell you, at once, and you can bear it in mind, that there was about as much hope of a reinforcement coming to us from General Washington's army as there was of an expedition from the Falls of the Ohio.

Every one of us knew well that if St. Vincent's was ever taken it must be done by us, as the other British forts had been captured under the guidance of the adroit and skillful leadership of our commander. Clark's action on this occasion showed that not more by the decisive measures which mark military genius than by the unerring sagacity which stamps a leader of men, did he achieve success in executing the daring undertaking which he had planned.

After listening most attentively to

* The present town of Vincennes, Indiana.

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all that was said by the American commander in regard to the proposed campaign against St. Vincent's, Père Gibault, the excellent patriot-priest, moved by a strong desire to save his parishioners from the chance of military spoil and violence, said:

"Governor Abbot (the British governor) is now absent from the post on business in Detroit. I scarcely consider a military expedition from the Falls to be necessary. If it meets with your approbation, I will take the business on myself of bringing St. Vincent's over to the American interest, without your being at the trouble of marching against that place." To this offer of aid in realizing the fondest wish of his heart, Clark readily assented; and, accompanied by one or two companions, Père Gibault set off for St. Vincent's.

It required only a few days of explanation between the priest and his flock for the inhabitants of St. Vincent's to throw off the British yoke and take the oath of allegiance to the commonwealth of Virginia. The American flag was displayed over the fort, to the astonishment of the Indians, who were told by their French friends:

"Your old father, the king of France, has come to life again, and he is angry with you for fighting for the English; if you do not wish the land to be bloody with war, you must make peace with the Americans."

[*To be continued*]

THE HONOR OF A CAD

By Leigh Gordon Giltner

IVE of the party which sat down after the theater to a game of cards at the club were men prominent in the business and social life of the metropolis. Fielding, the sixth, might have been termed a probationer. He had "come out of the West" less than a year previous, bringing letters to the Draytons, whose introduction was sufficient to insure his calling, if not his election, to the inner circle of the most exclusive set. It wanted only official confirmation of his rumored engagement to Constance Drayton to render his position absolutely assured.

The men grouped around the table were much of a type—the type one meets with in the more exclusive metropolitan clubs — well bred, well groomed, and with a certain indefinable air of distinction about them. If any one of them had been asked, he would probably have answered that he played for amusement solely, without any reference to the financial aspect of the game. The stakes were not high, though now and then enough money was wagered on a hand to make things interesting.

As the game progressed, the luck began to trend pretty steadily in one direction, but as Fielding was uniformly successful in his play, no one gave the matter thought until Drexel (rather an adept at cards) chanced to see or fancy he saw an action which served to confirm certain suspicions which had lately intruded themselves upon him. The play went on quietly until the deal again fell to Fielding, when Drexel quietly rose and turning to Bourke, who sat opposite, said carelessly:

"Change places with me, Reggie, will you? I'd like to break my luck—it's beastly poor to-night!"—and Bourke promptly complied. The deal went round a second and a third time and still Fielding's luck stayed with

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him. The game progressed without incident, and Loring, who cared little for cards, was beginning to be a trifle bored, when suddenly, as Fielding was helping his hand in a jackpot, Ward Drexel bent forward with a swift movement and before the hand could be withdrawn had pinned the five cards to the table. Fielding went ghastly white; three of the other men gasped and waited in mute astonishment for Drexel's explanation; the fourth, who sat at the dealer's right and, like Drexel, had carefully watched his play, was instantly alive to the situation and inwardly felicitating himself that the disclosure had not devolved upon him.

"When the cards were cut," began Drexel, still covering the hand and looking squarely into Fielding's eyes, "I caught a glimpse of the bottom card. It was the queen of hearts. In helping your hand just now, I saw you slip a card from the bottom. It is the uppermost one of these cards which I prevented your taking up. If it does not prove to be the queen and if it does not improve your hand, I will apologize to you and the other gentlemen present and resign my membership. If it is the queen, I shall insist that you leave the club."

"I had the queen of hearts in my hand on the start," faltered Fielding, white to the lips. "I held it at the first and I did not draw from the bottom of the deck."

Drexel set his teeth.

"The card you drew is the top card of the five on the table," he said quietly. "If it is the queen of hearts, you did not have it in your hand. I saw it distinctly at the bottom of the pack. Vandiver, will you oblige me by facing that card?"

There was a breathless hush, in the midst of which Vandiver bent forward and turned the card in question face upward on the table. *It was the queen of hearts!* The remaining four cards were also hearts, and the queen completed a flush.

The tense silence lasted a long moment. Then Vandiver rose and quietly closed and locked the card-room door. Fielding sat quite still, breathing heavily. Four men, stern, shocked, accusing, confronted him. Loring, the fifth, did not look toward him.

Explanation ensued. Fielding, at first, vehemently denied the ugly charge against him, but under Drexel's unflinching gaze and unwavering testimony, he presently broke down.

"Well," he said at last, "since you've got me in a corner, I might as well own up. I *did* fake the queen as Drexel charges and I haven't been playing on the square for a month past. I lost heavily at Sheepshead and Saratoga last summer and in the effort to recoup myself for these losses I've been bucking the stock market ever since—with the result that I'm quite at the end of my resources. This thing began one night four weeks ago when I was playing with Carter, Oelrichs and Loring here. I'd learned out West to stock the cards a bit, and as I sat there with just ten dollars between me and destruction, the temptation to put the knowledge into practice assailed me. I left the table that night the winner by fifty dollars. After that it was easy—*descensus Averni*, as we used to say at college." He stopped a moment with a pitiful attempt at a smile, then went on quickly, "I've cheated various members of this club out of sums ranging anywhere from five to fifty dollars—and I fancy Loring, with whom I've played oftenest, is out a pretty steep sum. Now you've got the story. That's all there is to it. The question is, What are you going to do about it?" He spoke in a dull, lifeless tone, utterly at variance with the bravado of his words. It was almost as if the shameful recital were impersonal and a matter of indifference to the narrator.

For answer, Drexel rang for paper, pens and ink. A resignation was speedily drafted, and Fielding signed without protest on request. It then appeared that he owed the club a matter of a hundred or so, which he admitted his utter inability to liquidate.

"Perhaps," quietly interposed Loring, who had hitherto taken no part

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in the proceedings, "you gentlemen will permit me to assume this obligation?"

The other men started. They all knew Victor Loring for a man almost Quixotic in his courtesy to his fellows, but that he should offer to assume the liabilities of his successful rival struck them as about the limit. Even Fielding, who sat with his head fallen forward on his breast, roused himself to look at the speaker. Something in the glance that met his own made him feel less a Pariah.

"I rather fancy," Drexel submitted, "that it's up to me."

"Suppose we share the amount equally?" Oelrichs suggested—and so it was finally agreed.

Ten minutes later Dana Fielding descended, for the last time, the clubhouse steps, while the men instrumental in his expulsion sat and smoked in thoughtful silence. After an instant's incertitude, one of them, who had chanced to note the expression of Fielding's face, rose hastily and with a muttered excuse to his fellows, hurried down the hallway Fielding was just quitting and followed him out into the night.

* * *

"I sent for you, Mr. Loring," Miss Drayton was saying, "because I felt that I might so far trespass upon your kindness as to ask you to give me the details of this unfortunate affair. Of course, there are a dozen varying stories afloat, but I want the exact truth."

Loring did not speak, and after an instant's pause she proceeded:

"Perhaps I should tell you that my engagement to Mr. Fielding was broken a week ago." (Loring quickly lifted his head.) "But when I heard yesterday this cruel calumny against him, I wrote at once to assure him of my belief in his innocence, as an earnest of which I desired that our engagement should be renewed. It seemed a cowardly thing to desert him when he most needed me; and I felt that I could give him and the world no more convincing proof of my confidence in his integrity than by allowing our engagement to be announced at once."

The girl's fine face glowed with a very passion of sacrifice—the ancient martyr-spirit which inheres inevitably in all womankind. Loring groaned in spirit.

"I wrote to Dana the moment I heard that brutal slander," the girl pursued. "I asked no questions, I made no investigation—that would have seemed to imply a doubt of him. But now that I have proved my trust, I wish to know the details of the story—what they are saying at the clubs and on the street—that I may be able to combat it. The accepted version seems to be that Ward Drexel detected Mr. Fielding in the act of cheating at cards; that he admitted his guilt and was summarily expelled from the club; that one of the men present, whose name I did not learn, followed him to his rooms and saved him from suicide by a generous offer of aid and sympathy. Will you tell me, please, just how much—or how little—foundation there is for all this?"

Loring crossed to the window and stood there for a long moment, the better and the baser instincts battling fiercely within him. Which way did honor lie? Should he—could he—tell this girl that he had seen the man she trusted cheat at cards? Could he allow her to sacrifice herself to a mistaken sense of loyalty to a man who was confessedly a liar and a cad? It was an awkward question and the solution seemed far to seek. He presently turned and came back to her.

"Miss Drayton," he said quietly, "I cannot answer your questions, and I beg that you will excuse me from further discussion of the subject. I should be wholly unable to speak of it without prejudice because—because I love you, Constance!"

The girl turned a startled face upon him.

"You love me—you?" she faltered. "Do you mean to say that you—that you——"

"That I've loved you all this while, Constance," he finished for her. "I love you so much that if I attempted

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to discuss your attitude toward this other man, I must inevitably prove myself a coward or a cad. You must see my position, Constance, and you will understand that there is nothing I can say in the matter. If I can be of service in any other way, I shall be very glad. Otherwise, I shall say good afternoon."

His hand was upon the knob when he heard his name spoken.

"Victor!" Constance whispered tremulously, "Victor!" Loring turned abruptly. "If you—if you—cared for me," she stammered desperately, "why did you not tell me? Why did you allow me to go blindly on and half in pity, half in pique, engage myself to another man, when—when——"

"Because I'm seventeen different kinds of an idiot, I suppose," Loring answered, a sudden rapture beginning to riot within him. "I never for a moment dreamed that you——"

"But I did," Constance asserted, with a boldness that surprised herself. "And—I do!" The next moment she was hiding her crimson face against Loring's breast and Loring's fine theories of honor and fair play were scattered to the winds.

But the rapture was brief. Constance presently lifted her face with a sigh that was almost a sob.

"Oh!" she breathed, "if only I hadn't written that silly letter, with its heroics and protestations! I didn't mean the half of it, but I let my sympathies carry me away. And now —O Victor!—what on earth am I to do?"

A prompt solution was offered by the butler of the house of Drayton who at that moment entered discreetly to announce Mr. Fielding. Fielding followed closely upon the announcement of his name. He looked wan and worn, but his haggard eyes brightened at sight of Loring.

"What luck to find you here!" he said with a pathetic survival of his wonted manner. "I was going on to your offices after I'd seen Miss Drayton for a moment. Please don't go. I want you to hear what I have to say, and I'm sure Miss Drayton will not mind. I received your letter only this morning," he went on, addressing the girl, who stood looking at him uncertainly, "and I've answered it in person because I'm going away tonight. I've decided to accept Loring's generous offer" (the girl flashed a swift glance at Loring, who flushed consciously), "and I'm leaving by midnight express to connect myself with the Western branch of Loring & Endicott at San Francisco. I've decided I haven't the courage to stay and live it down, Loring. It wouldn't be easy, I'm afraid, even with your help. So I think I'll take your other offer and go West to begin again." He turned back to Constance.

"I want to thank you for your letter," he said simply, "and to give it back to you. I've no right to it. It was written to an honest man. You can't know what it meant to me—but I've got to tell you—as I'm sure Loring has not done—that what you've heard of me is true. I left the club Friday night branded a cheat and a liar. But I'm not cad enough, believe me, to misinterpret your sympathy. I know that you don't care for—me; I know that you never did. I managed to appeal to your generosity and play upon your sympathies so skillfully that I succeeded in persuading you that it was your duty to devote your life to making me a better man—a doubtful undertaking and scarcely worth the price, I'm afraid. I was almost glad when you found out your mistake, though I loved you, if I may say so, as well as a worthier man might have done. You appealed to the little good that was in me—and if I don't quite go to the bad after this, it will be due to you and to Loring, who didn't condemn me in spite of my sins. Good-bye, Miss Drayton. Good-bye, Loring —I won't ask you to shake hands—but I hope you'll believe that I'm not ungrateful and try to think of me as kindly as you can."

When he had gone, Constance stood in thoughtful silence for a moment.

"I think he was worthy your interest, Victor," she said gently, at last. "He wasn't quite a cad, after all."

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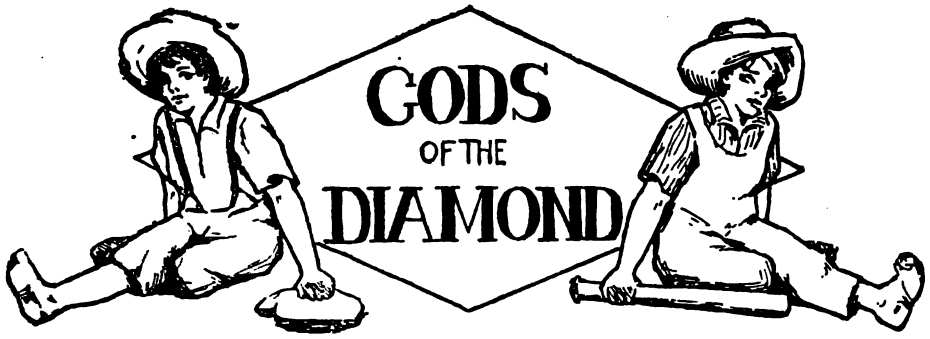

By Stuart B. Stone

If you plow your way through the dust straight out the Hartford road, half a mile due west from the court-house, and cross the railway track, vaulting the rail fence to your right, you find yourself on the baseball grounds. Furthermore, if it be Saturday morning, you will run upon a collection of noisy, gaudy-panted boys preparing for a game.

There is probably an infernal uproar and clamor for first bat. The première with the ash stick is invariably claimed by Reddy Phelps and Jimmy Line and Toadfrog, but Toadfrog, freckled diplomat and born leader of men and ball-players, just as invariably heads the batting column. Toadfrog lacks the inches and years of some of the gang, but he has a way with him.

This trio forms the van of the horde sprinting from Hill's store the moment Jimmy sings out: "Let's have a game!" "First bat! My first bat," they yelp until the grounds are reached and the panting, perspiring array swarms around home plate. Then as the bunch overruns the diamond, some of the less assertive set forth their claims for second and third bats and the choicest positions in the field.

It is to be a "scrub" game, mere practice for the match contest in the afternoon between the Stars and the Moons. The Stars are slightly the seniors of the Moons, but the latter, having the rooters' sympathy for the under dog, usually prove formidable opponents. Members of both nines are present, mingling, fraternizing, distinguishable only by the color scheme of their trousers.

At the psychological moment Toadfrog settles the first bat problem by the statement that he "said it first," and with an air of finality picks up the stick. He spits upon his palms, bumps the bat thrice against the plate and strikes the pose he has noted and admired in the half-tones on the pink and green sporting pages.

"Socks" Williams, pitcher for the Stars, after a preliminary warming up with his catcher, occupies the box. "Socks" is to remain there for some time while the other players move up notch by notch as the batsmen succumb to his prowess. This is necessary that his good right arm be in fine fettle for the afternoon game.

"Right over the plate, Socksy," yells the "ketcher." And from a hideous, writhing contortion of adolescence comes the leather sphere, a quarter one purchased through general levy on the assemblage.

Toadfrog deals the horsehide an awful swat and the ball bounds with express train speed to Skinny at short. It is a "grass-cutter." Skinny falls all over himself, floundering like a sea lion, but manages to field to first. The ball is victor over Toadfrog by a clean two feet, but that masterful urchin remains firm on the bag. "Whut you tryin' to gimme!" he exclaims. "Beat it a mile, huh!" Instantly there is confusion and babel of tongues. The outfield runs in to lodge vehement protest against this high-handed proceeding. Toadfrog, however, has handled a thousand just such insurrections, and while the din is most horrible, bolts for second. There is a scramble to re-

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cover positions, somebody throws wild, and Toadfrog plunges on to the third sack, dancing thereon in high glee.

The game proceeds. Reddy, outmanoeuvred for first bat and accepting second as a compromise, now advances. Reddy is a south paw, that is to say, he bats left handed. This calls for a general shifting of positions, the experienced fielders deploying to the left to be ready for the forthcoming hit.

But Reddy's vision is impaired, or his bat is hardly large enough. "One strike!" comes shrilly from the umpire. "Two strikes!" is called, then one, two and three balls, and hearts beat fast. "This decides it!" shouts Fatty at third. "Lay for him, Buck—watch out for a grounder!"

Biff, like a blackface period punctuating the firmament, the ball goes straight up in the ether. Socks and the masked man behind the bat go for it. Ball, pitcher, catcher meet at full tilt. Toadfrog prancing nervously on third and noting the "fly" has been "muffed," plunges for home. Reddy sits panting at first while Socks and the catcher wage verbal warfare. "It was my ball!" cries Socks. "You oughter let it alone. Makes me tired!"

The belligerents calmed, the game goes on until each man has played all the positions and had his turn at the bat. Then the restlessness of Young America asserts itself and the tame sport of scrub is abandoned for the more exciting game of "choose-up." A ten-minute rest is indulged in. A small boy is dispatched for water. The larger youths produce paper and tobacco and proceed to roll and smoke cigarettes, while the "kids" look on in awe and envy. Some day they, too, may be able to do as Toadfrog and Fatty and Red. Who knows?

A hog-mother and brood of nine come rooting and grunting their way across the field, and the blue-panted Stars mingle with the white of the Moons in mad pursuit.

There is a wrangle as to who shall choose up. The sentiment of the gathering finally resolves into a call for Fatty and Red, and these two gentlemen and champions step forth as the opposing captains. Now, since brooks ran to the sea and green grass grew, the manner of choosing up is thus: one chooser tosses the bat to the other, who catches it in midair. Then a fist-stalk process of piling hand upon hand alternately is gone through with. The one whose hand clutches the top of the bat must be able to demonstrate his grip by throwing the stick over his head.

Fatty manages to coil a little finger and thumb around the ash and, with countenance purple and distorted with the strain—for first choice means possession of Toadfrog and probable victory—succeeds in hurling the bat barely over his ducking head.

"I'll take Toadfrog!" he pants. Then Red denominates the second greatest in balldom, and the boys are singled out in the order of their ability to slug and catch and pilfer bases, until nine are chosen for each side. The handful of rejected devotees console themselves with mutual assurances that they "didn't want to play, nohow," and the game of "sides" is on.

A decayed, homeless shingle is spit upon. "Wet or dry, Fatty?" bawls Red. Fatty indicates his preference for the moistened side. The wood ascends into the atmosphere, drops to earth and

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displays a perfect state of aridity. Reddy's hosts will bat first.

Fatty summons his legion around him, and with the air of the first emperor assigning his marshals on the eve of battle, details them to their respective positions. Every man spits on his hands, adjusts his flannel uniform trousers and settles down for grim work. The batsmen smite viciously at the ball; the infield crouches tense, expectant, hands on knees; the outfield, with less to do, throws stones at passing live stock and occasionally lies prone on the sod.

By the end of the third inning the score-keeper announces that Fatty's side has made 23 scores while Red's bunch of sportsmen have circumnavigated the bases but 18 times. The preponderance of Toadfrog is too great. His initiative, daring and moral support count heavy in the scale. Ah, none can stand against Toadfrog!

In the fourth, one of Reddy's minor lights, valiantly undertaking the capture of a liner going at appalling speed, is put *hors de combat* with a sprained finger. The game is suspended while the lads gather round the stricken comrade to tender sympathy, advice and chaff. It is urged that he rub the wounded member in the dirt and that it be pulled vigorously, while probably a dozen vile lotions from druggists' shelves are recommended. It is Saturday morning, however, and almost half a holiday gone. The wounded hero perches on the rail fence feeling vastly important with half a handkerchief wrapped round the swollen joint. A substitute must be provided, and a big boy, one Henry Johnson, a member of the Browns, the town's second team, applies for the vacancy. Mr. Johnson grins patronizingly, and in answer to the demurrer setting forth his size and baseball attainments, declares he is no expert, states he is sunburned and stiff from swimming yesterday in Bear Creek, and agrees to bat left handed.

The agreement is ratified after much protesting and the umpire calls time. The morale of Reddy's team is somehow greatly improved by the addition of Johnson, and in their half a vigorous batting rally takes place.

Jimmy Line, first man up, hits an awful grounder right down toward Fatty, reposing on the tertiary bag. That accumulation of avoirdupois interposes two big paws in front of the ball, which eludes them and finds a haven in his right eye. Over he goes on the verdant sward while Jimmie, tongue hanging out and eyes bulging, is stopped in his triumphal progress at second. Fatty, resuscitated by dint of vigorous slapping on the back, resumes his position, blinking mightily.

Cricket, a diminutive gentleman, next astounds the multitude, and himself most of all, by lacing one out past short. It hums right through the equilateral triangle formed by the legs of "Pike" Nolan and the ground before Mr. Nolan is aware of its proximity. His only recourse is to turn toward the outfield and shout frantically, "Put her here, Mealy, git him now! Nail him at second!" Meanwhile Cricket speeds for that base and Jimmy slides like an avalanche into the home plate,

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throwing the catcher on his back and severely damaging his own trousers, although the ball is a full hun-

dred yards away and he might have crawled in.

Next come 'Dolph Likins and Pug Dawson and "Yaller." "Yaller" is a mulatto of anonymous origin, banana-

tinted, with glorious ivories showing crescent-shaped from a mouth specially devised for watermelon consumption. This is the day before the coming of "Clansmen" and "Leopard's Spots" and pitchforks and grave, troublous questions of race and color. "Yaller" displays his teeth in a heavenly grin, dazzles twirler Socks and fills the bases.

Utterly hysterical and frenzied, Reddy's rooters now rage up and down the coach lines. "Play up a little, Pug!" "Make 'im throw it, 'Dolph!" "None out, Yaller!" shriek the half-crazed urchins. Then Henry Johnson, eighteen years of age, and a "big boy," occupies the plate. Fatty's cohorts, sullen, ominous, enraged at the turn of fortune, wax reckless. Reddy and his batsmen bold anticipate the intoxication of victory snatched from defeat and toss caps in the air.

Spat! Mr. Johnson's slab has encountered the sphere and reversed its swift course. The combined outfield is seen in a wild dash for the tall timber toward which the ball is taking its meteoric flight. The three base-runners recognizing the uselessness of haste, walk in, derisively hooting the dismayed Fattyites. Mr. Henry Johnson aggravates the insult altogether

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unbearably by making a second round of the bases in jest. As he stalks by third, taunting Fatty, the captain of the now-defeated nine, trips him. Such intolerance from a big boy who has "butted in anyhow" cannot be brooked and instantly there is a riot. A wild, writhing tangle of blue and white, jeans and flannel, hickory bats and bare legs covers the vicinity of third. Intervention is of no use. The knot must unravel itself, and after an interval of knocking and clawing, with a general easing back from the center, does unravel itself. Some cooler head shouts: "Aw, what's the difference, anyhow? Only beat us *one* and had to have one of the Browns to do that!" Then the age of tumult passes and the era of reason begins again. Fatty, two fingers uplifted, says: "Let's go in—the water's fine," and with a yelp of delight the whole pack heads for the swimming hole.

Oh, it's a great game, and the players are our future money changers and scribes and wearers of ermine and purple!

Verily, is it a great game—the national game.

OLD WASH AT THE FAIR

THE county fairs have been in full blast in Tennessee this fall, but I did not know that old Wash had been off trying to run one until he ambled into my study the other night, the hungriest-looking, most woe-begone darky in Tennessee. He had rheumatism in his back, mesmerism in his head and a have-you-got-any-cold-victuals kind of a look spread over his countenance. I thought he had been through the famine in India and had floated home on the gang-plank of a wrecked vessel.

"Look erheah, boss," he said, as soon as he had stuck his head in the doorway, as if trying to distract attention from his own looks, "I jes' cum ober to ax you is de gol'-bug de microbe uv de yaller fever."

"Why, no," I said. "It's a different disease altogether."

"Wal, jes' tell me, den," he said emphatically, "when dat wave of prosperity gwine ter git out'n de three-minnit class, ennyway—jes' tell me!"

As this was too much for me, I had to take the old man's sarcasm and say nothing.

"I tell you, suh," he went on, "when er man starts out on a campain on de circus whar I b'en, wid a stable uv hosses, he better take 'is dinner an' 'is 'possum dorg erlong wid 'im, or he'll go hongry sho!"

I looked at the old man in astonishment. When I had seen him last, he was fat and hearty.

"Where have you been?" I asked, "that you should bob up in this well-fed neighborhood looking like an old horse led off to the shambles?"

"Hit all cum erbout dis way," said the old man shamefacedly. "You see, I dun b'en out on a campain. De cullud fo'ks gin er fair down in Giles County an' I thort I'd go down, take my ol' pie-ball pacer an' rake in all de filthy luker floatin' erroun' dar. You see," he said proudly, "my ol' hoss hol' er worl' record—he am an' 'only.'"

"How so?" I asked in feigned surprise.

"He am de only hoss in de worl' dat hab a record uv 2:29, a curb, two spavins an' a glass eye! Dar am a hoss in Ingyanner dat hab a record uv 2:29, a curb, one spavin an' a glass eye, but he ain't in it wid my ol' Pie Ball. Yas, suh, dat's de wurl's record he hol's. An' so, ez I wuz sayin', I thort I'd jes'

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go down an' rake in dat filthy luker wid 'im. I didn't hab no harness, but I happen ter think erbout de little red-an'-white steer dat died so handy-lak las' winter jes' in time fer me ter feed all de preachers dat filled my house endurin' de deestrick conferdence," the old man winked, "an' I made er mighty good set uv harness outen his hide. You see, I didn't hab time ter git de ha'r offen it, an' when my ol' blue pie-ball pacer got ter pacin' fas' down dar erroun' dat track, I tell you, suh, hit wuz de prooties' sight you eber seed—he made er red-white-an'-blue streak cl'ar 'roun' dat track, an' de niggers all hoorayed an' say he look lak de speerit uv Star P'inter wrap'd in de flag uv our country an' gwine in 1:59¼! I've patentid dat idee in harness, an' I'm gwine ter use it nex' yeah fur speckticle effec'."

I looked interested, and the old man came in and sat down in his usual chair, near the door.

"Wal, but whar to git de sulky wuz de naix question. Arter thinkin' ober it I des remembered dat Brer Moses Armstrong had marr'd de widder Johnson's buxomes' gal las' fall an' he had bin er-haulin' truck ter town in er ole high-wheel sulky dat Marse Ed Geers use ter train ole Hal P'inter wid at de ole track down by de crick. Now, I knowed whut Brer Moses would soon need wuss'n ennything in dis worl', an' so I swop 'im dat ole ellum cradle dat me an' Dinah done raise all de chillun in, fer dat sulky. An' when I hitch ol' Pie Ball up, suh, he ack dat proud an' sassy I felt mighty nigh es good es er buxum widder angel in er paradise uv bal'-haided men. I knowed all de excheckers uv dat Giles County fair wuz jes' ez good ez reposited in de cash drawer uv my britches pocket an' I jes' lit out fer Giles County wid great expectashuns in de sulky an' ol' Pie Ball in de shaf's.

"But when I got down dar, suh, whut you reckin dem niggers dun dar? Dar wuz a mighty crowd uv 'em at de fair groun's, an' de fus' thing I seed wuz dis paper stuck up all ober de groun's, an' on de trees an' fences," and the old man pulled out an old-time poster headed with a darky leading an ass, whose ears were longer than his legs. I looked and it read:

CULLURD FO'KS ERTENSHUN!

Gran' picknick an free-fur-all pace at er race track nex' Sat'dy. Ladies an' gents, widders an' yaller gals, 'specially invited to percipertate, but babies an' Meferdis' preechers barred. De followin' fam'us drivers wid deir hosses will be dar:

Free-fur-all pace. Purse, Bre'r Shadrack Lewis's Coon Dorg.
Pie Ball B. R. G. G. N. H. H..... Bre'r Washington.
Limber Jim B. M. K. P. L. D..... Bre'r Simon Suggs.
Kuntry Sawsage G. J. N. S. U. D. B..... Bre'r Lay Low.

Admisshun 10c: but enny gent escortin' er yaller legged chicken er gall kin cum in free. DE CUMMITTY.

"That's plain enough," I laughed, as I handed him back the poster, "but all these letters after the entries—what do they mean?"

"Oh, dat's patentid," said the old man, "dat's plain ernough—dat's plain ernough. Dem letters am new things on de track an' am dead good tips to de crowd. Don't you know whut Pie Ball, B. R. G. G. N. H. H. means?" he asked. "Why it means, Pie Ball, Blue Roan Gelding, Got No Holes in Him!'"

"Ah, I see now," I said, "and the other is Limber Jim, bay mare—"

"No, suh," cried the old man, "you wrong ergin. De naix one means, 'Limber Jim, Bay Mule, Kin Pace Lak De Debil,' an' de las' one am 'Kuntry Sawsage, Gray Jinny, Not Skeered uv De Ban!' An' dat's whut made me mad," went on the old man; "I 'spected ter meet hosses, not mules and jinnies an' I raised er mighty kick. I driv up ter er nigger settin' sidewize in de saddle on er ole gray mule in front uv de jedge's stan'. Sez I sorter mad-lak:

"'Mister, whar am de seckerterry uv dis associashun, an' whar am his headquarters?'

"He drawed hisse'f up an' say, sorter bitter-lak:

"'Ef you contemplates formulatin'

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enny interrogashuns consarnin' de regulashuns uv dis 'sociashun, suh, I begs ter circumnavergate enny previ'us disquietude by info'min' you dat *I* am de seckerterry, suh, an' my haidquartahs am in de saddle, suh!'

"I shot er dagger look at 'im an' sez I, quiet-lak:

"'I knowed you wuz er damfool, soon ez I seed yer, but I thort you knowed de diff'unce twixt yo' haidquartahs an' yo' tailquartahs, suh!' An' den I lit inter dat nigger an' dat associashun! I tol' 'em I fotch my famous hoss all de way down dar ter race ergin *hosses,* not mules an' jinnies, an' fur *munny,* not coon dorgs an' chitlin's. But de fools up in de jedges' stan'—an' you know it am de easies' place in de worl' fur fools ter git inter—'lowed dat dat wuz er pacin' race, an' dis wuz de lan' uv de free an' home uv de pacin' hoss, an' bofe de jinny an' de mule would make me think dey sho'ly had de right ter compeet fer de coon dawg.

"'But how you 'spec' me, ef I win,' sez I, 'ter feed my hoss an' me wid a coon dorg? I kain't eat 'im,' sez I.

"'Dat's all right, Brer Washington,' sed de jedges, 'but sense de gol'-bugs dun cohnered all de munny in de kuntry, we hafter git back ter fus' principles, an' so we make coon dorgs en sech things our mejums uv exchange. An' I tells you right now dat er coon dorg am good fur ten dollars' wuf uv sawsages enny day in dese parts. Why, you am bettah off dan de 2:24 pace,' sez he—"dat's payable in chitlin s an' tuckey tails.'

"Wal, I seed I wuz in it, an' ez I wanted er good coon dorg ennyway, an de widder Johnson dat I wuz kinder seekin' arter hed cum out ter see me win, I jes' 's well make de bes' uv hit, so I hook up ol' Pie Ball an' cum out on de track. An' Law bless yo' soul, you jes' orter seen de 'plaws we got!

"But hit made me mad when dat blamed ol' pacin' mule an' jinny cum out on de track. Befo' dey eben gib us de wurd, dat ol' mule tuck ter buckin' an' er-snortin', an' she skeered ol' Pie Ball so he run inter widder Johnson, dat I wuz courtin' an' hed cum out ter see me go in all my glory; hit 'er square in de stummick, stept on her fifth wheel, an' punctured her tire—leastwise dat's whut I heerd 'em say! De ole lady fainted an' dey had ter take her off an' blow her up ag'in—leastwise, dat's whut dey tol' me. An' she ain't spoke to me sence! Dey had tu'k de coon dorg up in de jedges' stan'—to he'p jedge de race, I 'spec'—an' es we cum by in all our glory, dar he set, lookin' mighty nachul-lak an' happy, an' hit tickled him so he barked lak a' ol' army petard jes' es we got op'site 'im, an' it skeered ol' Pie Ball so he paced clean ober de fence, an' back ergin an' den beat de gang home two links. Oh, I wuz sho' proud! But when I got back, whut you reckin dem fool jedges say to me?

"Dey say: 'Brer Washington, we fine you a poun' uv terbacker fur layin' up dat heat.'

"'Good Heben, gen'l'men,' sez I, 'I didn't lay up no heat—I won it.'

"'De new rule say you shain't lay up no heat, don't it, suh?' sed de jedges.

"'In cose it do, but I didn't lay up no heat; I won it, I tell you.'

"'Brer Washington, you don't ketch us. When you lay up a dollar you sabe it, don't you?'

"'Yes,' sez I.

"'Wal, you sabe dat heat an' in cose you lay hit up. Whut's layin' up er heat but sabin' it?' sez dey. 'In cose de heat's yo'n, but we hafter go by de rules an' fine you jes' de same. Jes' han' us out dat poun' er terbacker,' dey say, 'or you don't go 'possum huntin' behin' dat dorg. How you 'spec' 'sociashuns gwineter prosper ef dey don't tax de winner?'

"I wuz bilin' mad, an' I sed, sorter bitter-lak: 'Gen'l'men, I means ter cas' no inflicshuns on yo' feracity, but hadn't you bettah let de coon dorg jedge de res' uv dis race?' Den I tu'ns off smilin', sarcasm-lak. But dey didn't min' my talk ertall, but calls fo' de naix' heat.

"Wal, suh, we got off fur de naix'

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heat, but dat dorg-jedge up in de gran' stan' cu'dn't keep 'is mouf shet ter sabe 'is life. 'Sides dat, he cum er-t'arin' down arter us an' chased us up de track lak er yaller cyclone in a barn lof'. I've heerd uv drivers chasin' stakes befo'," laughed the old man, "but I nurver heerd uv de stake er-chasin' de drivers. Hit skeered ol' Pie Ball inter a break, but hit skeered de ol' mule an' de jinny into de fas'es' pace dat I eber seed turn er corner! Befo' I knowed it dey wuz er-goin' down de track lak a pair uv ol' rusty lizards down er rail fence, an' ef eber I had enny doubt 'bout dat ol' mule an' jinny bein' in de free-fur-all pacin' class, hit soon lef' me an' no mustake! Befo' I knowed hit dey wuz er quahter uv er mile ahaid uv me, wid dat coon dorg still er-chasin' 'em an' er-barkin' an' bofe uv 'em er-pacin' lak er team. De ol' jinny's ye'rs wuz laid back lak er jack rabbit's, an' de ol' mule's wuz laid for'ds lak de cow-ketcher uv a steam ingine. Her tail p'inted to'des de Nawth Stah, an' his'n to'des de horizon, an' twixt 'em, es long es de dorg kep in de rear, dey wuz er-bust-in' P'inter's record all ter pieces. I reefed an' reefed ol' Pie Ball, but when he settled we wuz so fur behin' we cu'dn't tell which way ter go, so I jes' follered de coon dorg's bark lak I wuz out 'possum huntin' an' driv on. An' somebody hollered out, 'Does you think dey kin pace now, Brer Wash-in'ton?' an' I heerd de niggers laf lak dey fall outen de gran' stan'.

"Thinks I ter myse'f, sump'n' got-ter be done er me an' Pie Ball gwine ter be beat by de oneryes' pa'r dat eber went roun' er track.

"Now, when you can't win by speed, you mus' try sump'n' else," said the old man sagely. "De bes' gine'als, whuther in a race er in a war, am de ones dat's got brains up dey sleeve es well es in dey haids, an' de man dat kin look on de laws uv common sense an' circumsense am jes' dat much bet-tah off dan de one dat do nuffin' but shoot de guns he happen ter hab. Now, when I wuz young I larned ter blow my mouf lak er dinner hawn, an' when I seed dey had me beat, I jes' slapped my han' up ter my jaw an' sed, '*Toot—toot—tuu—uu—u—u!*' jes' lak er dinner hawn fer all de worl'." Here the old man laughed till he nearly fell out of his chair.

"An' whut you reckin happen? Why, dat blame ol 'mule thort it wuz de dinnah hawn sho' 'nuff, en es he b'en allers stopped what dat tooted, he stopped es quick es a pewter bullet when it hits er mud bank, an' Brer Simon Sugg div outen dat sulky seat lak er skeered bullfrog huntin' fer wat-ter. Den de ole mule turn roun' an' answer dat hawn wid: '*Kehonk—ke-honk—kehee—ee—e—e!*' jes' es na-chul es all de worl'.

"An' de ol' jinny," here the old man had another paroxysm of laughter, "she thort she recognized dat voice, hit soun' so much lak de mule's daddy, an' she stopped so suddin she an' de sulky bofe kicked up behin' an' sent Brer Lay Low huntin' fur grass, an' befo' dey knowed it I paced by de whole gang an' *lay up* anur'r heat! Sho' 'nuff de fool jedges fine me ag'in, but I wuz 'tarmin'd ter hab dat coon dorg an' I paid hit lak a man.

"'De puss am yo'n, Brer Washin'-ton,' said de jedges; 'git you a good rope an' go haul it in.'"

Here the old man sighed audibly and showed every inclination to stop.

"Well, I hope it was a good dog," I said sympathetically.

"Boss, you ain't nurver b'en in er race wid er pacin' mule, is you? Wal, you ain't posted on de cussedness uv dat animule. When I went down de stretch ter git my stake, de cussed mule had paced ober him an' kilt him! My puss sho' wuz daid! I traded ol' Pie Ball off fur a good dinnah en ernuff munny ter git home wid, an' when I go out on de gran' circus ergin hit'll be ter pace fer de dollars uv our dad-dies an' not fur coon dorgs en chit-lin's." And the old man ambled out to put an extra corn pone and some sweet potatoes in the ashes, when he covered up his fire for the night.

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IN A LIBRARY

By Lewis Worthington Smith

It is an April evening and the gas is lighted. A few students are scattered about the room busy with books and their lessons. The librarian is at her desk near one of the windows, where she is somewhat secluded.

The voices of students are heard singing through the open window of a house across the street.

Oh, what is all of Plato's lore
  And what the joy divine
Of worshipping with lifted eyes
  Before the Delphic shrine,
To this of holding unrebuked
  Your little hand in mine,
Since *amor* in the class to-day
  We neither could decline?

Oh, what are all the molecules
  That ever wandered free
In search of new affinities,
  Ca plus CO_3,
Compared with this eternal bond
  Uniting you and me,
Because our valence is the same,
  And so our souls agree?

The librarian sits musingly a moment with a strange smile on her face. Even when a man enters the library and approaches her, she does not look up until he is almost at her side. Then she gives a quick cry.

THE LIBRARIAN—

What! Frank! I did not—

THE MAN—

No, of course. I came
Unheralded, because my own best dreams
Held not this promise earlier than to-day.
I never knew before I got so near
That not the wealth of all Golconda's mines
Could draw me by without a passing glance
At these old halls, where ten long years ago
We turned with ready hearts to face the world
In our young wisdom.

THE LIBRARIAN—

Ten? Is it so long?
And never back again in all that time?
It seems impossible.

THE MAN—

It should have been.
Until to-day I never knew how much
I have been needing the old sights and sounds
And all the memories. The world! the world!
It is so big, so strange, so wonderful,
And I had set my will to battle down
Its lets and hindrances until my heart
Laughed in the conquest. Oh, it's hard, hard, hard!
I never knew; but, after all, the joy
When with my hands grown tired, my hope sunk low,
The joy at last to see the end show clear!
That pays for all.

THE LIBRARIAN—

And you have seen the end?
I need not ask. I should have known at once.
I see you now just as you used to be,
Strong, happy, eager always, come what might,
And equal always to the last demands.

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What have they been? What have you done? I know
It must be wonderful.

THE MAN—

What have I done?
I could be happy talking all the night,
Telling you how I tried and seemed to win
And failed and tried again. What have I done?
Oh, something, something; they are strange, wild things,
But mainly I have lived and found life sweet,
And pushed the lives of others farther on.
My eyes have seen the sunset as a lure
And followed, making paths, great paths of iron,
Bridging the streams and piercing through the hills,
Testing the joys of fresh experience,
And feeling still the distance as a prize
Of ever-changing wonder.

THE LIBRARIAN—

Roving yet
As always. How your boyish fancies flew
In gay disdain of our more sluggish wits!
And equally of books and tasks and toils
That made us slaves while you were free as air.

THE MAN—

Not roving, Ella, only going on,
Watching the flood-tide of my fellows' lives
Flowing behind me through the ways I make,
And feeling somehow that within myself
I live a thousand things they live and thrill
With all their joys. Not roving, no, but you?
Tell me about yourself.

THE LIBRARIAN—

About myself?

She pauses, looking at him a moment in a startled and strange perplexity.

If there were anything about myself,
If there were anything,—blank, all a blank.

Her eyes fall away from his in an unhappy musing, and, while they are both silent, the voices of the students come to them again from the house across the street. In a subdued reverie they listen together.

VOICES—

Oh, I went down to Isaac's store,
I had a watch and some things more.
I never had seen the man before,
Oh, I never had met the man before;
But he took my watch and I took his gold,
(As I left the store the air seemed cold)
And I spent it all on Susie,
She never thanked me, but then I'm told
That that's the way with Susie,
A way that's just like Susie.

Next morning, too, as I went to class,
She asked the time, alack, alas!
I blushed and smiled like a looking-glass,
And lied for the honor of the freshman class;
And then, as I thought of my watch and gold,
I felt my spine grow prickly cold.
I needed more for Susie.
You must throw your all at her feet, I'm told,
For that's the way with Susie,
A sweet, strange way in Susie.

It was her fault that I couldn't speak
A single word that day in Greek,
And so she smiled on a senior freak
Who showed in the class a learned streak.
They sat on the campus while he told
The tense or case. I grew more bold
To catch a glance from Susie.
She saw me, but her eyes were cold;
But that's the way with Susie,
That's why we all love Susie.

The song stops, but they both listen a moment longer while the accompanist continues drumming on the piano. The singing and the presence of

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the man beside her have taken her back a long way, and the signs of that are glistening in her eyes.

THE MAN—

The same old foolishness—I half forgot—
As if I ever could forget! That room,—
It was that very room a night like this,
That is the memory that brought me back,
That still was singing, singing in my heart,
That came upon me like a breath of spring
When some one told me that you still were here,
Still to be won; and I have dared—you know,
You loved me then; you said you loved me then.
It is no sudden love I bring or ask.
Here where it grew and failed me for a time,
It springs again with the old leaf and bloom,
And now, this moment, while the old free joy
Is tremulous upon the air we breathe,
I offer it again, I ask again.
Let us be happy without fear or pause.
I should not come so suddenly, I know,
I should not startle you in this wild way,
But so I must or never speak at all,
Because I have no more than this brief hour,
And then must lose you. No, it cannot be;
You will not let it be.

THE LIBRARIAN—

It is so long,
And I had half forgotten once—I think—
I am so tightened in these bonds of use,
These chains of habit—oh, if you had come
Long, long ago,—

She has before listened to him in a tumult of startled feelings, and now she pauses afraid of the consenting inclinations of her own heart.

THE MAN—

It cannot be too late.
Life is before us both like a long joy,
Things to be seen and felt and dreamed and tried.
There is so much, so much you have not known
To which I long to take you. We shall go
Through fresh adventures from this little world
Where both of us have nourished all our hopes
In leaping fancies, never yet so real
Or half so beautiful. It needs no more
Than to be brave against our petty fears.
No wish half-hearted ever blazoned joy
In sure fulfillment. Let me lead you on
Into my world of things too strange and new
To give you one regret for this you leave.

She has risen and stands before him, trembling in the realization of the possibility that he offers her. One by one those who have been working with the books in the library have gone out, until there is left only a single student in a remote corner.

THE LIBRARIAN—

To come when I have lost the power to live,
Sunk in these cards and titles, names and shelves,
Busied with catalogues and dumb details
Of endless labor feeding other minds—
For every one but me these books have tongues
And cry out meanings with a herald's voice;
But I—you should have left me undisturbed—
It is not fair—you should not—when you knew—

She sinks back into her chair in the failure of her voice and sits there in a helpless surrender to the things that have come over her, while he looks at

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her in doubtful understanding. In that moment of silence, a young man and a girl pass below the window near them, talking and laughing softly.

THE MAN—

I have come quickly; you are overwrought.
There was no other way, and even now
I cannot wait, I still must urge your choice.
I had an hour to find you, speak my heart,
And take the chances of your heart's reply.
The old life came upon me, happy, free,
Thrilling with careless rapture like a boy
Who whistles, turns upon his hands and flings
His feet in air, and then goes whistling on.
We have been bondsmen of our tasks too long,
Both you and I. To-morrow let us laugh
As if we sang—what were the words we sang
When you were young too, in that same old room,
Classmates and lovers? Gone? Of course they're gone,
Gone and forgotten like a jest that flies
From lip to lip until the table roars
And asks another. Shall we hear the new
And warm our hearts with laughter? Let us try.

The one remaining student in the library comes to the librarian's desk to ask about a book which he has been looking for. The need of meeting his inquiry brings her to better control of herself, and she goes away among the stacks with him. While she is gone, the man listens again to the singing across the street.

VOICES—

Oh, what shall be the greeting when the boys are coming back?
When the hands are on the keyboard and the music on the rack?
When we gather, gather, gather in the places that we knew?
When the leader starts the chorus and the fellows follow through?
Hands all together! young and old are one.
Here the days are passed away and life is just begun.
Hearts all together! take your place again
With sophomores and freshies who are learning to be men.

The bench's robe of ermine and the senate's dress of state
Put off, before you enter, for a garment less sedate.
The world has given you honors crowned your forehead unawares,
But here among the juniors there is not a soul that cares.
Hands all together! youth is ours once more.
Here the days are passed away and life is all before.
Hearts all together! take your place again
With all the boys of once and now just learning to be men.

Bring each your fund of stories of the campus, rain and shine,
Of tasks and jokes and rivalries, and pour them out like wine.
Tell over all your tremblings when commencement came in view,
For still among the seniors there are those that tremble too.
Hands all together! pledge the dear old halls,
You who learned of love and life within these ancient walls.
Hearts all together! take your place again
With boys who sing the joys of youth and flout the cares of men.

The librarian comes back to her desk alone. Her face has a more settled content, and the man takes that as a sign of her having reached a mood of consenting. It is a spirit of gentle and sympathetic encouragement, rather than of urgency, in which he now speaks.

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THE MAN—

I have been sure that you could not refuse.
It is my time to go; one little word
Will bring me back to help you build again
Those airy castles that our hands flung down
Too idly, wantonly.

THE LIBRARIAN—

Black ruins now;
Let them stay ruins. In this moment's space,
The truth comes back to me; I know myself,
Know what I was and what I cannot be
And all the dwarfing I have suffered here
For these long years—that shuts me out at last
From any promise of a nobler joy
That you might lead me to. The shell of things
Has been by pleasure, backs of books in rows
That I have touched and handled, labled, placed,
And passed to others, but have never read.
I am but shell myself; the wine of life,
Raised to my lips, would be too strong a draught.
I put it by, I can but put it by,
And afterward remember—what we are
We cannot cease to be for new demands
And new occasions. I have starved so long
That I must starve forever—only this—
I thank you for the proffer and the grace,
I shall lose it ever as a thing
Too lightly prized. I shall have seemed to live,
Because I hold it like a glow of fire
In some dim chamber where no stranger treads,
Making the walls a splendor of old things
The heart has treasured for its dearest hours.
So much I take—and give you—

THE MAN—

All yourself,
All and enough, whatever that may be.
I do not ask the girl my boyhood knew.
We both are older.

THE LIBRARIAN—

What I should have been,
The girlhood promise that you used to know—
If that were mine—if—gone, forever gone.
Your free, glad life, my straightened narrowness—
You cannot mate the eagle and the wren,
And you and I—we were not wise enough.
I should have loved you once; you come too late.
We both are used to thwartings; let it go,
And I shall be the braver for this hour,
Braver and happier until I die.

The last remaining student has gone home, and now there is a step at the door which the librarian recognizes as that of the girl who was to call for her and go home with her. By an involuntary impulse she raises her hand, and the man puts it to his lips. Then the door opens, the girl enters, and the three go out together. The singing across the street has ceased, and in its place some one is playing the "Lorelei" on the flute. As they pass out the door, the janitor enters and goes around turning out the lights one by one.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE COUNTERFEITER

By Moncure Lyne

LD DINAH sat by her hearthstone, smoking a corncob pipe while the rankest odor of tobacco pervaded the atmosphere. Though an ashcake baked on the red-hot coals, there was a meditative look in the old woman's eye, amounting almost to sadness. Dinah was perplexed to a state of bewilderment as she listened to the chatter of her offspring, for Geneva had the floor—and Geneva was Dinah's educated granddaughter. With an affected precision, she spoke a language very different from the vernacular lisped at her grandmother's knee. It was the English that public-school education has grafted on the Afro-American's tree of knowledge.

"Thursday," observed the girl, "is Thanksgiving."

"An' in de name uv glory, whut's dat?" asked Dinah.

"Why, grandmama! the idea of such a question. But then, being born a slave, it is not surprising that you are not enlightened. Thanksgiving is the greatest day in the calendar of New England. It was inaugurated by the Pilgrim Fathers."

"Wuz Pres'den' Lincoln one uv de Pilgrim Fathers?" asked Dinah calmly.

"No, no indeed; they were very religious, good people," began Geneva; but old Dinah interrupted.

"Chile, I knows Lincoln wuz a good man; an' I b'leeves you is mix'd dar, fer he inaug'rated us—de word means set us free—dat's whut."

Geneva smiled, but made no comment, as she continued:

"On Thanksgiving, every family is supposed to feast on turkey."

"Now, I'se sho' you is mix'd up somewhar, for dat is Christmus whut you talkin' 'bout; an' I ain't neber heerd uv no Pilgrim Fathers habin' nuthin' to do wid Chris'mus—unless dat am de new fangled name fer de Wise Men f'um de East—bnt my ole miss useter tell me dat Abe Lincoln come f'um de West—so'se I is all stirr'd roun' 'bout de p'ints uv de compass; but tuhky reminds me uv de bes' place in Gawd's green wuhld, ole Virginny."

Geneva gave her grandparent a pitying glance. "I hope," she said, "that we may have a turkey at Thanksgiving, like other people."

"Lan' sakes!" broke in Dinah, "de day uv miracles am ober; whar's I gwine ter git a tuhky, way here at de Norf, wid no roost dat I knows nuthin' 'bout? Seems to me, book-larnin' don't teach you no common sense." And Dinah finished her sentence with a grunt of disgust.

Frequently, though furtively, had Dinah sighed for those halcyon days when "ole marse" and "ole miss" provided for all her needs in the child-like life of the Virginia plantation; for her burden of responsibilities increased every year, so that the darky, grown old, sighed for the irresponsibilities of youth. She would not, however, have Geneva guess it; no, not for worlds. The girl, belonging to a new

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era of thought and of time, could not have appreciated her longings; so Dinah bowed to the inevitable, and metaphorically adjusted her thinking-cap. Soon the door closed on Geneva, who was off for a constitutional, leaving her grandmother to enjoy alone the exercise of the wash-tub, for Dinah was a laundress. That was the title Geneva had bestowed, though the old darky spoke of herself always simply as a "wash-'oman."

Left to herself, the old slave enjoyed the privilege of musing aloud.

"Now, ef twuz jist Chris'mus," said she, "er body might be lak de chillun an' 'xpec' ole Kris ter fetch dat tuhky—but dat's all foolishness, here at de Norf, 'cause whar folks libs on cold bread, dar ain't no chimbly wuth speakin' 'bout, lak dem down Souf whar is big 'nuff fer ter lay a fence-rail 'cross de fiah."

Reflections on Dixie seemed to suggest something more tangible than pleasant memories, for suddenly her face brightened, like a ray of sunshine streaming through a chink in the wall. Crossing the room rapidly, she knelt by an old chest; and after wiping the soap-suds from her hands with her apron, she carefully lifted the top. For some moments she rummaged, but finally a faded velvet reticule rewarded her search. Returning to the fire, old Dinah poked the embers until they blazed into a flame. Squatting close to their light, she cautiously untied the string of the little bag. As she did so, a rabbit-foot fell from it and rolled to the floor. With the superstition of her race, the eyes of the negress brightened, her lips parted in a smile, revealing blue gums.

"Dar now!" she exclaimed, "I knowed hit gwine to bring me luck f'um de way hit fell, wid de toes turn to de fire, like de ole molly ha'r wuz er-warmin' herse'f. Dat mean good luck fer dis here ole nigger, sho' ez you bawn, 'case hit 'pear lak de rabbit am sati'fied an' gwine tarry. 'Twa'n't lak de toes turn'd to de do', fer dat w'uld mean dat de luck wuz gwine out f'um Dinah's house—f'um de very hairthstone hitse'f."

Her long black fingers felt in the reticule searchingly; then slowly drew forth several bills of Confederate money. Convulsively Dinah clutched it—for this was money, or rather it used to be. It was the darky's lucky-piece, kept in her purse to keep witches away. Dinah had never definitely understood why if it bought things in days gone by, it could not now. The change in the currency was beyond her comprehension. Necessity for money, however, now brought into play her ingenuity. When Dinah had left Richmond just after the war, her "old mistis" had given her that reticule as a keepsake, explaining that the contents were worthless save as a relic. But somehow the darky had never been fully convinced of the fact.

"Ef 'tis gone out uv use," she reasoned, "hit's gwine ter come back in fashion some day, 'long wid dat good hoopskirt ole miss done throw'd away—so I'se gwine ter keep hit, so'se to be ready when de time do come."

Dinah considered the question seriously. The more she thought, the more plausible it seemed. Old clothes could be remodeled and made to do service again, so why could not money? Surely the only difference the darky could see was in the color. The notes she held in her hand were blue, while those used nowadays were green. That they represented two distinct governments Dinah did not realize. To her mind money meant barter and nothing more. All else would have been beyond her comprehension. But she was shrewd; for years of substituting and improvising had whetted her wits, so that now she looked at the Confederate money in the light of a buried talent.

"Why couldn't I dye hit green?" thought she, "fer den hit would be in de fashion."

This idea having once taken root in her mind, was quick to bear fruits of possibilities. Bread eaten in secret is pleasant, temptation in the guise of a turkey is powerful. So Dinah pondered.

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With the folk-knowledge of her early training, she knew the juice of spinach set with copperas, made a good green dye for general purposes; but having neither the spinach nor copperas, "drugsto' dye" would be cheaper and surer, so she decided to try it. Hastily shoving the reticule in her pocket, she threw her ragged shawl over her head and shambled out in the street. As soon as the nearest drug-store was reached, with the recklessness characterizing speculators, Dinah's last dime was invested in a package of green dye.

* * *

When the Confederate notes had been duly turned to greenbacks, the old darky surveyed them with a radiant smile.

"I 'clar," said she, "dey looks good ez new, spankin' new! Nobody would ever think ter look at 'em, dat dey is long ober thurty years ole—I b'liebe dey looks mos' too new!"

Then an idea came to her and she squeezed them tightly in her hand. When she surveyed them again, a chuckle of satisfaction burst from her lips, as she added:

"Now, dey is jist right; wrinkledy an' eben more fashion'bly. Lordy, but dis here old nigger am rich shore 'nuff! I got money ter buy me a whole flock uv tuhkies; an' udder vittles besides, ef I likes. But won't Geneva be s'prised at de layout I'se gwine to spread!"

Though the old woman with a delight almost childish regarded the money, yet somehow as she considered spending it, doubts as to whether her work would be detected began to annoy; hence she awaited impatiently the return of Geneva. The girl had hardly entered the room, when her grandmother nervously said:

"Chile, you is mighty late, I'se been 'xpectin' you fer more dan a hour by de clock; 'case I wants you to do a favor fer yo' ole mammy whar can't read." Producing a ten-dollar bill, she shook and held it high in the air —for Geneva to be properly impressed with the dignity of her request. The girl's eye stretched wide with amazement; and a broad grin spread over her face.

"I wants ter know how much money is dat?" asked Dinah, adding, by way of explanation, "I foun' hit while you wuz traipsin' de streets." Her conscience did not demand that she should explain that it was found in the reticule. Geneva scanned it curiously.

"It looks all right—but, but—well I never saw any like it before, and I believe some Dago lost it. I doubt if it is any account in this country. If you'll strike a light, I can read what is written on it and see."

Dinah grabbed it away from her; for suspense and disappointment filled her with rage impossible to repress.

"Gib hit back to me," she said, "fer you jist neber seed so much money befo' in yo' life, you tar-dumplin', you lim' uv Satan; you ain't nuthin' but a nappy-headed nigger ef you does make out you c'n read. I don't b'liebe a word uv hit—you jis' totes books to school fer show!"

But despite her vituperation, Geneva's words sank deep into her heart; and she carefully weighed her criticism, with the result that she determined to experiment with the money on some one who could not read. Like an inspiration, her eyes wandered to the clothes basket, the contents of which had been scarcely touched. This sight suggested to her mind the Chinese laundryman as the person of all others least likely to recognize her handiwork. But she must bide her time. The Chinese laundryman! Dinah smiled as she thought of her possible victim. It was the prejudice of the working class of our country against Mongolians.

Not, however, until Geneva was off for school next day did the old woman find opportunity for her errand. Then she selected from her clothes basket several collars and handkerchiefs and wrapped them neatly in a piece of newspaper. This done, she tucked the bundle under her shawl, put on an old poke bonnet that nearly served as a mask, and started on her quest of a

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laundry. Prudence suggested one very remote from the district in which she dwelt. Trudging along, she mumbled aloud; for the habit of talking to herself was a great relief to her mind.

"Dat Chinee won't know whut kin' er money dis is, 'ca'se he cain't read—nobody 'cep'in' white fo'ks an' new niggers c'n read; an' ef I does fool a Chinee, tain't gwine pester me—I ain't eben gwine study 'bout hit, fer let him go 'long, an' do a man's work, like plowin', an' not be takin' bread an' meat out uv my mouf by takin' in washin'."

When a laundry a long way from her home had been found, she walked boldly in; and the look of contempt cast on Sen Lung, as he bent over his ironing-board, ought to have been a warning—but he did not see it.

"I want you to wash me dese collars and han'k'chiefs," she calmly commanded.

"Me no washee fo' niggee," replied the Mongolian.

"You don' know whut you talkin' 'bout," retorted Dinah, "I ain't no nigger, I'se a cullud 'oman; I ain't eben black, but jist gingerbread—but you looks monstrus lak a mulatto yo' ownse'f." Then with an injured air that intensified her dignity, Dinah deposited her bundle on the counter, while her hand sought her pocket and drew forth the ten-dollar bill.

"Dese my white fo'k's clo's," she continued, "an' I'se done brought de money so dar could be no dispute 'bout de price—an' now I lay you gwine be glib arter de job."

Sen Lung's eyes brightened. He put down his iron to examine the bundle, then he glanced at the denomination of the note, and handed Dinah a handful of change, and a red laundry ticket.

Dinah took her departure like patrollers were behind her. Forgotten was her rheumatism—forgotten was her misery—forgotten was everything, save her desire to escape and buy the turkey. Turkey! Turkey! The mere thought was appetizing. Turkey basted brown and stuffed with rich dressing. Geneva would be proud of her grandma's cooking. Dinah would show her old people knew a little something—something more palatable than abstract knowledge—for kitchen-art is a high art, thought old Dinah, as homeward she sped. The coins jingled in her wallet; and Dinah smiled serenely as she muttered:

"I sho' did conjer dat blab-mouf Chinee, yes, dat I did—I rub de rabbit-foot on dat money; an' now he c'n rub de gun-uv-rabbit on dem clo's, fer dey tells me dat's whut dey uses."

In the warm November sunlight, Geneva stood on the door-sill, awaiting her grandmother's return; for the old woman had taken the key with her. Unlocking the door, she said:

"Come on in de house, chile. Yo' ole mammy neber mean nuthin' by whut she say yistidy, 'ceptin' ter larn you not to comment on fo'ks' b'longin's dat wuz raise wid de quality. But I likes to tes' yo' larnin' to see ef dey teaches you right at school. Ef you c'n make out what dat say, mebbe 'stead uv a gold medal, I'll gib you a tuhky fer Thanksgibin', but you ain't to 'vite no Pilgrim Fathers to eat hit, 'case yo' ole mammy wants to git her own stomach full uv real tuhky one more time 'fore she die."

Geneva reached out her hand and took the red laundry ticket; stealing meanwhile a glance at her grandmother's face for doubts as to her sanity were beginning to enter the girl's mind.

"If this is writing," snapped she, "I can't read it; maybe it's one of the dead languages, but it looks more like a chicken had stepped in ink and walked over the paper."

"Now, hit do fer a fac'," assented Dinah, "an' I sho' is please' dat you is got some common sense to back on;" but a smile lit up her dusky countenance as she added; "But dat ain't no chicken track—dat's a tuhky gobbler track dis time uv year."

And before Geneva could divine her meaning, old Dinah was shuffling up the street to the green-grocery. When she returned laden with not only a

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young gobbler but a pumpkin and mince-meat, the girl's curiosity almost equaled her delight.

"It's just lovely," she cried, "and I'm so glad I'm living! But how on earth did you manage it—was that money good that you found yesterday?"

Dinah rested her hands on her wide-spreading hips and smiled: "Dem vittles *am good,*" was her reply, "so don't pester yo' head 'bout money, fer de Lawd will pervide. Yo' ole granmammy cain't read—but she c'n cook all right; an' she c'n make more money out uv her washin' uv collars an' hank'chiefs dan dat heathen Chinaman wid de laundry. So 'eat whut is set 'fore you, axin' no questions fer conscience sake'—is whut de good Book say; an' we niggers b'liebe in de trufe uv de Scripture de same at de Norf ez down Souf."

"Scripture quoting is in keeping with Thanksgiving," declared Geneva, "for that was the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers."

The old negro was busy salting the turkey, and paid little attention, so that the word "spirit" was the only part of Geneva's speech that she comprehended.

"What's dat you is sayin' 'bout sperrits?" asked she.

"I said 'the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers,'" replied the girl.

"H'esh!" interrupted Dinah. "Quit yo' talkin' 'bout de sperrits uv dem ole daid fo'ks—fer ha'nts skeers me mos' ter deff. I made sho' dat you wuz thinkin' lak I is, when I notice how fat dat tuhky am, somehow my min' jist natchully hankers arter some sperrits to help wash de grease down my th'oat—sump'n' lak apple-toddy or a mint-julep—dat's de sperrits dat makes fo'ks cheerful; dem is de sperrits fer dis ole nigger, sho's you bawn."

And Geneva never suspected her grandmother had developed another spirit; the spirit of the counterfeiter, for Dinah held to the tenet of not letting her left hand know what her right hand did.

MY WHIP-POOR-WILL

Evening shades are falling, falling thick at last,
  Creeping o'er the meadow, climbing up the hill;
And I hear a plaintive calling, quick and fast,
  Calling from the woodland, where all is dark and still:
"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"
Somewhere it is calling, "Whip-poor-will!"

The nightingale is singing, singing low and sweet,
  Singing to its sweetheart, singing to the stars;
While there comes a ringing from where the shadows meet,
  A sad and plaintive ringing, from the pasture bars:
"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"
Lonely is its ringing, "Whip-poor-will!"

Sweetheart, I am yearning, yearning for you, still,
  Longing for your kisses, pure as stars above;
While my eyes are burning as with tears they fill,
  Don't you hear me calling for you, love?
"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"
Waiting for your answer, "Whip-poor-will!"

Will D. Muse.

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HOME-GROWN TEA IN THE SOUTH

By Waldon Fawcett

TEA growing in the United States is on the threshold of a new development that will give this interesting industry a wholly new importance in the eyes of many housewives, particularly those resident in the South. This present advance contemplates the growing of tea for home consumption in gardens of limited area in town or country. Imbued with an ambition to follow this new trend to its logical conclusion, some of the agricultural experts in the employ of the national government have lately discovered by actual experiment that tea leaves may be satisfactorily cured merely by the use of such pieces of apparatus as are to be found in the ordinary private kitchen.

A SHELTER FOR A TEA BED

A large proportion of the southern half of the republic is suited to tea growing, the climate of the Southern and Gulf States in general being admirably adapted to the cultivation of the plant. There is prevalent to some extent a belief that the tea plant can thrive only in a climate that enjoys what might be termed excessive rainfall, and some persons have doubted the adaptability of certain portions of the South because of the fact that the rainfall is considerably less than in the famous tea-producing countries of the Orient. However, these doubters have evidently overlooked the fact that in such portions of Dixieland the average annual temperature is lower, causing less evaporation and consequently requiring less rainfall.

It may be said in a general way that the cultivation of the tea plant may be undertaken with reasonable promise of success in any district where the total rainfall in a year exceeds fifty inches and where at least thirty inches of rain falls during the cropping season of the tea. Of course, temperature is also an important influence, but any climate where the thermometer seldom registers lower than 24 degrees Fahrenheit and never goes below zero may be pronounced suitable. A well-drained and easily penetrable clay loam or sandy loam soil is best for the tea plants, and this form of vegetation being of subtropical origin, needs as much protection from the cold as possible so that it is advantageous to select for a tea garden a site with a southern exposure, insuring plenty of sunshine.

Before proceeding with mention of the new phase of tea growing, perhaps a word should be said in explanation of the failure of a previous undertaking of similar character in the South. Some of our readers may remember that several years ago a number of tea

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gardens, varying in size, were started in different parts of the South, but most of them were allowed to die through lack of interest. A thorough investigation as to the cause has disclosed the fact that in almost every instance the attempt was abandoned because the grower who was raising tea on a small scale did not understand how to pluck and make the leaves into tea for drinking. This stumbling-block has now been removed, as will be pointed out later in the article.

How auspicious are the conditions for tea growing under Southern skies is best attested by the remarkable success that has attended the operation of the Pinehurst tea gardens near Summerville, South Carolina, where tea is grown commercially, and which produce a product that now sells in the discriminating groceries of the country side by side with the best importations from the Far East. At Pinehurst there are about one hundred acres planted in tea, and this tract yields about 12,000 pounds of dry tea each year. One of the gardens on this plantation has produced as much as 535 pounds of dried tea to the acre during a single season.

The experience of those persons who of late years have undertaken home tea growing, either on their own initiative or on behalf of the government, indicates that the best plan for planting is to put the seed in the ground in the autumn or winter just before a rain and to sow the seed in a location where it will be protected from the prevailing winds by a fence, a wind-break or the side of a house. It is a decided advantage to erect over the newly planted tract a frame having a height of about six feet above ground and consisting of boards supported in horizontal position on a structure of upright poles. The scheme, it will be observed, is very similar to that of raising tobacco under shade which has recently come into vogue in the South and is also suggestive of the method followed in growing pineapples in Florida.

The boards, or perhaps it would be better to say the slats, of the shelter for a tea seed bed are separated by spaces of 1 1-2 to 2 inches, thus affording ample opportunity for the entrance of the direct rays of the sun. For the benefit of the individual who wishes to undertake tea growing on a very modest scale, it may be explained that such a protective framework is not necessarily expensive. It can be constructed of any waste lumber or in the absence of other material, a loosely woven wire netting covered thinly with straw of some kind will answer every purpose.

ORNAMENTAL HEDGE OF TEA PLANTS

It is customary to plant the tea seeds in holes not more than one and one-half inches in depth, and only one seed is placed in each hole. After the planting, the surface is raked and the nur-

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sery bed covered evenly with some kind of straw as a protection against the cold. Pine straw and needles are favorite coverlets. As the plants begin to shoot above the ground, a little of the straw is removed from time to time, but some of the warmth-giving shield remains in place until autumn, when the top of the wooden frame is also removed. Many persons who make a practice of raising only a few tea plants at a time prefer to let them get their start in boxes and then transplant them in the spring or autumn.

The gospel of tea-growing calls for frequent but shallow cultivation, to keep down the weeds, and that is about all. After the plants have attained the age of three years, however, they must be clipped or pruned down each spring by means of knives or pruning shears. At the growing number of Southern homes where the owners kill two birds with one stone by having an ornamental hedge of tea plants, the trimming is done symmetrically, and the effect is decidedly pleasing.

PRUNING TEA BUSHES

The harvesting or plucking of the tea leaves begins about the first of May and continues until the middle of October. Only the bud and the first two or three leaves on each stem are taken, as the other leaves are generally too tough to make good tea. The plucking is done by pinching off the stem with the thumb and first finger just under the last leaf to be plucked. As a rule, picking takes place every week or two, but the grower whose leaves are tardy of development may find a compensation in the fact that they are pretty certain to be of superior flavor.

As has been pointed out, the great handicap heretofore to the extension of the tea industry in the South has been the generally prevalent belief that technical knowledge was required to successfully cure the tea. The Department of Agriculture is now setting out to prove to the people of the South that both green and black teas may be successfully handled by an intelligent person using only such utensils as are to to be found in every kitchen. Even the use of a thermometer is dispensed with, and the home tea grower carries on the curing of his product merely by the aid of the senses of touch, smell and sight. The total apparatus needed for curing tea by this twentieth-century method consists of a four-quart double boiler (a saucepan with a hot-water jacket), a large pan, preferably agate-lined, a large wooden spoon or ladle and a kneading board in the event that there is not available an absolutely clean kitchen table.

The program to be followed in curing black tea is to bring the leaves into the house the day before they are to be made into tea and spread them thinly and evenly on a clean table or floor, where the process of withering is allowed to go on for an interval of from twelve to twenty-four hours. After they have lost about one-half of their weight by evaporation and feel like an old kid glove, they are ready for rolling. Half a pound or more of the withered leaves are rolled, or kneaded, at a time. For ten minutes the rolling is light, in order that the leaves may take on a twist or roll, and then follows twenty minutes of increasing pressure, until in the end there is ex-

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erted all the force that can be applied. Tight rolling makes a strong tea and helps the flavor.

Following the rolling, the tea leaves

SIMPLE UTENSILS USED FOR CURING TEA

are formed in "balls" and allowed to remain for from three to six hours in a cool and preferably damp place, where they ferment. After fermentation, the balls are broken up and the tea spread about half an inch thick in a large clean agate pan, which is placed in the oven of the kitchen stove, being removed from time to time and the tea turned. This drying continues until the leaves are very brittle to the touch and give off a slight odor, when the tea is ready for use and may be stored in tin boxes or cans that are air-tight.

The sun-cured black tea, which is highly esteemed by many tea-drinkers, is obtained by the process just described, but with a modification, in that the withering is done in the sun, preferably in July or August. In drying leaves in the sun, they are spread upon trays made by tacking cloth on wooden frames, and here they remain for from two to three hours subjected to fierce sunlight. Green tea, which, likewise, has many friends among lovers of the soothing beverage, is made from the same class of leaves as the black tea, but there are certain radical differences in the treatment.

First of all, the tea leaves, instead of being allowed to wither for half a day or more and then ferment for a period of from three to six hours, thus producing oxidation, are placed, when freshly picked, in a covered double boiler. One pound of leaves is apportioned to a four-quart boiler and is allowed to remain in this sauce-pan, surrounded by boiling water, for an interval of from seven to nine minutes. This treatment renders the leaves very soft and facilitates the rolling, which is done after the fashion of the black tea,

ROLLING TEA

but for a slightly shorter space of time. Finally, as in the case of the black tea, the leaves are dried in an oven until they are thoroughly brittle.

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THE THIRD ESTATE OF MRS. CHITTERTON

By Louise McHenry

THE building had been constructed to meet the needs of the suburban settlement, and had successively accommodated its interior to grocery, barber and saloon purposes. But finally children's glad voices in their singing and playing had become a wholesome substitute for drunken brawls, and the Free Kindergarten was an acknowledged power in the community.

The road that lay in front of the little building was oft traveled, for it led from the city to the cemetery. There it terminated among towering evergreens, whose branches made aeolian strings for the never-ending requiem. The years brought denser foliage, and the shadows beneath became more broken by the multiplying mounds, but the harmony overhead increased in minor grandeur.

In the rear of the building flowed a river, muddy and malarial. But it lost its small identity at last, to find a larger wholeness in its absorption by the majestic ocean, mud and malaria all gone.

Between the two an ever-varying, shifting quantity, humanity, that for a day moved with the restlessness of the river, and on the morrow found the calm of the broken shadows and wind-sung harmony.

Within the building, at one of the small tables, sat a sweet-faced girl overlooking the day's work of the little fingers. A restless, gaunt woman moved about, straightening chairs and awaiting the completion of the task and the time for "shutting up."

Suddenly she stopped before one of the windows.

"Law, law, ef there hain't ernother one er them things er creepin' hits length erlong this road, like er ugly ole black snake! Three fun'rel percesshuns already this day! I git so tired er lookin' at 'em I don't know whut ter do. Hit duz seem like there hain't nothin' but trouble en death in this worl' nohow."

The young teacher looked up from her work with an expression of surprise.

"Well, Mrs. Chitterton, who would ever have thought to hear you talking so? I shall have to prescribe your own remedy, 'just prick up your ears, and trot along and all will come right.' But, really," and her voice became sympathetic, "what *is* the matter with you, Mrs. Chitterton?"

"Matter with me? Matter ernuff, I kin tell you. Hit's been work, work, work sense the day I wuz born. I reckin there hain't nobody works ez hard ez I duz en has ez little. Hit jes' don't seem right. I wisht you'd look at me! Blisters on my han's, no shoes on my feet, no decent dress ter my back, en whut's more, no teeth in my head. Here's my mouth all sunk in en puckered up, looks like I'd been eatin' persimmons out er season; en if I had anything seasonable I couldn't eat hit, fur I hain't got nothin' ter chaw with. En me wunst er purty woman! You know yourself how purty that picter er me is that's er-hangin' up in my house."

Here she gave a subdued chuckle.

"Well, that's one thing, thank the Lord, I cheated the rent man, groc'ry man, doctor man en my gals outer."

The satisfaction found in the remembrance made her face glow with pleasure.

"When the gen'lm'n come ter my door, showin' me the great big, purty picters he wuz carryin' erround, sez I, jes' ter myself, mind you, I'm er goin'

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ter git one er me shore, en I did. En I'll tell you now whut else I'm er-goin' ter git. I'm er-goin' ter git me er set er false teeth. Oh, you needn't look surprised! They won't cost no more'n that picture did, en ef I done hit wunst, I kin do hit ergin. I tell you I need 'em bad. Now, Miss 'Lizabeth, honest, don't you think I oughter buy me er set?"

"Of course I do, if you want them. You know I believe a woman ought to look just as pretty as she can. Why don't you make that son-in-law pay the rent, and Lottie Lee wear her old clothes until you can save money enough to get them?"

"Don't talk ter me erbout Jack. He's good ernuff ter look at, but he hain't whut he oughter be, en more'n the Lord knows that! He's one er them fiddlin' kind er fellers that loves ter go callaruppin' erround town, furgittin' he's got er wife en baby. I ast Ma'y when she wanted ter marry him, why she would take the fust feller that come erlong. En she 'lowed if he suited, 'twarn't no use waitin'. I knowed she warn't actin' with the sense she had er right ter be born with, but take him she would, fur better er fur wuss, en hit shorely hez proved fur wuss. Ma'y's a purty gal herself, hain't onlike me when I wuz young. She'd he'p me ef she could, but she's done set herself down ez er mammy, en me ez er gran'-mammy, when we both'd be better off at sump'n else, I kin tell you. But I don't keer, I've done made up my mind whut I'm er-goin' ter do in spite uv hit all. I hain't er goin' ter take no more money frum you, until you owe me ernuff ter git them teeth. I kin trus' you, en I hain't er-goin' ter tell nobody erbout hit.

"But—I wuz er-talkin' ter Miz Simmons las' night, en she's done promis't ter go with me ef she's able. Somehow I feel kinder skeery erbout goin' ter one er them places by myself."

"I thought you said you were not going to tell *any* body."

"Well, pore ole Miz Simmons don't count. Hit's jes' my own folks I wanter keep outer my secrit. Ef they don't know I'm er-savin' money, how kin they git hit outer me? But ef I had them teeth they'd hearten me up mightily. En I kin tell you, ef hit 'twarn't fur this McKinley-garden, I don't know whut I'd do."

She paused for breath and reflection, and then her tone grew reproachful.

"I reckin, ter add ter all my other troubles, the fust thing I know, you'll be marryin' en shuttin' up this place fur good?"

"Don't you worry about that. I promise you that you shall dream on some of my wedding cake and eat all you want of my wedding supper, if you don't marry before I do! Isn't that a fair bargain?"

"'Don't talk erbout *me* er marryin'. No danger er that. I'll tell you right now, you're better off like you are. Ef I'd knowed all I know now, there hain't nothin' on this earth would er made me marry at fust. But sometimes I do think when you wunst begin there hain't no use ter stop.

"En the truth is, I do most wisht sometimes now I wuz marri'd ter a pusson that could keep me good comp'ny."

"After what you say, I should think you would be afraid to risk it again!"

"Hit does look that erway, but there's resks erbout ev'rything you do. I look at hit this erway. The fust time I marri'd, I marri'd fur love, but 'twarn't no time till the love wuz gone en then there wuz the man. But at las' he went, too; en then, the secon' time I marri'd, I marri'd to better my lot. The man had er waggin' en team, but law, the fust thing you knowed, them hosses laid down en died, en there wuz the man ergin.

"Some ways I look at hit, the Lord's been good ter me. If I should turn sech er fool es to part with my librity ergin, en marry the *third* time, hit'll be fur comp'ny, I kin tell you. I do git mighty lonesome. I go uv evenin's ter preachin', en they have mighty purty sermons out here, but sense I wore myself out so constan' 'nussin'

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my las' ole man, hit seems like I hain't never tuck ter the house sense. I have er feelin like I wanter be travelin'.

"Now, ef I had them teeth, I know I'd be more contint. How kin you expect anybody ter feel well, livin' on cabbage en mush! Law, law, I've done et ernuff cabbage ter stock er cabbage patch. The truth is, I've jest wore myself out on cabbage. En mush—well, I have hit sometimes, jest fur er change."

"How about fruit? Can't you eat that?"

"Fruit? Law me, no! Apples is too hard. Oranges I never git my han's on, let alone my jaws; en figs, they're orful; I've tried em. Hit looks like the more I chaw on 'em, the bigger they git en the fuller my mouth. But there's one kind—pernanners! They jest melt in my mouth; en ice-cream!

"But whut's the use er talkin' er them things, when I hain't able even ter buy grease ernuff ter turn er pan-cake. Now, you know I need them teeth, so don't you bring me no more money 'till I'm ready ter git 'em."

So it was agreed. The weeks sped by, and the money for the services of the janitress accumulated until the teeth could almost be seen a gleaming reality in her sunken jaws.

One morning a cheery "good morning" from the Kindergartner brought from Mrs. Chitterton no answering salutation, but her face became transfixed by an expression of solemn awe.

"Law, Miss 'Lizabeth, my little gran'baby's done left us. The malary he inherited frum that river taken right hold er him en he went out in a minit, hit looks like. We're in er heap er trouble down ter my house. Jack sez he's goin' to quit his fiddlin' en go ter work. Ma'y, she's mos' brokenhearted, pore young thing; Lottie Lee's done cried her eyes out nearly, en the little baby, hit's er layin' there jes' er waitin' to be put erway. We do want ter put hit erway purty. So I've come ter ast you fur the money; I reckin' the Lord knows better'n me en maybe I don't need them teeth like I thought I did. Hit duz seem hard, though, ter lose whut I've done paid already fur meas'rin' my mouth."

As the bills were handed to her, and the look of eagerness was changed to one of hopeless disappointment, the thought flashed in upon Miss Elizabeth that in meeting the Philistine host of care, want, drudgery, and unfulfilled desires, perhaps, she might find in the false teeth the strength that lurked for Samson in the jawbone of the ass.

The funeral over, she returned to her work a person of subdued consequence. Crêpe upon a door-knob, and a hearse before a doorway, for a time, set the in-dwellers thereof apart from other men. They dignify the lowest hovel, spreading abroad the news that the strangest incident that comes into all lives, has lost its strangeness for one. The floating folds of crêpe, be they white or black, mockingly taunt the living with their ignorance, for in them is symbolized the wisdom of the dead.

During the spring overflow of the river Mrs. Chitterton failed to come to her work, but her daughter brought news of her serious illness, so a few days later Miss Elizabeth took the by street leading to her home. When she entered the bare but tidy room, a little crumpled figure lay in the bed before her.

"Law, now, Miss 'Lizabeth, is that you? I've been er-lookin' fur you, en hit seemed like you never wuz er-comin'."

"Yes'm, I'm mighty sick—pneumony er the lungs, the doctor sez. You see, I got out er wood en coal, en the river wuz floatin' down so much purty drift wood I went ter git my share. Whut with ketchin' uv hit, en totin' uv hit up, en my shoes er-leakin' I caught more'n I bargained fur. The doctor sez I may not pull through, but hit don't make no diff'unce, I reckin. I did hate ter be sick right now. Pore ole Miz Simmons nex' door is done dead uv her cancer. They do say she

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died orful hard. I'd planned ter help lay her out en go ter the fun'rel, but I wuz too busy with my own sickness.

"Eh law, Mr. Simmons'll have er lonesome time uv hit, pore ole soul! I know whut hit is ter be lef' by yourself."

"And that's just what you've done to me. I've had a dreadful time without you, getting some one to do your work to suit me. I don't believe I'll ever find anybody that can exactly fill your place, so you must hurry and get well. I have thought of you a great deal since you have been sick, and wondered if you are still planning to get those teeth you used to talk about."

"Law, no; I reckin the Lord never meant fur me ter have 'em. I have mos' come ter b'leeve He's done sent this extry trouble on me fur bein' so vainglorious, en er layin' ter git 'em. No, no, my days is done numbered, en I'll go ter my grave without them teeth. But the Lord knows His way warn't natcherlly mine, en er many er time I've had ter fill my mouth with pray'r ter keep f'um missin' 'em."

"But, Mrs. Chitterton, suppose somebody should come and offer to buy them for you; what would you do?"

"Jes' lis'n at the chile puttin' temptation in the thoughts uv er pore weak creatur'! This here mis'ry in my side keeps er remindin' me not to be ca'i'd erway with the vanity uv the worl', en I don't reckin' hit would be becomin' in me ter say that I would take 'em."

"Well, according to my way of thinking you would be very foolish if you did not. That 'misery in your side' has to do with your lungs and not your teeth, or your conscience either."

So saying, Miss Elizabeth placed a package in the sick woman's hands. She trembled with excitement as she opened it, and the gleaming false set fell out, but the warmth of her handgrasp proved the sincerity of her joy.

"You'll see, they'll do more fur me than all the physic the doctor's been pourin' down me, fur now I've got ter git well ter wear 'em."

And in truth, the speediness of her recovery seemed almost miraculous. She returned to her work, however, with no change in her appearance.

"Mrs. Chitterton, what in the world have you done with your teeth?"

"Done with my teeth? Wropt' em up in tishy paper, en locked 'em up in my top burey drawer—put erway fur Sunday en dress up. You never 'spected me ter wear them teeth ev'ry day, did you? You don't ketch me erdoin' that. I'm er goin' ter take good keer of 'em, so they'll las' me er long time. They's nobody ter give me no more when them are wore out, en nobody knows that better'n me."

No protestations could make her alter her decision, so the Kindergarten closed the spring term without her ever having appeared on dress parade.

Upon the reopening in the fall, Miss Elizabeth, seeking the services of her old janitress, knocked in vain at the door of her former residence. At length the barking of a dog in the next yard caused an inquiring figure to appear from within that cottage. The face was round and jolly, and upon seeing the visitor, a double row of teeth became suddenly conspicuous.

"Do you know what has become of Mrs. Chitterton?" asked the young lady.

"Mrs. Chitterton?" and the smile gained breadth. "Whut! that ole sunken-jawed woman that useter live over there? Why, she's done lef' these parts no longer ergo than yistiddy, but she ast me, Miz Simmons," and there was a twinkle in her eye and a confidential tone in her voice, "that's who I am, ter tend ter all her biz'ness fur her. Have you got er message fur her?"

Then a joyous laugh rang out.

"Law, Miss 'Lizabeth, I don't b'leeve you knowed me; now, did you? Didn't I tell you there'd be more physic fur me in them teeth than all the doctor's medicine? Jes' come right in. Hit shorely does my eyes good ter ketch sight er you ergin."

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Laugh and the World Laughs With You

By Walter Pulitzer

DEDICATION

A Joker of note in his prime,
Wrote a sally and cried, "Oh, sublime!"
So great was his pride,
That he laughed till he died,
A victim himself of his crime!

* *

AN ECHO OF THE SUMMER

It was August.

He had taken her to the beach.

He had spent half his week's salary on her. (He was going the spend the other half before he got back.)

They spoke of eyes.

His were brown, and he was gazing with them very lovingly at her when she said she preferred blue eyes to all others.

"Blue eyes indicate deceit," he demurred.

She looked out at the wild waves.

"No deceit there," she replied.

(*Wasn't nice of her, was it?*)

They spoke of hair.

He let his chubby hand lie on the water an instant, and then threw some of the green spray over his head—playfully, harmlessly, as it were.

She said brown hair looked awful when wet, anyway.

"But, my dear," he observed, hastily adjusting his poor bedraggled curls, smoothing 'em down as if to take some of the despised color out, "scientists, you know, say that dark hair is a sign of strength."

"And are *you* strong?" she asked.

(*Wasn't nice of her, was it?*)

They spoke of statuary.

Near the Pavilion they passed a huge wooden figure bearing the inscription, "Neptune."

"Ah, what noble proportions!" she cried, casting glances of comparison at her escort.

(*Wasn't nice of her, was it?*)

She made a short cut from statue to stature.

She spoke of the dignity and stateliness of "a tall, lithe man."

He groaned inwardly as a picture of himself, toying with dumb-bells every morning at 6 A.M., came to his mind.

"Napoleon was my height, my dear," he said meekly.

"Napoleon? I never heard of him," she said. "Some museum freak, I suppose."

(*Wasn't nice of her, was it?*)

Nevertheless, after the campaign of pink lemonade, merry-go-rounds, loop the loops, mazes and the rest—what do you suppose? Why, this poor male creature of faults suddenly turned round and asked the Peerless One to share them (the faults) with him. (These Spiteful Things are usually the kind that win our hearts!)

And she just said, "Yes," and took him, faults and all.

Which proves that:

A woman says, "Give me the Ideal!"
When she's glad to accept the Real!

* *

HOW SILLY

"Why do you call Miss Footlighte a color artiste?"

"Because she paints, of course."

"Oh, but that's an old joke."

"Well, she draws, too."

"Draws what?"

"Her salary!"

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NEVER SAY DIE—T

For chirodopists we recommend a diet of..... *Corn*
For car conductors..... *Jam*
For printers ..... *Pi*
For autoists ..... *Mincemeat*
For hen-pecked husbands *Ginger*
For after-dinner speakers *Taffy*
For insurance presidents *Dough*

* *

SAME TURKEY

First Boarder—Well, how did you find the Thanksgiving turkey?

Second Boarder—I can't say I found it much improved since last Sunday.

* *

IN CHICAGO

"Is he an American?"

"No; a Bostonian!"

* *

WILLING TO STAND A GOOD DEAL

Winifred—But I think I ought to tell you that my eldest brother is a New York Senator.

Bertram—No matter, pet. Even that shall not separate us!

* *

EXPENSES

First Motorist—Do you find a touring car a great expense?

Second Motorist—Do you refer to the consumption of gasoline or the fines?

* *

NARROW ESCAPE

St. Peter wondered why the weary journeyer carried such a bundle of manuscripts under his arms.

"Before you enter the gates," said he, "you must tell me what all these papers are."

"They are librettos of musical comedies I wrote while on Earth," was the answer.

St. Peter shook his head gravely. "I'm afraid I can't let—"

"But they were never produced," broke in the trembling ex-Worldite.

"Oh, that's different," said St. Peter. "You may enter."

* *

SO SOON FORGOT

She (as if recollecting)—Let me see. Haven't I met you before somewhere?

He—I should think you had. I'm the man you were engaged to back in July.

* *

AH!

"Have you ever heard the Declaration of Independence?"

"I have."

"Where?"

"In the divorce courts!"

* *

PEPPER-GRAMS

Some have their fortunes told by cards—others have it taken from them.

The only time gas seems cheap is during a political campaign.

If women knew how much worse we could be they would love us more.

Don't hitch your wagon to a—bar.

It would appear that the stork has not yet exactly succeeded in getting into New York society.

How much more comfortably one can discuss the evils of poverty on a full stomach!

On the Road of Love a kiss is always the shortest way round.

* *

AUTUMN SONG

The bathing suit has had its day—
It's knell is sounded.
We mourn its subtile, fatal sway
In terms unbounded.
But presently, when back in town
From our vacation,
We'll have its mate, the opera gown,
As consolation!
The bathing suit has had its day,
Yet the world continues *decolletté*.

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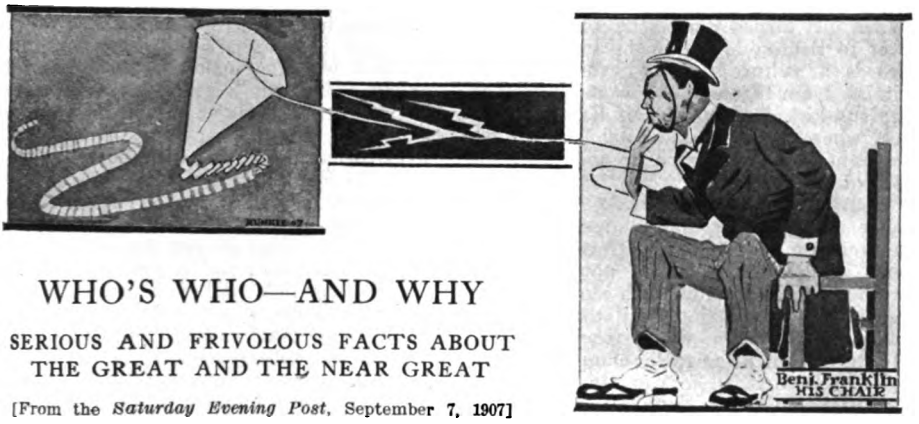
SENTIMENT AND STORY

By Robert L. Taylor



WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

SERIOUS AND FRIVOLOUS FACTS ABOUT THE GREAT AND THE NEAR GREAT

[From the *Saturday Evening Post*, September 7, 1907]

MUSIC IN THE AIR

Referring casually to music, there has been a surplus of the chin kind in the United States Senate for many years. Chin musicians are so common as to excite no remarks, save those they make themselves. Wherefore, when an opportunity for some other kind of music comes to hand, for we all love harmony, and get very little of it in these days of plot and counterplot——

The other kind of a musician who has seeped into the Senate is "Fiddling Bob" Taylor, of Tennessee. He makes no pretense of virtuosity, but he can play The Arkansas Traveler and Turkey in the Straw; and right here is the proper place to insist that if he will play one or the other, or both, sometime, when certain of his fellow-Senators are moved to make a speech, he will confer a priceless boon on a talk-submerged Republic.

"Fiddling Bob" succeeds the brilliant Carmack, who went out last March in a welter of words that wrecked the ship subsidy bill. Just why a fiddler and story-teller should have been sent by Tennessee to replace Carmack is a question that Tennessee alone can answer, and Tennessee appears to be well satisfied with the job, with no explanatory answer to make.

A GOVERNOR IN THE FAMILY

The new Senator comes from a family that is versatile in politics, even for Tennessee, where the desire to hold office comes with the first tooth, and does not leave with the last one. The Taylor family went early into politics, and stayed there long. Such little technicalities as party lines never bothered them. They desired the emoluments. The father Taylor, Nathaniel by name, was in the House of Representatives at various times, each time as a representative of a different party or faction. He early learned the sound sense of that well-known maxim: "Sweet is the usufruct of versatility"; and when the boys grew up, Alf, who is "Fiddling Bob's" brother, was assigned to the Republican party and Bob was made a Democrat, while Jim was a general utility man. It was as complete an organization to catch them coming and going as the country affords.

Alf seemed to have the better part of this for a time, because the Republican majority in the First Tennessee District comprises about all the votes cast. He went to Congress three times, but one year the Republicans had a row and "Fiddling Bob" was sent to the House as a Democrat. Alf's advantage was more apparent than real—which is a fine, old, crusted, statesmanlike phrase—for when the boys reached out for bigger things "Fiddling Bob" gathered the persimmons.

The Taylor family thought it would be well to have a governor in the family. Following their invariable rule of procedure, they cinched things for the Taylor family. There was no chance to lose, for Bob took the Democratic nomination and Alf took the Republican nomination. Bob won. He was elected a second time and, after a rest, went in for the third time,

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while Alf has tried vainly for office ever since. You see, the Republicans in Tennessee are quite congested. There are a lot of them in the eastern part of the state, and they are so scarce in the rest of the territory that they really do not count, nor are they usually counted.

All was not honey and roses for Bob, however. He tried twice to get elected to the Senate. Then he retired from politics. When he turned the office of Governor over to Benton McMillin, he said: "Politics is a vulture that is feeding on my vitals. I am through. I am going back to the sun-kissed mountains of East Tennessee, where I can rest on my back in the fragrant grass and reach up and tickle the toes of the angels."

That was mere rhetoric. Bob didn't tickle the toes of a single angel. Instead, he went on the lecture platform, together with his fierce political opponent, his brother Alf, and made much money. Then he started a magazine. All this time the old, inbred Taylor desire was working. He needed an office to be completely happy, and he decided to run for the Senate against Carmack.

Carmack is red-haired. He is also a handy man in debate. Bob didn't think of that at first, and when he made his first public announcement he said, in off-hand way, that if Ed Carmack came on the stump with him it would rain red hair in Tennessee for three days. Carmack immediately replied that he was quite willing to contribute the hair for this remarkable hirsute shower if Taylor would undertake to make the rain. He tried to get on the stump with Taylor, offering his glistening poll as a sacrifice; but, when Carmack got to where Taylor was, Taylor wasn't there.

Tennessee has veered toward the water-wagon for some years. There are saloons in but four towns in the state now. Carmack charged the saloon men with trying to beat him. He knew which way the wind blew across the mint patches. This aroused much indignation, but it didn't help Carmack any; for, next day, Taylor said he had been a friend of prohibition for years and years. The ancient Taylor fetish worked. He was elected.

They called Taylor "The Knight of the White Rose," over in East Tennessee. Carmack said one day that he should be called "The Knight of the White Feather." Taylor wasn't miffed a bit. He opened his next speech with a reference to Henry of Navarre, and all his followers stuck white chicken-feathers in their hats. The Carmack men wore red feathers and red roses, and it was the old case of Lancaster over York again.

NO SECTIONALISM FOR THEM.

Taylor is as versatile as his family. He can make a speech to a Grand Army meeting that will start the boys in blue to singing Marching Through Georgia and stumping around the hall, and, on the same afternoon, if it is necessary, he can refer so tenderly to the Lost Cause that those at the Confederate reunion weep so copiously they don't have to sprinkle the streets for a week. In politics he holds, with Lean Jimmy Jones, of Tennessee, that if the tariff is too high, lower it; and if it's too low, h'ist it.

Taylor is a remarkable story-teller and a talker who can make an audience laugh or cry. He was a great favorite on the lecture platform. He shines in a small company, and can spin yarns for an hour or a week or a month, all of them about the South. He will fill a long-felt want in the Senate cloak-rooms, for, now that Joe Blackburn has gone, there are few story-tellers left. And Taylor has this advantage: His stories end somewhere.

"Fiddling Bob" will not set fire to the Ephesian dome, nor to any other dome—there being two, one on the Capitol and one on the Library—but he will probably inject a spice of humor into the Senate, and they need humor up there mightily. He loves to pose as a simple, kindly soul, but do not mark him on that basis. He knows what he is doing every minute of the day. His story-telling and fiddling get him things he might not be able to get any other way.

When he came to Washington, last March, to watch Congress close, he stayed at the Raleigh Hotel. A number of correspondents of Tennessee papers went up to see him on the morning of March 5. Bob was just waking up. As the correspondents came in, Bob asked one of them to send downstairs and get a "niggah" for him.

The bellboy came: "Rastus," said Bob—"Rastus, fetch me a gourd o' water and take my boots out an' taller 'em up. I ain't feelin' like goin' plumb down to the spring."

Of course, the simple, kindly representative of the Taylor family didn't know that would be telegraphed back to Tennessee, where it would make a hit with the farmers.

Of course not!

[We publish the above tribute from the *Saturday Evening Post,* and feel it our duty to reciprocate the honor thus paid one of the editors of this magazine by no less a celebrity than George Horace Lorimer.]

George Horace Lorimer, one of the most unique characters in the modern literary world, was born in Louisville, Kentucky, some time during the nine-

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teenth century. He first opened his eyes to the light of day in a gorgeous palace, was fed with a silver spoon and rocked in an onyx cradle with golden rockers. He was swaddled in purple and fine linen, and his safety pins were set with rubies. He was dandled on the knees of a score of black mammies, who by turns entertained the dimpled cherub in his waking hours and soothed him into the fairyland of dreams with their old-time lullabies. Even in his early babyhood no less than a half-dozen professors attended the royal nursery to superintend his education. In the run of the years he graduated at Yale, Oxford and Heidelberg, and subsequently took special courses in psychology, palmistry and poker. He was permitted to remain in Louisville just long enough to grasp the idea of Kentucky politics and to become an epicure in the realm of mint-juleps, and was then hurried away to Pennsylvania that he might escape the jealousy of Henry Watterson and the sweet allurements of the mint-bed; and besides, the South was too small and too far behind the car of progress to hold him within its borders; its intellectual firmament was not high enough or broad enough when the time should come for him to spread his wings, and so he was borne away to Philadelphia. But when the time came for him to unleash his intellectual powers there were no lions and tigers in the jungle fierce enough to engage and amuse his royal ambition. His family despaired of finding for him in mortal affairs a niche commensurate with his lofty attainments. Unhappily for America, it is bereft of a nobility and nothing offered in that line. His family went to Washington and examined the presidential chair, only to discover that it was too small for him. The professions were scorned; he would not stoop to the Supreme Bench.

But one day his noble father, while rummaging in a second-hand furniture establishment, found the old chair in which the great philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, sat and the whole Lorimer family shouted "Eureka!" And they scooped it out a little to make it hold George Horace and give him elbow room. There he sits to-day pouring out his wit and wisdom like molasses from the bung-hole of a barrel; there he sits, his throbbing brain luminous with thoughts that flash through the columns of the *Saturday Evening Post* like the vivid lightnings that chased each other down the kite strings of his immortal predecessor, graciously permitting Poor Richard's prestige occasional prominence. Educated away above the earth, what wonder that his regal spirit scorns the common herd and laughs at tallowed boots and the gourd at the spring! Surrounded by the State House builders at Harrisburg, the wealthy political grafters of Philadelphia and the glitter of gilded gayety in Pittsburg, what wonder that he disdains the plebeian caravan of Tennessee and wonders why they elected a fiddler to the United States Senate! No drop of vulgar sweat has ever stained the immaculate linen of a Lorimer, and therefore George Horace curls his lips with contempt for a Tennessean who "seeped" into Congress through much perspiration. One may imagine how easily a man standing on the lofty peak from which George Horace views the planet judges his fellowmen and denies them the privilege of setting the domes of capitols and libraries afire. It is one of the curiosities of the cult to which George Horace belongs — the cult which furnishes the virtuous regulators of political morals and tastes—that it can fawn upon its own perfection in the mirror of its own ineffable conceit and deal out to the struggling South unmeasured chunks of wisdom and moral advice from its tripod in the shadow of the Pennsylvania State House, that stupendous monument of graft and robbery which cost four million dollars to build and nine million dollars to decorate and trim, and in the very center of the great Quaker city in which eighty thousand fraudulent votes were unearthed at one election.

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I say it is one of the curiosities of this cult that it believes that there is neither brain power nor real nobility of soul remaining in the land of monuments and memories since George Horace left it. Tennesseans meekly bow to the lash and confess their ignorance of such a standard of enlightenment regarding the stupidity that inspires them to choose their servants from a class that does not wear side-whiskers and patent-leather shoes, together with the collar of such institutions as the Pennsylvania Railroad and the State House Commission.

Old Time, monarch of the ages, is slowly but surely digging the grave of the universe. His tremendous forces of destruction are slowly working changes in the physics of the spheres that point to universal death; star after star has disappeared from the heavens within the memory of ephemeral man; the vast planetary spaces are filled with the dust of disintegrating worlds; the innumerable suns that powder the skies of night are dying and the planets themselves are cooling into the chill of death. The hour must come when the measureless depths now so glorious with light, so tranquil with law and cosmic order, must feel the shock of an awful cataclysm which will end in the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds, but welcome the cataclysm if it will only leave us George Horace!

SENATOR TAYLOR'S WELCOME TO TEXANS ON TEXAS DAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1907, DURING HOME-COMING WEEK

No greater honor was ever conferred upon me than that which turns me loose, like Byron's watch-dog, to greet these Texas-Tennesseans and bay deep-mouthed welcome as they draw near home, and to say to them that the eyes of two millions of their kith and kin mark their coming and look brighter when they come. Could I but speak as Byron wrote, or weave the sentiments of the human heart into the soft witchery of words as none but Burns could weave them, I could not even then impart the pleasure that heaves the bosom of the mother state to-day.

It is a glorious day for Tennesseans, and here in the shadow of our proud old Capitol I come to break the news to you that anxious hearts are waiting everywhere, and eager lips are calling from the hills and hollows: "Come back to the valley and the glen, boys, come back to the old folks at home." But I cannot conceal the impulse to tell you that it is in my heart to reproach you that you ever left your native hills, for not since Satan leaped from glory—not since Adam fell from grace—has man or angel lost so much as when a Tennessean leaves Tennessee. I would not for all the wealth of Dixie wound the pride of Texas or pluck a star from her crown of glory, but rather let me rejoice with you that she sits upon the throne as the Empire State of the Union. And yet I cannot repress the inclination to remind you that if Texas is the greatest, Tennessee is the fairest, the loveliest and the most beautiful—fairest when summer sows her fields with myriad colors and fills the air with wings; loveliest when autumn draws the misty veil of Indian summer and turns the forest into a dream; most beautiful

When Winter comes with silent tread
And on his heart lays Autumn's head,
And on her heart his jeweled hand,
And stills that heart forever.

Texas has the broadest landscapes, but Tennessee has the highest mountains; Texas has the most sunshine, but Tennessee has the most moonshine; Texas soil is deeper, but there is a quality in the soil of Tennessee that sweetens the hog and turns the hominy into honey. There is some-

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thing in her air that makes men strong and vigorous and turns the women's lips into cherries and their cheeks into roses. But above all other considerations, it is the land of your nativity; it is the land where you romped and frolicked in the ecstasy of life's happy morning; it is the land where you learned your first lessons and received the first inspirations of hope, and where you held your sweetheart's hand in yours down in the shady lane:

Where you stopped to gather chestnuts
On the longest route to school,
Where you used to play Mazeppa
On the lank and lazy mule;

Where you slipped away a-fishin'
For the gay and festive trout:
Where you broke the holy Sabbath
And your mother wore you out.

It was here that your fancy first took wing and made its first flight in the realm of dreams; it was here that the impressionable boy heard the first call of glory and you knelt before nature's majesty to receive her royal stroke of knighthood; it was here that you spent the joyous days of your youth. Oh, how sweet are the memories of youth!

But its pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower—its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfall on the river,
A moment white, then melts forever.

Long years have intervened and the hopes of youth have melted into a mist of memories, and you have returned to the shrine from whence you started in pursuit of your dreams, to follow once again the paths your childish feet have trodden a thousand times before; to drink from the springs that cooled your thirst before you ever dreamed of a windmill; to look once more upon the green fields and bright streams around the old homestead where you were born and raised, and to sit at the hearthstone that once glowed with the light of love and happiness when she whom you called mother sat there in the old armchair, and sang the sweet old songs of long ago, as she wielded the knitting needles till the rythmic movement of her fingers was the very music of motion, and the big white ball of yarn cut capers on the floor.

And the needles danced like witches,
And the nimble fingers flew,
As they deftly threw the stitches,
And the big white stocking grew.

You will be rapt into a reverie and visions of the happy past will open before you. You will see again the old-time fiddler tune his fiddle and sweep the vibrant strings, and watch the swinging of his bow with his body to and fro, keeping time in a sort of runic rhyme with the clatter of dwindling shoe-soles on the floor; and again you will dance all night by the moonshine light and go home with the girls in the morning. You will catch echoes of songs that are sung no more, and hear peals of laughter that long since died away, and feel the touch of vanished hands and the warmth of kisses from lips that now are dust. O Memory, thou hast power to lift the veil and let the spirit look back upon that sweet fairy land on the frontier of life, but thou canst not lead us hither to the loved and lost of other days! All thy faces and forms are phantoms, all thy songs are dreams! The nearest we can approach to them is to rest under the trees where they once rested and sing the songs they used to sing, and dream under the roof where they once dreamed, and sit down at the fireside in the chairs they sat in and there commune with the blessed past, and swear allegiance to the home of our childhood.

The noblest passion that heaves the human breast is the love of native land. No passing flood of years can quench that flame—it burns on forever. It is the kindly light that leads these sons and daughters of the Lone Star State back to seek the hills of Tennessee. And why should I say welcome, except to give expression to that feeling which thrills the mother's heart when she throws her arms around the necks of her long-absent

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children and whispers through her tears of joy, "Welcome, thrice welcome!"

Ladies and Gentlemen: The air is full of welcome for you to-day. The latch string flaps welcome on the door jamb; the hills shout welcome down in "Giles County, Pulaski Post Office;" the waters ripple welcome away up on Calf-Killer; and the hens cackle welcome and the roosters crow welcome over in Greasy Cove, and the lips of the whole state are puckered with welcome, all the way from Poor Valley to Memphis, and from Goose Creek to the uttermost ends of Tennessee. The foot of McGregor is on his native heath and the kettle boils welcome on the hearth, and the pot bubbles welcome on the stove, and the cakes are on the griddle, and the chickens are in the skillet, and the odor of fried ham floats out on the mellow air and the red gravy runs, and the big bronze biscuit lie soaking in the sop, and there is welcome everywhere.

Come when you're looked for, come without warning,
Come in the evening, come in the morning;
Take all in sight when you turn loose the latch,
And kiss every God-blessed girl you can catch.

Is it not worth the lifetime of absence to feel the joy of coming home? The old mother state is proud to greet you, every one of you, for she looks upon her noble sons and daughters from the Lone Star State as heroes and heroines bringing back the story of conquest and the building of an empire in three-quarters of a century. I sometimes tremble when I think of what might have been the fate of the mighty West but for Tennesseans, who went out to subdue the savage wilds, and carry civilization and starched shirts to where the tomahawk gleamed and the catamount screamed, and to plant Old Glory in the very citadel of the prairie dog and the owl.

No braver men ever lived than those who parted the branches to peer into the wilderness in the earlier days of the West, and those who followed close at their heels, to plant that vast system of civic institutions which in less than half a century have reached a grandeur and perfection which stagger belief and is unprecedented in all the history of the world.

Jefferson rubbed Aladdin's lamp in 1803, and lo! a new empire loomed full on his view, and empires have been looming ever since. But the gate through which the stream of civilization has been pouring towards the setting sun with such wonderful results was first pried open on the border line of East Tennessee—the land of the eagle and John Sevier, and oh, what a beautiful land it is! Shall I describe it, not in my own words, but in the language of an East Tennessean whose lips are dust?

"I was born on the Watauga, which in the Indian vernacular means beautiful river, and beautiful river it is. There I have stood in my childhood and looked down through its glossy waters and beheld a heaven below, and then looked up and beheld a heaven above, like two mirrors each reflecting in the other its moons and planets and trembling stars; and from its bank of ivy and hemlock, of rock and pine, there stretches a vale, back to the distant mountains as beautiful and exquisite as any in Italy or Switzerland; and there stand the great Roane, the great Black and the great Smoky Mountains, around whose dizzy heights the clouds gather of their own accord even in the brightest day. There have I seen the great storm-spirit go and take his evening nap in his pavilion of darkness; and then I have seen him aroused at midnight and like a giant refreshed by slumber awake the tempest and let loose the red lightnings that shot along the mountain tops for a thousand miles swifter than an eagle's wing in heaven. Then I have seen them get up and dance like angels of light in the bosom of the cloud to the music of that grand organ of nature, whose keys seemed to have been touched by the fingers of divinity

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that resounded in thunder tones through the universe.

"Then I have seen the darkness drift away beyond the horizon, and the morning get up like a queen from her saffron bed and come forth from her palace in the sun, and while old night fled before her beautiful face to his hiding place at the pole, she lighted with a smile the green vale and beautiful river where I was born and played in my childhood.

"O beautiful hand of the mountains, with thy sun-painted cliffs! how can I ever forget thee?"

It was the irrepressible men who settled there and their sturdy allies from Virginia and Carolina that gave British power its death-blow at King's Mountain and returned to drive the savage from the Mississippi Valley. The destiny of the New World seemed to be shifted into the hands of Tennesseans. They broke the power and crushed the spirit of the allied tribes at Nickajack and the Horseshoe. They routed an army at New Orleans that was itself to conquer the greatest warrior in all history at Waterloo. They taught Texans how to die for their country at Alamo; and at San Jacinto they led the battle line that liberated Texas; and they made it the broadest, the richest and most progressive state in the American Union.

Under the direction of a Tennessee President, they followed Scott and Taylor to victory in Mexico and extended the territory of the young republic until it touched the two great oceans that divide the world.

* * *

If I had wealth at my command, I would build a temple of fame for Tennessee. I would put in it the statues of Jackson and Polk and Johnson—Tennessee's three great presidents. Around them I would place the statues of Sevier and Robertson and Crockett and Houston, and around them statues of Hugh Lawson White and John Bell and Thomas Benton and John H. Reagan. I would put in it statues of Maury and Farragut. I would put in it the heroic figures of Forrest and Bate and Cheatham and William H. Jackson, and around them I would place the statues of Harris and the Browns and Gentry and Henry and Grundy and Peyton. And right in the center of them all I would put the figure of my ideal of a hero, and on its base I would carve the name of Sam Davis.

If I were a man of wealth I would build a monument that should touch the clouds to commemorate the glory of Tennesseans in the cabinet and in the forum and on a hundred glorious battle fields. With a history like ours, so rich with all that makes a people great, where is the son of the old Volunteer State, wherever he may roam, who does not love her rocks and rills and all her templed hills, and whose heart does not swell with pride to know that she is as prosperous and happy as any commonwealth under the flag? Where are the wandering feet that do not long to press her sod, and the absent souls that do not sigh to rest once more in the shade of her trees?

It is told of an old Tennessean that he found his way to Boston and gorged himself with baked beans, and when he fell asleep a nightmare came and sat upon his breast, and he dreamed that he died and went to heaven, and the angel at the golden gate shook his head and said: "Go hence; no soul has ever entered here from Boston." And the Tennessean told of Tennessee and the Hermitage and old Andy and the mountains and the blue grass and the women and the horses and the water and the air till the angel was melted to tears, and the golden gates swung wide. The Tennessean entered in and as he sauntered down the glittering street he suddenly saw a friend from Tennessee chained to the jasper wall, and he turned to the angel who attended him and shouted, "What ho! Seraph, loose these jeweled manacles and tell me why my friend is thus chained?" And the angel fluttered his glistening wings and answered, "We have to chain 'em or they'll all go back to Tennessee!"

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But I repeat, I would not touch the jealous chord in the heart of Texans by too much praise of Tennessee. Nor would I chide the Tennesseans who have built their homes where the gulf breeze blows, for it is a land of milk and honey, and yet it requires a world of courage for a man to load up his kettle and his kids to seek fortune and fame in that far-away prairie land, and he was as valorous as Cæsar at the Rubicon when he put out the fire and called the dog.

It is enough to know that you are happy and prosperous there. It is enough to know that within the brief years since you landed there you have played your part in building the greatest commonwealth in this great confederation of states—a commonwealth as broad as the entire civilized earth when Christ came to save it—as broad as Europe when it sufficed mankind for habitation—broad enough now to hold every man, woman and child in America and rich enough to feed them. A Christian land where law and order reign, inhabited by a cultured and God-fearing people, who brought with the accomplishment of this incomparable result the unconquerable nerve and the dauntless spirit of Tennessee.

Again I bid you welcome, thrice welcome to the land of your fathers.

With Our Editors

Fall in Line.

The success of the commission form of government in Houston and Galveston and Des Moines has created the hope in many other communities that the ills of our present bunglesome municipal governments may thereby be cured. The inefficiency of the average city administration is attested on all sides. Very few private businesses are run with the lack of care and business principles which characterize our average municipal governments. Perhaps there were some, but they are dead. Also, even if the corruption which is sometimes discovered and always suspected in city governments does not exist, it would be safer for society to get rid of such suspicions, especially if it can save from twenty-five to fifty per cent of its expenses doing so. The expenses of a single department of the city of Houston under the old form of municipal government for one year was $15,986.60, while the gross receipts were $15,172.00, which gives a net loss of $814.60. When the city changed its form of government to the commission system, the expenses of the same department were $11,074.81, while the gross receipts went to $16,692.75, which gives a net profit in that department of $5,415.19. That publicity should be given to such figures and information showing the excellences of the new plan broadly disseminated, goes without saying. The truth of the matter is, there is a widespread disgust with the lackadaisical methods of the average municipal government. Private businesses run with no more care would have been bankrupt long ago. Little by little these facts are being understood by the masses of voters. Personal responsibility for expenditures seems to work better than the old method of making the city government everybody's business—nobody's business. The Board of Trade of the city of Nashville, Tennessee, have recommended that the commission form of government be adopted by that city. Other municipalities have similar plans on hand. It is possible that the great storm that laid Galveston low may thus be enabled to save American cities enough money annually to pay full

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damages for its bad effects, not to mention the salvation of the morals of a city run for boodle.

Like the Voice of Many Waters.

What the South has long needed has at last been gained—a medium of expression for the expression of its literary life. It is not enough that the ordinary literary channels of the East should be opened to Southern writers, but there should be added also a magazine or magazines in the management of which full sympathy is found with distinctly local literature and sentiments. Without such provincialism, good literature is impossible. To the very best written anywhere there is always attached the strong local color. This one mark the TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE has set before itself as a point to be pressed on towards, namely: That its voice should be the blended tones of the South calling unto her own, the voice of a mother section which has been and always will be a distinct department of the nation and hither it is hoped that our children will come to speak to one another as they are already coming, knowing that they who read will understand. Great literary work is impossible without great sympathy on the part of the public for it. It is this principle which daily assures this magazine of its abundant success. For that such a sympathy does exist between our writers and readers, there is no doubt whatsoever. The one creates the other. The other labors for the one. If the TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE does no greater thing than to make itself the common friend in the South of those who write and those who read, it will not have lived in vain.

$7,000,000,000 Worth of False Prophecy.

The gloomy predictions of last spring concerning the failure of the crops of the country may very happily be ascribed to the spirit of false prophecy. The long, cold vernal season has not brought the disaster that had been anticipated, and the current estimate for the value of the total of farm products of the year 1907 surpasses that of last year, which in its turn surpasses that of all preceding years. During the last twenty-seven years the value of farm products in America has increased from about $2,000,000,000 to $7,000,000,000, which last figure represents the estimated value of the crops for the current season. This vast sum of money coming as it does directly to the rank and file of the people, belies all stories of impending panic and steadies to a wonderful degree the financial situation. After all, the mainstay in the market is the cotton boll and the wheat sheaf and the corn nubbin. Good crops mean good times. The effect which it will have upon the South in particular is very satisfactory. Ten years ago, there was scarcely a farm in some sections of the Cotton Belt that was not heavily mortgaged. During the last few years, since we have been having ten and fifteen cent cotton, these mortgages have descended into ash heaps and bank accounts have taken their palces. A few more years of comparative prosperity will build good roads, better homes to live in, better schools, fill these homes and schools with modern equipments and do a thousand things that money can do and that poverty cannot.

Who Dares to Dream It?

Recent discoveries made by many of our trustworthy astronomers have added the fascination of romance to a study that was already beautiful. The present proximity of the planet Mars to his sister, the earth, has offered an opportunity, not too often had, of completing important observations already begun in our observatories. Expeditions have been busy observing the planet on the Andes, at Flagstaff, Arizona, and practically everywhere else. The efforts of Percival Lowell, in particular, have attracted attention, and his recent book on Mars has met with a very cordial reception from scientific students. If

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Mr. Lowell's observations are correct (and they tally with those of other observers elsewhere), it seems that we have in Mars a planet whose present condition is a prophecy of the condition of this earth millions of years hence. What the moon is, Mars will be—dry, waterless and without atmosphere. What the earth is Mars was, millions of years ago, before her waters vanished into her soil and her atmosphere was similarly absorbed. To-day the planet has such an atmosphere as we would find on the peaks of our highest mountains and no water at all except that which forms our polar caps in the winter and melting in the summer, is led everywhere by her canals for the service of the planet. These canals are the most interesting subjects of comment and investigation of all things known about Mars. That they are not ocular illusions is shown by the fact that observers everywhere at all times coincide in their diagrams of them and, moreover, the camera, which never gets excited and has no pet theories, tells the same story in the photograph which it gives us. Description of these canals and the part they play in the economy of things on Mars is a long tale, but briefly stated, it seems that they conduct the water from the polar ice caps over the entire surface of the planet and thus render vegetable and animal life possible. Furthermore, as evidence of intelligence, they amount to a demonstration. They run as regularly as parallels of longitude or latitude, meeting at certain foci which serve as distributing points, and even when they run in pairs, never varying from their mathematical exactness. Who knows but that before the century is ended there will be communication between their planet and ours, and who can say what mysteries of the past, of the present and of the future such communications may not make plain to us? To say that it is impossible, is to place one's self upon the same plane of faith and knowledge as he placed himself who said ten years ago that only an idiot would believe that a man could talk with another man across oceans without wires. Altogether the vista opened for scientific and even religious discovery in the study of this fiery red old planet, is most entrancing; and greater than Columbus will be he who discovers a way to speak with the inhabitants of Mars.

This is not Politics.

The discussion concerning the nomination of a Southern man as the Democratic candidate for the presidency continues unabated. "Why shall not the National Democratic party nominate a Southern man for the presidency?" asks one paper, and then proceeds to answer that it will be most unwise, imprudent, and untimely to do so, adding that it is yet too early to forget that the Southern states fought a tremendous war to establish the National independence of that section. Now, with politics this magazine has little to do, but with what general account Southern wisdom gives of itself, it has much to do. Luckily, talk such as this does no one harm except to the man whose heart is revealed thereby as being still full of bitterness and unprofitable memories. As a matter of fact, the fight that the Southern states put up some forty years ago for their independence is no drawback whatsoever to the availability of a Southern candidate for the presidency. That fight is remembered in the South and still accounted a very present fact. But so far as Northern sentiment is concerned, it might have happened two centuries ago. Half of the people North do not know anything about it or care anything about it. They and their fathers have come into this country since it happened. It means about the same thing to a mass of Northern voters that the Revolution means to them, and those who know and understand are inclined rather to trust the destinies of the people in the hands of a section so distinguished for its bravery and later for its unqualified acceptance of conditions as the South is. Any man who thinks that a South-

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ern man's father being a Confederate soldier would cut off his chances of election to the presidency, understands little of the temper of the American people. If it had any influence at all, it would help it; but the whole question misses the mark by a league. Presidents come and go on their own responsibility. They are weighed as men and not as a Southerner nor a Yankee. To nominate a man because he is a Southerner is an insult to the highest ideals of American statesmanship. To nominate a man because he is a Yankee is the same. The South will again have its presidents in the White House, but not until it has them south of the White House. What we need is broad-mindedness, such as is not exhibited by the words quoted above. It is not the magnificent struggle of the sixties that would keep the Southern man from the presidency, it is the lack of that spirit to-day. The spirit of the sore-head who thinks everybody else is sore also must be dynamited in the South. Let us stop talking about "being excluded from the counsels of the nation," and above all things let us not regard the great struggle of the sixties as being a thing that has disgraced us in the eyes of the country, for it has not. On the contrary, it has painted an aureole around the head of Dixie, and any man who took part in it or whose father took part in it has more respect in the eyes of three-fourths of the men outside of the South than the man who did not take part in it and whose father stayed at home.

The Dream of Three Centuries.

Announcement made by Baron Von Pilis last month to the effect that the North German Lloyd Steamship Company would establish a permanent line for the transportation of freight and passengers between Trieste and Charleston, South Carolina, has caused more than an ordinary amount of interest, and has again turned the attention of those interested in Southern development to the very successful attempts being made by Southern states to induce a high grade of European immigration to this country. Baron Von Pilis made a very thorough investigation of the situation and seemed to be impressed with the marvelous industrial development of those sections of the South through which he passed. It begins to look as if the old port of Charleston might again resume its important position among the shipping points of the country, though it will be many years before it is as it once was, the fourth largest city in America and the third most important port of entry. The tremendous influence of the Old Charleston on Southern life has been almost forgotten, yet there was a time when her great wholesale houses controlled the best business between the Mississippi and the sea and when her wharves were as busy as those of New York.

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THE FAMILY SCRAP BOOK

We have begun this department expecting our readers to make it. It has been suggested by a number of our readers, and there is no department that should be more popular. There are few of us who have not in old scrap books, or elsewhere, something—in prose or poetry—that we cherish; that has become part of our souls. Send them in, thus preserving them and permitting others to enjoy them.

STONEWALL JACKSON

Not midst the lightning of the stormy fight,
Nor in the rush upon the vandal foe,
Did kingly Death, with his resistless might
Lay the great leader low.

His warrior soul its earthly shackles broke
In the full sunshine of a peaceful town;
When all the storm was hushed, the trusty oak
That propped our cause went down.

Though his alone the blood that flecks the ground,
Recalling all his grand, heroic deeds,
Freedom herself is writhing in the wound,
And all the country bleeds.

He entered not the nation's Promised Land
At the red belching of the cannon's mouth,
But broke the House of Bondage with his hand—
The Moses of the South!

O gracious God, not gainless is the loss:
A glorious sunbeam gilds thy sternest frown;
And while his country staggers 'neath the cross,
He rises with the crown!

—*Henry L. Flash.*

FRAUDS

Ambitious, shrewd,
Unprincipled, and ever fond of show,
Hanno of Carthage, centuries ago,
Determined to be great: he bought a brood
Of fledgling parrots, taught them at his nod
To scream in chorus: "Hanno is a god!"

When they were taught,
He had a hireling place them on the street,
As if for sale to those he chanced to meet;
But yet by no one could the birds be bought.
Then Hanno passed in pomp, he gave a nod,
Out shrieked the parrots: "Hanno is a god!"

"Cunningly done."
That night said Hanno, as he doffed his clothes
Of silk embroidery, to seek repose:
"Distinguished immortality is won;
For heardst thou not that superstitious squad
Catch up the sentence, 'Hanno is a god!'?"

* * * *

A galley slave,
Condemned, went Hanno o'er the cloudy seas
That hid the fabled Cassiterides;
Wealthy in grief, no home except the wave,
Lashed to the oar, betimes urged by the rod,
Not very much a man, much less a god.

It could not win.
It never did. Although the world applauds,
It turns at last and punishes its frauds.
Although it may not hasten to begin,
True to itself, when once it has begun,
It drives them to the galleys one by one.

—*Eugene F. Ware.*

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

The royal feast was done; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care.
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer."

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before,
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent the knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and light, O, Lord, we stay;

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'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heartstrings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept,
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh! in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The king, and sought the garden cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me a fool!"

—*Edward R. Sill.*

NEIGHBOR WILSON'S KICKING GRAY

My neighbor Wilson owned a horse—a sprightly, dapple gray,
Which, every time he felt inclined, would kick and run away;
But Wilson said that he could break the meanest horse that walked,
No matter if he fought and kicked, or if he only balked.

He said his old bay mare had lost her liveliness and vim,
And thought her action far too slow to suit a man like him;
But when he hitched the young horse up beside the old bay mare,
And sharply told him to "git ap," he wouldn't move a hair.

Well, Wilson shook his fist and raved,—or that is what they say,—
And dropped some words that preachers use, but in another way.
He took a monster wagon whip, and with a rousing whack,
He brought it down in angry haste upon the dapple's back.

The horse kicked things to smithereens, kicked at the old bay mare,
He kicked at everything in sight, and then he kicked the air.
While Wilson stayed behind a tree to watch his dapple gray,
He kicked and kicked and kicked and kicked, and then he ran away.

He took the road to Gentryville and galloped like a streak,
And in two bounds he crossed the bridge that spans old Buckhorn Creek;
And Wilson followed on to town, but heard, to his dismay,
That all had seen but none could stop his kicking dapple gray.

He knew the horse had passed through Dale if he had gone that way,
And so he 'phoned to Huntingburg, "Please stop my dapple gray."
But soon the answer was returned: "Your horse just now went by,
But lightning could not stop the nag; no man of sense would try."

He heard no more about his horse until the other day
He saw a statement in the *Times,* which ran somewhat this way:
"A wild horse passed Fort Wayne last week. A telegram to-day
Says it has entered Michigan, and is a dapple gray."

Now Wilson likes an old horse best, and says that as for him,
He wouldn't give one penny for a horse with too much vim.
So far as he can learn, his horse is running on to-day;
So when he drives to town he goes behind his sober bay.

—*Frank Oskin.*

Editors TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE:

Please find enclosed Jack Wills' petition to Congress for amnesty, copied from an old scrapbook that was started in the 70's, I see that you invite subscribers to contribute to it.

I am a subscriber to your magazine and enjoy it very much. I have other pieces that I will send on from time to time and I think many readers will enjoy reading them. I am very respectfully,

Bastrop, La. F. W. TURPIN.

"JACK WILLS"

HIS PETITION TO CONGRESS FOR AMNESTY

Some years ago, Jack Wills' petition for pardon attracted widespread attention. Although this remarkable document possesses a degree of merit far beyond many productions that have gained world-wide fame it has well-nigh faded from the public mind.

Jack's petition was read in Congress by Proctor Knott, in that distinguished statesman's inimitable style and his motion that the pardon be granted was seconded by the fiery Radical leader of that period, General B. F. Butler. This prayer was not only granted, but his more fervent one for a good, fat office was prompt-

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ly answered by an appointment as Register in Bankruptcy for one of the 'mountain districts of Kentucky.

Dear Knott: I thought as I had time,
I'd write to you and Beck in rhyme,
To let you know that I am well,
A span's length yet or more from hell.
I also send petition signed
By loyal men who were so kind
As to endorse and recommend
For clemency your wayward friend.
Please push it through and thus relieve
A rebel who past sins doth grieve;
And you may tell each friendly Rad
That, though I was a rebel bad,
My penitence is deep and true,
More than I dare express to you.
When Jephtha, Judge of Israel, fought,
The Ammonitish host, and sought,
In prayer, the aid of Israel's God,
To drown his foes in their own blood,
He made a vow he hadn't orter,
And thereby lost his only daughter.
This, now, I'm sure old Jep repented
Until he felt almost demented.
If all of Holy Writ is true,
Old Pharaoh did the Jews pursue
With numerous hosts intent on slaughter;
Until he got neck-deep in water;
With penitence no doubt profound
His soul was filled before he drowned.
And thousands evil ways have tried
Who felt repentance ere they died,
But few have felt such deep contrition
As he who sends you this petition.
Some for their crimes get thrown in prison
And some get ropes around their 'wizen;
Some after death are sent to hell.
All these can bear their fates quite well,
But he who with a gory hand,
Stirs up rebellion in the land
Against the best government under the sun,
And fails in his purpose, is forever undone.
No prison for him let no gallows be built.
The red ocean of hell is too mild for his guilt
That pit of perdition where the devil and his kith
Are weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth
Is too full of pleasure! Let's invent some new plan
To punish and torture this rebellious clan!
Thus our lawmakers and with cruel intendment
Went to work and concocted the Fourteenth Amendment
A man can stand being hung or put in jail,
Face the guillotine, too, without turning pale,
And pleasantly travel the pathway to hell,
And plunge in as though without fear he fell.
But just think, my dear Prock, and you are no novice,
How a Kentuckian feels when he can't hold office.
Old Spain's inquisition and the racks there applied
To torture mankind may be thrice multiplied,
Then add gallows and jail, and the fortunes of hell,
And the figures you get begin scarcely to tell
The miseries of him whose scales of descendment
Is laid down by law in this Fourteenth Amendment;
Not that he cares much for the Yankee blood spilt,
Or for those he has wounded or those he has kilt,
But his cup of misery he thinks full enough is
When he knows he's proscribed and can never hold office.
Remorse and repentance express but contentment
When compared with the rule in this Fourteenth Amendment.
Why it's bad enough, Prock, when he can't get elected,
It makes him feel sorry, repentant, dejected,
But to say he shan't run, O, ye gods! what contrition
Fill's up a man's heart in this awful condition!
Such condition is mine and it worries me more
And pierces my soul to my heart's very core,
And I am sure when your friends see how I am grieved,
They will hurry up the cakes and get me relieved.
O, my country! my country! How I'd like to serve it,
In some good, fat office, for I know I deserve it.
You may tell your friends, too, I'll remember in prayer,
Those who in relieving your friend shall take share;
And I'll here give a specimen prayer, by the way,
For fear they may think I don't know how to pray:
Thou Ruler of both good and bad,
Look down and bless each friendly Rad,
Who hastens forward with agility
To free Jack Wills of disability;
May pleasure on his pathway shine;
May he for office never pine;
May he never know defeat,
Unless some Reb can get his seat.
May he live one thousand years,
His eyes be never wet with tears,
Except it be with tears of joy,
Of pleasure mixed with no alloy;
And spend his days in sweet contentment,
Free from the d——d Fourteenth Amendment.

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WITH OUR READERS

This department is open to our readers for the expression of their opinions on questions of public interest. The editors, while inviting contributions bearing on measures and events of general interest, reserve the right to exclude such matter as is not deemed suitable, and are not responsible for opinions expressed.

EDITORS TAYLOR-TROTWOOD:

The following verses were read by Hon. C. C. Pierce at a recent gathering in Fort Worth, and were so greatly enjoyed, it occurs to me that many of the readers of our magazine may take pleasure in them. The author is one of Austin's rising young men.

Yours very truly,
JOHN W. ADAIR.

Ft. Worth, Texas.

AT LINCOLN'S GRAVE

As lifts some oak's magestic span,
Above its kindred wood;
So thus, amidst his fellowman,
The kindly Lincoln stood.

Sprung from the walks of humble life,
And cast in hardy mould,
He bravely faced the storm and strife,
With heart of beaten gold.

His soul, as from the parent spring,
Ran pure, and undefiled;
In greatness—greater than a king,
In tenderness—a child!

With wisdom, that will live to guide,
Through all the coming years,
His wholesome humor gushed beside,
The bitter fount of tears!

He warmly clasped, with brawny hand,
The wealthy and the poor,
And drew with love, from palace grand,
To cot and cabin door.

Through gloom of fraticidal war,
He held to duty—true,
Devoid of hate—forgive them for
They know not what they do!

With love for man and truth and right,
He prized his country's worth,
And bare her cross, that freedom might,
Not perish from the earth!

Sleep, Lincoln, 'neath the folds so dear,
Of flag you died to save!
A Southron twines this chaplet here,
And lays it on your grave.

—*Luther A. Lawhon.*

TAYLOR-TROTWOOD PUB. CO.,
Nashville, Tennessee.

SIRS: Your article on the trial of Sam Davis in the June issue of your magazine, reminds me of a poem written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox on the same subject for the *Confederate Veteran*. Will you please publish it if you can procure it, and oblige,

Yours,
J. W. BLACK.

Chant, Indian Territory.

Editors TAYLOR-TROTWOOD:

I shall be pleased to have you reprint the poem, "Sam Davis," in your very interesting magazine. Credit it to me in "Poems of Power."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Short Beach, Connecticut.

SAM DAVIS

When the Lord calls up earth's heroes
To stand before his face,
O, many a name unknown to fame
Shall ring from that high place!
And out of a grave in the Southland,
At the just God's call and beck,
Shall one man rise with fearless eyes
And a rope about his neck.

For men have swung from gallows
Whose souls were white as snow,
Not how they die nor where, but *why*,
Is what God's records show.
And on that mighty ledger
Is writ Sam Davis' name—
For honor's sake he would not make
A compromise with shame.

The great world lay before him,
For he was in his youth.
With love of life young hearts are rife,
But better he loved truth.
He fought for his convictions,
And when he stood at bay
He would not flinch or stir one inch
From *honor's narrow* way.

They offered life and freedom
If he would speak the word;
In silent pride he gazed aside
As one who had not heard.
They argued, pleaded, threatened—
It was but wasted breath.
"Let come what must, I keep my trust,"
He said, and laughed at death.

He would not sell his manhood
To purchase priceless hope;
Where kings drag down a name and crown
He dignified a rope.
Ah, grave! where was your triumph?
Ah, death! where was your sting?

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He showed you how a man could bow
  To doom and stay a king.

And God, who loves the loyal
  Because they are like him,
I doubt not yet that soul shall set
  Among his cherubim.
O Southland! bring your laurels;
  And add your wreath, O North!
Let glory claim the hero's name,
  And tell the world his worth.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

DEAR EDITORS:

Here are some verses I picked up some forty years ago, while campaigning. I think may be it was in Mississippi. Good reading was scarce in the C. S. Army, and some of us used to commit to memory choice bits of poetry and prose, wherewith to beguile the tedium of night marches or lonely vigils. I do not know the name of the author. Like Bottom, the weaver, "I have a reasonable good ear in music," and thus acquired the habit of looking out for gems.

To me and my wife, also from "ole Ferginny, whar I come fum," the TAYLOR-TROTWOOD is the bright, particular star in all our broad galaxy of magazine literature, and "here's to your goot health, and your family's goot health, and may you live long and prosper!"

Yours sincerely,
JOSEPH A. WILSON.
Lexington, Kentucky.

TOO SOON

Oh, but the languid summer,
  It drifteth away too soon;
My heart expands in the sunshine,
  Like a flower that blows at noon:
Never a breeze on the mountain,
  Scarcely a breath on the sea,
And the sun's red rays set the skies ablaze,
  Oh, these are the days for me.

The passionate heart in my bosom,
  Like a bird on a tropic isle,
Grows drunk with blooms and subtle perfumes,
  And basks in the sun's hot smile.
Oh, blossoming garden of roses,
  Oh, season of languid heat!
Oh, fervid hours, that smother the flowers,
  You are so sweet—so sweet!

Linger, oh beautiful summer!
  Oh, summer of love and light;
Bloom, breath, and glow, for the winter of snow
  Is lurking, just out of sight.
Come closer, my prince, my darling,
  Let us live and love while we may,
For the gloom of death, and sorrow's breath,
  Are coming to us one day.

Bloom, oh blossoming gardens,
  Blow, oh winds from the south!
Lean, oh my lover, and touch me
  Again with your beautiful mouth.

Editors TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE,
Nashville, Tenn.

GENTLEMEN: I am handing you herewith a bit of a poem, "A Southern Summer's Night," which I hope you will like. I am so infernally tired of receiving the conventional "not suitable for our columns," that, by many of my friends, my life is despaired of. I would actually rather listen to a school girl recite, "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," than to read one of those ever-to-be accursed testimonials of the sender's asininity.

With great respect,
WICK BLANTON.
Floresville, Texas, May 6, 1907.

After reading the above we decided it was a case of suicide or publication, so here it is. The poem is, however, better than many we receive.—ED.

A SOUTHERN SUMMER'S NIGHT

Starlight tangled in the roses,
Moonbeams lodged among the trees,
Fairies dancing in the posies
To the music of the breeze;
On the waters lilies sleeping,
Violets dreaming in their bed,
While the golden stars are keeping
Sacred vigils overhead.

Rich magnolia banners waving
In the fragrant air of night,
Silken flower petals laving
In the soft dew's liquid light:
Hill and valley wrapped in glory,
Rivers singing on their way
Mingling their enchanting story
With the streamlet's rythmic lay.

Blue bells nodding, daisies swaying
In graceful, measured time
To the tune the stars are playing,
To the night wind's holy chime,
While the daffodils are bending
With their loads of mellow light,
And the night bird's song is blending
With the melodies of night.

DEAR SIRS: I have just been reading your August issue, and believe me, I cannot say how deeply I regret not having seen your splendid magazine at an earlier date. To one a-weary of the usual ten cent magazine of this period, its weak or vicious stories, its brazen galaxy of chorus girls, its moral lassitude—after these, your pages are like the winds that roam the rugged hills and smiling valleys of the country which draws me with all the power of atavism.

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All classes have their own literature—the negro and the emigrant have theirs, the wealthy cosmopolite has his. I want you to make your magazine the banner of the thoroughbred—I want you to represent the men whose fathers won this country and kept it, who feared nothing save loss of honor.

I am heart and soul with you in your attitude toward the necessity of protecting our standards at any cost—the standards of an older, finer generation, whose children many of us are not worthy to be.

In conclusion, keep your own high standards, and go on from strength to strength, confident of the sympathy of all right-thinking people. Thank you for the children's pictures and the paper on the race question. The South has a high mission. She must cherish and keep unsullied her fame as the cradle of a race "incorruptible as fate." Yours truly,

Springfield, Illinois. EARL FOSTER.

DEAR TROTWOOD:

Why so much of "Anne" and so little of "Conquerors of the Wilderness"? If you expect to establish a publication which will take such rank as the South merits, let us have one page of trash and twenty of as fine matter as is found in the best magazines of the country. I mean the admirably told story of our forefathers, the "Conquerors." Give it to us in larger measure. Why not make it ten or at least six chapters each issue? We are the children of the pioneers who were never fed on milk and water. They had parched corn and bear meat, but always salt—it was strong, nutritious and well-flavored. Give us the story of their deeds, and we will help you build up a magazine worthy of the noble states they made.

Your friend,

DESCENDANT OF THE CONQUERORS OF THE WILDERNESS.

Nashville, August 25, 1907.

LILLIAN KENDRICK BYRN

INDIAN LOVE LETTERS. By Marah Ellis Ryan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, $1.00.

From the cover to the last pathetic page of this book, with its Hopi good-luck symbol and its curious typical headings, the reader's interested attention is closely held. It is not an artless book. This Indian lover has been educated at an Eastern college and his letters to the pale-faced Eastern girl show to the full his appreciation of the wide gulf between the Indian's life and the white man's. His love, he knew from the first, was hopeless, for what place could a Hopi, however well educated, find in her scheme of life? Unable to fit in the Eastern life, he returns to his barren *mesas* to find himself out of place among his own people. He is the victim of consumption and it has been claimed that this is a frequent result of confining the Indians to college work. The letters breathe a touching spirit of poetic sadness.

THE GANG OF SIX. By H. M. DuBose. Nashville: M. E. Publishing House. Price, 50 cents.

With unusual insight into the nature of boys, Dr. DuBose has depicted the gradual leading of six boys from idle, shiftless habits into earnest effort and purpose. The agency employed in their training is a typical young man who bands them together into a jolly secret fellowship and who makes their meetings the occasion of awakening their ambition. All the types portrayed are such as are to be found in any city, and it is to be hoped that this entertaining story may serve to point a useful moral.

LATTER DAY SWEETHEARTS. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. New York: Authors' and Newspapers' Association. Price, 50 cents.

An unusual feature in fiction is the introduction of two heroines, each winsome and wealthy, and each, by the

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perversity of fate, in love with the other's fiance. The entanglements commence in the first chapter, and the uncertainty is sustained until the last happy chapter, when all is made straight, each lovable heroine coming into her own without lessening the importance of the other.

KENTUCKY ELOQUENCE, PAST AND PRESENT. Edited by Colonel Bennett H. Young. Louisville: Ben La Bree, Jr. Price, $2.00.

This volume is a complete compendium of the patriotic orations, after-dinner speeches, eulogies and lectures by noted Kentucky orators from early history to the present year. It is a happy thought to thus preserve the genius of wit and eloquence, which might otherwise find record merely in the transitory columns of newspapers. An especially valuable contribution is the poem, "The Moneyless Man," from the pen of that most gifted of Kentucky journalists, Henry M. Stanton, whose brilliant work has never been collected in book form.

PIPETOWN SANDY. By John Philip Sousa. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price, $1.25.

The reader very naturally looks for a musical story from the noted band master, but in Pipetown Sandy he shows his versatility by delineating the characters and episodes of a small village. Red-headed Sandy, tall, raw-boned and freckled, acts as love's messenger between the grocer and a buxom widow, starts an ingenious fad for fish-eating (controlling the supply himself), boxes, builds boats and exhibits generally that quality which "the Jedge" denominates as "help yerself an' git there."

FAMILY SECRETS. By Marion Foster Washburne. New York: The Macmillan Co. Price, $1.25.

Under this attractive title the author has collected a series of essays on the homely problems of everyday life, which appeared last year in *Harper's Bazar*, and attracted wide and favorable comment. A family narrative forms a thread of continuity, serving admirably to connect the lessons of philosophy and cheerfulness.

THE LONG ROAD. By John Oxenham. New York: The Macmillan Co. Price, $1.50.

A Russian decree of exile forms the theme for a striking and absorbing story. The exiles love and marry and suffer in Siberia, are hunted and harried, robbed and pillaged at the pleasure of the brutal, besotted officials. Stepan Iline, a child in the opening chapter, runs the gamut of life in the penal settlement and ends his life, after years of persecution, starvation and fighting wolves, a demented old man, still lovable and human.

RICHARD ELLIOTT, FINANCIER. By George Varling. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, $1.50.

This is a book deserving wide and thoughtful reading. It deals with the unscrupulous efforts of a man to win in the mad race for wealth, the desolation caused by his abuse of sacred trusts and his unprincipled schemes, and the final ruin of his own fortunes by the wickedness of his shameless son. It is a graphic sermon on the text, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," and it is told in most interesting fashion.

A VICTOR OF SALAMIS. By William Stearns Davis. New York: The Macmillan Co. Price, $1.50.

Not since Charles Kingsley's "Hypatia" has there appeared a story of classic history so rich in interest as that of the young athlete who wins the laurel wreath at the Isthmian games. The period is the time when Athens was queen of Greece, and Greece led the civilized world; when Xerxes the Great was at the zenith of his power in Persia and attempted to subdue the Hellenes. One cannot read of Thermopylæ, with its one messenger of defeat, and the brave rally and victory

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at Salamis, by which the Parthenon and the treasures of Phidias, Sophocles and Plato were saved to the civilized world, without a thrill of enthusiasm.

ROGER OF FAIRFIELD. By Virginia C. Castleman. New York and Washington: Neale Publishing Co. Price, $1.25.

Miss Castleman belongs to the school of young Virginia writers who are preserving the records of their state's glorious and chivalrous past. Roger of Fairfield is a gallant, care-free boy of the Cavalier type to whom the cruel chances of war bring desolation and ruin, but like hundreds of others of his type he faces his misfortunes nobly and finds a higher, if different compensation than would have been possible under the old regime.

THE ROME EXPRESS. By Arthur Griffiths. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, $1.25.

A shred of lace and a bit of bead trimming in a compartment of the Rome Express, where an Italian banker is found murdered, lead to the arrest of an English countess in the next compartment, and she suffers severely at the hands of the French and Italian detectives before the identity of the real murderer is discovered by the aid of the countess' friends, who are firm in their belief in her innocence, despite the circumstantial evidence of an acquaintance with the murdered man, and the other evidence which seems to point to her. The story is exciting throughout, and the contrast of the various nationalities makes it of absorbing interest.

THE STORY OF THE OUTLAW. By Emerson Hough. New York: Outing Publishing Co. Price, $1.50, net.

From the guerrilla bands of the Civil War to the James boys and Billy the Kid, Mr. Hough gives an account of the deeds of outlaws of more or less repute. Some of these he robs of their glory, showing them to be merely imitation desperadoes, but to some he accredits the wild recklessness, the daring deviltry and all the chivalry with which tradition has clothed them. The author knows his West thoroughly, and gives the accounts of the robberies, the fights and the captures as he had them from the sheriffs who put an end to outlawry.

RACIAL INTEGRITY. By A. H. Shannon. Nashville: M. E. Publishing House. Price, $1.25.

No volume recently issued on this important subject more fully and graphically portrays the real status of the negro problem than does Mr. Shannon's book. It is an able, thoughtful study of the question, its causes and its remedy, and it deserves careful reading.

STAND PAT. By David A. Curtis. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, $1.50.

Draw poker was a fine art and the principal recreation when the Mississippi steamboats were the chief traffic carriers in this country. These boats —not "steamers," the author points out clearly—were the academies from which the first-class players were educated. The game emjoyed an honorable distinction and was played openly, as "guns" were worn openly and gentlemen and sharpers were alike skilled in both gun play and poker. "Stand Pat" is a collection of short stories held together by a thread of continuity.

PRISONERS OF FORTUNE. By Ruel Perley Smith. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, $1.50.

Tales of piracy are always fascinating and the hero of Mr. Smith's latest book tells his adventures in a particularly delightful way. Captain Kidd, Teach, Blackbeard and other freebooters are brought into the story, while buried treasure, shipwreck, a captive maiden and the death of the pirates, all skillfully interwoven, keep up the thrilling interest to the very last page.

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PRUETT STREET, PARAGOULD

PARAGOULD, ARKANSAS

By W. O. Thomas

THE state of Arkansas is a heavenly body, including the Hon. Jefferson Davis, Senator-elect, and J. R. Taylor, editor of the Paragould *Soliphone*. This is said advisedly. For every schoolboy knows that the earth is described in his geography as a heavenly body, and Arkansas, being so considerable a portion of the earth's surface, must necessarily be included in the same category.

There is a legend extant to the effect that once upon a time a traveler passed through Arkansas and interrogated an old settler as to the number of his offspring. To this query the settler referred the traveler to the old 'oman. Since then the Federal census has come to the relief of the inquiring stranger, and the prolificacy of the inhabitants of Arkansas is carefully shown and bound up in red, white and blue tape in the Washington archives.

Arkansas is perhaps one of the least known states in the Union. But if the reader will consult the thousands of Tennesseans who have settled in this state, to say nothing of the many other thousands who have flocked here from other states he will be told with a boundless enthusiasm and matchless optimism that no other land so overflows with milk and honey and so nearly borders on the glory land as the glorious state of "Arkansas." And it is pronounced "Arkansaw," with a gusto sanctified and warranted by a special set of the legislature.

Let me give you a running idea of Arkansas. The state has 53,045 square miles, or 33,948,800 acres. It has 3,868,800 more acres of land than the imperial state of New York. It has 2,756 miles of navigable rivers. In its mountains are acres of silver, antimony, zinc, iron, lead, copper, manganese, marble, granite, nitre earths, kaolin, marls, paints, freestone, limestone, buhr and rock crystal. Many of these ores are being worked on a large scale. It is the largest producer of whetstones, ranging from the very finest to the coarser

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qualities, in the world. Some gold has been found, and as I write, there is much interest being manifested over the discovery of a diamond field in Pike County, in the southwestern portion of the state. A great many diamonds have been found and an Eastern syndicate is making thorough investigation of this field.

In Arkansas almost every variety of land suitable for agricultural purposes may be found. In the south and central portions the land is inexhaustibly fertile. Here the cotton averages from one to one and a half bales and corn seventy-five bushels to the acre. I have been shown corn fourteen feet high, hefty in stock and plethoric of ear. In the swamp lands it beats Louisiana for rice, the production often running as high as one hundred bushels to the acre. The alluvial soils run as high as thirty feet in depth. In the uplands is produced the finest of fruits. The apples of the Ozarks excel any other apples in the Union, both as to variety and extent of product. Every variety of fruit, grain and vegetable may be grown to advantage in the state. In the development of its minerals the state is yet in its infancy. As for the climate, it may surprise the reader to know that the annual mean temperature of Los Angeles, California, is about one degree less than that of Little Rock.

To-day, the population of Arkansas is approximately two million. In 1880 it had a population of 802,525. The government of Arkansas is that of a pure democracy. The state is vigilant in maintaining its autonomy. The people are jealous of their liberties, and if there has been of recent years a slight tendency towards drastic legislation against corporate influences, caused largely by monopolistic usurpation of power, the courts are seeing that the proper equilibrium is preserved. The spirit of pure Americanism is abroad in Arkansas and its soil is not adapted to the propagation of graft.

GREENE COUNTY COURT HOUSE

Volumes might profitably be written on Arkansas, its remarkable resources and adaptability to almost every form of human endeavor, its equable climate, the inducements it offers to the home-seeker, but this is primarily an article on Paragould and Greene county.

Greene County lies in the northeast-

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ern part of the state. It has an area of 600 square miles. The county was named after General Nathaniel Greene, of Revolutionary fame. The principal towns of the county are Marmaduke, Gainesville, Lafe, Delaplaine, Walcott and Lorado. The county has an excellent system of schools, both public and private, and there are about one hundred school houses, under the supervision of C. E. Richardson, County School Superintendent. The teachers and directors maintain permanent organizations and educational sentiment is at high tide.

Crawley's Ridge extends in a southwesternly direction through Greene County and divides the county into three natural divisions. This ridge has a width varying from five to ten miles, with gentle slopes to the lowlands and valuable spurs of sand and gravel. East of the ridge is the St. Francis Valley and west is the Cache Valley. The alluvial soil in these valleys make them incomparably rich and amazing crops of corn and cotton can be produced thereon. The slopes of Crawley's Ridge are a sandy loam, semi-alluvial and are exceptionally adapted to the growth of wheat, vegetables and fruits. Land can be purchased in Greene County for from $10 to $50 per acre. The timber interests of the county are very valuable, and that and the cultivation of cotton and corn are the chief productions. This is a great grass country and four crops of hay may be produced annually, yet the farmers do not raise enough hay for local consumption. This is an anomalous condition. What is needed here, and, indeed, throughout the South, is a general introduction of diversified farming. In this section the farmer may get prodigal returns for

PARAGOULD TRUST COMPANY

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the expenditure of his capital and energy. Greene County now produces annually about 2,500 bales of cotton and about enough corn to supply the local demand. Up to the present time the productive energies of the people have largely been diverted to the timber industry but the opportunity is ripe for the man who tills the soil. The population of the county is 30,000. There are less than a hundred colored people in the county. The county affords exceptional opportunities for investors in timber and farm lands. Especially will the farmer of small means and an abundance of energy and enthusiasm find this a fine field for diversified farming either on a large or small scale.

Paragould is the county seat of Greene County. It has a population of 7,000 white and no negroes. Of the ten thousand school children in the county only fourteen are colored. This is strictly an Anglo-Saxon community, and in obedience to the law of segregation, like seeks like. The people are sober, frugal and industrious. They practice the homely virtues, are hospitable, law-abiding and God-fearing, attend conscientiously to the obligations of church and state, and there is a steady trend in the direction of the higher life. There are no saloons in Paragould or Greene County, and the moral spirit of the people is strongly developed.

In the way of public utilities, Paragould has three railroads—the Cotton Belt, Missouri Pacific or Iron Mountain and the Paragould-Southeastern. There is a fair prospect of the Paragould & Memphis railroad being built at an early day. There is an excellent telegraph and telephone service. The city waterworks afford an abundant supply of water, and a sewerage system is in immediate prospect.

THE LEADING HABERDASHERY OF PARAGOULD

Industrially the city has electric lights, ice plant, five tight barrel stave and heading plants, which ship more tight barrel stock than any other point in the world, one canning factory, one hub factory, three large handle factories, one flouring mill of 200-barrel capacity, three system cotton gins, one

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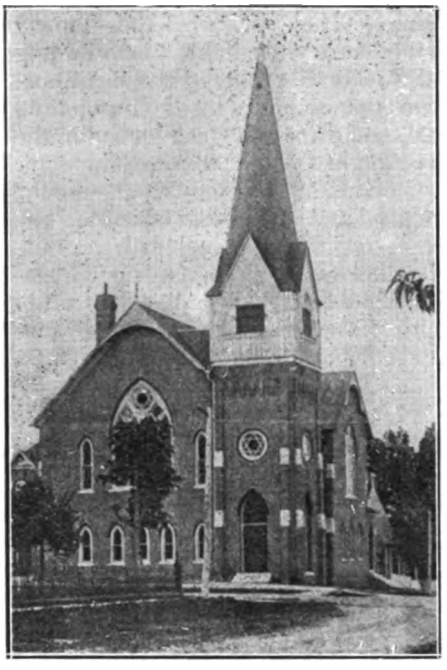


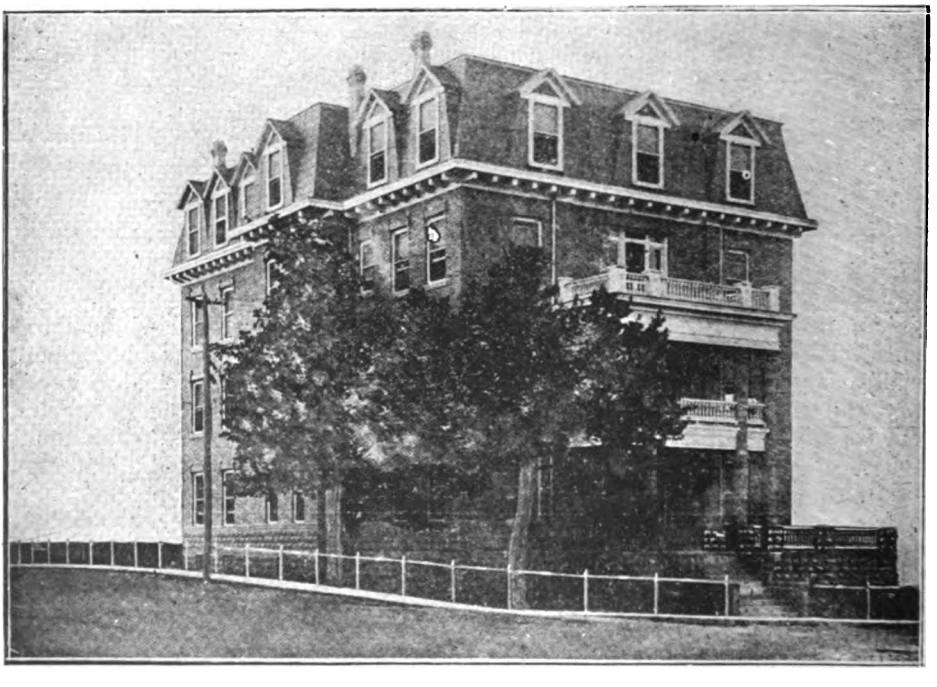
FIRST METHODIST CHURCH

pin factory, one foundry and machine shop, two laundries, one saw mill, two planing mills, two lumber yards, two brick plants, one concrete block plant, one sucker rod factory and a number of smaller industries.

All the mercantile lines are well represented, and all the country produce finds a ready market here. The city has four banks, with a total capitalization of $325,000 and deposits of $625,000. One Cumberland Presbyterian, one Roman Catholic, two Baptist, two Methodist and two Christian churches constitute the religious foci, and the fraternal societies are unusually well represented. Paragould has the reputation of being the best church-going city of its size in the state.

In the way of educational advantages the city has two public schools with a third in course of building, to cost $20,000, the Thompson Classical Institute, Justice's Academy, Parrish Business College and St. Mary's Parochial Academy.

The Parrish Business College was founded June 14, 1899. A charter was obtained in 1900. The average annual attendance for the first four years was about ninety. The enrollment last year was 135. B. S. Parrish,



PARAGOULD SANITARIUM

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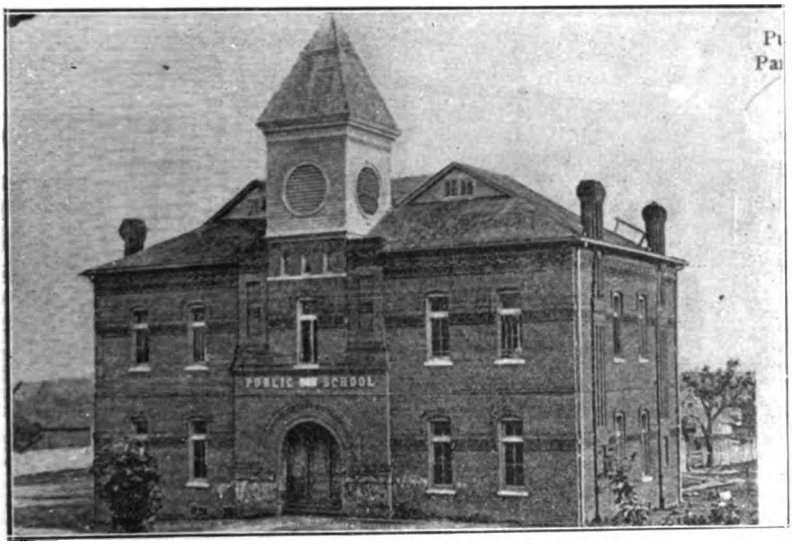
B.S., is the president and the guiding spirit. With well-appointed and ample facilities, both in the way of building and equipment, backed by a management that recognizes that education in any line must be comprehensive, logical and thought-producing, this institution has forged rapidly to the front and is building up a far-reaching reputation. At present the school has in its enrollment students from fourteen different states, and its graduates have no difficulty in obtaining high-grade positions.

Another institution of great merit is the Paragould Sanitarium. It is one of the most beautiful pieces of architecture in northeast Arkansas, and one of the best-equipped sanitariums in the South. It is a five-story building, including a commodious concrete basement. The foundation is stone, the walls pressed brick. It has mansard gables and broad concrete porches, with lofty colonial columns, and with its commanding position and pleasing outlines it is decidedly the most imposing building in Paragould. The equipment is complete, and every department is a model of neatness and utility. The people of Paragould took a pardonable pride in the building of this institution. There is a Baptist Room, a Maccabees' Room, a Methodist Room, a Mrs. M. E. Dickson Room, a Clerk's Room, and a M. F. Collier Room.

This beautiful sanitarium is the outgrowth of the faith and works of Drs. A. G. and H. N. Dickson. Any one in Paragould will tell you that these gentlemen are not only skilled physicians and surgeons, but that they possess a fine spirit of altruism and are completely absorbed in the delicate and intricate duties and obligations of their profession. They are the busiest and most useful men in Greene County, and under their management the Paragould Sanitarium radiates beneficent forces whose value cannot be calculated. It should be especially mentioned that this sanitarium is equipped with a general library of seven hundred volumes for the use of the patients, donated by the citizens of Paragould.



PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING

The greatest asset any town may possess is the public-spiritedness of its citizens. Two men who have done more for Paragould than any others are M. F. Collier, president of the Paragould Trust Company, and J. R. Taylor, editor of the daily and weekly

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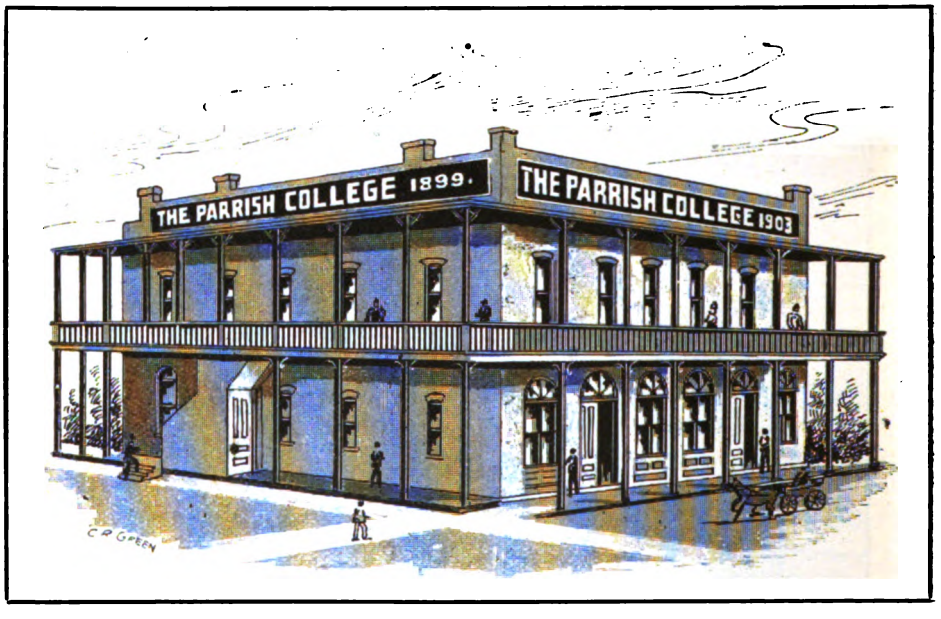
Soliphone. Mr. Collier is perhaps the best loved man in Greene County. He is a man of large purposes and liberal sympathies. He never turns a deaf ear to any worthy enterprise and sets such an example of pure, unselfish, instinctive co-operation and rare, gentle faith in the ultimate good of all honest endeavor that, if practiced universally, would transform this old pushing, seething earth into a Paradise. I have said this much because the man is a type of gentleman we are badly in need of, and because right at this point I feel that I should be allowed this little preachment.

J. R. Taylor, the editor of the *Soliphone,* is a native of Tennessee. He was born in Williamson County, but was principally raised in Big Bottoms, Humphreys County. Everything in Paragould centers from the *Soliphone* office. The plant is equipped with linotypes and modern presses, and is a model newspaper plant. Mr. Taylor is a man of force, a student of economic problems and his paper is a pioneer in Arkansas. The Paragould *Democrat* is a weekly paper. Charles H. Stewart is the editor, and his paper displays marked ability.

Among the other prominent Tennesseans is S. R. Simpson. Mr. Simpson is a lawyer, who has made himself felt in the state. He has held the position of district attorney for several terms from the Paragould district, and takes an active and intelligent interest in public affairs. Mr. Simpson is also a product of Big Bottoms, Humphreys County, all of which leads me to believe that Big Bottoms, Humphreys County, is tall timber when it comes to raising big men.



The receipts of the Paragould postoffice for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, were $11,968. This was an increase of over forty per cent over the preceding year. Mr. J. H. McPherson is the postmaster.

If this portraiture does not convince the reader that Paragould and Greene County are favored spots of earth, then they are dull of comprehension. Here are conjoined all the forces and resources necessary to build up happy and prosperous lives. As yet the earth has only been tickled in this favored country, and the cry is, "Come over into Macedonia and help us."

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THE HAYDEN & BROWN SANITARIUM, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

THE HAYDEN AND BROWN SANITARIUM

While the South sets strongly toward total prohibition, there still remains in the wake of the liquor traffic the shattered wrecks of once-promising, hopeful men. That saner, better days are coming is one of the best signs of the age, but the disasters with us to-day, that intemperance has already caused, are melancholy and pitiable.

Few persons, perhaps, have looked upon this affliction in its true light. Few realize that the confirmed alcoholic is suffering from a disease just as truly as the typhoid patient or the leper.

"But," some might argue, "they brought it on themselves."

Possibly true. Humanity is always frail. However, a tendency to alcoholism is often inherited, often it is the result of a mere pleasant social inclination that otherwise is very pleasing and attractive, and then often it is the effort of a wracked mind struggling to escape a mental torture, to which you, too, O untempted critic! might succumb. But whatsoever the source, heredity, pain or the most willful wantonness, the sufferer deserves our kindliest sympathy and attention, because after it is done, the victim is a sick man, to a great degree an irresponsible man.

It is a disease characterized by the most appalling physical and moral effects. No other malady so saps the fiber of manhood, and especially is this true of drug addictions. Everything points to the fatal results of the disease. Life, literature, art combine in painting its hideous and protean forms and still

> "the solemn brood of care
> Plods on and each one as before will chase
> His favorite phantom."

And is there to be no halting, no let-up in this Bacchanalian orgy? Must hollow-eyed Opium and bloated Rum forever stretch palsied hands toward the ghost of Pleasure?

Slowly the medical profession is answering that question. Slowly the physician realizes that alcoholism is curable and that the hideous bur-

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den of intemperance rests in great part on their shoulders.

Long ago Dr. Keeley made pioneer explorations in this field. Others followed in his tracks, all the while gradually improving the methods of treatment. Where once the eradication of the habit from the human system was fraught with terror, surrounded by pain and suffering, to-day the treatment for both the drug and the whisky habit is painless, easy, not even uncomfortable.

It is to Nashville's credit that she has procured in her midst an institution devoted to the relief of such sufferers. The Hayden and Brown Sanitarium is dedicated to this noble and Christ-like cause.

Drs. Hayden and Brown in charge, are both enthusiastic workers in this great field of humanity. Both men have had ample experience in hospital practice, and their complete establishment at 1400 Broadway, employs every remedy known to the medical science that goes to further their specialty.

The illustration at the head of this article shows their pleasant and commodious quarters, and every reader of the TAYLOR-TROTWOOD can but wish these two earnest men Godspeed in their work.

EVERYDAY PHILOSOPHY

By William J. Burtscher

Wisdom is hard to get, but still harder to lose.

When in doubt, don't doubt more than is necessary.

The secret of happiness is to keep the secret going.

When people steal glances their attention is arrested.

Be a gentleman, a whole gentleman, and nothing but a gentleman.

Cheerfulness is a splendid tonic. Take internally, externally and fraternally.

Take things as they come, and send them away a little better than they come.

You can't put a bug into some people's ears until they have been humbugged.

It is an easy matter to see the good in everything when there is enough good in you.

Think before you speak, while you speak, after you speak and whether you speak or not.

Some people are content to build air castles, because they cannot build anything else.

Many attempts to kill two birds with one stone result in losing both birds and the stone.

If it has seemed good to do good once in a while, it will seem better to do it twice in a while.

Some men are as honest as the day is long, and as honest as the night is long after they go to sleep.

Pay as you go; when you can, pay before you go; when you have to, pay after you go; whatever the circumstance, pay.

It is an easy matter to conclude that some people have lost their mind, but it is difficult to name the thing they have found in its place.

No man can forget the mistakes he has made in his past life, because he is continually reminded of the lessons they have taught him for good.

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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Judea

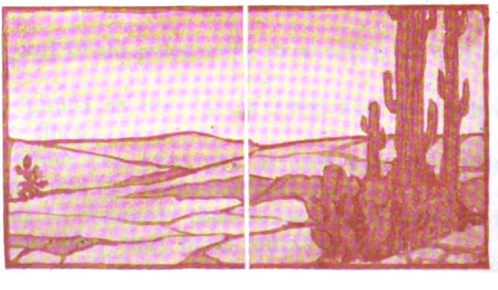
Gone are the olive-orchards, gone
  The vineyards and the groves of palm;
The firs of Hebron where the morn
  Came cool and calm.

Gone are the valley lilies, gone
  The roses by the withered stream;
And stunted cedars stand forlorn
  In desert dream.

Gone are the olive-orchards,—gone!—
  And yet, O fruitless land and wild,
Where liveth land of oil and corn
  But crowns thy Child?

Thy sky is pictureless, and stands
  Dry-eyed o'er death and desert seam—
Dry-eyed and dreamless, yet other lands
  Live through thy dream.

John Trotwood Moore.



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THE TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE

VOL. VI DECEMBER, 1907 NO. 3

AN UNRELIABLE SANTA CLAUS

By Grace MacGowan Cooke and Caroline Morrison

I

IMME them molasses, Jesse—a Christmas cake ain't fitten to eat 'thout hit's got plenty of molasses in it."

The little splinter of a boy staggered over to the kitchen table with a big jug of home-made molasses. He was so like his mother that it almost made one laugh to look at the two of them—she so dark and passionate and earthborn, he reproducing the very toss of the curl-crowned head as he flung the thick locks back from his big eyes.

The woman's foot was bandaged and laid on a small chair beside her; the boy had brought sorghum, lard and flour to the table drawn up near at hand that she might mix the Christmas cake. She looked at her bowls and spoons, her materials—and dropping her head to her arms in the midst of them she wept unrestrainedly.

"Does yo' foot hurt ye, maw?" timidly inquired the small boy, plucking at her sleeve. Dorinda Gallantine had sprained her ankle coming down the ridge the day before. "Does it—does yo' foot hurt ye?"

She sat erect and dried her eyes with a quick flinging motion of the hand that was evidently characteristic of her. "No," she said, half sullenly. "I ain't got no call to set here and bawl like a baby. I better get to work and undo the meanness I done."

The boy stood awkwardly dragging the toe of his heavy shoe across a crack in the kitchen floor. An emotional outbreak scared him almost as much as pestilence.

"Jesse," she appealed to him with both hands outstretched, "I'm he'pless now—I got to git you to he'p me. You're 'bliged to go down and meet Uncle Swaney and send word by him to—to Duke Proudfoot."

The child looked bewildered. It was snowing outside; Uncle Swaney he knew was bringing their Christmas gifts from town—what had Duke Proudfoot to do with that? Not but what he loved Duke, and would go willingly to carry his dinner up to the mine every day in the week and Sunday—but what was his mother talking about, and crying about?

"What you gittin' me fer Christmas, maw?" he inquired suddenly. "Is that whut you want me to ketch Unc' Swaney for and send word to Duke 'bout?"

"No—no. Listen, honey. You' big enough to be told 'bout folks marryin' an' all sech—"

"You ain't gone and sent for a wife for me for a Christmas gift?" inquired Jesse, with strong distaste.

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Drawing by J. Trousdale Haden

"Does yo' foot hurt ye, maw?"

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But his mother did not even smile at the thought. Her handsome face was set in lines of terrible anxiety. She had forgotten the pain in her injured foot. "Listen, honey," she repeated. "Me an' Duke Proudfoot was to have been wed to-morrow—Christmas day. I was goin' to give you a new pappy fer a Christmas present."

"Whoop-ee!" shouted the youngster, dancing up and down in his glee. Then he suddenly checked and looked at her solemnly. "Reckon he'd have you, maw?" he inquired doubtfully.

Even the child recognized the fury of despair, the heartbreak, that twisted the beautiful face before him. She sat motionless for a moment, only her fingers opening and closing with a tigerish movement. Then she groaned.

"Does yo' foot hurt now?" and the boy's voice was anxious, forgetful of new fathers and Christmas presents. "Shain't I shift it, maw?"

"No—no—no! jest hush an' listen to what I've got to say. He wouldn't have me—Duke Proudfoot wouldn't—no. But he wasn't man enough to say so. He's went back on me cruel, an' Bart Pingree told me up to the mine a-yesterday that Duke was a-fixin' to wed Scomps's Mandy to-morrow. Said he'd gone down to git the license, an' was going out thar this evening with it in his pocket—the license to wed Mandy Scomp, when he was promised to me an' we was to have been married to-morrow. That was what set me to running down the ridge so that I fell an' hurt my foot."

"I was 'fraid he wouldn't have ye, maw," little Jesse observed in a disappointed tone. "Duke's the finest feller anywheres in this county. I wish't—"

He broke off as his mother eyed him curiously. He was the only male in her immediate family. Would he long for swift vengeance on the man who had scorned her? Would he promise it, as Bart Pingree had promised?

When it seemed the child would not finish, she went on, "Bart said him an' me could marry to-morrow and put Duke to shame. He said he'd fix Duke in the mine. I knowed well whut he aimed at—I seen him do part of it. He's cut through the beams that holds up the slate in Duke's room whar he works at, an' the whole business 'll come down on him when he strikes pick in the coal."

She related this with a frozen impersonal air as one whom it did not concern.

"Oh, maw!" burst out the child with a sob.

"I thought then I'd ruther see Duke dead than wed to Mandy Scomp. I know now that I cain't be the cause of his harmin', an' I want you to take the nag an' go on down to meet yo' Unc' Swaney an' send word by him to Duke not to go into the mine till he sees everything's all right."

Slow comprehension had been dawning in the face of the nine-year-old. "Whar is Duke at?" he asked with the sobered air of a man as he went for cap and mittens.

"I reckon he's in town a-gittin' him a license to wed Mandy Scomp. I reckon ef he ain't with yo' Unc' Swaney he's apt to be at the Scompses," she said, chokingly. "Hit does go agin' a body to send word thar, but I want no blood on my hands at Christmas time. You go an' warn him, and let him wed Mandy. You an' me c'n take care of each other—cain't we, son?"

He came over and stood beside her awkwardly; mountain people are not demonstrative, though they love deeply and are faithful. "I ain't a-goin' nowhars but Scompses," he said finally. "Duke will be right thar—or he'll be comin' thar—and I'll leave the word."

II

Outside, the wind persisted in spite of the snow; it whirled the white flakes against blackish green balsams and tossed feathery drifts higher in the steep ravines of the mountain.

In the cities and towns trolleys were clanging up and down the electric lighted streets, and gay throngs were

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watching how nature turned the earth into a frosted Christmas cake for them.

In the little cabin, tucked away in the gash of the wind-grieved Cumberlands, a woman with a helpless foot dragged herself about by means of a chair, and mixed a Christmas cake for her son, glad to remember that she had done her possible to rescue the man she loved from the vengeance of one whom she now thought of with horror.

Who shall say that the great current of good-will set abroad at the sacred season did not catch up this isolated soul and sweep her along into its fullness? She had opened the sluiceway to it when she subdued her furious pride to send the child of her heart into the night and storm on an errand of mercy to one who she felt had done her deadly injury.

An hour passed. She reached for the broom to break a straw and try her cake, when there came a stamping outside her door, a sudden baying from the old hound under the porch, a hail; the door was flung open and, outlined against the flying white of the wild storm, an old man's figure confronted her. His silver hair was tossed up by the storm; a red sweater tied by the sleeves about his neck, was flying in the wind, too.

"Mer' Chrissum!" hiccoughed a

Drawing by J. Trousdale Haden

The door was flung open . . . and an old man's figure confronted her.

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genial voice. "Here's yo' Sandy Claus —I done fotch Jesse's plunder. Whar's he at? I reckon I musn't speak too loud."

With a laudable attempt to moderate the noise he made, Uncle Swaney, for this was none other, somewhat the worse for numerous potations at various stations of Christmas cheer along his route, lunged into the room and threw a burlap sack at her.

Dorinda looked him over carefully. He was still able to stand on his feet —with the aid of the door jamb. She thought he would get home all right. His condition was not specially surprising or reprehensible for Christmas Eve. "Jesse ain't here right now," she said finally. "Was there any change?"

"In the weather? Well, consider'ble," chuckled the old man, subsiding on the doorstep, with the half open door letting in plenty of the good, fresh air, which the mountain people love so well that they fellowship it even in winter. "Oh, you mean is there any change in my britches pockets? Na'ry cent—na'ry cent. Yo' money jest helt out to git the suit o' clothes, cloth for two waistes, a candy orange, an' a Jews-harp."

The white head in the blending glare of snowy background and ruddy firelight had a protesque resemblance to a picture of Santa Claus pinned to the wall over the bed. "Better look in th' poke an' shee'f I got ever'thing," the old man insisted. He was at the excessively accommodating stage of intoxication.

Dorinda was too desperately preoccupied with graver matters to care even about her son's Christmas gifts. Her heart was down the gusty, stormy way with the little nine-year-old and the ancient horse, questing desperately for Duke Proudfoot. She feared terribly that the child might miss him after all and come back with the errand undone. Suppose he did; she was helpless here; could she detain Uncle Swaney and get him to assist?

She bent to examine the parcels mechanically. Old Swaney nodded in a dream where the snow was foam on one cosmic glass of beer.

"For the Lord's sake!" the cry aroused him. "What does this mean, Unc' Swaney?" Dorinda had pulled from the sack a pair of men's trousers, and one highly-polished new shoe of adult size. "Jesse cain't wear no sich's that—he ain't a man growed!" she remonstrated, and brought out the remaining gear of a countryman's Sunday splendor. She knew the coat —she had tightened the buttons on it when its owner bought it. There was no need for Uncle Swaney to slap his thigh and shout:

"Ef I ain't changed pokes with Duke Proudfoot! Those thar mus' be his weddin' clothes—he let out to me he was in town for the license!"

Dorinda drew back from the garments as though they had stung her. "Well, take 'em to him, then," she cried in a voice of intolerable pain. "You ain't got no call to bring Duke Proudfoot's weddin' clothes into this house!"

The old man was still slapping his damp trousers, contorting his long, lean figure and chuckling. "I 'low this here's as good a place for 'em as anywhars," he said heartily, sitting up and wiping his rheumy old eyes. "Some say they'd be handiest for him right here." And he executed a laborious wink in what was supposed to be a very engaging manner.

Dorinda Gallantine dragged herself up so that she stood on the uninjured foot, resting the other knee on the seat of her chair. "Unc' Swaney," she said suddenly in a terrible voice, "I'm obliged to have somebody to go after Jesse. If Duke Proudfoot was with you in town he ain't so likely to go to the Scompses this night, and Jesse's gone down thar to find him. Mebbe Duke might go to the mine without seein' Jesse. I—I—somebody's got to go after the child an' make sure."

"Now don't you take on," counselled old Swaney, comfortably. "Duke's the likeliest feller in th' Turkey Tracks, an' apt to take mighty good care 'v hisse'f. Hit's plumb

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snowy to-night, an' ef he don't see Jesse an' goes on up to the mine—why, I reck'n you can put off seeing yer beau till Christmas day—I reck'n you can."

Again he executed that elaborate but shackling wink.

"He's fixin' to wed Mandy Scomp to-morrow," burst out the woman, short of breath like one who has run far. "But that ain't no reason why you 'n' me should be stealin' his weddin' clothes. Take 'em back to him, Unc' Swaney, an' tell him that it ain't safe fer him to go into the mine; there's death thar a-waitin' fer him."

"Sho'," said the old reprobate, sitting suddenly more erect and sobering a bit. "Has he done give you the mitten for Mandy Scomp? An' some o' yo' other beaux is layin' for him in the mine, air they?"

"I've said all I've got to say," replied Dorinda miserably. "I want you to take Duke's clothes down to the Scompses an' leave 'em there. Ef you see him—tell him what I said 'bout the mine."

"But I tell you," the old man roused himself and tried to gather his drowsy wits together, "I tell you he ain't a-going to Scompses to-night. He said somethin' 'bout—good Lord, what fools we both air—he'll come a-past here to bring Jesse's truck as soon as he finds him an' me changed pokes when he left the wagon."

The unreliable Santa Claus came in and stood in the middle of the floor, scratching his gray head and looking about him. "It's mighty warm an' comf'table in here," he cogitated. "Looks turrible stormy outside. Duke ain't a-goin' to pester them things o' Jesse's. A growed man like him don't want candy oranges and Jews-harps." He giggled impotently. "Better let *him* play Sandy Claus fer a spell—I've done went out of the business. Duke'll bring your truck, I make no doubt."

Dorinda sank back in her chair and stared up at the tall, old white-headed man with fear-struck eyes. Her little boy was out in the storm, and this tipsy old creature could never be persuaded to go look for him. Jesse would certainly take the ridge road coming back, in the hope that he might intercept Uncle Swaney, and that ridge short-cut, which was little more than a path, abounded in sharp declivities and slippery slopes, with the rocks heaped under.

"Unc' Swaney," she pleaded, "take that thar lamp and set hit in the winder. Ef you won't go out an' look fer Jesse an' Duke, we'll put the light in the winder anyhow. Lord, mebbe hit'll lead 'em astray! Mebbe if Jesse's alone he'll try to guide by it, and not let the nag take her own way. Do you reckon the lamp 'll be a hindrance, Unc' Swaney? Oh, God is a-punishing me right now!" And she hid her face in her hands.

The old man looked benevolently down on her. He felt a great welling up of words in him. The need for some one to expend his loquacity upon was great. "Mighty few young things got enough blind faith in path-findin'," he pronounced oracularly, and was going on, when a faint, far cry from the outside interrupted him.

Dorinda was up in an instant, pushing her chair and hobbling toward the door. "Open it," she ordered. "Open it quick, Unc' Swaney!"

For a long moment the old man and the helpless woman stood looking at each other in the firelit cabin, with the wild white storm whirling outside, and no sound came to them. Then there were voices—two of them—that laughed and jested.

Duke Proudfoot sprang lithely up the steps of the rickety little porch with Jesse on his back.

"I brung yo' a Christmas gift, Dorindy," he said smilingly, with half apprehensive eyes on her face.

She shook her heavy hair round her burning cheeks and looked down, a hand fumbling at her lip, as she answered awkwardly, "I'm mighty glad Jesse found ye, Duke. I couldn't 'a' stood it for you to have an accident at the mines—to-morrow."

Proudfoot set the child down and

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stared at him with the eye of a proprietor—a prospective father. "Fine boy, Unc' Swaney!" he observed absently. Then he added with more vivacity:

"You old eejit, you got my poke an' left me the one with Jesse's things in it! Here it is," and he hung it across the child's shoulder.

"Sure," hastened Dorinda, with a little shaky laugh, "Unc' Swaney is the po'est Sandy Claus that's out this night, I reckon. Here's yo' weddin' clothes, Duke—take 'em, with my good wishes," she added in a burst of generosity.

The tall young fellow came close and caught her two hands. "Hit'll have to be more'n good wishes you give for my weddin'," he said in a masterful tone. "Jesse done told me all that foolishness that Bart Pingree had with you concernin' Mandy Scomp and me. Good Lord, Dorindy, you was mighty easy persuaded!"

A note of reproach in the tones hurt the woman past bearing. She turned to hide her face from those loving, accusing eyes, anywhere—anywhere—and found refuge against his shoulder.

"Did Jesse tell ye all—all, the awful meanness I was willin' to have did to ye?" she inquired in muffled tones, from that sanctuary.

"We ain't never going to mention it," declared Duke Proudfoot. "You thought when you was mad that you'd let the thing go on—but you see you never done so. I've got the license in my pocket, the preacher is coming up to the cabin, 'cause me an' Jesse stopped a-past and told him your foot was hurt an' you couldn't get out. We'll be wed on Christmas day, jus' like you promised."

The old man remembered a patient nag standing under the little log stable shelter, and a yet more patient and overworked wife at home waiting for the Christmas things that he was bringing. He backed toward the door, staring at the couple, blissfully oblivious of him, and he winked industriously at Jesse.

"Well, folks," he shouted when he was in the doorway, "I reckon the next time you hire a Sandy Claus, you'll git one that'll mix the pokes jes' th' same's I did. Hit seems to 'a' worked well!"

A PRAYER

What for the fagot's flame?
What for the hate and wrong?
Lord God, I bless thy name,
I, suffering, am strong.

But, Father, in thy grace,
Keep from woe's wild unrest,
The woman and the baby face,
Soft pillowed on her breast.

Robert Loveman.

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CHRISTMAS AT THREE PINES

By John Trotwood Moore

THE young man stopped and listened—his billiard cue poised for a cushion carom. It was Idaho Mack, who, drunk among his band of cowboys, was talking. The shout which followed was uproarious.

"Oh, she'll be here to-morrow on the first stage, good enuff—Mack's bride—an' a beaut as her phiz will show."

Captain Condon did not speak but shifted his cigar in his mouth and made his play. Then came from the carousing group a volley of badinage:

"I bet she's a ol' maid, tough as jerked buffalo."

"Mack's a peach—the boss broncho buster turned Romeo!"

"Mack, you're lyin'—you couldn't fool ary 'oman with the face you've got."

"That's the best yet," said Mack, looking cautiously toward the two young men who were playing billiards at the other end of the bar. "I used a photograph as proxy—a handsome fellow with sto' clo's on, an' I'll bet—"

It was lost in the roar, but the young surgeon from Fort Bayard who was also playing billiards, walked over to the group of excited cowboys, and Condon played on indifferently—but listening closely.

The surgeon walked carelessly up to the crowd—cowboys from Bar 100 across the line, miners from the Magellan Mountains, prospectors, gamblers, and the piping, jollying voice of the woman who ran the faro table, high above all. They called her the Countess of Monte Faro and it was her place, though Jimmy Ike ran the bar.

The cowboys had been drinking all day. Their laugh proved that, for in it was the queer ring which bordered on the maniac's—the laugh of the cowboy who has drunk not wisely but too well.

They had come in from the plains that day to spend Christmas week led by Idaho Mack. His real name was James McIntosh, but it had long grown to be too dignified for the deeds done under it. He was a half-breed Scotsman, the rest Mexican, with a dash of Arapaho; and in the language of Jimmy Ike himself, when Mack's deeds came up—three murders, two street killings, even in the short life of Three Pines—"the same is enuff said, one te'ch of Arapaho bein' moral pizen."

There had been a still darker crime suspected. It was in the early '80's when Colonel Theodore Condon, a gentleman of the old school from Virginia, had gone into the Magellan Mountains to inspect some gold mines he had purchased, taking McIntosh as guide. He was found dead, shot from ambush—and the vociferous mourning of McIntosh had cast the first grave suspicion on the guide. In after years when he became known as Idaho Mack, who imbibed often and talked much when drunk, he confirmed the suspicions when he showed the Colonel's gold watch to a crowd of would-be-bullies, and remarked that there were more ways of getting gold than by digging it from the ground!

It was an accident, merely, that to-

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night the nephew of Colonel Condon, who had inherited the mines, had walked in with a young army surgeon from Ft. Bayard, to play billiards. Condon came in smiling, handsome, with the air of good breeding about him, even in his mining corduroys. His blue eyes alone spoke—for he was given to silence—and they looked quickly through the thing they saw.

His companion came back flushed and excited.

"Cond, it beats the devil—what do you suppose he has done?"

Condon shifted the cigar again in his mouth and his blue eyes fell on his companion, the lids drooping slopingly downward like the curve of an interrogation point.

"He is going to marry to-morrow—a school girl from some eastern college. She'll be in on the stage from Silver City and the boys are fixing to give him a proper send-off."

The cigar shifted nervously. "What dirt did he do, Val, to fool her?"

"Sent her the picture of a gentleman and got that Jew lawyer to write her his love letters. You know how he writes."

Mack, himself, could now be heard: "All's fair in love and cards, pard, an' so I let Lawyer Moses there, write the love letters—you ought to see him quote the poets. He makes common ever'day English look like a salted mine when the water's riz—but it corralled her—him and the picture and the signachoor, Señor Idaho McIntosh."

"She'll faint when she sees the 'rigi-nal!" said a cowboy.

"She will," said Mack, "but Mister McIntosh'll be there to help hold her, an' if you don't think she' a peach to hold, look here at this picture and listen to this letter," and he flourished the two above their heads.

The picture was passed around. Condon did not see it, but he knew the cowboy nature and when the photograph passed before them and brought silence instead of shouts, he knew it was passing fair, with that touch of the Madonna that stirred up out-lived instincts in the rough men who gazed.

"Alice in Wonderland"—sniffed the Countess, cynically, when it reached her—"Helen of Troy in a hothouse"—for the Countess had an education of her own, as she boasted. She was silent a moment and her piping voice fell lower as she added coarsely:

"I can't see that she's any better than the other doves you've helped soil. Ain't you jes jokin' about all this, Mack?" she asked suddenly, jumping up and throwing herself back, gazing at Mack through the half lowered lids of her eyes.

"The letter beats that," said Mack, not noticing her.

"Let me read it to 'em," the Countess suggested, "or read it yo'self."

"'Fraid I can't," said Mack, "you see my early education consisted mostly in persuadin' cattle to keep on tor'ds the North. Didn't have no time for book larnin'—here, you read it yo'se'f, Countess."

The Countess was willing. She drew her skirt tragically around her, took the letter and struck an elocutionary attitude, looking coquettishly around.

"Oh, my!—smell it!" she sniffed.

She had opened it—immaculate, white, save where the dirt from Mack's thumb had smeared the heading,—and passed it to the nearest cowboy. He gave a reverent whiff and passed it to the next. It made the circle, like the picture—in reverence and silence, carrying with it an odor of violets that mingled strangely with the smell of pipe and alcohol.

"Jes' lak the fus' Valentine I got in the little old town, long ago," said one at last, and the silence deepened.

"It's from a girl's school in Virginia—Staunton—" went on the Countess, looking at the heading.

Condon stopped half way in a difficult cushion shot, and listened as the woman's voice rang out in the old far-fetched, high-keyed Friday afternoon way of long ago:

"I have never told you, my dear

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Mr. McIntosh, why I am going to be so foolish as to marry you without ever having seen you. Of course, I do not love you now—how could one whose life has never, until now, lacked for all the love of life—father, mother, brother—a sweet dream so soon dreamt—oh, how can I write the awakening? But only a year ago dear mama died and brother—my darling brother followed. Now—now—how can I write it?—Papa—they tell me he is going to marry again—he has forgotten us—Mama—brother and me. I have told you before of our family independence—it runs in our blood—and combativeness—perhaps more—revenge—for we have a trace of Pocahontas in us and we have ever been brave. Papa fought with Stonewall in the valley and came out a colonel and is now a judge here in Virginia. We love hard when we love, and oh, I did worship Papa—until now—now my heart is broken—"

The Countess stopped. Her piping, strained voice had started blithely, but ended in a broken, hysteric crack. The woman in the letter had gotten into the woman of her.

"I—cain't—finish it—the po' little thing—my father did that same thing—an' me—I was jes' as well raised—as—she—" And she sobbed and sat down.

"I'll finish it for you, Madam."

It was Condon who spoke to her and never before, since she had seen Three Pines for the first time, had any one spoken to her in that way—as if she were a countess, indeed.

"All right, sir," she stammered, wiping her eyes and handing him the letter. "I wouldn't choose to try to finish it—it brought my own beautiful life back so, you know, gents," she said, looking around.

Condon had seized it eagerly. The cigar had been sucked back deep and decisively into one corner of his mouth. His blue eyes flashed, yet he showed no emotion as he coolly read, while fitful scowls shot out at him from Mack's black eyes:

"I have studied your letters carefully," he read on, "and how beautiful they are! You, too, were born in Virginia and educated at Washington and Lee. I know from this that you will never deceive me, and you will never find a white feather in the hat of your wife. Then, too, I have heard so much about the grand West—I have longed so much to go there and ever since Papa has abandoned and deserted me—oh, I shall kill myself if I find you have deceived me—for I will carry a pistol for that purpose—for the Randolphs all can shoot—themselves as well as others, and oh, to be with mama again!"— —

He stopped and glanced at the signature. There was silence and it was broken by a shuffling of feet and a young cowboy exclaimed:

"You'll stop right there, Cap'n. You'll hafter get a colder-blooded lot o' kyotes 'n this here bunch is to listen to the end. Why, that high-blooded school gal, heart broken by the death of her mammy and knocked silly by her dad's yokin' up with another runnin'-mate so soon after—why it's too much for her!"

The cowboy had said it all. One of those touches of nature that sends a full flow down the canyons of humanity, fell upon them, turning them into meadows of tenderness. One by one they strolled away, leaving Mack and the reader alone with the Countess. The two men looked intently at each other.

"Now look here, Mack—you've carried this too far." It was the Countess who spoke. "If she'd been o' my stripe now—"

"Yo' stripe!" and Mack's malicious little eyes burned her with their white light of anger—"D'ye think I'd ever've wanted her if she'd been sech as you? Once in every man's life he finds a pearl—an' this un's mine. No, by God, she'll be here to-morrow to marry Mr. McIntosh, and Mr. McIntosh'll marry her 'er know why," and he glanced at the reader of the letter while his hand fell on a knife at his belt.

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Condon did not reply, but calmly put the letter in his pocket.

Mack sprang towards him, hissing: "Give me that letter!"—and his right hand struck like a hawk at the knife in his belt.

He looked up in time to see and act. For Condon had thrown his pistol carelessly over his left arm and the muzzle was in six inches of Mack's heart. Moreover, Condon was smiling coolly in Mack's face, a smile which the latter knew meant death and death quickly, and he turned and walked off.

The woman had squatted on the floor between them.

"Shoot high, gents, for heaven's sake! I'm right between you!"

A hand touched Condon and he turned. It was the young army surgeon. "Come, Cond," he said quietly, "we need freer air than this."

The woman watched them go out, drinking in the cool poise of Condon as he walked.

"He called me madam," she whispered. She watched him till he walked out, her face pallid, her ea.s hungry for the sound of his voice again.

Mack walked by, laughing, and flipped her ear playfully as he passed her.

She turned, biting her lips:

"You devil—an' you scorn me now —you that brought me here!"

* * *

That night snow fell, and it was four o'clock the next day before the stage from Silver City struck the first slopes on the Magellan. It was nearly dark, for night comes very quickly in the gorges of the mountains. The four half-bred ponies which pulled the stage were tired, for the game little fellows, now and then, at the least hint from the lines, would stop to blow after the steepest slopes. And Red Bill, who loved his ponies, had seen to it that they rested several times. "Lucky they ain't but one passenger this kind o' day, an' she jes' a sleepy gal."

He peeped again through the slit in the top.

"Why, damme, the little one's gone to sleep." He was glad of it, for twice that day he had seen her weeping silently, when he peeped through. Then he would sit up very stiffly, crack his whip and yell at his ponies.

"Now, sump'n 'r 'nother's wrong thar, an' it's mighty wrong to pester sech a pretty thing as she is. Why, she ain't much older'n my Liza wuz when she died, an' sorter lak her."

But now that she was asleep, her head pillowed in the corner of the stage, Bill looked her over carefully. Never had he seen so beautiful a picture. He peeped again, taking it all in—the heavy eyelashes, drooping over eyes wet with unshed tears, the fine, high, upturned forehead and face, independent—he knew it by the very little air it carried even while unconscious. "An' yet tender," said Bill, "tender an' game too."

He could look at her all day, the pretty thing, with her pure curving lips shut tight like a rose unblossomed. Even the dainty shoes and traveling dress told of her breeding and her place in the world.

"But game, game that gal is," he chuckled—"thoroughbred an' she ain't to be collared by any yaller dog in the homestretch—oh, hell—"

The ponies had stopped suddenly at a turn in the road. He cracked his long whip, but the leader only cut diagonally across the road and jammed his front wheel behind the fifth. Red Bill sat up now and reached to lay it to them with an oath, when he saw that two horsemen barred the road. Bill ducked and reached in the boot for his gun, but he saw as he glanced that they held a third horse with a side saddle up, and that a negro with an express wagon was just behind. Then Bill knew that they had come for the passenger and he wheeled his ponies in:

"So—ho—there — what's wanted? Looks lak you're gwinter stop me, whether or no"—and he brought his ponies around deftly.

"Have you a passenger there, Bill?" It came quietly, pleasantly from the

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man in front, who sat a half thoroughbred, gracefully, like a fox hunter, and spoke to Bill as if he were his equal.

"Yes, a young gal for Three Pines, and thar is her trunk," and he tapped the top with the butt of his whip.

"She'll get out here," came back pleasantly, as he sprang lightly down, throwing his bridle to his companion.

"Oh, she will?—wal, it's for her to say," said Bill, doggedly. "My contract was to kerry her to Three Pines, an' I've got a habit o' carryin' out my contracks onless Providentially meddled with."

But the young man only smiled again, as he came forward saying:

"Oh, that's all right, Bill, but you see she's my niece come for a week's visit, and didn't know my lodge was between here and Three Pines."

"Oh," said Bill, "now that ar's different an' so on an' so forth, but I give my word an' it's up to the lady—"

The girl had awakened and sat still, her heart thumping loudly at what she heard. And Condon, smiling and cool as he was, when he opened the door of the stage, flushed hot with guiltiness when he saw the searching flash of her first glance into his face. It was quick and decisive and then came a smile so quick and warming that he felt safe in saying:

"I am so glad to welcome you to the lodge, my dear Janette." And he held out his hand to help her.

She took them both with a frank, well-bred cordiality and sprang out, looking searchingly into his face again, then she flushed and said quietly:

"You are exactly like your picture, even in your mining suit. I am so glad. Am I, indeed, welcome?—for it's the first time—you know—I—ever—was—away—from papa—"

It was too much for her, keyed as she was. She broke half way, hysterically, trembled and collapsed. He caught her quickly.

"Cond—Cond—here! I brought the brandy—let me help you!" his companion whispered at his elbow.

Condon was agitated—terribly—for him, for she lay limp on his shoulder, her hair in his face and sobs shook her.

"Now, now—you're all right now; don't cry, little girl—er—er—Miss—"

"Jenny," she whispered, ceasing to sob and looking up at him with eyes that sent the blood purpling to his face.

"Can you—will you—be kind to me? Papa, you know,—" she shook again.

"You will never regret my meeting you, my dear—indeed, you will not," he said. "You are tired now and unstrung. But the two-mile ride will fix you—can you ride? Our mountain roads—"

"Oh, can I?" and the tears gave way to a rippling, joyous, schoolgirl laugh. "And have you horses, too—way out here? Oh, Mr. McIntosh—"

"Just call me Uncle Tom—for the present—please," he whispered quickly—as he glanced at Red Bill, taking it all in with undisguised glances of dissatisfaction.

"Oh, Uncle Tom—of course—you are the very image of your picture, and I should have known you anywhere—and—I like that hat and suit better than the silk hat."

He had thrown her lightly to the saddle, and from the way she settled, he knew she had a hunter of her own at home.

"Oh, what a jolly change—to ride home over these glorious mountains instead of being cooped up in that old,—oh, pray forgive me, Mr. Red Bill," and she rode up to the boot and gave him her hand with such a pretty grace that Bill forgot all else. "And you have been so kind to me. But, you see, I am so happy in seeing Uncle Tom," and she laughed gaily.

"Sorry to part with you, mum, damned sorry," said Bill feelingly—"for we don't see yo' stripe o' cattle in these parts often. Now Cap'n Condon, thar—"

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She turned quickly and a wave of terrifying doubt crossed her pretty face.

"He means me, ma'am," whispered the surgeon hastily, at her stirrup, and thumping his chest vigorously for identification. "I am Captain Condon."

"Oh," she said, her eyes gladdening prettily.

Then he turned quickly to Condon and whispered:

"Say, Cond, old boy, did you hear that? Now, if you want really to be that uncle—why—here's me—Captain Condon—you know—no kin to her—entirely free—you see—don't give me away—"

He stopped. She had ridden up to them, flushed and quiet. Condon stepped to meet her and—

"Will you now take this, please, Uncle Tom?" She handed him a pearl-handled pistol which she took from her bosom. "I will not need it now—it—it was to—if you had not been as you said—if you had deceived me—"

He took it quickly. "You can trust me," he said, simply.

Her trunk had been put into the wagon and they rode off, she throwing back a kiss to Red Bill, which completely unsettled him for the drive to Three Pines.

Into the night she rode—like a lady of old—two knights by her side and a servant behind.

The lodge lay in a pretty plateau, a rude, picturesque house of great hewn logs, one story, but abounding in rooms. The chimneys were of huge boulders, square and strong. Beyond them, in the background, rose peak after peak, and below was the valley, deep almost to canyon depths, a branch of the Gila winding like a tube of mercury through its sides of snow.

Hounds met them at the door, and horses neighed in the stables nearby—sounds which made the girl rider feel homesick in their naturalness.

The large hall was decorated with guns and the trophies of the chase, and everywhere were evidences of bachelordom in comfort.

But a greater and more homelike surprise greeted Jenny. At the door of the lodge, in welcome, stood a black figure in spotless bandanna and apron.

"It's my old cook," said Condon, "who is also my lodge keeper."

"Mammy, you may welcome my niece, who has come to visit us—and remember, she is your especial charge."

"This is too good to be true, Uncle Tom,—" and she hugged the old woman impulsively while the black face glowed with smiles of welcome.

Silver Lodge never had so beautiful a picture as the supper table showed that night.

"Cond, old man," said the surgeon, as they smoked after supper, "did you ever see anything so queenly? Some people are born lucky—shy, but it hits us hard now and then—and I was thinking just now, seeing her pour the tea with the grace born of many generations of it—say, but I was thinking, Cond, if it made no particular difference to you, you know—you quiet old bachelor—set in your ways—one of which, old man, you know, has been never to marry, you know—. Now, as I was saying—if, since it makes no difference to you, you might play that uncle game right on to a finish and—and—just let me be Captain Condon, you know—rescuing her from that cut-throat, and so forth and so on, you know?"

Condon flushed and laughed, and for the first time in his life, he felt, in the quick chagrin of such happenings, that this girl, who now held the lodge, held also a strange new place in his heart. Like the old shepherd watchers of the fold by night, into whose vision had suddenly come a new planet, his heart beat with the glory of his discovery, and, like them of old, he would gladly have sat up and watched her all night. For her beauty, her well-bred ways, her cheerfulness and her sweetness held him

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peculiarly. She had no secrets from him—no uncertainties. She had come there to marry him. She was a lady bred and born and was going to marry a gentleman in her class—one, too, from old Virginia and raised so near her.

How beautiful she looked in her light silk gown, her hair massed low on her neck—tall, splendid, a woman and yet a child. She sat down near him and, with girlish frankness, said:

"I have come to tell you good night, Uncle Tom."

Drawing by Maria T. Daviess

"I have come to tell you good-night, Uncle Tom," she said.

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"Pleasant dreams, my dear," he said, rising again, "and you must call on Mammy to help you—she has forgotten much in this strange country."

She glanced up shyly. What an air he had, and how self-possessed!

"But—I wanted to talk to you some—as I always did to papa—and do you know you so remind me of him?"

She pulled her chair up closer.

"I wanted to thank you again for not deceiving me and yet I felt—I knew from your picture and letters that you were incapable of deception."

"I thank you, Jenny," he said, tenderly. He looked across the room—Surgeon Val had prudently departed.

"Do you know," he went on, "that I am not at all disappointed in you either—really, little girl—really, if I had had the making of you, not one change would I make."

She clapped her hands with girlish laughter.

"Oh, isn't it good of you to say that—isn't it too romantic—and you really think I am—am—all you could wish for?"

"The most beautiful, glorious creature I have ever beheld," he said gallantly—and then flushed to his ears at his first love words to any woman.

"Oh,—" and she clasped her hands again, while her eyes shone. Silence. Then—

"Do you remember the first letter you wrote me, after I answered your advertisement, the night I first heard that papa was going to—"

She got no further. She had her head on his arm again, and he was stroking her hair, a great love and pride swelling within him and a tenderness he had never known before.

"Don't cry, sweetheart," he looked around again—and his heart beat wildly—but Surgeon Val was not in sight.

She looked up through her tears, smiling.

"You must call me Jenny, now"—she said shyly—"it is not proper to call me that until—until—"

Never in his life had he thought so little of himself. Perhaps she did not care for him. The thought of it sent queer, reckless, maddening feelings through him.

"But those letters," she went on—"oh, they were beautiful! I have every one of them and the picture. Do you carry mine around with you as I carry yours? It is silly of me—I know you will think so,—but, in that awful, stuffy little hotel at Silver City, last night—oh, I was so lonely I could not sleep until—until—I put your picture under my pillow—"

She burned crimson, but he reached and took her hand. He determined to make a clear breast of it all.

"No—no—" she said primly—"not my hand—not yet—"

"My God, Jenny, child—I fear I have made a terrible mistake—I—"

She drew back hastily and a silent terror began to creep into her eyes.

"I—ought not to have tried to take your hand—I mean—Jenny, I—"

"Oh," she smiled—"well—you're forgiven this time, naughty boy. But answer my question: Do you care for the picture I sent you—the one in the Juliet costume? Oh, we girls had a lovely play and I was Juliet." She sighed. "They are broken hearted tonight that I have run away—and Miss Cooper—oh, that poor old soul is distracted, I know. I can see the telegrams that have flown between her and papa—but it was—that—or—"

He let her talk on—it held him. Never had anything like this glorious creature come into his earnest, working life before. Never—and he loved her—loved her! He felt it in every pulsation of his heart.

"Where is it, sir? Now where is my picture?" she asked saucily. "I have looked in all the rooms I might go in and it's not in a single one—this nor the library—"

A great twinkle crept into the dark of her eyes. She drew from her bosom a picture, blushing prettily as he took it.

One glance was enough—it was he—taken at Three Pines a year before, by a local photographer, who had proudly used it as a trade-mark

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to hang in the window of his gallery until he had left between two suns.

"Where is mine—honor bright, sir? You cannot deceive your future wife, and you a Virginian, too."

But he did—the first time in his life—so strange are the perfidies which love puts into men's hearts. He looked her in the eye and said: "It is hanging where I can see it the first thing every morning."

She was satisfied—she laughed happily and then sighed, dreamily:

"Now I'm going to Mammy and to bed. But before I go I am going to read that beautiful letter again—the one about my eyes looking so like Idaho stars above the snow-lit plains at night—and my face—so fair—like the mountains covered with snow—and my hair—was—was—the trailing mist of the morning rising from the canyons of the river bed—oh, it was all so beautiful—so poetical! How beautifully you do write—and—and—after we are married—you will not stop—writing them. Oh, you will not! You will go down the mountain and make believe you have gone, and write to me again that way every day."

He swore vehemently that he would!

"Now I'll kiss you good-night," she said shyly, looking around. She did, and his face paled like a snow-capped mountain, then flamed as when the volcano's breath comes up again.

"Val," he said when the surgeon came in—"was ever a man in such a fix? You can guess what that cut-throat has done, can't you?"

"Yes, but say, old boy, now seriously—don't bother about that—really I am not joking—"

"Why, you everlasting fool," cried the other hotly—"don't you see—can't you see I'm crazy about her, and she—why, Val, she said herself she'd die if I deceived her. So hush up with that silly talk."

"Oh, well," said Val, sulkily, "if you're going to marry her of course that settles it."

"No, it does not settle it. Why, Val, do you think I'd be such a dog as to marry her without her father's consent? I have wired her father, Judge Randolph, to come and get her," was Condon's reply.

Val arose: "Well, I'm thinking I'm not the only fool. But I'm thinking, too, that that doesn't end it."

"What?" from Condon, coolly.

"Why, when Red Bill gets to Three Pines and tells his tale, there'll be trouble ahead for us with that half-drunk band of devils. You'll have trouble with Mack."

Condon arose and lit his cigar.

"I have thought of all that," he said, slowly. "But when I sent John in with the telegram I sent word to Garza, the operator, to send out the reply as soon as it comes, and the news has already leaked out, I'm sure. So that, between their knowledge that her father's coming for her and the respect her picture created that night—you remember—I don't believe Mack can get up very many followers. Of course, if worse comes to worst, we'll do our best to continue to protect the little girl."

"Of course we will—you can just count on me right with you all the time." The surgeon spoke with feeling and grasped his friend's hand. Both looked up as Mammy came tipping softly from the girl's room.

"One thing more, Val," hastily whispered Condon, "if anything does happen to me—if you're the one that hands her to her father—promise me not to let her know the fate from which we saved her—the realization of it would kill her."

For the next two days Jenny took charge of things in Silver Lodge, and went in for an old Virginia Christmas. Never had she been so happy, she declared; never could she have been so beautiful, the others thought. There was a delicious odor mingled with the red cedar in the huge logs of the hall—of fruit cake and burnt almonds and nutmegs. Once or twice Condon caught sight of pretty bared arms, where her sleeves were rolled up, and a big apron coming down over every-

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thing except the high-born face and the coil of exquisite auburn hair, rolled splendidly above and crowning all.

"But you must stay on your own side—you two," she would add saucily, when they were unable to resist longer and peeped, "for Mammy and I are going to surprise you with a real Christmas."

After that he smelt only the Christmas odors when he came in from the mines at night, and with the tangible odors came the intangible thing which he knew was love. There was no need trying to conceal it longer—he loved her—and she saw and knew, but not from word of his. And the knowing made her more beautiful.

So completely and artlessly did the girl enter into her new life that when she had been three days in the house she seemed a component part of it, and her pretty airs of assured possession made Condon's heart leap with the hope of happiness to come.

"Jenny," he said, as they sat at breakfast the day before Christmas, "I'm obliged to go into Three Pines to-day—you don't mind staying here alone with old John and Mammy, do you?"

She looked at him archly.

"Why of course not—I'll be too busy with my Christmas cakes and my wedding cake." Again she smiled brightly. "I think you're a mind reader, Tom, for I was thinking only last night that I would like to be married on mother's wedding anniversary—you know I've told you of her sudden and romantic marriage at a Christmas house party. Papa—"

She could go no farther and Condon soothed her until she looked up smiling again.

"Now I must hurry off, little girl. Be happy and don't be surprised at what to-day brings."

He spoke lightly, but his heart was heavy. He knew she thought his errand was for the marriage license, and he could not tell her that John's daily trip to town had brought no reply from her father, and that he suspected Garza of withholding it at the instance of Idaho Mack. He shuddered at the thought of the cowboy's trick, and placed his hand protectingly upon the auburn head.

"Tom," she said, earnestly, "I can't tell you how glad I am that I answered your advertisement and that you are—you. But even if you hadn't been the one that wrote the letters I should have loved you anyway—because you *are* you."

She raised her face to his and kissed him swiftly, yet shyly.

He rode out into a fierce storm, but it burned hot in his heart all day.

When the two men rode into Three Pines there were ominous signs which were easily interpreted—heads poked stealthily from doorways, and cowboys who looked but said nothing.

This was the unwritten signal of the street fight, and they knew and rode on, each shifting his pistol where it had settled too deep into its holster. They went through to the heart of things, and soon had sentiments their way. For Three Pines had its own sense of justice; and when it was whispered around that Condon had interfered with no man's love affair honestly made, but had given an innocent girl a square deal, all but three of the most desperate friends of Mack deserted the maddened and threatening cowboy. Condon pushed it even to a finish—for he knew it was the only way to make his victory complete—and at the first opportunity he purposely walked into the circle of Mack's deadly, malicious eyes, gleaming from the half-caste face, now reckless with much drink.

The crowd instantly scattered and there fell that silence that presaged the volley of the storm. Both men stood with their hands on their pistols and neither spoke. Then, for the first time, Mack knew the difference between courage that is born and courage that is made, for the quick, blue eyes of the American looked him to a deadly finish. Slowly Mack's

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black eyes wavered before the cool, blue ones, and then he sneered, in sheer bravado:

"An' has Cap'n Condon any objection to my bein' his nephew?"

"Most decidedly, sir—for even if the lady had not been deceived and were willing, in the state she hails from they do not permit whites and mixed breeds to intermarry."

Of all things, the cowboy loves wit which is backed by a cool head, and in the shout which greeted them from those who heard, Mack turned and walked away.

"We will drink to my niece's good health, gentlemen," said Condon, graciously turning to the laughing, admiring crowd which now surrounded him, and in the line-up he knew Three Pines was for him.

"But you'd better watch him, Cap'n," said the tall one who had first seen the picture passed around by Mack—"he's a rattlesnake in August now—blind mad."

* * *

Three Pines had a sense of morality—rough as it was; for Three Pines had mothers and children.

So the Countess dwelt apart, a mile away in a mountain-walled spot, made beautiful—sacredly beautiful by Nature, who makes the world beautiful for all and knows no Magdalenes.

The Countess had built her home there and had turned the glory of nature into gaudiness—that coat of arms of the impure everywhere. Alone, except for the society of the men who frequented her bar and gambling tables, she had tried to atone to her heart burnings with gilded luxury and had pocketed the means eagerly by every avenue that vice finds to spend it.

It was Christmas Eve night. For days she had thought of Condon, of the young girl he had saved. Oh, if she could only be with that kind for awhile! Her bar was full tonight. It was her busiest day, but in her mood—that terrible, strange mood that had come over her of late, she could not run her faro tables. At one of them, alone, she sat. And now and then the burning in her heart leaped into a sob in her throat, as she thought of other Christmas Eves in her life. Then she had been happy and poor, but—"now, now," she cried, "I have riches and am—nothing—nothing! It's all hell—hell—that's what."

She arose and looked around, wiping her eyes. Was it she doing this—the Countess of Monte Faro,—on this, her most profitable night? But something within her now scorned profit, something within her heart, gnawing at her heart roots—roots she thought had long ago perished, and that is what surprised her most of all. Were they revived? Was it all brought back—those other days when she could go with her kind and be one of the social world? Was all this yearning and longing, this memory wave of remorse brought back by a gentleman lifting his hat and addressing her with respect?

She walked to a little corner and washed her face and powdered it, looking into the little bit of mirror there. Then she walked boldly back into the barroom.

It was full, and the noise and oaths she had heard so often now struck strangely at cross-points to her soul. They saw her and now it ceased for a moment as a tree of chattering blackbirds when the hawk darts from the blue. For the Countess was a hawk to them always, and sometimes in her mood, not a beautiful one.

She walked behind the bar and pulled open the cash drawer. It was full:

"Hell-dollars," she sniffed and closed it. Then came a chorus:

"Hello, Countess!—thought you'd gone."

A half-drunk, handsome cowboy reached over the bar and pinched, playfully, her arm. She turned on him blazing:

"Don't you do that ag'in, Jack—don't you dare to te'ch me."

She looked appealingly—defiantly

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—at the crowd—some of them trying to catch her hand.

"Gents, please respect me—for God's sake respect me!"

"Oho," yelled the handsome one—"Had a change of heart to-day?"

The roar of loud mirth which followed this came with a strange thing to her—a blush.

"Oh, God," she breathed, looking quickly up and seeing and hearing not the noise around her—"Oh, God, maybe I've got a chance yet—oh, God, let me blush ag'in!"

She stood amid the oaths and jeers and foul language, clutching the cash drawer, praying and crimson. Never had she felt this way, never so uplifted—so proud—to know that she could blush: "Oh, God," she kept saying—"Oh, God that I have trod on and spit on—let me blush ag'in."

Then she turned to her barkeeper: "You'll attend to things to-night, Ikey—I've got to go home."

"You do look kind o' peakit, Countess," he said—"maybe you'd better go home and rest. I'll tend to things." He flung it at her—not unkindly—shooting his remarks over his shoulder, between the setting up of glasses and the noisy clamors of the bar.

She opened the cash drawer again. It had never been so full, but she took out only a pearl handled revolver, and with a little reckless flourish, she thrust it into her bosom.

They glanced at her inquiringly, and the blackbirds saw the hawk again, and ceased their chattering, for there had been strange tales about the Countess whenever she handled that pistol, and early in her career at Three Pines there had been a duel to death between her and a Spanish grandee,—shot out between the walls of her room. And it had been the Spaniard whom they had buried.

"Nothin' serious, gents," she smiled—a faint imitation of her old way—"I'm going home and it's a long walk an'—an'—lonesome." At the door she paused and waved her hand:

"Good night, gents—Ikey—all—be good an' a merry Christmas!"

She had put on her rich sealskin cloak. It fell to her heels. Above it the long ostrich plumes of her big hat trembled, and she stalked out in her old way—out until she knew they saw her no longer. Then the stage way left her—the strut—the uplifted head. The plumed hat sank to the collar of her great cloak, the shoulders stooped, the back bent under and she slouched along, heartbroken.

Never in the history of Three Pines had it been so cold. The mountain peaks stood out frozen and white and the garish snow flooded them all with double emphasis.

She reached the small gate that was her own. There she stopped, for in the snow, huddled, fallen, was a dark bundle. In an instant she was on her knees and saw it was a human form. She glanced at the face—the finely turned mouth and chin—the beautiful curve of the cheek—the innocence.

"I knew—" she said, "I kind o' felt it. Idaho Mack has been away all afternoon."

She took a flask from her pocket and held it to the girl's lips, holding her all the time as she would her own child. And somehow it soothed her so to hold her—this beautiful creature in the world not of her own world.

"Why—oh, I am so cold—I—oh, where—"

"Right here all right—I've got you. Just another sip of this brandy, dearie—that's all right."

She helped her up, then wrapped her rich, warm cloak around the shivering form.

"I ran away," the girl began, hysterically. "I was at Silver Lodge, you know, and so happy until this afternoon. But it was a mistake—for an awful man came while he—you know—was away—and he had my picture and letters—I had come here to marry him, he said—and he was going to take me away. But it is not that—he—he—will despise me now—he cannot love me—and when the horrid man tried—O, I flew, and I have been so cold—your light—"

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The woman still held her wrapped warmly.

"I understand, dearie. Now don't bother. I'll take care of you—you're safe. You'd have died here."

"I thought I had—I wish I had. O, I do not care to live since he—do you—do you think he really cared for me?"

"I'll just bet my socks he did," cried the Countess in a reckless dash of honest enthusiasm—"if he don't, he's a wooden Indian or a hog! I know him—he's a friend of mine and calls me madam and lifts his hat. You bet he's up to any skin game that kyote—"

"Oh—oh," gasped the girl, startled and pulling away—"who—who—are you?"

"Me, child?" she laughed bitterly—throwing back her head, "I'm the Countess of Monte Faro, an' that's my castle we're going to. Come on now—you're cold—come dearie—I'll take care of you and send you to your friends."

The girl hesitated and looked at her queerly, but the woman half carried, half drew her along.

There were songs and loud laughter from the parlor. The Countess' face grew pale with shame as she called:

"Lady Clara,—here—help me!"

A woman in a gorgeous silken kimona came out.

"This is Lady Clara de Vere, dearie. Lady Clara, take her quickly—to my room—through the side hall—quick!"

But the woman was not quick enough. A man came out in the hall.

"O, Countess—so glad to see you again—Lord, what a peach!"

The Countess drew herself up:

"The Duke of Clarence, dearie," she said apologetically—"drunk and wants to marry me—always does when he's drunk. In there, Lady Clara, take her in there!" and she closed the door of her room on the two women and turned facing the man, with a strange, mad light in her eye.

"Say, Countess, I never saw you look more like the real thing—oh, an' that peach!—"

He jumped back frightened, nor could he tell which shone the brighter, the light in her eyes or the gleam of a pearl-handled pistol pointed at his head.

"Git!"

"My God, Countess!"

"Git—an' git fast."

"Lord, certainly—what do you mean?"

He was ashen, for he suddenly remembered that he had been one of the pall-bearers when they buried the Spaniard.

"This is my castle now—and it holds a jewel—so move."

He put on his coat and hat, but the pistol made him nervous, still pointed at his head.

"Be sensible, Countess—point it down a little," he said as he backed out—"it might go off. I didn't know she was your daughter."

The woman did not reply nor did she lower the weapon. As she opened the door for him she said, queerly:

"Now you be sure to tell 'em—all of 'em—that henceforth this is my castle—the Countess' castle. Tell 'em, the men below, that they have made a law for themselves—that a man may protect his castle with his life. Ain't a woman's soul more than a man's castle, hey? An' say, you tell 'em that if any of 'em come up here ag'in, they'd better holler first at the gate or they may get a shower o' melted lead from the parapets. Do you ketch on Jimmy, my dear?"

"I'm landed, Lady Marmion, yo' highness," he said backing down the steps, "an' you bet I'll tell the boys so none of 'em'll try to come up before the moat is full an' the scalin' ladders is up. So—so—Countess!"

* * *

It was Christmas morning, and the sun shone in the garish glare of snow, and the intense atmosphere of the mountains, with a dazzling glory born of the day. It streamed in slanting rays through the Countess' blinds,

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through lace curtains and over patterns of gaudy Brussels.

The Countess peeped into the room early and often, at the girl sleeping soundly in the luxurious bed in the corner—she could not stay away. The woman's face wore a strange, happy smile. In her soul was the loftiness of motherhood, in that one was now under her care whom she loved to think was as her own child. She wanted to see the pretty sight—to feel the motherhood of Christmas again when the girl awoke.

"You just ought to feel like I feel, Lady Clara—that little thing over there—she done it all—she an' him that called me madam. Look at the innocent little thing. If I could only keep her here!"

There was much slipping and gliding about by the Countess and Lady Clara and many sly glances of motherly solicitude toward the big bed, and many extravagant whispers as to the beauty and simple faith of the divine creature who, believing the word of the Countess, had gone to bed with a happiness that was almost hysterical, coming as a reflex to the bitter awakening of that day.

They had soothed and petted her—they themselves would take her back to Virginia the next day. And then they had had such a Christmas night,—such carols by their guest, on the Countess' grand piano—the first time it had ever been touched by the hand of a real artist. For the Countess had bought it as she had bought everything else around her—not for cause but for effect.

And after the girl had said her Christmas prayers, for herself and for them, there fell upon these fallen women a sweetness that brought tears. And the girl had kissed them and slept. After she was asleep, the Countess, who could not sleep for happiness, had peeped in again and then she came away to Lady Clara flushed, laughing, excited:

"Come, Lady Clara—my goodness, I've got the boss plan! Let's hang up the little one's stocking!"

They slipped noiselessly in and Lady Clara tittered and the two stood giggling and punching each other. It was all so strange and sweet, and the joy of it went through them until somehow they found themselves each alone and on her knees and praying, and with it came the smell of the holly of long ago.

Then they filled the stocking, and such presents! Gold, a handful in the toe of it—laces that a princess might have owned and many rare things she had found to buy, such as a woman with more money than morals fancied. And filling the top, overrunning until it fell in rainbow splendor to the floor itself, was the rare opal necklace the Spaniard had given her, opal after opal, strung on a golden thread and between the opals, beads of purest diamonds—a necklace which, it had been said, the grand dames of Spain had worn for half a thousand years.

And now, in the morning, with her heart still full of it all, she kept peeping in to see if the girl had awakened, for she wanted to see her when she spied the necklace and she wanted to hear her carols again.

The awakening was different from what she had hoped, however, for suddenly the front door was broken in with an oath and a crash and when she ran to the front hall, there stood Idaho Mack, in the ravings of a Christmas drunk, with a cruel light in his eyes. He looked at her savagely as she stood before the door to her room.

"You posin' she-devil—she's mine an' I'm goin' to have her"—and he came at her, drawing his knife from his belt. Then all the sweetness went out of the woman's face, and as she stood breathless and terribly white, her hand slipped into her bosom and something flashed into Idaho Mack's face,—so close and hot that the powder grains went with the ball into his brain and he went down into the Great Darkness in a limp heap at her feet. Then the spirit of hell seemed to go into her—so terribly cool and

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with such cruel exultant joy she did it,—daintily lifting her skirts and thrusting out a slippered foot, with the toe of it she turned the dead face up full to the light—gloatingly—while his last breath went shivering out into thin air. Then she threw a handsome rug over the dead form lying in the hall, and turned to Lady Clara, who stood there in pale numbness:

"The law of man is a life for a life, but the law of woman is a soul for a soul."

Then she opened the door of her room to find the girl sitting up, frightened.

"Good morning, dearie. Did you hear the giant cracker we fired off to celebrate your Christmas morning? Look!" and smilingly she pointed to the stocking.

"O Countess—Countess," she cried, and sprang from the bed, pulling out the pretty things as a child would—"not—O not for me!" But the Countess only laughed hysterically and flung the necklace of opals and diamonds over her shoulders, where it gilded her down-falling hair as the red stars of the West at deep twilight around the peaks of the Magellan.

Later, when the two women had dressed her as if they had been her handmaidens and she a queen, there came the sound of galloping horses, crunching through the snow. He came in, a bitter pallor in his face and a terribly stern glance for the woman who met him at the door. Nor did the sight of the girl who came to him with outstretched hands of forgiveness move him, until the woman said:

"I found her senseless in the snow, and as pure as the snow I give her back to you. I have taken the soul of a man to save the soul of a woman—" and she pointed to the form beneath the rugs.

Then he folded the girl, sobbing, to his breast, saying: "It is all right, little one,—and I have loved you from the first, only I must wait for your father, who will be here to-day and will take you to your home."

But she clung to him close—sobbing:

"Oh, no—not unless you go—no—no—for I know you love me now. I understand it all."

He put her on her saddle horse—he and the gallant surgeon, and when she had kissed the two women for the last time and was off, they stood watching her with longing eyes, weeping and all broken up.

"I am going, too," said the Countess, "me and Lady Clara—back to the Christmas of our better selves—back to the sweetness again."

And they closed the door of the house of shame and locked and left it forever—left it with the dead man who had been its architect and maker.

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A Christmas Canticle

By Clinton Scollard

Hear the Christmas song ascend,—
Te Deum Laudamus!
Souls in adoration bend;
(Glory! glory without end!)
Guard us! Be our guide and friend!
Te Deum Laudamus!

Up the transept, down the nave,
Te Deum Laudamus!
Hark to the exultant wave
Buoying us above the grave!—
Thou wilt sanctify and save!
Te Deum Laudamus!

When the bass and treble kiss—
Te Deum Laudamus!
To our thralled ears it is
Rapture's apotheosis;—
Lift us to celestial bliss!
Te Deum Laudamus!

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LITTLE CITIZENS OF THE SOUTH

Photo by Thuss

R. A. BARR, JR.
Nashville

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Photo by Southworth, Harriman

CYNTHIA ANN HANDLY,
Harriman, Tennessee

Digitized by Google

Photo by Turner, Nashville

MARY ELLA HARRIS
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

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LANSING BURROWS MAYS,
Thomasville, Georgia

Digitized by Google

VIRGINIA SUMMERS ARRINGTON,
Clarksdale, Mississippi

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Photo by Standiford, Louisville

ISABEL BURBRIDGE WELLS,
Warren, Arkansas

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Photo by Brinkley

GEORGIA A. WINSTON,
Oxford, North Carolina

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THE ACTING CHAIRMAN

By Marie Bankhead Owen

I

VERY member of the House was in his seat when the chaplain offered prayer, except the veteran who was diurnally tardy, thereby winning the sobriquet of "the late Mr. Dobbs." Every man was on the *qui vive* except the small coterie composing the speaker's confidential advisers. The reason was self-evident. The committee assignments were to be announced.

Dave Mehan's name was read second on the Committee on Taxation and Special Exemptions. Dave had confidently expected the chairmanship, but he hid his chagrin behind a roomy Irish smile and extended his right hand with frank cordiality to the successful appointee to the coveted chairmanship.

The young member from Barbee had some neat work planned out on his legislative slate, and there were others, too, who were interested—men in the corridors, men in the balcony overlooking the House, men sitting in their offices a mile down town, their telephone connections made with the 'phone of the Committee room of Taxation and Special Exemptions, ready for the Secretary to report the list the very first instant their subsidized page could flit from the House after the names dropped from the reading clerk's lips.

"That's a good committee, Mr. Smith." This from Dave to his successful opponent, a nod from his curly red head giving emphasis to his oral approval. "Hot stuff!"

"If you mean it's hell, yes!" This unambiguous remark was made *sotto voce* over Dave's left shoulder by an ex-member who had the privilege of the floor for the day by request of "the gentleman from Barbee," Barbee being Dave's county, of course.

"Good!" laughed Dave, who was the incarnation of the type all things to all men, "good!" This second endorsement came chucklingly as the two pals walked together to the rear of the hall.

"If I'd been Middleton," (Middleton was the implacable, incorruptible, reticent speaker of the House) "I'd have put Smith of York about third on the committee on Ventilation and Acoustics where he would have been out of the way of progress. Let's see—name 'em over again."

Dave took from his pocket an old envelope upon which he had penciled the committee as it was read out:

"Smith of York, Mehan of Barbee, Jordan of Hoke, Gunby of Estill, Fremont of Jackson, Morrow of Clay, Sternberg of Floyd."

"By God, if they ain't a mangy bunch for boodlers to handle! They'll break us, Dave. There ain't a blamed one in the lot that'll cost us less than five thousand dollars. They are all gentlemen!"

Dave's keen gray eyes rested reflectively a moment on those of his companion, and then with the contempt of familiarity, he said:

"I didn't know you were such a mutton-headed chump, Nick. I've always understood that you got your start—and it's a good one by now, I happen to know—right here in this

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House. But you are still a regular tenderfoot."

"Well, what do you calculate it will come to? I'm the treasurer of the lobby committee for our boys, and I'd like to be given an idea, so I can lay out the assessments before the monthly accounts are closed."

"I agree with you that if we had to lay down the money it would about average your estimate, but let's see —what did you boys send me up here for, anyway—fresh air?" Dave led the way and Nicholas Williamson followed him into one of the little cupboards in the off corners of the House designed for cloakrooms, and used also by gentlemen addicted to the soothing weed and the moist extract of corn and rye. Once within the narrow door that had for half a century closeted groups of cronies bent on intrigue, pungent anecdotes, or hammerfests, Dave and Nick settled down to business.

"Now you fellows made the straight deal with me, didn't you?" asked Dave. "I was to get on this committee, to ask for nothing else and to get your industries exempted at all costs. I believe I'm quoting the spokesman of the stockholders correctly. Well, here I've sat for two long weeks, my native wit in cold storage, my Irish dander up to boiling heat half a dozen times, my palms fairly bruised with my clinched fists, and all because I am a man of honor. I keep my word. I promised to make no enemies, to pacify all opposing factions, to do my very level best to ingratiate myself with the new speaker and his pals, and to hold my fiery tongue in due season. I've done all these things to the queen's taste, begorry, and landed where? Second only!" Dave's pride was pinched.

"Never mind, old boy, all is not lost. There are exigencies that arise in legislative life we wot not of until they are upon us. Be on the alert, and I am confident that you will land us. Sit steady in the boat and pull for the shore!" These reassuring words uplifted Dave's mercurial heart.

"Put her there!" he cried fraternally, as he held out his hand. Together they settled down over the list.

"Smith of York," began Nick, "what of him?"

"Ambition!" cried Dave, as he slapped his thigh vigorously, "ambition! We'll handle him for gubernatorial timber. There is where his heart turns. Smith's vain, too, and as credulous as all vain men are. I'll give him something like this."

Dave, with fine mimicry of his own best manner and Smith's peculiarities of pose and facial expression, went through an incisive, imaginary dialogue that fairly choked his auditor with laughter and that at the same time appealed to his judgment because of the plausibility of its logic and its sequence.

"Yes, ambition is Smith's vulnerable heel. Put an arrow after Smith," added the young member soberly.

"Jordan of Hoke," read Nick next.

"Oh, that won't be so difficult either. Jordan is a cousin or step-cousin or something to that cotton Moses from over in Georgia, and he's all for the proposed regulation by the state of cotton exchanges. Introduced a bill first day to abolish them entirely, I think. I'll trade my influence on behalf of his pet when it gets on the floor, if he'll stand by me in committee on mine. You see I'm instructed against bucket shops, any way, and so it's all right to trade with Jordan. Have another cigar. I wonder where that black rascal that cleans up in here has put the liquids. Oh, here they are under the prohibitionist's hat. Some scamp's joke, I reckon." As the remaining half bottle of Pickett's Old Mill gurgled into a cloudy glass that reposed by the age-worn water cooler, the two men smiled genially and proposed broad toasts that were entirely irrelevant to the subject in hand. Wiping their mouths and clearing their stung throats, they settled back to the list.

"Gunby of Estill!"

As Nick pronounced the name Dave broke into a merry laugh.

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"Gunby will cost us about one thousand dollars, and once in hand, he'll shoot any man we pick out. He is cold, avaricious, ignorant, with the self-complacency of ignorance, one-idead and loyal. You know the type. He sits over on the left of old Sorsby of Colt, all nose—doesn't hear well, wears a sky-blue tie and a pink artificial carnation. He is a filler on the committee, but his vote is as good as Smith's. He's a cold, hard, materialist that calls for dough. Put him down at one thousand limit. A thousand dollars will be wealth untold to him. He rooms in a second-class boarding house down on Goff street and eats at a hot Charlie and a free lunch stand. Small potatoes and few to the hill. Check him off—at one thousand."

"Fremont of Jackson." Nick's tones were honeyed and he stroked his black mustache affectionately. A contented smile played over his agreeable features. He saw money in his own pocket out of what Dave was saving the boys.

"Fremont," mused Dave. "Well, Fremont is looking longingly towards the goddess of liberty on the Capitol dome in Washington."

"Congress?"

"Nope—Senate."

"What will it cost us?"

"That is contingent on the pressure we can bring to bear on the Governor. The job will be appointive, you know, dependent entirely on the threatened retirement of Senator Spaulding."

"Not if he retires before the legislature adjourns."

"Of course not, but he won't do that because he knows General McSawyer will be elected, and there is an old feud between them. It will be put up to the Governor. Now it grows complicated here. You'll have to follow me closely. The Governor has only two years in the chair. He doesn't desire the honor again, but he does aspire to the woolsack. He wants to be Chief Justice." Dave looked oracular.

"Well?" This from Nick with dilated nostrils scenting war afar off.

"You've got it, have you, that the Governor wants to be Chief Justice?"

"Yep! It's here," thumping his black head.

"Well! He isn't unmindful of the leveling influence of a good leader in some of the big counties. If I'm not mistaken, Stokes of Yancey is the biggest man in the eastern half of the state. We'll get him to work on Fremont with the understanding that the Governor will appoint him, Fremont, to Spaulding's prospective vacancy in the U. S. Senate, if he votes with us. Stokes of Yancy will help the Governor in his fight for the Chief Justice's place the coming campaign if the Governor will appoint Fremont."

"Yes, that's clear to me, but what does Stokes of Yancy get out of it?"

"Somewhere in the neighborhood of fifteen thousand. That comes out of the corruption fund, Buddy, the one you're totin' around in your jeans."

"Dave, you will be president some day."

"Of a life insurance company? Yes, I'm inclined to think my methods do incline in that direction."

Mutual enthusiasm demanded more drinks. They discovered an unopened bottle beneath the head-rest of the lounge, and Dave proceeded to open it with the corkscrew that filled up the back half of his pocket knife. In due season they got down once more to their list.

"Morrow of Clay," read the ex-legislator, as he sent the smoke of a fresh cigar curling, ring through ring, to the ceiling

"Morrow is an osteopath. Had rheumatism last year, and got his leg pulled."

"Literally or figuratively?"

"Oh, both I reckon. Anyhow, he's got a bill up to license the osteopaths to practice in this state without having to pass examinations on medicine, which they don't use. Of course they're looking for votes."

"Yes, and so will you be looking

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for them your next race if you get the medicos against you."

"Oh, don't bother about that. The chairman of the Committee on Public Health is too keen to let the bill get off the calendar. I can safely swap pledges with Morrow. Besides, a fellow can always get a call from the lobby if he wants to dodge a vote. I've seen many a man get lost at the other fellow's psychological moment."

"Sternberg of Floyd."

Dave ran his fingers through his hair until it stood up straight for all the world like Sternberg's.

"Sternberg takes his position very seriously. German conscience. Nearly as bad as a New England one—damnably uncomfortable for all parties." Dave pursed up his lips meditatively. There was a long silence in the little, smelly, smoky cupboard of a room.

"No way to manage him except to hold our meetings when he is out of town or unless we can get him bamboozled with a few extra 'hochs' to the Kaiser."

The last name on the list was checked off.

"My, my, but that does clear the atmosphere *some!*" exclaimed Nick as he stretched his legs and soused his hands deep into his pockets.

"Yes, *some!*" replied his genial friend as they passed back into the House with the benign countenances of men fresh from a prayer meeting.

II

To plan a campaign of conduct in legislative matters is one thing, to execute it, another. There are so many Scyllas one is liable to run into in avoiding Charybdis. The committee on Taxation and Special Exemptions had had many meetings and much ground had been covered, but the interests over which Dave Mehan was patron saint had not been reached. His maneuvers were necessarily cautious. There was the public of his constituency—Dave aspired to the Senate next time—the law regulating bribery, the anti-lobby law, the shifting of affiliations as members' interests converged or diverged, his pledges to the manufacturers whose contributions enabled him to make a winning fight for his seat, his struggles with himself to keep out of legislative squabbles of debate in which he saw unrecallable opportunities for oratorical fame slip from his grasp, and in which his young vanity strove with his prudence for an outlet of sarcasm and humor and logic that he knew would carry the House with him on those matters that really touched his human feelings. But alas for Dave! He sat mute and diplomatic, standing, in the minds of his legislative colleagues, for nothing but a glad hand. When measures were up that would compromise his friendly relations with the several members of the Special Exemption Committee or their friends, even, he had to hike to the lobby at roll call or sit as silent as a turnip. Days and weeks passed. Every group of special interests had had its inning except those under the protecting guidance of the gentleman from Barbee. The last legislative week was upon them. Dave met Mr. Nicholas Williamson in the lobby.

"Do you know that to-morrow is the last day you've got to get our bill out of Committee? Dave, you've played thunder waiting for an 'auspicious moment.'"

Dave flared. "See here, Nick, I've done the best I could according to my judgment. Here you are all swelled up like a pizened pup, because I haven't done the impossible for a bunch of skin-game robbers. How could I compel Smith to call up our crowd? I've done my durndest!"

Poor Dave! He was *almost* conscientious and besides he was growing testy under a realization that he was apt to have to face his exploiters under the charge of flunk.

At this moment the House adjourned and the members slowly debouched through the wide door into the rotunda. A telegraph messenger handed a yellow envelope to Mr.

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Smith of York, and Dave heard his Chairman tell his neighbor that he was called home by the illness of his wife, and giving him some hasty messages to the speaker about certain bills on the calendar that must not be reached before he got back. He would proceed at once to call a meeting of the committee on Taxation and Special Exemptions.

Fairly beaming on Nick who was still standing at his elbow, he said, triumphantly:

"I think 'the hour and the man have met' once more in history. Just watch me. It's acting Chairman, I am, Nicky, old boy. Don't lose sight of me for a minute. Just watch me hustle! Say, Mr. Haywood, Haywood, don't you room with Gunby of Estill?"

"Yep," replied Haywood, as he pridefully gathered his copious red whiskers into the fond grasp of his big hairy hand, and stood blocking the way of the other departing members, who not too politely shoved by or impatiently stood waiting as hunger or manners prompted.

"Well, you just tell Gunby for me that there is to be a meeting to-night of the Committee on Special Exemptions and that I'm to be acting Chairman. Mr. Smith has just left for the train, called home by sickness in his family. At seven-thirty we'll meet in the private dining room of the Davis Hotel. My treat."

"Well, Mr. Mehan, I'm willin' t' 'blege ye 'bout givin' th' word t' Gun, but 'bout two o'clock I left him fastened on t' one eend of er link sausage that 'uz 'bout er yard long. Ef he ain't swallered hit all, maybe I kin cut him erloose with this old jackknife. I'll try t' enjuce him t' meet you'uns at the p'int set."

"Oh, say there, Jordan! Mr. Washby, please stop Jordan for me—he is talking with his committee secretary over there behind you! Yes, oh,—Mr. Jordan. Oh, say, Mr. Jordan, it's very important to have a brief meeting of the Committee on Special Exemptions to-night. Can't you—"

"Awfully sorry, Mehan," broke in Jordan, "but I'm down to it with some fellows of the Cotton Association to-night—"

"Oh, but we're obliged to have you. I'm going to save time by having the meeting while we eat our supper. The treat's on me—private dining room of the Davis—seven-thirty. Can't you come? You know, old man, I had my senator stand up by your bill on the other side," jerking his thumb toward the upper branch, "and you said I could call you when it came my turn."

Dave's smile was glowing, irresistible, and his strong white hand was on his companion's shoulder insistently, his deep voice was mellow and vibrant with good fellowship.

"That's so. Well, if you'll let me off at eight-thirty sharp I'll be with you."

"All right, I'm Acting Chairman this deal, and so I'm kind o' celebrating, you see. So long!"

Jordan was a sucked orange for present purposes, and Fremont, Morrow and Sternberg were each in turn button-holed as they passed into the outer corridor. Fremont had a box-party on, but could arrange over the 'phone to join his friends at the theater. Morrow had some country constituents on his hands, but thought he could plan a seance for them at the moving picture show under the chaperonage of his stenographer. However, at nine he had to meet with the Judiciary Committee and must leave Dave's supper by eight-forty-five sharp.

Sternberg was obliged to be back at the capitol by nine as the Governor had set that hour to go over the new Immigration Bill with him. Sternberg possessed a foreign, formal dignity, and felt tremendously touched by an Executive recognition. He could not rid himself of the flunkyism due the representative of power. He had also the foreigner's objectionable habit of a reserved opinion. He thought, subconsciously of course, that the Governor might be turning

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him over in mind for the post of commissioner. This would be great news to write home to the old mother in the fatherland. Not for his right arm would he have been tardy a shade of a second at this executive audience.

Dave hurried down the avenue to his hotel and made all arrangements for the supper and the meeting. The one thing, however, that disturbed him—and indeed it was a tremendous handicap to the possible fruition of his hopes—was the sad lack of time. What could be done in one hour? It was now or never, but how could interests representing millions be disposed of in such a little while? He stuck his finger in his vest pocket for his watch. *It was gone!*

"Back up to the third floor," he said excitedly to the elevator boy. Alighting, he followed the retreating form of the slender, middle-aged man who had alighted from the little cage of the lift a moment before.

"That's my man," Dave muttered, as he slipped his hand towards his hip pocket and fingered the cold little gun that reposed there.

The retreating figure before him turned a corner and closed the door of room 320 behind him. The large brass key-plate dangled on the outside. Dave softly turned the key, and placing his foot on the door-knob, pulled his body up by holding the door-facing until he could see through the transom. The light-fingered gentleman was making a close, critical, technical, analytical inspection of Dave's watch.

"Drop it!"

The voice came down on the thief with the sudden surprise of lightning out of a clear sky. Lifting his eyes quickly, he flinched before Dave's cocked gun.

"Now, move a muscle and I'll lay you out in your tracks." Dave spoke rapidly but Jenkins looked down at his feet with a slow grin.

"They are some size, sir, but I don't believe they will hold my full height."

"I suppose you realize the precariousness of your situation?"

"I seem to be up against it, but I'll not do the baby act. Come and get me." Jenkins' defiant bravado went for courage.

"Do you know who I am?"

"Sure! You're the Governor. I owe my information to your handsome newspaper cuts." This resemblance, not between the men, but of Dave to the Governor's newspaper picture, had frequently been noted by his acquaintances. "I've been waiting about the lobby a couple of evenings waiting for you. 'A millionaire Governor ought to carry some valuable portable property around with him,' says I to myself, 'but since inspecting the goods I'm so ashamed of my lack of discrimination that I want to hide my mortification behind the jail door. Come on in and take me. It isn't every grafter that has the honor to be pulled by a Governor—that's some compensation. Even a thief has his vanities."

The human nature of the fellow touched Dave's responsive heart, but he realized that time was precious.

"Pass me over your gun and be careful of your gestures in the action. I'm liable to slip a trigger up here if I get excited. Butt foremost, please. Now, got any more? One at a time; thanks. Any other weapons?"

"These." A pair of brass knucks followed the pistols.

Jenkins heard the key turn and in another instant he faced his captor behind the closed door.

"Very neat!" said the thief approvingly.

"You're a likable sort of fellow," said Dave heartily, "barring your acquisitional accomplishments."

"Yes, 'a scion of one of the best families,'" quoted the culprit nimbly, "but alas, I'm sadly afflicted—I'm a kleptomaniac!" His acting was faultless—eyes uplifted, hands wrung in simulated distress, voice a-quiver. Both men burst into laughter after an instant's pause.

Dave looked serious in another moment: "Do you know, my friend, I'm greatly tempted—"

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"To let me go? Oh, my dear, good Governor, do, *do* forgive me this *one* slight indiscretion. Remember my youth, my aged mother; remember my poignant pain!" He was pointing towards Dave's cheap watch and wore every expression of real anguish.

An idea had quickly flashed through his captor's brain.

"Say, er—Mr.—"

"Jenkins, at your service, Phil Jenkins, known in Rogues' Gallery as 'Philadelphia Jinks.'" The thief seemed willing to ease his captor's mind on every point.

"Well, er—Mr. Jenkins, I'm very much inclined to let you off this time as it's your first offense—against me—but as one good turn deserves another, I'd like to engage your services to assist me in playing a little practical joke on a few intimate friends who are dining with me to-night. We are to have the private dining-room, number seven, on the second floor, and I think it would be jolly to give 'em a little jolt, er—say to relieve them of their watches as they arrive, just a dinner stunt, you see."

Jenkins looked comprehending and approving.

"Then when the cigars come the watches can be brought on a waiter—by Jove! I'll get a half dozen white satin boxes from the jewelry store down stairs—they'll be dandy souvenirs, eh? And you'll do your part, won't you?"

"Why, certainly, your Excellency, I'm your humble servant in all things. You have but to command me, and—"

"Well, you just come on down with me," interposed Dave. "It's about seven-fifteen now, I judge."

"Seven-twelve-thirty!" said Jenkins, as he inspected the beautiful gold watch that hung at the other end of his handsome fob.

"We will repair to the banquet hall," said the host with suitably pompous intonations "Before we leave the treaty chamber I think I ought to require a pledge from you that you will give me a square deal."

"What oath do you want, Your Honor?" Jenkins was much more accustomed to the phrase "Your Honor" than "Your Excellency." It rolled out of his mouth by force of habit.

"What do you deem most sacred?"

"Well, I am a Quaker and opposed to taking oaths, but some years ago I lost a little daughter. I'll swear by my hopes of meeting that child in a better world that I'll give you a square deal." Jenkins' imaginary offspring was in the class of children that Rachel mourned for, but Philadelphia Jinks' pathetic sigh so perfectly simulated the real article that Dave's big Irish heart throbbed sympathetically as he took the rascal's outstretched hand.

III

The acting Chairman rapped vigorously on the table:

"The Committee on Taxation and Special Exemptions will please come to order. The Secretary will read the minutes of the last meeting."

"I move that the minutes of that thar meetin' be dispersed with," said Gunby, his mouth full of half-done beefsteak.

"I second the motion," said Sternberg, his hair bristling with anxiety lest he should be late at the executive appointment.

The waiter poured more wine around, and the business in hand went forward as fast as Sternberg's conscience and Jordan's amiable, ambling, colorless anecdotes would allow. To Dave, the time seemed flying as fast as his warm blood coursed through his hot brain. Morrow's queries seemed superfluous, and the statistical answers interminable. Fremont's interpolations were asinine, he thought, and time was flying. Directly some fool of them would ask for the time, and—he had had to make his plans so quickly that they were very immature. He realized that in a moment of temporary sanity. What shape would affairs take when they discovered their missing timepieces? He was fairly flabbergasted with anx-

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iety, and by the slow-moving wheels of committee deliberation. There were six members present. It would require four ayes to carry his business through. Doubts had displayed themselves in the minds of Sternberg and Morrow, doubts that were based on conscience, as to whether or not the interests under discussion should be exempt from the taxations and other legal strictures possible to be laid on them by the legislature. Dave's head fairly whirled. "Time, time, time!" beat his blood through his brain. At last it came! Sternberg arose and popped his heels together and bowed from his waist forward, a clean-cut, half-and-half, continental bow. He regretted to withdraw himself, but he feared that he must go. He had left his watch at his hotel, he supposed. Would Mr. Mehan give him the time?

Dave's watch stood at seven-twenty, right where Jenkins had left it standing when he went into the works, but Dave's vision was so blurred by excitement that he thought he read eight-twenty.

Dave's business had been so expedited that it could well end where it stood. He gave a signal to Gunby, who called for the question. Dave's blood seemed suddenly to chill and stagnate all in his head, but he managed to say:

"Wait a minute, Mr. Sternberg, I have a little souvenir of the occasion for you all. Sam, the souvenirs!"

The black waiter handed the host a silver salver upon which reposed six white satin cases.

"Now, gentlemen, don't open your cases please until all are provided. As your name is called, take one. If you don't like your selection, swap with your neighbor or whoever will swap with you. Proceed with the roll, Mr. Secretary." Dave gave a flourishing gesture. Whatever catastrophe might follow, he was nearing the end of his service as a special corporation agent. Somewhat of his old-time independence was near at hand.

Men are but big boys, after all. The wine, the hospitable occasion, the winning qualities of the young legislator who sat at the head of the table, both as host and Acting Chairman, the very comradery of the hour warmed their hearts. Surely Dave's patron saint was smiling on him in this the climax of his maiden career in practical politics.

"Mr. Smith."

"Absent," answered the Acting Chairman with humorous satisfaction. His guests all laughed genially in sympathetic concert.

"Mr. Mehan."

"Aye."

"Mr. Jordan."

"Aye." (This with conscientious reluctance, but with sufficient audibility to warrant the Secretary in enrolling the second affirmative vote.)

"Mr. Gunby."

"Aye," answered the gentleman from Estill, his mouth full of salted almonds.

"Mr. Fremont."

"Aye."

Dave's grin was expansive. He had his majority. The devil could take the leavings.

"Mr. Sternberg."

"I would like to explain my vote—" the German-American began.

"No need for apologies, Mr. Sternberg. If you want to vote no, vote *no!* I believe in a man's acting according to his conscience, in the scorn of consequence." Victory had moved Dave to magnanimity.

The conscientious member made a brief statement of the doubts he entertained concerning the equity of some points involved in the bill, but its preponderant merits impelled him to vote aye.

Applause.

Morrow's "Aye" made the vote unanimous.

"Now!" said Gunby, indicating by his example that the time had arrived when they could scrutinize their souvenirs. As each man's eyes plunged into his respective box, a whimsical, discomfited smile overspread his face. Instead of a watch, either his own or his neighbor's and the dainty stick-

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pin of old gold which Dave had supplied, there reposed in the sheeny folds of each satin case *a hard beaten biscuit and a lemon*!

Dave, all unmindful of this *contretemps,* was busy reading a note discovered by Sam on the waiter beneath the boxes.

Though brief, it was explanatory:

"Dear Gov.:
"Pardon the liberty I take.
"Yours for the catching,
'PHIL."

Dave's bright roses turned to ashes on his cheeks. He, Dave Mehan, the sagacious corporation agent, the astute young politician from Barbee, Dave a keen, penetrating son of old Ireland, was deceived, gulled, played by the thief like a foolish, credulous infant! His friends—for had they not to a man proved themselves his true friends within the last fifteen minutes?—his friends had been robbed as it were, by his own instigation. He could replace their watches with new ones, but this would be a sort of confession of complicity—beside, he knew that every man's watch has associations and memories that make it of inestimable value even if it is only a Waterbury. Dave's conscience, and pride lashed him like a cat-o-nine-tails. He was upon the very eve of elaborate apologies, apologies that might end in a confession for all his impetuous heart could vouchsafe, when a rapping was heard at the door. The Chief of Police stood on the threshold, and fast to his wrist was handcuffed Philadelphia Jinks.

"Have any of you gentlemen lost your watches?" the officer asked with professional inquisitiveness.

Every legislator's hand went to his pocket.

"Yes, why, yes, yes," came a concert of six voices, for even the secretary had been touched.

"Do you think you could pick them out of this collection?" The Chief ordered an accompanying cop to pour out his haul on the table.

Dave and Phil looked into each other's eyes for a cool, level moment and then the prisoner turned his face away.

"It's up to me to explain that souvenir deal, I reckon, Governor."

The occupants of the room all turned their eyes to the prisoner for the story. Dave paled and gulped, struggling for words with which to stop the exposure of his culpability in the matter.

"You see gentlemen, it's like this—"

Dave lifted his hand in unfeigned distress. The gesture held pleading in it. Words had not yet come to him, and the prisoner's next sentence held him dumb.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I felt constrained to swap my biscuits for yours, but after I took them and the beautiful stick pins that were in the souvenir boxes, my sense of humor overcame me. In the vernacular, I felt impelled to hand you a lemon by way of a little pleasantry. My pal has the souvenirs and I hope you will recover them, although I must advise you that the chances are against you, as he is the slickest ever. Since having the pleasure of making your personal acquaintance in this rather unconventional manner, I beg to again express my deep sorrow over your irreparable losses on this auspicious occasion. Wishing you many returns of the day, I give you good morrow." He bowed his graceful figure out of the room, assisted by the chief's guiding hand, giving Dave an understanding wink accompanied by a whimsical grimace which said more potently than words:

"Deny if you can that there is honor among thieves."

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NIGHTS WITH GHOSTS

III—THE MOVING PICTURE

By William MacDonald Goodman

"HEAH come Shed," Uncle Adam remarked, as he took a seat by the kitchen fire. "Now, le's see who all's gwine lis-'en at a ha'nt tale dis time. Dar Aun' Marthy, dar little Johnny, dar Shed, en heah me—us fo' en no mo'. Shed, how come you nosin' 'roun' atter dark?"

"I heah you got ha'nts gwine, en I des stop in whar de light wuz," the boy replied.

"I'll be boun' dat dat's hittin' in de neighborhoods er de trufe," said the old darky. "Talk about bein' skeer'd er ha'nts. Take a nigger lak Shed, whut's des gittin' 'long whar he thinks he's a man in de daylight, but whom is doubtful whe'r he's five year ole er no when night come on, en you is got sump'n dat'll break his neck a-runnin' f'um a white stump."

"Ef I see sump'n skeery-lookin' in de dark, I try to see 'f I c'n make out whut 'tis de nex' day," Shed observed with a grin.

"Dat's de solum gospel, en is des whut I been a-sayin'. How you like to hear 'bout a ginnywine ha'nt tonight?"

"All right, ef any er you is a-gwine my way home. Ef I got ter lis'en at a ha'nt tale, I got ter have comp'ny when I leaves heah."

"We all in de same fix," said Aunt Martha, "so you nee'nter res' oneasy. Go on wid de tale, Unk' Adam."

"Well, suh," he began, "dis heah tale come close to home. You alls is heerd of Kunnel Malcom, whut live in dat ole bat house over on de Burnt Hick'ry road?"

"Dat's de fines'-lookin' ole house in de country," Aunt Martha stated.

"Lookin' at it f'um de outside, wid its big front po'ch en tall pillers, hit do look fine," he said. "But I ain't speakin' uv de outside. You wanter go inside to feel like you mistook yo'-se'f. It's dark en musty, en ev'ything in dar look ole en wo'n. I didn' know de place, but I knowed de Kunnel, en when I happen 'long dar en he tell me he want de cyarpet tuck up in de parlor, I jump at de job. Don't know whut he wanter move de cyarpet fer. Hit b'en dar sence time wuz, en I don't see why it couldn't des ez well 'main dar. But he want it tuck up, he say, en I got no business axin' questions, so I follers him in de house en sets to work. De parlor in dat house is a front room on de secon' flo'. Yes, it is. Down stairs looks lak de lingerments uv some ole barn. It's mos' gone to 'struction ev'ywhar 'cep' de room whar de cyarpet wuz. De house lak hits owner—done seed hits bes' day. Well, suh, de Kunnel he lef' me in dar en I went to work. De cyarpet dusty en musty. I tug an sweat a-while, en den I res' en look 'roun'. On one side de room wuz a pianner whut take de premyer fer size. It had legs 'bout lak dem on dis cheer, en you could kiver de top wid dat biscuit bo'd dar. It got brass en silver en pu'l trimmin's do', en I spec' hit wuz mighty fine in de time er Nora en de ark. In de middle er de room wuz a

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table wid a big book on it en a tray full uv cards what done turn yaller, dey been dar so long. Den on tu'r side de room was a picture uv a lady —life size en so natchul dat I tuck en jump when I fus' seed it. Dar she stood, wid her white skirt sorter pull roun' wid one han', lookin' at me lak she wuz a-bossin' uv de job. It made me feel skittish, somehow er some way, en I got busy ag'in en move on 'cross de flo'. I got to de yuther en' er de room en work dar awhile, en when I stop to res' ag'in I tuck unother peep at de po'trait, en Aun' Marthy, ef it's de las' word I ever speaks, de pictur' er det 'oman wuz a-lookin' sp'ang at me de same ez it done when I wuz on de t'ur side."

"Git out, Unk' Adam," she exclaimed.

"Hit's de trufe! En dat ain't all. Ez soon ez I cotch my bre'f ag'in en could muster de nerve, I 'sperimented. I tuck a stroll down de room, all de time lookin' at de picture, en bless goodness, de eyes uv de thing follered me same's ef she wuz alive."

"En right den I'd er strolled out er dat house en on home like er rabbit wid de houn's atter him," Shed remarked.

"But dat ain't all yit," Uncle Adam continued. "Ef dat picture 'didn' frown at me one time ez I pass th'oo de room, I ain't here! Shed don't know whut he talkin' 'bout. Dat cyarpet ain't tuck up yit, I don't reckon. I played off sick, en de Kunnel cuss me out, en I lef' dar."

"Shucks; dat ain't whut I calls a ha'nt tale," said Shed. "I'd er th'owed up dat job, but I wouldn't go off en make er 'miration 'bout whut I seed."

"You des hol' on, young nigger," he demanded. "When I tells a tale hit's a tale. You des wait 'twell I gits th'oo wid it, en den ef it don't av'age up wid yo' notions 'bout ghostes, den you ain't got de sense I thought you had."

He seemed lost in thought for a few moments, and then resumed:

"I ain't 'zackly got holt er all de ins en outs er de commencemint er de conclusions uv de thing, but I'll leave all dat off. All I know is whut I 'member of whut Aun' Molly say she rickerleck. I pass Aun' Molly's house on my way home, en dis whut happen: I got dat picture on de brain, en I hatter tell her how cu'ous hit wuz. I tell her how come I in dat parlor, en whut I see, en no sooner did I do dat, dan dat ole Aferky 'oman commence to laugh fit to kill herse'f. She sot dar in de sun on de cabin step en des sway f'um side to side en giggle lak some fool gal. She go on dat a-way awhile, en den she 'low:

"'Oh, my, Adam; you been walk in on 'um da da. Enty?'

"I ax whut I been walk in on, en she laugh ag'in en 'low:

"'She ha'nt fer true.'

"Well, de long en de short er de matter is dat I sot right down dar by de ole critter en heerd er ha'nt tale. I ain't gwine try to tell it lak she tole it, fer I ain't got no time to tangle my tongue up wid her rice-plan'ashun lingo. I know de tale, en I'll tell it my way. It seem lak, f'um whut she say, dat dat 'oman whut in de picture wuz de Kunnel's mammy, en dat de Kunnel's pa he built dat house fer her when she was a bride en she fix up de parlor des lak it stan' to-day. She fix up de parlor, en de husban' he called in a fine painter en had her picture painted en hung up dar whar I 'skivered it. He built dat house en she fix up de parlor, but it seem lak *her* money wuz at de bottom er de whole business. Dat what Aun' Molly say, anyhow. But no matter 'bout dat —dey had de money, en dey live well. Dey live well, dey did, en ev'ything move on lak six en six, 'twell one sad day de lady she up en died. She die, she did, en de husban' grieve en mope 'roun' fer a long time, en den folks commence fer to notice dat he begin to spruce up en look young agin."

"Who de y'uther 'oman?" Aunt Martha inquired.

"Who say anything 'bout airy nother 'oman?" he asked.

"Dey one dar," she said, simply.

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"Well, dey ain't no 'sputen' dat, but I dunno whut her name wuz er whar-'bouts she come f'um. 'Twan't long atter dat fo' de widderer brung home ernother honey-my-love. I don't know whut wuz back uv all de doin's dat tuck place, but dar wuz sump'n dar whut ain't nuver come to light. Boun' to b'en dat way. He fotch de new wife home one night, en dey went in dat parlor arm in arm. Dey walk in de parlor, en ez day walk in dey heerd sump'n lak er cu'ous noise over whar de pictur' hung, en dey look, en bless goodness de 'oman in de picture des step out in de flo' en give her head a toss en walk f'um de room!"

"See me sail!" Shed exclaimed.

"I nuver is heerd de beat er dat," said Aunt Martha. "Ef I got ter die, I nuver wanter die f'um sich er sight. Picture turn into er ha'nt. Ack big-gity, walk outer de frame en toss her head. Lawd, Lawd! What would you er done, Unk' Adam, ef you'd a-seed dat?"

"I'd er tossed my head th'oo de winder en went off wid de sash 'roun' my neck," he answered. "But I ain't come to de funny part yit."

"How dey any funny part to a tale lak dat?" she asked.

"Well, hit don't come in whar de new bride fainted en de husban' run fer de doctor, do it might, ef you could see how quick he started fer de doctor en how slow he come back. I don't know how dat wuz, en I ain't sayin'. It don't come in when dey all foun', atter de bride come to her senses, dat her hair wuz white en dat her husbun's hair wuz white, en dat de picture wuz a-hangin' up dar same's ef it hadn't nuver turn't to a ha'nt. De funny part wedge itse'f in de tale whar Aunt Molly 'scribe er ole nigger man, what been a suhvant in de family fer years, comin' up de hall wid some wine en cake on a waiter."

"He met de ha'nt," suggested Aunt Martha.

"Yes, he met de ha'nt. But de fun didn't come in dar. He met de ha'nt, but he thought it wuz de new bride. Aun' Marthy, you know what dat ole nigger do, well ez I do. Cain't you des see him bow en scrape en try to say sump'n nice, en overdo de thing? Dat's whut he done. He bow en scrape, en say how welcome she wuz, en do he hadn't look close at her, he comperment her by sayin' dat she de fines' lady whut uver step in dat house. Consoun'! Talkin' to er ha'nt, en not only dat, but talkin' to er mad ha'nt; en wus'n dat still, sayin' de ve'y thing dat would rile de ghos' wuss'n it wuz! He made his speech, he did, en den raise his eyes 'spectin' to see er smile, en right dar de wine en cake struck de flo'! De ha'nt wuz reachin' fer him—reachin' fer him, mun, wid a look dat froze de blood in de bones."

"Whut de ole nigger do?" Shed inquired.

"Whut he do? Whut do de bullet do when de cap bus? Dat ole bow-legged fool show de ha'nt sump'n new. He show dat things wid wings on dey back ain't de swiftes' movers whut you kin skeer up. Aun' Molly say de tale go dat he didn't take time to turn, but run back'ards 'twell he hit de do' en got slewed roun' ez he bus' th'oo it. She say he nuver come back any mo', nuther, en I ain't a-gwine doubt dat. Heah another nigger man whut ain't gwine back dar, en I nuver seed nothin' 'long side er whut he seed."

"I nuver know'd dat house 'uz ha'nted," said Aunt Martha. "It des go to show dat you nuver kin tell whut you gwinter run into."

"Dat's er fac'! I nuver knowed er dis house bein' ha'nted, but it wouldn't 'sprise me to see one step in here in dis kitchen right now," he declared.

"I'd 'sprise you, do," said Shed. "You ain't nuver seed no runnin' yit."

"Well, I cain't say ez to dat, bein' ez how me en you en a ha'nt ain't nuver met up wid one 'nother at de same time. I ain't noways anxious fer dat to happen, but ef I uver got to see another one er dem yer sights, I wants you to be 'long wid me."

"Ef I is, you musn' blame me ef I fails to stay wid you," he said.

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"I wouldn'; do I doubts which one would lef' de y'uther," Uncle Adam replied. "Yes, I doubts dat. I'm a-gitt'n' ole en wobbly in de legs—but, shucks! Don't nuver talk to me about leavin' me back whar a ha'nt is, 'cause I ain't a-gwine b'lieve you. I mo' apt to b'lieve dat we'd work side en side lak er pa'r er well trained hosses —I know we would, ef you kin move lak you say you kin. We'd be lak dem fo'ks at de graveyard gate dat time. Uver hear 'bout dat? Wa'n't no ha'nt dar—leastways none didn't show itse'f. It 'uz dis way: Two white mens stol't some chickens en went in a graveyard to 'vide 'um up. I knows dey wuz white mens, case ef dey'd er been niggers, dis here tale would er happen som'ers else. Well, dey went to a graveyard to 'vide 'um up, dey did, en had de chickens in er sack on er grave 'mungst de tombstones, all 'cep' two whut dey'd drapped wid dey legs tied together down by de gate. Dey sot dar on de grave, 'vidin' 'um up. One count'n' out, say, 'You take dis'n en I take dat'n—you take dis'n en I take dat'n.'

"Two niggers come 'long de road f'um town, en dey hear 'um talkin'. Dey stop at de gate en lis'n. Dey see two fo'ms sett'n back dar 'mungst de graves en hear one say, 'You take dis'n en I take dat'n—you take dis'n en I take dat'n.' One de niggers ax de yuther what in de name er de Lawd he call dat? Tother one say he heerd his mammy tell about sich er thing, but he nuver thought he'd see it indurin' his day en time. Fus' one ax *whut*. T'other one say, 'De debble en his wife 'vidin' up souls.' Dey lis'n some mo', en de two men wid de chickens got in a 'spute. One say, 'You done tuck de bigges' dat time.' De yuther say he didn't; t'other say he did. Niggers lis'n. Dey 'spute awhile, en den one say, 'Well, I'll take dis'n en you take dem two over dar by de gate.' Gentermens! Dem niggers riz en flew! De man wuz talkin' 'bout de chickens whut he'd lef' at de gate, but de niggers thought it wuz de debble en his wife 'vidin' up souls, en dey gwinter th'ow *dem* in fer good measure in de deal. Dey tells me dat dem niggers got started wid dey heads down en run side en side clean pas' home 'fo' dey knowed it."

"Hush yo' fuss!" Shed exclaimed. "Ain't no use'n talkin' 'bout how a man could leave a thing like that behine. But hit's des a tale."

"How you know dat?" Uncle Adam inquired.

"Case ef it wuz so, all dem niggers would er heerd would er b'en, 'You take dis'n.' "

"Shed know," was Aunt Martha's comment.

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THE CHRISTMAS TREE

By James L. Elderdice

There is a tree, a wondrous tree,
  That never, never grows,
Save in December's bitter cold,
  Among the frozen snows.
Its fruit is strange and varied, too,
  Of every color bright;
It buds and bears and yields its crop
  All in a single night.

The Christmas tree is not properly a Christian tree at all, but of heathen origin. Learned men disagree as to whether this origin should be traced to Ygdrasil, the tree of life in Scandinavian mythology, or to one of the customs of the old Roman harvest festival, the Saturnalia, when houses were decorated with evergreens to afford the woodland spirits refuge from the cold.

The Germans from ancient times paid great veneration to certain trees; the Great Oak, at Wetzlar, which St. Boniface cut down, was dedicated to the thunder-god. In Catholic parts of Germany there are many sacred trees still, with images of the Blessed Virgins in them, thus consecrated and preserved from destruction. When Pope Gregory sent Augustine to convert Saxon England, he told him to accommodate, as far as possible, Christian to heathen ceremonies, that the people might not be startled. There can be no doubt that our present Christmas tree is a Germanic and Scandinavian institution, imported into France, Italy and England. Trimmed with candles and golden fruits, and sweet confections, it has been, is and ever will be, the delight of children in all the homes of the world, even the Hebrews of England and America fitting it up for their children in honor of the Messiah, who, with them, is yet to come.

In Germany there is a legend that when Eve plucked the fatal apple, the leaves shriveled, the tree changed its nature and became an evergreen, bearing witness in all seasons to the fall of man. Only once a year, on the birthday of the Redeemer, it blooms with lights and is laden with gifts of love—and so we have the Christmas tree.

One of the most popular traditions entwined about the history of the Christmas tree is that which connects Martin Luther, the Reformer, with its first use. One Christmas Eve he wandered over a snow-covered coun-

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try, under a clear sky studded with myriads of glittering stars. Overcome with emotion, longing to reproduce the scene, and to explain the sight to his family together with the deep impression which it had made upon his mind, he cut a small fir tree, put some candles on its branches and lit them. This fir tree was probably the first one upon which candles ever were lighted on Christmas Eve. There are still to be found in many homes in this country old German prints which picture Luther and his family around this tree.

The Christmas tree was brought to America by the German emigrants to Pennsylvania, and, perhaps, also, by the Dutch settlers of New York. The old Pennsylvania Germans lived largely to themselves, and maintained in a humbler manner much the same customs which they had known in Germany. Indeed, the custom of trimming the tree with toys and trinkets for the children of the households, had been practiced for many years before it attracted general attention, and as late as the early part of the last century it was considered a novelty in American homes outside of German communities.

Francis E. Leupp, United States Commissioner of Indian affairs, in a recent magazine article describing how the Indians spend Christmas, says:

"When the white people brought to the notice of the Indians the Christmas tree, with its annual crop of beauties and benefits, the pretty fancy caught hold of their minds very promptly. Indeed, Chief King Thunder, on the Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota, who once used to hate the white man's ways, acknowledged his conversion in the presence of a Christmas tree set up by a trader for the Indians of his camp, by saying to the donor: 'My friend, you have made our hearts glad. Our children are happy, and you tell us that this is good—that it is the right thing to do. If it is such a good thing we ought to have one of these trees every week.'

"The Southern Cheyennes have given the Christmas tree the pretty title, 'the giving tree.'

"Trees, generally, are among the most conspicuous objects of worship in the pantheistic religion shared by most of our Indians, and evergreens are regarded with especial reverence as the trees that are 'ever living.' One of the Indian ceremonials, which, perhaps, bears a closer relation than any other to our Christmas tree celebration, may be found among the traditions of one of the groups in North Dakota: Many years ago, it runs, during the days of the 'medicine clan,' a cedar tree was brought in by the leading medicine men in the early spring, before any medicine ceremony could be performed. The cedar tree was adored on account of the length of its life, and called 'Grandmother.'

"The tree was always planted directly in front of the medicine lodge. Before it was put in its accustomed place, people were invited to make offerings to "Grandmother." Calicoes, shawls, moccasins, robes, etc., were brought and placed on the tree, chiefly by the children and youth, much in the same manner as we place our gifts on the Christmas tree. Everyone who brought anything to the 'ever living

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Grandmother,' was absolved for any wrong he had committed, and received a living benediction from one of the four leading medicine men, who ended the ceremony by an earnest prayer that those who had honored the Grandmother by gifts might be blessed with health, goodness and long life—the same as she herself enjoyed. The gifts were afterwards distributed."

In connection with the many legends associated with the Christmas tree, it is interesting to learn that many of the people of Glastonbury, in Somerset, England, still believe in the miraculous properties of the famous "Glastonbury thorn" that blossoms at Christmas-tide, and is then duly honored. According to tradition, Joseph of Arimathea, soon after the Savior's crucifixion, came to England, bringing with him the holy grail, or chalice, used at the Last Supper. Landing at Glastonbury, he traveled inland and sat down to rest at a spot now known as Weary-All Hill. He thrust his staff of hawthorne into the ground. It immediately sprouted and grew into a tree that was venerated as a holy relic. Notwithstanding the fact that botanists say that there is a variety of hawthorne that always blossoms just at this season, a number of old men and women every Christmas morning may be seen at Weary-All Hill, engaged in prayer and meditation.

Of all Christmas tree customs, one of the strangest prevails in parts of Russia. It associates the festivities with one of the most important events of life—the choice of a wife. A gift tree is set up in the village, on the branches of which roost young unmarried women, cloaked and hooded and veiled, so that their identity is concealed. At the proper hour the waiting swains are admitted one by one, just as they are in our familiar American game of "clap in, clap out." Each as he enters lifts a veil,—of course, at random,—and the face thus disclosed belongs to his future wife. The act of lifting the veil betroths the couple, the penalty for breaking the engagement being a heavy fine to be paid into the village treasury. We are told that the result seldom fails to be happy. But we can readily believe that in interviews before the hour of trial, conspiracies for the cheating of ill fortune are made, and the lover may depend upon his ingenious inamorata to convey to him the concerted signal whereby her identity may be determined.

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ANNE'S SWEETHEART'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

By Berenice Fearn Young

IT'S perfectly absurd Anne's not being married—she looks so marriageable! Besides, we've all got our tails cut off—why shouldn't she? Which the same may be neither grammar nor rhetoric nor yet good taste, but it's human nature. At least it's woman's nature. We've got to get Anne married."

All four of the girls were sitting on the Westinghouse colonnade waiting for Anne Hopkins to join them, and then on to the Lacys' for "bridge." Of the four, three were married and one tottering on the brink. They and Anne had grown up together in the little town at the foot of the mountain, and all but Anne had passed from a merry girlhood to a gay young-ladyhood and so, by ways more or less devious and strange, Elizabeth said, into the state of matrimony. Instead of going to parties on the mountain now and coming home with the waning moon in the early dawn they had their morning whist club twice a week, their afternoon euchre club once a week, a Browning class each Thursday, the Church Guild every two weeks, and their husbands and a sprinkling of children at other times.

Elizabeth, who had been engaged three times every year of her life since she could gurgle, had now settled within herself that she really loved Tom Winter, and that anyhow she either had to marry or, as she declared, do worse—"go to Atlanta and keep house for a wifeless brother and four children." She was to be married in October. So Anne alone of the old crowd was left unplucked from the parent stem, and the other four were bent upon getting her off by January at least.

"Jane," said Elizabeth, "what in the name of all that's eligible, has become of Walter Ludlow?"

"Oh, he's awfully hard to marry! I tried it for years. He's spent a lifetime wandering from the pyramids of Egypt to the prairies of Texas in search of variety—doesn't seem to be able to find it in any infinite amount in either Cleopatra or the cowboy girl—and he's finally brought up in Knoxville. Lives in a house of his own, if you please, with two Chinese coolies and an Indian worshiper of the sun, supposed to be "er gen'm'n" by the Knoxville darkies because, although "he do wear a nightgownd on de street an' big gold rings in his y'ers an' a head hank'chif, yet his ways is male!" Walter's old black mammy cooks for him, and their combined efforts have made him impregnable against the assault of any woman on earth. He's full of ideas and isms and fads and things, and convictions, whatever they may be, about woman's extravagance and love of money, besides. We'll have to pass him up, he'd spoil any lone hand in the world. And then he won't marry, he just won't—and there's an end to that."

"I think he will," said Sara quietly—"any man will, if you approach him with judgment and patience."

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"Oh, patience—out upon patience! We haven't time for it between now and January. We've got to *do* things—Anne won't." This from Fan Andrews who had met her fate (Elizabeth's name for him was "prey"), on Monday and married him on Tuesday of the following week, and who went by the name of Solomon Grundy in the crowd because of this precipitate accomplishment.

"Look here," protested Elizabeth, "I met Walter Ludlow in Nashville the year after the World's Fair—Goodness! how long ago that's been! I was but as an infant in arms in my knowledge of ways and means to acquire man, I smile now to think. Anyway, Walter Ludlow was telling me of a dark-eyed girl he had traveled with from Chicago to Nashville, who was coming on home here. My eyes being blue I made all sorts of inquiries and found out it was Anne! Anne's eyes, Anne's face like a magnolia, Anne's head like the Venus de Milo, and no doubt her shoulders bore the wings of Samothrace and her feet the sandals of Atalanta. From time to time through all these immemorial years, as the poetry book hath it, whenever I have seen Walter Ludlow, he's never failed to ask about "those eyes of October." Now all this has a moral and those who will may see—let's have him down from Knoxville to my wedding, and marry Anne to him in January. It's ridiculous her going to waste like this. I'll make Tom ask Walter Ludlow, who never was known to refuse an invitation, for fear he'll miss a sensation. He says he's so bored with everyday life that he goes around hunting sensations with a butterfly net. I gave him one once."

"One what? Butterfly net?"

"Umph-mph—sensation."

"Why didn't you marry him?"

"Don't ask me! He led me a borealis race (he's got piles of money) but he flitted ere I could get to the place," and Elizabeth laughed and picked up her fan.

So it was decided for Anne. Walter Ludlow was asked to Elizabeth's wedding house-party and duly turned up—tall, near-sighted, slightly bald, thin as thin ice, and as inscrutable as a Chinese mandarin, Fan Andrews said. He attached himself to Anne, who unconscious of the plot against her, endured him and was outwardly calm. Anne was always outwardly calm and very handsome. She didn't want to get married, but she didn't mind being married. The others were, and while there were disagreeables and inconveniences coincident with marriage, still the odds were in its favor. It's nice to have an establishment and servants and things. There were two nieces, a younger brother, and a sister whose husband had thought better of it and left for pastures new, all at her father's. Then there were her father and her mother. Yes, the house was full. Some people seemed to like being married, maybe she would. So when in early December, Walter Ludlow asked her in an even, well-modulated voice to marry him, she replied with unaccountable calm that she would; unaccountable, because, after all, you know, when a man asks you to marry him and you say yes, why—ought you to be calm?

Walter Ludlow showed her all the necessary attention as far as coming to the little town and ensconcing himself in the village hotel and calling on her twice a day was concerned. He made her no presents. There were no flowers, no books, not even the customary ring. Anne thought that a little strange, or rather she thought very little about it, but Susie thought it mighty strange. Susie was the sister rejected of man.

They were to be married in January. The rest of the winter was to be spent in New York. In March they were to go to the West Indies, and later to Europe for a year. Anne had never been to Europe, nor indeed anywhere. That trip to Chicago in her early girlhood had been her only flight from home, but she loved all beautiful things and pleasures, imagined them, and longed for them, and for-

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eign countries for to see. She and Ludlow talked of where they would go and what they would enjoy. No, Anne listened, Ludlow talked. She wondered sometimes when he was absent why she was so silent, so unstirred. Not indifferent to the wedding, nor to the journey planned, but to the man belonging to them. Was she indifferent or only piqued, she asked herself, because she was not wooed as other women are? Yet what, after all, had she to complain of? Walter Ludlow wanted a wife, wanted her for that office, at least, he seemed to, for the world was full of women. She wanted a husband and she had one, at least, she was about to have one. She wished she were in love, she wanted to be in love. She had always wanted to be again since that summer before she was twenty and Charlie Westmoreland had danced himself into her favor. Now Charlie Westmoreland was living in Baltimore, married this ten years. Their little romance had blazed up and out long, long ago. She had had other "suitors," as her mother, who came from South Carolina, called them, in a reasonable plenty. But she had not cared for them nor ever contemplated marriage with them. Dick Funston got drunk. Henry Mills was silly, and then, anyhow, he had bow legs. Sam Spofford had three sisters, all of them lived at home, and all of them, including Sam, were unmitigated old maids. Hal Erskine had a mother who adored him and made him miserable with her jealousy. Ross Wilson had no money and no ambition and no pride, and was content to live up at the Wilson place with his grandmother and on her slender bounty. Ross was mighty sweet, though, and the most persistent wooer of them all. He had asked her to marry him every Tuesday and Saturday night that she could remember. Two years ago, for a month, he had come in as usual on his regular nights and had brought with him a slip of paper on which was written:

"This is an offer of marriage. I hereby present myself and all my appurtenances, namely to wit one coon dog (a good dog), one bay mare (a thoroughbred), and one aged grandmother (quality and qualifications un-named) to Anne Hopkins. The consignor herewith presents his compliments to the consignee. She will please sign here."

There was a heavy line drawn underneath, a place for Anne's name.

On giving her the first one he had said, "File this away, Anne, for future reference. It will always be honored, no matter when presented," and then had proceeded to talk of other things. Each time after that he had placed the slip of paper in the chafing dish on the sideboard, making quite a ceremony of it, but uttering not a word. Once he had bidden her good-night and gone—she did not remember until after he had left that his customary ceremony at the chafing dish had been omitted. Laughing softly to herself she sat by the window and listened to his steps sounding down the quiet street. Just as he reached the corner, they had stopped, and then she heard him coming swiftly back. It was the only time she had ever heard him walk fast. He bounded over the low gate without stopping to unfasten it, came to the window and as she leaned forward expectant, of she knew not what, he kissed her on the mouth and slipped the strip of paper into her surprised fingers, and without a word went away once more; not walking rapidly, but with his accustomed leisurely stroll, hands in his pockets and head a little back.

That had been two years ago. Since that night he had not come back. She did not know why and would not ask him. She had seen him many times, oftenest at the church door when she went in—he never did. There was nothing in his manner to denote estrangement or offense. Indeed, why should he be either offended or estranged? His smile was sweet always, and it was always the same lazy, pleasant voice that said, "How-

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dy, Anne," every time. For a little she had wondered at it, then had grown hurt, then maybe a little angry, then she had tried not to think about it and she wasn't quite sure that she had quit thinking. She had never destroyed one of the slips of paper. They were in a sandal-wood box on the high, old-fashioned bureau in her bedroom. Sometimes she looked at them. After a year Ross had gone to Mobile, to visit his grandmother's brother, it was rumored. He had not come back. Anne infrequently went up the hill and paid a visit to his grandmother, a curious little, old lady with a tight, wrinkled face and a formal manner. The two women never spoke of Ross, but they both thought of him.

Anne was pondering all these things in her mind, and other things, on the night before Christmas, as she sat by her fire, late. Walter Ludlow had come and gone. The fire in the grate was piled so high that she had been a little afraid to leave it, and, besides, January was near at hand. Her two trunks were all but packed, and their rooms in the Manhattan Hotel engaged for the winter. Walter had told her about it to-night, or rather he had stated the fact, and had discoursed on the fare and the service of the hotel, its conveniences, and its nearness to the theater district. She had listened calmly, offering no comment other than a word of agreement, which was all that was expected of her. He had only just gone, and his self-conscious, well groomed, slightly bald presence still seemed to be in the room.

After a moment, Anne rose, pushed back the chair on which he had been seated, swept with a tiny hearth broom the hearth clean of the ashes of his cigar, flung, with an almost passionate gesture, into the fire, the envelope with the Manhattan monogram on it which he had left on the table, and moving to the window, opened it to the mild winter night. She stood there until she was thoroughly chilled, then closing the window, she came back to her chair before the fire. Presently, she slipped to the floor and on her knees, with her head on her arms, the calmness, the indifference, the undisturbed sereneness broke with a passion of tears. The weeping did not last long. In an hour she was mounting the steps to her room, but it was long till the morning.

The house when she came down to breakfast, was filled with laughing and gift giving and Christmas glee. All four of the girls, Elizabeth, home for the holidays with her "irrevocable man," as she said, dropped in with their husbands or children, as had always been their habit. There were none of Anne's four old friends but was on the anxious seat about her. They couldn't be certain of Anne until after she had said "I take this man"; then they knew she'd keep her promise.

Ludlow was there, perfect in manner and clothes, doing his honors with composure. He had brought no gift. Susie and the nieces chattered to one another about it, and Anne's mother was outraged. "He might, at least, have brought her flowers, carnations or roses or violets," she said. Anne, only, was her quiet self, apparently with no feeling and quite content. Together, she and Ludlow went to service at the old church which breathed the peace and greenery of Christmas. Ludlow was, of course, a guest at the Christmas dinner, where his presence, one of the nieces declared, made everybody feel like an iced cake, afraid to smile for fear of cracking the icing. However, that frivolous young person fearlessly cracked hers and kept the table from gloom.

In the afternoon, just after she and Ludlow started for a walk, the one telegraph messenger boy of the little town appeared at the door with a message for Anne. The frivolous niece signed for it and tripping upstairs, laid it on top of the sandalwood box on Anne's bureau, and tripped off with her own lover to a Christmas gathering, from which she returned not until the wee hours of

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the night; and what she saw when she passed her aunt Anne's door, she never forgot.

* * *

Anne and her intended, no—Ludlow and his intended walked all the afternoon until the end of Christmas day died in the west. They walked to the foot of the mountain and back, and he left her at the gate just as the dusk of the short winter day deepened into a night of stars. He was to return to her later in the evening, perhaps in an hour, but wanted, he said, to go to the hotel and get his Christmas letters. But he would be back, yes, in an hour, and she would give him a cup of tea and they would have a long evening together—he wanted to tell her of a Christmas he had once spent in Spain. Anne wondered if he was marrying her to have somebody who would be obliged to listen to accounts of where he had spent his various Christmases. She watched him disappear in the shadows of the darkening street with a feeling that smothered, giving place to one of relief—for would she not be free for an hour? Then it came upon her with a mighty awakening that she could not marry him. Marry him, live with him, listen to him, never be free again! No. Not for New York, not for Cuba, not for Europe, not for a house and servants, not for comfort and ease for herself and relief from the monotony of life, not to help her father along nor the girls nor Susie, not for the heavens above, nor the earth beneath nor the waters under the earth would she! She ran up the long walk to the house. She opened the door and went into the sitting room. She removed her hat and wrap. She stood by the mantel, then at the window, then dropped into her chair. The chair drawn near to hers by Susie in anticipation of their return, she pushed away from her, and then drew her own up to it. She leaned forward a little and spoke to him as if he were in it. "I won't—and I am not even sorry. I won't and that's all I feel."

After a half hour she went out in the dining room. She placed beaten biscuit, slices of cold turkey and two slender glasses of wine on a silver tray. This she set on a small table between their chairs in the sitting room. On the opposite side of her own chair she pulled forward the low tea table, filled the alcohol lamp, and picking up the little copper teakettle, went to the kitchen and filled it with fresh water.

So, with entertainment ready for Ludlow's inner man, she waited for him, calm, resolved. She would tell him after he had lunched. It would be more courteous, he would like it better. She smiled at the thought.

Punctual to the minute, he returned, full of talking, full of himself, interested in his mail and what he had to say, and not, for an instant thinking it possible that she could be otherwise than he. Anne bided her time. He ate his lunch finally, enjoying it and her beauty. She ate with him outwardly passive. Inwardly, there gathered the storm which would presently break. It had been a habit, for these little tea-time lunches had been introduced at his suggestion early in the days of their engagement, for each to lift the wineglass, touch it with the lips and then pass it to the other. He spoke of it very prettily and quoted "drink to me only with thine eyes," with entirely the correct feeling. He greatly admired Anne's eyes.

To-night, she drank from her own glass, offering neither salute of the lips nor exchange. If he noticed it he did not remark upon it, his attention at the moment being centered on himself.

He watched her with evident pleasure, however, as she removed the table from between them. He drew his chair closer to hers and lightly kissed the fingers that handed him his cup of tea. They talked, or he did, of the aroma and flavor of certain teas,

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and he told her of an adventure of his in Japan in a tea shop there, and of a rare and expensive bit of lacquered ware he had purchased.

She was about to break into his narrative with matter of more vivid interest to her than a Japanese waiter, when he put his hand in his pocket and brought out a package. "I have brought you a Christmas present, Anne. I hope you will like them—I think them rather good."

A fraction disconcerted, she opened the package. It contained a dozen full-length photographs of Ludlow. She picked up one, looked at it unseeing, and replacing it on the others in her lap, was about to speak. He had watched her—what he saw in her face is open to conjecture, but he spoke, asking for a glass of water. Immediately, she arose with the pictures in her hand. He opened the door for her, never forgetful or neglectful of the little courtesies of life, and asked if he might be allowed to get the water for himself. She shook her head, laughing a little. In the dining room she encountered Susie, the widow indeed.

"What on earth, Anne? Are you sick? Where are you going? Has your sweetheart gone? What's that you have?" came like so many shots from a pop gun. Anne handed her the pictures, saying, "My Christmas present." At which Susie poured forth a stream of ejaculation. "For mercy's sake! Is this all? His picture! Twelve of them! For pity's sake! Is this the best he can do? And he's worth a half million, and some say a million, if he's worth thirty cents! Mighty little comfort you'll get out of being married to him! Well, I do say! He thinks he's good looking, too—you can see that all over him, and bald as an egg! Did you ever?" Anne left while the shots rang thickest and securing the water, returned to the sitting room. Ludlow took the water, rising from his chair and coming hastily forward. He set the glass down and placing the arm of possession across Anne's shoulders, drew her over to the table. She slipped from his arm with her breath coming rather quickly and followed the direction of his pointing finger. Lying on the table was a flat box, a jeweler's box, satin-lined, and partly in it and partly on the table, lay a very exquisite necklace of rubies.

"These are for you, Anne. They are Oriental gems. I got them in Stamboul. I gave you the pictures first, knowing, of course, that being pictures of me they should be more valuable to you than any gift, and all-sufficient. Yet the women of this century are become so tainted with the mercenary spirit that I really felt justified as it were in trying you with the photographs simply of the man who is going to make you his wife, before offering you the jewels. It is this same motive which has prompted me during our engagement to refrain from showering upon you costly presents. I wished to be preferred for myself alone."

What monstrous thing was the man saying? She hardly heard him. She did not touch the jewels, but with a hand resting on the table, spoke that which made him forget the rubies, even for a little, forget himself.

"I am not going to marry you. No. You must see it is not possible. You should have seen it in time to prevent your having ever asked me. I did see it, yet I accepted your offer at its face value. You had tried everything except marriage to relieve the monotony of your life. I was willing to try anything, even marriage, to relieve the monotony of mine. It was risk with both of us, with me the most, of necessity—with me the most. Now, as I draw near the time when I am to leave myself and be your self, I find that I cannot do it. I should have told you sooner, but I did not know it really—that I could not be your wife. I mean that, could not—until this afternoon. And I have wanted to tell you all the evening, but you were busy talking." She did not mean the irony. She simply meant what she said.

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"Is it possible?" breathed Ludlow, unable to understand that he was Ludlow. And then another thought came to him: "Is it possible that there is another man? I can see no other reason for this—I can see no reason whatever for this most unexpected and unwarrantable—"

"It is quite possible that there should be another man." Her voice was controlled, "but it has nothing to do with the situation at present."

"There is nothing for me to say if your decision is final."

"My decision is unalterable." Ludlow gathered up the gems, placed them in the box, snapped it shut, and at the door he said: "The pictures can be returned to me at the hotel. I shall be there until the eleven o'clock train in the morning." The door closed and he was gone.

Anne went up to her room, and it was there by her table that the frivolous niece saw her and never forgot the sight.

Anne, in her white gown, ready for bed, with her hair in two long braids falling on either side of the magnolia face, an open sandal-wood box beside the spread sheet of yellow telegram on the table, and Anne, writing her name on slip after slip of paper which she took from the sandal-wood box, kissing every separate slip of paper and patting the telegram each time she finished writing her name. Her eyes of October dropped now and again tears that Ross Wilson would have given his whole last year's salary to see.

The telegram read:

Coming tomorrow Can't help it See chafing dish for further particulars.

THE CHRISTMAS HA'NT

(A Plantation Legend Told in Verse by Old Wash)

Christmus week in de 'forties an' we-all wuz feelin' fine,
Egg-nog flowed in a silver bowl wid de juice uv de muscadine.
We fiddled all day in de cabin, we danced all night in de hall,
An' now de Big House all lit up fur de white fo'ks Christmus ball.
Dey danced de old Ferginny, dey ripped and r'ar'd to de jig,
An' when dey got ernuff uv dat t'wuz whisky an' roasted pig—
(But dat ain't de tale a-pesterin' me—jes' listen at dis ole nig!)

Den cum de nuts an' de apples, de speechifyin' an' toasts;
"Did you ur'r see a nigger," ole Marster axed, *"dat didn't b'leeve in ghosts?"*
He sed it wid winks a-laffin' an' de cump'ny all sed, *"No!"*
An' den I bowed wid a curt'sy bow an' a backward scrape uv my toe:
"May it please you, Marster, white fo'ks all, now dat's intended fur me,
But heah's a nigger dat ain't a-skeered of ghostes, es you shall see!
Trot out yo' sperrits," sez I, *"dis night—f'um spooks to good whisky!"*

Den Marster laff wid a great big laff, an' wink wid a mighty wink—
Sez he: *"Heah's ten uv de Eagle's coin ef you ha'f es game es you think.*

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Now you go up to de ha'nted house nigh de graveyahd whar dey sleep,
An' if you stay tell de break uv day, dis ten am your'n to keep!"
"May it please you, Marster, white fo'ks all," sed I wid anu'rr bow,
"I nuver heerd nuthin' servig'ous es dat, nur look es good, I vow.
It's pickin' it up in de road," sez I, *"an' I'll start fur dat money now!"*

I tuck three drinks an' started out fur de house in de lonely wood,
I trotted along in de moonlight dim an' whistled es loud es I cu'd.
I seed de spot by de cabin do' whar de muhdered man wuz foun',
An' it wuz ba'r, fur de grass wouldn't grow on dat ar spot uv groun'.
But I knowed I hadn't done nuffin' to him, so I opens de creechy do',
An' de win' hit moan th'oo de crevice crack an' den hit moan some mo':—
Zo—o—o—Zoo, it say, an' den—my Lawd! *Meow—me—o!*

My blood froze stiff, fur dar in de room a great big black cat stood,
Wid eyes es big es a risin' moon an' a tail like a bushy wood.
An' he sot his great big yaller eyes on mine fur a cunjer spell,
An' roun' an' roun' he circled roun' enticin' me to hell!
But I kep' my eyes on dem demon eyes fur I knowed 'ef de spell wa'nt broke
He'd gallop wid me to hell an' back in de twis' of de witch's yoke!
Roun' an' roun' wid his witch's eyes, an' n'ar one uv us spoke.

At las' he see it wouldn't wuck, an' den he clum on a cheer
An' put his paw right under his jaw an' spit out blue ambeer!
An' den he tuck sum brimstone snuff f'um a box uv fiah, an' shakes
His tail tell ev'ry ha'r stood da'r, an Lawd! *dey wuz little snakes!*
An' den he laff a 'sateful laff an' sez he, *"How-do-you-do?*
Does you kno' dar ain't nobody heah but des' us bully boys two?
Sez I, as I tuck a runnin' start, sez I, *"Dis leaves des' you!"*

I run tell I drap on a san' bank five miles by de wildgoose trail,
Wid little witches playin' craps on de flap uv my ole coat tail.
Bellussed an' winded I had to drap, but I'd hardly hit de san'
Befo' dar cum in his grabe-clothes *de deades' kind uv a man!*
But he hilt de head uv a still deader man in 'is arms an' hit grinned an spit,
An' puckered his lips an' sed: *"Ole man you sho'ly kin run a bit!"*
"My Lawd!" sez I, a starin' erg'in, *"You hain't seed no runnin' yit!"*

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CONQUERORS OF THE WILDERNESS*

By Anna Erwin Woods

[Arranged from the papers and personal memoirs of Andrew Erwin]

CHAPTER XVIII—CONTINUED

Captain Leonard Helm was appointed commandant at St. Vincent's and agent for Indian affairs in the department of the Wabash. This officer had been particularly recommended to Clark for his knowledge of the department, and the general prudence of his character. As things turned out, Clark's judgment of Helm was in keeping with his usual sagacity in reading men.

It was just after these occurrences at St. Vincent's that our commander found himself in the midst of a new perplexity. The three months for which his troops had been enlisted had expired. It is not to be presumed, however, that a man so fertile in resources as our leader would be daunted by circumstances by which an ordinary military man would be rendered helpless. Regarding, not the limits of his authority, but the preservation of the interest for which it had been conferred upon him, he re-enlisted his men upon a new footing; raised a company among the French inhabitants commanded by their own officers; and established garrisons at each of the forts.

The captive British commandant of Kaskaskia was sent to Virginia in charge of an officer; a report was sent to Governor Patrick Henry of the whole of Clark's proceedings; and a request made for the appointment of a civil commandant who should take charge of the political affairs of this far-away portion of the Virginia commonwealth. Far away it was, indeed, for we were separated by fifteen hundred miles of wilderness from Williamsburg, the seat of government; and we were many hundreds of miles from our nearest friends in Kentucky.

Notwithstanding a success so greatly beyond his means, and almost beyond his expectations, the uneasiness of Clark was great. He fully appreciated our critical situation and the necessity for exerting all the address of which he was master. Every influence was required to counteract the agency and control of the British, who had distributed the bloody belt and hatchet among the Indians throughout the whole region of Lake Superior and the Mississippi. Had we been joined by every man from Kentucky and many from Virginia, we could not have resisted these warlike tribes by force.

In order to conceal the rashness of our invasion of the Illinois, and the desperate danger of our situation, we were instructed to speak constantly of our fort at the Falls of the Ohio; of that being the headquarters of our army, of which we were only a detachment; and of the reinforcements daily expected. Indeed, Clark left no means unused to strengthen his influence and authority among those by whom we were surrounded.

Having succeeded, with only his rifle troops, in capturing three of the strongest British forts armed with cannon; and having secured the active co-operation of the French, he evinced, more than ever, an ardent de-

*Begun in the May issue.

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sire to secure the good will of the Spaniards across the Mississippi. This being considered by him a matter of most serious importance, we were instructed to cultivate a good understanding with the Spanish and also with the French inhabitants of St. Louis.

There was one young man among us who joyously announced his determination to zealously obey this order; and I will tell you why.

Upon M. Cerrè's return home, he had brought to Mademoiselle Adrienne a message from her father advising her to come to St. Louis at the earliest moment practicable. We had known that her home was in that town, and that she was only on a visit to her aunt at the time of our unexpected arrival.

When Gordon first heard of the wish expressed by M. Soularde (Adrienne's father) that she should return home, he was in despair. I well knew that it made no difference where she might be, for wherever it was he would soon follow, so I was not astonished when, a few days after her going he exclaimed:

"Good luck, Ned! Look upon the happiest man in the Illinois! I am to bear dispatches to Bowman, to remain with him until further orders. May they be long in coming!"

After a few moments of silence, during which he seemed to be in a very pleasant reverie, he resumed his confidences:

"Ned, do you not understand that Clark wishes us to cultivate pleasant relations with the St. Louis people? By Jove! I always obey a commander like ours, who would not hesitate to have one shot for disobedience. He ordered me to guard the home of M. Cerrè, and I did it with all my heart. Now he wishes us to make friends in St. Louis, and I shall spend the greater part of my time on the western side of the Mississippi, trying, by every means in my power, to gain the regard of some of those people. Pierre Chenier is still at Cahokia, and I can persuade him to go over there with me; he has relatives in St. Louis. Good-bye, Ned—you will never know what it is to live until you fall in love!"

CHAPTER XIX

CLARK'S TREATIES WITH THE INDIANS

Our commander now found himself so placed that his attention could be given to the Indians. The most warlike tribes upon the whole western continent were those by whom we, less than two hundred men, were surrounded; and the danger of our situation was such that it was necessary to gain a mastery over them without bloodshed. Clark's negotiations with these savages were conducted in the same remarkable spirit of strong, sagacious daring which had stamped his course heretofore. He had long been interested in studying Indian character; and had made himself intimately acquainted with the French and Spanish modes of treating them. "I determined," he said afterward, "to guard against spoiling them, as was too much the case with the English, who were constantly inviting them to treaties and giving them presents. I believed in fighting them until they would request a treaty. Placed as we were in the Illinois, it was necessary to make them afraid of us. I had two good points in my hand, the French treaty, and the good-will of the French inhabitants; for the rest I had to depend upon myself."

The English were not much regarded by the Indians, who served them only for pay. They despised Spaniards, and dreaded the Americans; but the French they had always loved. Two centuries of tact and kind treatment, especially from the French priests, had strengthened this feeling.

The wise and rightful spirit which Clark exhibited toward their ancient and beloved Church won for us, not only the services of Père Gibault (who subsequently received the public thanks of Virginia) but also the friendship of his parishioners, which resulted in the active co-operation of

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the French interest; and was productive of most valuable results in undermining the British influence throughout a large portion of those regions.

Through Père Gibault, messages were interchanged with an Indian chief whose title was the Grand Door of the Wabash; and, in fact, nothing of any importance was undertaken respecting the whole Wabash country without the consent of this chief. He resided near St. Vincent's and Captain Helm was instructed to use every influence to win him over.

I had been sent to St. Vincent's to take a letter from Colonel Clark which Captain Helm delivered, in an Indian council, to the Grand Door as a friendly talk from the American commander, inviting him to unite with the Long Knife (as they called Virginia) and his old Father, the King of France. With the usual circumspection of the Indian character, the chief declined to make any answer to the talk until he had assembled his councillors.

The dignity which was observed by the Grand Door was exactly followed by Captain Helm; and, in this way, it was several days before the council was concluded. At length, Helm was invited to attend a meeting of the chiefs. All being assembled, the Grand Door said:

"The sky has been very dark with the war between the Long Knife and the English; but now it is cleared up. The Long Knife was in the right; and, perhaps if the English conquer them, they will serve the Indians the same way." Then he jumped up and struck his breast and said: "I have always been a man and a warrior, and now I am a Long Knife; and I will tell the red people to bloody the land no more for the English." He then shook hands with Captain Helm, and his example was followed by all the chiefs.

The Grand Door remained always a true friend to the Americans, and his conduct had a wide influence on many chiefs in causing them to make peace. At his own request, when he died he was buried with all the honors of war near the fort at Cahokia. The last time I was in St. Louis, I went across the river to visit the grave of this good chief whom I had known and esteemed.

Soon after my return from St. Vincent's, I accompanied Colonel Clark to an Indian council which he had been requested to attend at Cahokia. Immediately upon our arrival I tried to find Gordon, and was by no means surprised to learn that he and Pierre Chenier were both across the river at St. Louis, where, I was told, they passed a good deal of their time. It was not until the evening of the following day that I met them upon their return to Cahokia.

"By the heathen god of war, and Venus too!" exclaimed Gordon, greeting me in the most affectionate manner, "I am delighted to see you, Ned. I have ten thousand things to talk about."

"We will have a talk as soon as possible," I replied. "Just now the Commander keeps me in such close attendance upon him at this council that I have not a moment to spare."

"Oh, those everlasting Indians!" said Gordon impatiently. "There are swarms of them around Cahokia waiting for Clark. We will be sick unto death with their pow-pows."

"No," I answered. "We will be made sicker by their tomahawks, if Clark does not have the pow-pows. I think he knows how to get along with Indians. I have seen something of them myself; we have plenty of them down in our country, in Washington District; a good many more than you have in Virginia. You tide-water people know nothing about Indians these days; and I don't believe you ever did. We people in the Wilderness understand them—at least, we have learned by this time to expect from them only lies, scalping-knives and tomahawks."

Upon the opening of the council at Cahokia, as the Indians were the solicitors, one of the chiefs advanced to the table where Colonel Clark was sitting. This chief bore in his hand

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a belt of peace; another came forward with the sacred pipe; and a third with the fire to kindle it. After the pipe was lighted, it was presented to the heavens, then to the earth, and completing the circle, was presented to all the spirits, invoking them to witness what was about to be done. The pipe was then presented to Colonel Clark and after him to every person present. When these formalities were all finished, addressing himself to the Indians, the speaker (a chief) said:

"Warriors, you ought to be thankful that the Great Spirit has taken pity on you and cleared the sky, and opened your hearts so that you may hear the truth. We have been deceived by bad birds flying through the land [meaning the British emissaries]; but we will take up the bloody hatchet no more against the Long Knife; and we hope that as the Great Spirit has brought us together for good, so we may be received as friends, and peace may take the place of the bloody belt."

The speaker then threw the belt of wampum and the flags which they had received from the British into the middle of the room and stamped upon them as token of rejection.

Clark's reply was distant and guarded. "I have paid attention to what has been said, and I will give an answer to-morrow," he said, "when I hope the hearts of all people will be ready to receive the truth. But I recommend you to keep prepared for the result of this council upon which your existence as a nation depends. I desire that you do not permit any of our people to shake hands with you, as peace is not yet made; and it is time enough to give the hand when the heart can be given also."

This speech excited the admiration of the warriors. "Such sentiments are like men who have but one heart, and do not speak with forked tongues," said they.

The council assembled next day and Clark delivered another remarkable speech. He explained to them fully the cause of the trouble between England and the colonies. "I am a man and a warrior," he declared in an earnest tone, "not a councillor; I carry war in my right hand, and in my left peace." He ended by saying, "I am convinced you never heard the truth before. I do not wish you to answer before you have taken time to counsel. We will, therefore, part this evening, and when the Great Spirit shall bring us together again, let us speak and think like men with but one heart and one tongue."

A new fire was kindled the next day with more than usual ceremony, and the chief said among other things: "We have paid great attention to what the Great Spirit has put into your heart to say to us. We believe the whole to be the truth, for the Long Knife does not speak like any other people we have ever heard. We now see that we have been deceived; the English have told us lies; and you told us the truth, just as some of our old men have always told us.

"We now believe that the Long Knife is in the right. The English have forts in our country, and if they get strong enough, they want to serve the red people as they have treated the Long Knife. Therefore, the red people ought to help the Long Knife, and with cheerful hearts take up the belt of peace and spurn the belt of war; and determine to hold fast, for we do not doubt your friendship, from the manner of your speaking, so different from the English.

"We will call in our warriors and throw the tomahawk into the river where it can never be found. We will suffer no more bad birds to fly through the land, disquieting women and children. Our friends shall hear of the good talk you have given us; and we hope you will send chiefs among them with your eyes to see themselves that they are men, and strictly stand by all that is said at this great fire, which the Great Spirit has kindled at Cahokia for the good of all people who attend it." The pipe was again kindled and smoked and the council concluded by the shaking of

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hands of all the parties white and red. In this same manner, with very little variety, treaties were concluded with a great many tribes. Colonel Clark adhered resolutely to his determination not to cajole them. So well consolidated was his influence that a single soldier could be sent in safety among the Indians throughout any part of the Wabash and Illinois country, to the heads of the waters discharging into the lakes and into the Mississippi.

As I was in close attendance upon Colonel Clark during the whole time that he was making these treaties, I saw very little of Gordon. I knew he was frequently absent from Cahokia, and that he spent the most of his time in St. Louis. The Commander was aware of this and seemed not to object to it.

Gordon was such a handsome, attractive man, so noble and courteous in his bearing, and so brave and generous in character, that there could not have been selected among us one who would be more calculated to make a pleasing impression, and establish friendly relations with the Spanish and French on the west side of the Mississippi.

There was only one thing which caused me anxiety. He was very young; and I recalled how headstrong and indiscreet I had been at the same age (I was a few years older than he) and I thought Gordon fully as unwise as I had been. He was a man of tremendous strength of nature; and the feeling which had arisen in his heart for Mademoiselle Adrienne Soularde held complete possession of him. If anything should conflict with that I feared the result. I was, therefore, not much surprised when Pierre Chenier came to me, one day, and said:

"I must talk to you. Charlie Gordon is in trouble."

"I have been expecting to hear that," was my reply. "What is it?"

"He is slightly wounded;" said Chenier, "and it is only by good luck that he is not dead. You had better go over to St. Louis with me this evening and talk to him yourself. Don't say anything to the Commander about it until we see further."

"We will start within an hour," I promised, knowing that I could get leave of absence to go immediately.

"Eh bien!" said Chenier, "I shall wait for you."

On our way Chenier related to me what had occurred.

"You know, of course," he said, "Gordon's feeling about Adrienne; and, I presume, it is not necessary to tell you that the trouble is in connection with that. There is a young Spaniard in St. Louis, Don Pedro de Castillo, who has been devoted to Adrienne for a year past. She has never seemed to favor his suit, although her father and family thought so well of it that there was, at one time, talk of a bethrothal. The young man is handsome and attractive in the way these Spaniards are, and of a very influential family. He has a cousin here, Don Guadalupe de Calvo y Ramio, who is most highly considered. For my part, I look upon his connection with Don Guadalupe as Pedro's best recommendation.

"When Adrienne came back to St. Louis and Gordon soon after followed her, you may judge of the condition which resulted between the two young rivals. I knew there would be war but hoped it might be carried on in a reasonable way. Adrienne is so wise and good, so little coquette, that I trusted a great deal to her. The right kind of a woman, you know, can usually arrange these things."

"I agree with you," I said, interrupting him, "and, especially, I agree with you in saying that Mademoiselle Adrienne is good and wise."

"Eh bien!" continued Chenier; "very soon Gordon began to lose his head entirely; and, I think, the devil got into Pedro, for I suspect him of a very black deed. It so happened that one day we spoke together, Pedro and I. I know no Spanish and he knows no French. His English is something remarkable; and, although

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I can get along with English well enough when I am good-humored, when I am the least angry or excited, I become as much tangled up as Pedro does.

"He said, 'Señor, I haf sohm throvl, sohm verree bad throvl I weesh to espeak to you about. Thees Don Carlos Gordon,—he eez amigo weeth you—eez freen' weeth you—es vero, no?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'it is true that Don Carlos Gordon is my friend. But I am sorry to hear that you have trouble, Don Pedro, and I hope it can be arranged.'

"'Nunca, nunca,—nevaire can that throvl be arrange. Don Carlos, he lofe la señorita Adrienne, but I swear-ar to you, Señor, eet eez not posseeblee to heem to lofe her lak I lofe her.'

"'Eh bien! Don Pedro,' I said, 'I am not able to judge of that. You should, however, give Gordon an equal chance with yourself to show how much he loves the señorita.'

"'Nevaire, no,' said Pedro, his eyes flashing with anger at the suggestion of Gordon's having any chance to gain Adrienne. 'Tambien, I weesh to marry with her. Madre de Dios! eef he marry with her, caramba! I weel keel heem! I weel cut heem een thee heart, by the madre de Dios, I weel do thees!'

"'Escus-ar me, Señor,' he continued, apparently trying to control himself, 'pardon-ar me, but I weel tell to you what mak all la dificultad. Eet eez Don Carlos—he mak lofe too much to la señorita. Santa Maria! I weesh to tell to you, Señor, I keel heem before that he shall make so much lofe to her!'

"Bon Dieu!" said Chenier, "he was so beside himself that I saw I could do nothing. So saying 'Adios' aloud and 'al diablo' under my breath, I left him in order to seek Gordon and see what could be done with him."

"And did you find him amenable to reason?" I inquired.

"Alas, no. He was even more unmanageable than Pedro had been. 'The little brown devil,'" he said, speaking with his teeth firmly set together and his voice hoarse with passion. 'To dare to talk of marrying Adrienne! I will put a bullet through his heart!'

"'Gordon,' I said, 'I know these Spaniards, and you must be careful—'

"'Careful!' he exclaimed, white with anger and his voice trembling with excitement. 'I know their deviltry and their lies; and I will silence them. Yes, by Jove! I will silence them as surely as I live!'

"I consigned him to the devil, along with the other hot-head, and went in search of Don Guadalupe. When I had told him how furiously bloodthirsty each one had become at the thought of the other marrying Adrienne, he cried whimsically: 'Ah, it is this love that makes fools; let it be a Spanish fool or an English fool, it is always love. Enough! Long live love! long live youth!'

"You see," continued Chenier, "he did not see the importance of the matter just at first, but I urged it upon him."

"'It is not a question of two mere madmen,' I told him, 'but of the security of Clark and his followers. Above all things, the American commander wishes just now, to be on friendly terms with the Spanish authorities on the west side of the river, for the British may come down upon us from Canada at any moment, and in that event we must be able to cross the Mississippi into friendly territory. It is out of all reason to risk such a complication as may arise from the rashness of these two young fools. If Gordon kills Don Pedro, as I think he will, your governor may be forced to take such action as might be disastrous to Colonel Clark's plans.'

"'Dios mio!' said Don Guadalupe, looking very grave. 'I had not thought of that. Toma! this love affair is likely to become a matter to be handled with diplomatic skill.'

"'If,' I remarked, 'I had Gordon at Cahokia, I would tell everything to

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Clark, and he could make things safe by keeping him under guard. But I am sure that I cannot, for the present, get him away from St. Louis. What can you do with Pedro?'

"'Quien sabe?' was the Don's reply. 'I will see the governor at once. He feels very kindly toward Clark, and I believe in his heart he detests the British. I am sure I do, and I hope that Clark will rid us of them. I will advise you, then, before long. Hasta la vista, amigo mio.'

"Before nightfall he informed me that the governor had found a pretext for having Pedro placed under guard and I at once sought Gordon. Finding that he had gone to pass the evening at M. Soularde's, and feeling relieved of anxiety, I went to my own apartment.

"It was almost midnight when I was awakened by a messenger who brought the news that Gordon was lying at M. Soularde's house dangerously wounded and would probably die. Upon reaching him, however, I found the wound not so serious, and Charlie able to tell me what had happened."

"Thank heaven," I ejaculated, "that he had you to turn to!"

"He said the assassin had been, without doubt, in hiding, waiting for him to come out of the house. As he descended the steps he observed a shadow, and it was in turning quickly to look at it more carefully that he probably saved his life. The knife which was intended to pass through his heart, only cut his arm and that not very seriously. As he was struck, he made a dash at the assailant, at the same moment giving a loud call, which brought M. Soularde quickly to the spot. Finding that he had failed in his attempt to strike a fatal blow, the assassin had immediately fled.

"The violence of the blow and the loss of blood caused Gordon to lose consciousness, and upon reaching him, M. Soularde thought he was dead; but as soon as an examination was made, it was seen that the wound was not very serious."

"Was he able to give any description of his assailant?" I asked.

"Why, strangely enough, he says the assassin was an Indian. Do you understand how that could be? If it is a fact, it suggests a very black deed to my mind."

We walked the rest of the way in silence, pondering over the mystery.

"Ned," said Charlie, after I had greeted him, "the man who tried to kill me was an Indian. I am as sure of it as I am that I live. And the blow was certainly meant for me, for as I passed out of the doorway the moon shone full in my face, as bright as daylight. He saw me as plainly as I see you standing there. I noticed the shadow and thought nothing of it but, in an instant, that little sly, Spanish devil, Pedro, came into my mind, and this caused me to turn quickly, else that knife would have gone straight through my heart, as it was intended. They thought I would fall dead without even a groan. But I will find that Indian if he is on this continent, and make him tell the truth, if it costs my life."

"'I don't know, Gordon," I said; "what to make of its being an Indian—"

"Well, if you don't, I do," he exclaimed angrily; "I know Pedro was under guard. Chenier has told me about that; but some of his accursed Spanish dollars gave me that cut—"

"For God's sake, Gordon, hush! you are talking wildly," I cried, interrupting him. "You will ruin us by your imprudence. You know Pedro's family are people of the highest importance in New Orleans, and his relatives here are immensely influential; and these Spaniards are full of pride and revenge. We must, at all hazards, steer clear of invoking their anger. We have no idea what the British are planning against us—they may send a force from Canada at any moment, and Colonel Clark considers it of the utmost importance to keep on friendly terms with these Spaniards."

My earnestness failed to affect the wounded youth.

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"There is one of them would go to purgatory too quick to make his confession, if I could lay my hands upon him," said he, threateningly. "I know pretty well what he would have to confess."

"Even if what you suspect should be true," I answered, trying to turn his thoughts into a lighter channel, "admitting that you owe your present position to him, why should you feel any resentment? It seems to me you ought to be grateful to any one who had a hand in placing you under the roof with Mademoiselle Adrienne, and only badly enough wounded to be interesting. Don Pedro would, beyond doubt, exchange places with you willingly."

This suggestion acted like a charm in restoring the young man's good humor; and he laughed heartily in picturing Pedro's discomfiture when he realized how things had turned out; he under guard, not able to see Adrienne; and Gordon domesticated in her home, receiving from her kind sympathy for the suffering and danger which he had risked, as it were, upon her account.

"By all the saints he worships!" he cried out triumphantly, "I'll not send him to purgatory, for I think he is there already."

Upon returning to Cahokia I found Clark occupied with a chief by the name of Blackbird, who had been in St. Louis when our invasion was first made; but had sent the American commander a letter apologizing for his absence. Upon inquiry, Clark found that he was a chief of great importance, possessing influence over considerable territory bordering on Lake Michigan; and, consequently, the commander departed from his usual distant policy and invited the chief to visit him, sending a special messenger to convey this invitation.

Blackbird arrived with only eight attendants; and observing that preparations were being made for the usual great council, he sagaciously suggested that no time be lost in ceremonials, as he had come on business. He declared that he wanted much conversation with the American commander, and would prefer sitting at the same table with him to all the formality that could be used.

Colonel Clark readily undertook to satisfy him on every point; but, compelled as he was to employ similes for so many ideas foreign to barbarous society, it took him nearly half a day to answer the inquiries of the chief. This was finally accomplished, however, to the satisfaction of this intelligent and powerful Indian, who expressed himself convinced that the Americans were entirely in the right.

"I am glad," said Blackbird, "that our old friends, the French, have united their arms with yours; and the Indians ought to do the same."

"No," replied Colonel Clark; "we do not wish the Indians to fight for us."

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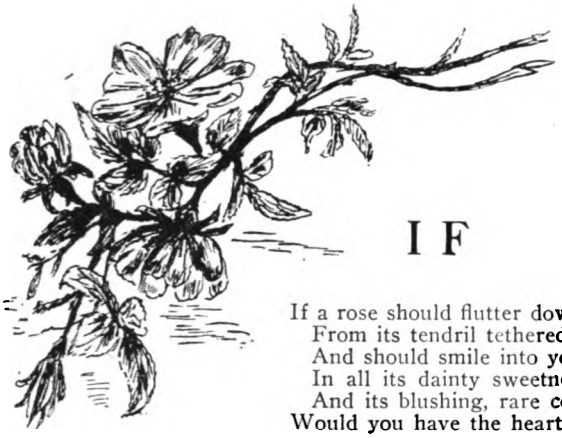
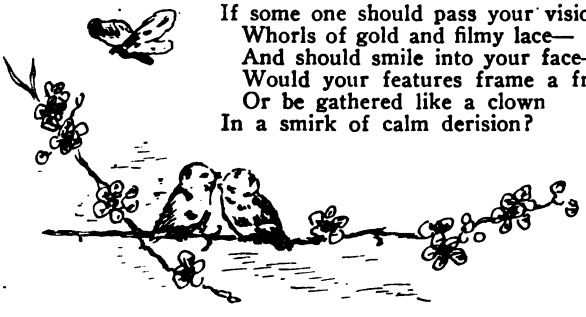


IF

If a rose should flutter down
From its tendril tethered place,
And should smile into your face
In all its dainty sweetness,
And its blushing, rare completeness,
Would you have the heart to frown?

Would you rather not possess it
Casting reason into rhyme,
And unthinking for the time
That the rose by you untaken
Were a sweeter rose forsaken?
Yes, you would, but won't confess it.



If some one should pass your vision—
Whorls of gold and filmy lace—
And should smile into your face—
Would your features frame a frown,
Or be gathered like a clown
In a smirk of calm derision?

Would you always be impelled
By such well-contained restraint
That no thought of maid or flowers
Would disturb your somber hours—
Neither penetrate your mood—
Then, I'd call you thing of wood
In a slavish coma held.

Joseph Hugh Reese.

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ANNE: MORE LEAVES FROM HER DIARY

VI

By Kate Trimble Sharber

Dec. 20—"Yuletide in the Southland" is what Professor Young calls it, but from the sound you'd never know how nice it really is. It means that the Youngs have come down to the bungalow to spend Christmas and have brought his brother, Julius, to spend it too. I admire Mr. Julius Young, both his name and his ways. He noticed me the minute he got off the train and said I would have to be his sweetheart. Although I have learned, from being so deceived by Dr. Gordon's remarks like that, you mustn't depend on what they say, still it makes you like a person when they say it to you.

He is not a college professor like his brother, but he writes poetry once in awhile and makes his living drawing pictures. Now the bad part about making your living out of poetry and art is that so often you don't do it. This is the way with Julius. He draws fully as good as other artists, but he has never been able to get people to notice it. Professor Young says his work "lacks the divine spark," and so the poor young man has to heat his coffee over the gas jet like they always do in pitiful magazine stories. So much poetry and art have made him real thin with strange flannel shirts and he looks half like a writing person and half like a hero that was raised out West. He doesn't act as peculiar as he looks though, laughing as jolly as Mr. Parkes if anything funny happens, and he knows so much about horses, having traveled considerable, that Pa thinks he is very smart. Pa says you can excuse a poet with horse sense better than you can just a plain poet.

Rufe and Cousin Eunice are down here in the country too, partly at our house and partly at Rufe's folks'. This makes a nice reunion for them, being as Rufe's sister, Marcella, is home for the first time in three Christmases, having been off studying how to play on the piano.

Ever since during the chestnuts getting ripe Marcella has been good friends with me for she loves the outdoors and there wasn't anybody but me that had the time to spare to go with her through the woods. She felt sorry for me too, not getting to go back to school in the city this fall and so she has taught me a lot. Ma and Pa said they just couldn't spare me, being the only one that lived and born to them in their old age. It looks like if my brothers and sisters had of known how inconvenient it was for me to be the only child they would of tried a little harder to live.

Marcella is not pretty in a blonde-headed way like Ann Lisbeth and Bertha, but her hair and eyes are as dark as chocolate candy when you've grated a whole half a cake in it and her skin looks like cream does when it's nearly ready to churn. She wouldn't go with me and Rufe and Cousin Eunice to meet the Youngs at the train being ashamed on Julius' account I reckon, both being single. But we went and Professor and Mrs. Young said they were too happy for anything to be back in the country

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for a regular old-fashioned Christmas. They said they were going to do everything just like it was in old England, which Professor Young had brought a book to read about. They said this book would "infuse a genuine Yule spirit," but if they had of scraped as many cake pans and seeded as many raisins as I have they would have more Christmas feeling in them already than they could hold without a dose of cordial.

Dec. 21—This morning we collected on the other side of the creek to go after holly and mistletoe to decorate the bungalow with, me, the Youngs and Rufe and Cousin Eunice. Julius said a good many compliments about the Nature you could see all over the hills, but Rufe said shucks! if he had plowed over that Nature as often as *he* had it wouldn't look so pretty.

Cousin Eunice said let's go straight up through the woods and maybe we would meet Marcella coming back from a poor person's house which she had been to carry sick folks' things to. This plan must have been made up between them for, sure enough, when we got to the tip top we found Marcella sitting under some cedar trees resting and leaning back against one just like it was a-purpose. She had on her red jacket and little red hat which set off her pale looks considerable, and if she did do it for the sake of Julius she knew the proper way to get on the good side of an artist for he started to acting impressed right away. If a person is trying to be romantic it is a better plan to meet a man under a cedar tree with a tired expression than it is to sprain your ankle so they will have to carry you home in their arms like they do in books. I don't know why so many authors sprain their characters' ankles and then let them make love smelling of liniment.

Dec. 22—Ma says in olden times young people married each other because the ladies was pretty or could bake good cakes and the young men was able to take care of them, but nowadays they marry because they "feel" the same way about things. This is called congenial and an overly congenial person is an "affinity." Cousin Eunice and Rufe felt the same way about Keats and married. Ann Lisbeth and Dr. Gordon both loved white hyacinths and married, and this morning I heard Marcella and Julius say that they felt the same way about music. Marcella was playing on the piano in our parlor and we was all listening when Julius remarked:

"Oh, isn't it rare to find a woman who can properly interpret Beethoven?"

Pa was in the room and spoke up. "Yes," he said, "and rarer still in these days to find one who can properly interpret the *bake-oven.*"

Marcella thinks the world and all of Beethoven and Wagner and other persons whose names are not spelt the way you would think.

Later, when there wasn't anybody present but just those two, I heard Julius ask Marcella if she would "sit" to him. I thought at first he must be proposing for the folks around here say that Widow Hollis is "setting up to" anybody when she's trying to marry. But Marcella said right away she would be delighted which I knew couldn't mean marrying, for when the lady is getting proposed to she never even lets on how glad she is, much less says delighted right out in plain words. He said her face was the purest Greek he ever saw, which didn't make her mad although it would me for a Greek is a smiling, oily-looking person which runs a candy kitchen.

When he mentioned her face being like a Greek's face she looked so pleased that he went on to tell her he had never been so impressed with anybody's looks in his life as he was with her that first day under the cedar trees. He said oh, if he just had such a model he could do *anything,* for he knew she had soul as well as beauty. The idea of him telling her she had a soul, as if anybody but foreign heathens didn't have!

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She said she thought it would be a noble life to be model and inspiration to a man of lofty ideals like Dan. T. Gabriel Rosette-y's wife, only sometimes the woman was starved. It looks like she would of been ashamed to mention such a thing as not getting enough to eat, but it seemed to please Julius instead of making him mad for he got over closer and said: "No, not with me. I'm too human for that. I could no more sink the woman in the model than I could sink the man in the artist," which had less sense to it than anything they had before remarked.

Dec. 23—Early this morning Mrs. and Professor Young came over to ask Pa where they could find a Yule log and a peacock. They said in the "eternal fitness of things" they must have the log to burn all Christmas night and the peacock to serve with "brilliant plumage" at the dinner table. Mrs. Young went around to the kitchen to ask Mammy Lou if she knew how to prepare a peacock the way they wanted it and brought to the table in its feathers with the tail spread. Mammy wasn't a speck more polite than she was about the roosters last summer and spoke her mind.

"No, *ma'am,*" she told her, "Miss Mary won't let so much as a *pin* feather come on *her* table, much less a whole critter covered with 'em. Looks like *that* would turn a nigger's stomach let alone white folks, though there ain't no 'countin' for the taste o' *Yankees.*"

Mrs. Young tried to explain that he was cooked without the feathers which was put on afterwards and an old English custom, but that wouldn't pacify Mammy.

"Well all I can say for the old English is that they must have stomachs on 'em like *buzzards,*" Mammy told her.

The Yule log was easier and so they got that, though it ain't to be lit till to-morrow night with ceremony.

Julius and Marcella had a long talk through the woods after sars-a-parilla vines this afternoon about how they would like to have a house furnished if they was going to furnish one. They never got as far as the kitchen and smokehouse, but they both agreed that they would love better than anything in the world to have a dark green library with dull brass jardinieres. (I had a terrible time with that word.) Julius then spoke up and said any kind of a library that had *her* in it would be artistic enough for him, which I thought was saying a good deal for artists pretend they can't live without their "atmosphere," meaning battered-up tea kettles and dirty curtains from Persia. Marcella must of thought he meant something by it too, for she got as red in the face as when you have a breaking out.

Dec. 24—I helped Ma and Mammy considerable this morning by tasting all the things to see if they was just right, for we are going to have a big dinner to-morrow and invite them all.

To-night we all went over to the bungalow to hear Professor Young read about how they used to do Christmas things in England before the Pilgrim Fathers. It sounded awful nice about the "waits" singing, "God rest you, merry gentlemen," on the outside of your window and the servants at dinner bringing in the boar's head singing too. Professor Young said he thought these old customs ought to be revived especially in the South where we had old-timey houses and family servants. Pa said well, we maybe could get Mammy Lou to bring in the turkey to-morry to the tune of, "There *wus* a moanin' lady, she lived in a moanin' land," which was the only song she knew besides Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, one being about as Christmasy as the other.

After awhile Mrs. Young started up the chafing dish and called Julius from over in the corner where he and Marcella was talking very easy to come and help her with the coffee. She hadn't more than said coffee when Professor Young picked up his book again.

"Why, Marie, my love," he inter-

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rupted her, "coffee is not at all a drink in keeping with the season. To preserve the unities we ought to have a wassail bowl." Then he read us how easy it was to make up the wassail. All you had to do was to take wine and ale and sugar and nutmeg mixed with ginger and spice and toast and roasted crabs floating around in it; then you must pour it into a big silver bowl that has been in your family a hundred years with the coat-of-arms. A coat-of-arms is two peculiar animals standing on their hind legs pawing at each other.

Mrs. Young said she was as anxious to preserve the unities as Augustus, but how could they without any wine or ale or toast or crabs, to say nothing of the ginger and the silver bowl with the coat-of-arms marked on it. Rufe said not to worry for we might find it hard along towards midnight and day to preserve much unity between such a drink as wassail and the Welsh rabbit Mrs. Young was making anyhow, so the wassail bowl was dropped.

Dec. 25—All during my diary there hasn't been anything as thrilling to happen as what happened to-day to Julius and Marcella. Getting your arm broken and carried to the hospital by your future husband ain't anything to compare with this.

Everybody was happy at the dinner table, me especially for beside all the books I wanted I had got a pyrography set and a pearl ring. I don't think any girl is complete without a pearl ring. The company all praised Mammy's cooking and Julius remarked that after such a dinner as that it would be pretty tough on a fellow to go back to town the next day and live on coffee heated over a gas jet and crackers. We laughed considerable over the gas jet, all but Marcella who didn't look funny.

Just as we had got to the plum pudding burning and Julius had said he wished he could paint a picture of it Dilsey came into the dining-room with a telegram addressed to Mr. Julius Young. This excited Mammy Lou, who admired him very much, so she nearly spilt all the sauce over him saying, "Thar! I just know it's some of your folks dead!"

Julius laughed and told her he reckoned not, as all the folks he had on earth was there at the table, and he looked at Marcella when he said it in preference to his brother. Much to all our disappointment Julius never even opened the telegram and read it, although we didn't say so. He put it in his pocket and went on talking like it wasn't any more to be proud of than just a plain mail letter.

After dinner Pa took them all out in the garden to look at some new hot beds he was having made and Julius and Marcella went into the parlor. I stayed in the hall by the door, not being wanted in the parlor and not admiring hot beds much. They didn't sit down, but went over and stood near the piano and all of a sudden Marcella said nervous-like: "Why don't you read your telegram? It might be good news."

"It *is* good news, I feel sure," he told her, "and I wanted you to be the first one to know it—that's the reason I didn't mention it at the table."

She said well to hurry up and tell her, so he did. He said the day he saw her leaning against the cedar tree he thought she was so beautiful that he went straight back to the bungalow and made a picture of her like she was then and sent it to a large magazine up North which had promised to give five thousand dollars to the person that sent them the best picture by Christmas, and he believed the telegram was to say that his was it. Marcella told him well, he had a high opinion of his work to take it for granted that it had won such a prize.

"Not at all," he said catching her hand in his, "for it was a picture of *you.*"

This sounded so loving I wasn't prepared for what came next. I heard them tear open the envelope and Marcella said, "Good-*ness!*" and he said, "Well, I'll be—I wasn't look-

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ing for *this!*" and it made me so interested that before I knew it I was in the parlor though so easy and it nearly dark that they didn't seem to see me.

As near as I could make out the telegram told Julius that they thought his picture was painted so good they was not only going to give him the first prize like they promised, but wanted to hire him to draw for them during the next year and how much pay would he do it for.

"Why, you can have your green library and brass jardinieres *now*," Marcella said, still holding hands and her voice like it was about to cry. He just looked at her and looked a long time without saying a word. Finally he put both hands on her shoulders and looked down into her eyes.

"I can have nothing without you," he said in the most devoted voice I ever heard. "It is your beauty that has made my picture succeed. If I amount to anything you will have to come with me—will you?"

"You want me for your model?" she asked very quivery and making out like she didn't know what he was driving at, although she put her hands up on his shoulders too, which was enough to give her away.

"True, I cannot paint without you for my model," he said so grand and sweet that you felt very strange listening to it, and he kissed her on the forehead and she let him, "but I cannot *live* without you for my wife."

This won her—it was enough to win anybody, coming from a poet-artist and good-looking at that.

THE INDIAN QUESTION IN JACKSON'S TIME AND SINCE

By A. S. Colyar

THE collision between the Federal Government and the states over the rights of the Indians, when Jackson was president, was examined by me with more than ordinary care and labor when securing data for my "Life and Times of Andrew Jackson."

Nothing in our history is more interesting and nothing in the shifting scenes of the early days less understood, and out of nothing has come more dissatisfaction at home and prejudice abroad than our dealings, as a nation, with the aborigines of our country. M. de Toqueville, a popular French writer, has misrepresented us in this respect, and his writings have generally been received as true history in Europe; and in this country readers of books who have been willing to take French writers rather than American history for what we are and what we have done, have accepted it.

The conflicts between the state courts and the Federal courts, the intense feeling of the states on one side, and the imperative duty of the Supreme Court of the United States on the other, had put the political department of the government where a small man in General Jackson's place would have been as helpless as the Empress of China now is, as she sees the powers count and divide up her scant revenue.

Only intelligent and laborious searchers after the truth of history will know through the coming ages what Marshall on the bench, and Jackson in the field and in the Cabinet, were worth in putting the great republic on its feet.

In one respect the Indian question surpassed all others that came in our early history. The conflicts between the Federal and the state governments were more intense as well as more

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deeply seated; involving the great questions of justice, sympathy, rights of property, and the homes of the brave, savage race ready and willing to fight and die for the land in which slept the bones of their ancestors.

Within the limits of the old states, when the constitution was adopted, and in the territories where the new states were formed, were found many tribes of Indians whose possessory right, with well-defined boundaries, far exceeded any claim we had by occupancy or discovery.

At first, when the white population was small and thinly scattered, the Indian possessions were scarcely considered but as the population increased, a state within the state, made up of an only partially civilized people with their own government and laws, and a provision in the constitution that no state shall be formed within a state, the question, in a social as well as in a political point of view, came to be serious and threatening.

The question was further complicated between the Federal government and the states, by the various treaties entered into with the Indians by the Federal government, which treaties were set up and pleaded bv the Indians in their litigation between them and the states, but were wholly disregarded by the states, notably Georgia and Tennessee.

Both of these states, in disregard of the treaties, passed laws for the government of these people, extending the laws, severally, of the states over them, and with inhibitions on their rights in a social as well as a legal and political point of view, denying them the right of property in their lands unless they became citizens of the state and acknowledged allegiance to its laws.

Here are some of the provisions of the Georgia statute:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Georgia, in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, that, after the 1st day of February, 1831, it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, under color or pretense of authority from said Cherokee tribe, or as headmen, chiefs, or warriors of said tribe, to cause or procure by any means the assembling of any council or other pretended legislative body of the said Indians or others living among them, for the purpose of legislating (or for any other purpose whatever). And persons offending against the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a high misdemeanor, and subject to indictment therefor, and, on conviction, shall be punished by confinement at hard labor in the penitentiary for the space of four years.

"Section II. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that after the time aforesaid, it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, under pretext of authority from the Cherokee tribe, or as representatives, chiefs, headmen or warriors of said tribe, to meet or assemble as council, assembly, convention, or in any other capacity, for the purpose of making laws, orders or regulations for said tribe. And all persons offending against the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a high misdemeanor, and subject to an indictment, and on conviction therefor, shall undergo an imprisonment in the penitentiary for the space of four years.

"Section III. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, under color or by authority of the Cherokee tribe, or any of its laws or regulations, to hold any court or tribunal whatever, for the purpose of hearing and determining causes, either civil or criminal, or to give any judgment in such causes, or to issue, or cause to issue, any process against the person or property of any of said tribe. And all persons offending against the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a high misdemeanor, and subject to indictment, and on conviction thereof, shall be imprisoned in the pehitentiary at hard labor for the space of four years."

"Section VII. And be it further

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enacted by the authority aforesaid, that all white persons residing within the limits of the Cherokee nation, on the first day of March next, or at any time thereafter, without a license or permit from His Excellency the Governor, or from such agent as His Excellency the Governor shall authorize to grant such permit or license, and who shall not have taken the oath hereinafter required, shall be guilty of a high misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by confinement in the penitentiary at hard labor for a term of not less than four years."

For the violation of this statute, Worcester, who was a preacher and missionary, was indicted for residing in the Indian nation, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary for four years, and was imprisoned.

The Governor of Georgia refused to pardon him, holding the statute to be valid. The Indians then employed Mr. Wirt, who got the case into the Supreme Court of the United States, and it was in this case the great Chief Justice fixed the status of the Indians and their rights.

The case of Foreman vs. The State of Tennessee was decided after the Worcester case had been decided by a unanimous decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Tennessee court had the opinion before it, and further complicated the whole question by refusing to follow it, and agreeing with the Supreme Court of Georgia. The Georgia court refused to obey the procedendo from the Supreme Court of the United States by releasing the prisoner. The Tennessee case was appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, but the prisoner died in jail. The Indians employed Spencer Jarnegan to defend Foreman.

The Supreme Court of Tennessee held that the charter granted by the King of England, and the law of nations which had its origin with the papal power, gave us the right to the land, and power over the inhabitants, even to extermination, because they were infidels.

A mere synopsis of the masterly opinion of Chief Justice Marshall, acquiesced in by the whole court (except Baldwin, who dissented on a technical question), is all that can be given here.

The court was then composed of John Marshall, Chief Justice; William Johnson, Gabriel Duvall, Joseph Story, Smith Thompson, John McLean, and Henry Baldwin.

I make the following quotation from the opinion of the Chief Justice:

"The Indian nations had always been considered as distinct, independent communities, retaining their original natural rights, as the undisputed possessors of the soil, from time immemorial, with the single exception of that imposed by irresistible power, which excluded them from intercourse with any other European potentate than the first discoverer of the coast of any particular region claimed, and this was a restriction which those European potentates imposed on themselves, as well as on the Indians. The very term 'nation,' so generally applied to them, means 'a people distinct from others.'

"The Constitution, by declaring treaties already made, as well as those to be made, to be the supreme law of the land, has adopted and sanctioned the previous treaties with the Indian nations, and consequently admits their rank among those powers who are capable of making treaties.

"The words 'treaty' and 'nation' are words of our own language, selected in our diplomatic and legislative proceedings, by ourselves, having each a definite and well-understood meaning. We have applied them to Indians, as we have applied them to the other nations of the earth. They are applied to all in the same sense.

"Georgia, herself has furnished conclusive evidence that her former opinions on this subject concurred with those entertained by her sister states. Various acts of her legislature have been cited in the argument, including

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the contract of cession made in the year 1802, all tending to prove her acquiescence in the universal conviction that the Indian nations possessed a full right to the lands they occupied, until that right should be extinguished by the United States, with their consent; that their territory was separated from that of any state within whose chartered limits they might reside, by a boundary line, established by treaties; that within their boundary they possessed rights with which no state could interfere; and that the whole power of regulating the intercourse with them was vested in the United States. A review of these acts on the part of Georgia would occupy too much time and is the less necessary because they have been accurately detailed in the argument at the bar. Her new series of laws, manifesting her abandonment of these opinions, appears to have commenced in December, 1828.

In opposition to this original right, possessed by the undisputed occupants of every country, to this recognition of that right, which is evidenced by our history, in every change through which we have passed; is placed the charters granted by the monarch of a distant and distinct region, parcelling out a territory in the possession of others whom he could not remove, and did not attempt to remove, and the cession made of his claims by the treaty of peace.

"The actual state of things at the time, and all history since, explain these charters; and the King of Great Britain, at the treaty of peace, could cede only what belonged to his crown. These newly asserted titles can derive no aid from the articles so often repeated in Indian treaties; extending to them first the protection of Great Britain, and afterwards that of the United States. These articles are associated with others, recognizing their title to self-government. The very fact of repeated treaties with them recognizes it; and the settled doctrine of the law of nations is, that a weaker power does not surrender its independence—its right to self-government, by associating with a stronger, and taking its protection. A weak state, in order to provide for its safety, may place itself under the protection of one more powerful, without stripping itself of the right of government, and ceasing to be a state. Examples of this kind are not wanting in Europe. 'Tributary feudatory States,' says Vattel, 'do not thereby cease to be sovereign and independent states, so long as self-government and sovereign and independent authority are left in the administration of the state.' At the present day, more than one state may be considered as holding its rights of self-government under the guarantee and protection of one or more allies.

"The Cherokee nation, then, is a distinct community, occupying its own territory, with boundaries accurately described, in which the laws of Georgia can have no force, and which the citizens of Georgia have no right to enter, but with the assent of the Cherokees themselves, or in conformity with treaties and with the acts of Congress. The whole intercourse between the United States and this nation is, by our Constitution and laws, vested in the Government of the United States.

"The act of the State of Georgia, under which the plaintiff in error was prosecuted, is consequently void, and the judgment a nullity. Can this court revise and reverse it?"

Looking at the case of Foreman vs. Tennessee, the exhaustive review by the Chief Justice, Catron, in reference to the law of nations, where savages or infidels were concerned, and the opinion of the great Chief Justice, must be accepted as injecting into a cruel and heartless system (founded in the supposed right of destroying infidels and taking their country because there was only a remote possibilty of their being converted), a new and vital principle, hitherto unknown to pontiff or potentate of Europe. Our glorious history has no more glorious time than the period of 1832 to 1836, when a great lawyer, the greatest of modern years, as Chief Justice of the United States,

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and a great citizen-soldier, the greatest of all time, as President of the United States, injected into the law of nations the principle of equal rights to life, liberty, and property, in a national sense, among and between the civilized and the uncivilized; and put the principle in operation as against their own country and in favor of a race whose condition marked the change from civilized barbarity to the brotherhood of man.

It was a change from the time when the work of the missionary was to propagate religion by destroying infidels, and when every civilized nation in the world was catching the negro and selling him into slavery, to the doctrine taught by the Master when on earth.

The world at large has seen the Indians put back, and wasting away, and has laid the blame at our door, but the Indians had been wasting away long before our ancestors came. There are many cases in the dealings of our people with the Indians, the obliteration of which would increase the hope of a universal brotherhood; but the treatment of the Indians by our government, a strong nation dealing with a helpless people, is without a parallel in its humanity and in the justice of its laws. Since the Indian wars ended, the Indians have in fact been the wards of the nation.

In selecting heads of departments, the greatest care of the President and Secretary of the Interior has always been to find men of both head and heart to manage our Indian affairs.

The condition became more complicated and new troubles arose. One was that in taking possession of the Indian Territory in the South the slavery question came in, and this was fought with great bitterness. Another was that European nations were asked to interfere.

Mr. Benton refers to the condition of the country as follows:

"In this matter European sympathies were sought to be brought to bear upon the question of removal of the Indians—a political and domestic question, long since resolved upon by wise and humane American statesmen—and for the benefit of the Indians themselves, as well as the states in which they were. If all that the reverend missionary uttered had been true, it would still have been very improper invocation of the European sympathies in an American domestic question, and against the settled governmental policy; but it was not true.

"The Creeks, with their united ten million acres, owned not one acre in the state, and had not in five years, not since the treaty of cession in 1825, which shows the recklessness with which the reverend suppliant for foreign sympathy spoke of the people and states of his own country. The few Cherokees who were there, instead of subjugation and destruction of their liberties, were to be paid a high price for their land if they chose to join their tribe beyond the Mississippi; and if not, they were to be protected like the white inhabitants of the countries they lived in. With respect to the Supreme Court, the judge declared that he would pay no attention to its mandate—holding no writ of error to lie from the Supreme Court of the United States to his state court—but would execute the sentence of the law, whatever it might be, in defiance of the Supreme Court; and such was the fact."

Instigated by foreign interference, and relying upon its protection, one George Tassels, of Indian descent, committed a homicide in resisting the laws of Georgia—was tried for murder, convicted, condemned, and sentenced to be hanged on a given day. A writ of error to bring the case before itself was obtained from the Supreme Court of the United States; and it was proposed by the counsel, Mr. Wirt, to try the whole question of the right of Georgia to exercise jurisdiction over the Indians and Indian country within her limits, by the trial of this writ of error at Washington; and for that purpose, and to save the tedious forms of judicial proceedings, he requested the governor to

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make up an "agreed case" for the consideration and decision of that high court. This proposition Governor Gilmer declined, in firm but civil terms, saying:

"Your suggestion that it would be convenient and satisfactory if yourself, the Indians and the governor would make up a law case to be submitted to the Supreme Court for the determination of the question, whether the Legislature of Georgia has competent authority to pass laws for the government of Indians residing within its limits, however courteous the manner, and conciliatory the phraseology, cannot but be considered as exceedingly disrespectful to the government of the state. No one knows better than yourself that the governor would grossly violate his duty and exceed his authority by complying with such a suggestion; and that both the letter and the spirit of the powers conferred by the Constitution upon the Supreme Court forbid its adjudging such a case. It is hoped that the efforts of the general government to execute its contract with Georgia [the compact of 1802], to secure the continuance and advance the happiness of the Indian tribes, and to give quiet to the country, may be so effectually successful as to prevent the necessity of any further intercourse upon the subject." And there was no further intercourse. The day for the execution of Tassels came around; he was hanged; and the writ of the Supreme Court was no more heard of.

The remaining Cherokees afterwards made their treaty, and moved to the west of the Mississippi, and that was the end of the political and intrusive philanthropical interference in the domestic policy of Georgia: one Indian hanged, some missionaries imprisoned, the writs of the Supreme Court disregarded, the Indians removed, and the political and pseudo-philanthropic intermeddlers left to the reflection of having done much mischief in assuming to become the defenders and guardians of a race which the humanity of our laws and people were treating with parental kindness.

These complications imposed upon General Jackson great and responsible duties. In his first annual message, 1829-30, he pointed out in the very outset of his administration the threatened conflicts and gave the information that he had advised the Indians to go west—into a new country on the other side of the Mississippi River, a country suited to their habits of life. It was believed then that many generations would come and go before the wilds of that far-off country would be disturbed by the white man. In his early step Jackson displayed, as in all the other great issues, a foresight and intelligence not found in any of his predecessors.

As the complications increased, so did his anxiety, until he saw that nothing but heroic action coupled with great prudence would do. The time had come for the political department of the Federal government to act. He had seen at an early day in the conflicts between the Federal government and the states a prospective collision of a most serious character.

The Supreme Court of Tennessee in an offensive and aggressive manner had disregarded the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in a case in which that court had carefully and elaborately considered the question of jurisdiction under the twenty-fifth section of the act of 1789, fixing limitations on the right of appeal from the final judgment of the Supreme Court of a state.

The Supreme Court of Georgia had refused to obey the procedendo in the Worcester case, and had hung Tassels in positive disregard of a writ of error from the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Governor of Georgia had officially announced that he would not obey any order or decision of the Supreme Court in reference to the Indians.

Jackson knew Marshall—he knew this was no new question—that in a Virginia case the Supreme Court of the state had refused to obey the mandate of the Supreme Court of the

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United States, and that from the order refusing, the case went back to the Supreme Court, when Marshall took it up and showed that his court was the final arbiter on the rights of appeal under the act of 1789, and if the Supreme Courts of the states refused to obey the mandate, and his court had not power to enforce it, that was the end of the government. Perhaps he knew that in that Virginia case Marshall had made up his mind that such a disaster could not be permitted until all the power was exhausted, and hence he saw the terrible conflict with Georgia.

Jackson's whole purpose had been to accomplish results by treaties, which he had done, paying to four tribes in the South $85,000,000 for their lands, and in 1836, General Jackson put General Scott in command, and moved the last of the Indians to their far-away home. It was the only move ever made with the Indians that meant a substantial advance in the way of civilization. These Indians may now be said to be civilized.

General Jackson's last fight was to raise money to move them. Congress hesitated, and only Jackson's influence carried it through.

THE NIGHT RIDERS

By HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD

CHAPTER XIX

Sally needed but little persuasion to consent to go home with her friend the next day, for in addition to Sophronia's promise to show her the supposed spy—the man who was in league with the Squire against his own nephew—she had also promised Sally to get word to Milton Derr to come to her house that night.

In case the young man was wounded and could not come, a trusted messenger, either Billy West or Sophronia herself, would see that he received Sally's message of warning.

Shortly after the two girls reached Mr. Saunders', they set out to pay a casual visit to Mrs. Judson's, ostensibly to learn how the rag carpet was progressing, but chiefly that Sally might see and hear the master of the place, and so decide if Steve Judson were really the man she had overheard plotting with the Squire.

The edge of the ravine was reached, and Sally was taken to the clump of cedar bushes from behind which her friend had covertly watched the secret burial of the jar containing the money.

"I wonder if the money's still there?" asked Sally in a low tone, as the tree was pointed out to her.

"I reckon so," answered Sophronia. "We might go look, only there's a possible danger of his coming upon us in the act. Hush! listen!" she cautioned, almost in the same breath, warningly pressing her companion's

NOTE.—"The Night Riders" commenced in August issue.

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arm. "I hear somebody comin' up the ravine now. Don't move! I shouldn't be surprised if it wasn't Steve himself," she added in a whisper. He's comin' to see if his Judas money is safe!"

"Suppose he should spy us?" asked Sally in sudden trepidation.

"But he can't, these bushes will hide us securely. Yes, it's him," she continued softly, as she cautiously parted the thick foliage and peered through; "he's comin' up the ravine, an' he's got his arm in a sling," she added a minute or two later as she withdrew her face from the opening and signalled Sally to take her place.

Thus the two, alternating their keen watch, saw Steve reach the spot Sophronia had pointed out but the moment before as the secret burial place of the treasure, and when he had reached it he immediately began to dig with one hand in the ground to unearth the glass jar.

He was some little time in doing this, hampered as he was with one arm in a sling, but at last the job was happily accomplished, and holding the jar between his knees, as Sophronia remembered also to have done, he unscrewed the lid with his free hand, and was soon deeply engaged in counting over the bills.

"Hello! Steve! what in the devil air you doin'?"

So intent was Judson in his pleasant and unusual occupation, and so interested the two spectators behind the cedar bushes, that the presence of a fourth party was quite unknown and unsuspected by all until a voice broke abruptly and startlingly on the quiet of the spot.

Steve gave a nervous start, as if he had received an electric shock, and almost dropped the roll of bills that was spread out on his knee, while the quick move he made overturned the jar at his feet, and sent it rolling down the declivity, until it broke with a sharp crash on the rocks in the dry bed of the stream below.

Even the two girls came near betraying their presence by a cry of surprise at the unexpected intrusion. Close upon the words of the newcomer, and before Steve could gather up his money and hide it, the bushes on the opposite side of the ravine, right above Steve, were parted, and a man caught hold of a wild grape-vine hanging from a tree, jutting out over a ledge, and lightly swung himself down to within a few feet of where Steve sat. It was Jade Beddow.

"I went to your house huntin' you, an' your wife said you was down in this direction somewheres. How's your arm gettin'?" the speaker suddenly caught sight of the bank bills on Steve's knee, and broke into a low whistle of astonishment.

"Well,—great—Je—ru—sa—*lem!* where'd you git all that money?" he asked in frank surprise.

"I—I—I've been savin' it up for a rainy day," stammered Steve, nervously clutching the bills in his one hand, and crushing them into his broad palm, as if to hide them from Jade's keen eyes.

"How much 've you got there?" questioned his companion curiously.

"I don't know," answered Steve, hurriedly. "Not much, though—I was just countin' it when you come."

"It rather surprised you, didn't it?" asked Jade with a laugh.

"I should think so," acknowledged Steve. "You must have slipped down here mighty quiet."

"I did," admitted Jade. "I wanted to see what mischief you was up to. I didn't expect to catch you countin' money like some banker. What's this hole in the ground? Been buryin' it, you d—n miser?"

"It's safer than riskin' it in a bank, where you don't know who's going' to steal it."

"That's true," agreed Jade, stooping to pick up the scrap of paper which had been wrapped around the money, and had now dropped on the ground at Steve's side. It was the identical scrap that had given Sophronia a clue as to how this money had come into Steve's possession, and when Jade picked it up, she waited

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anxiously to see if he would also make a similar discovery.

At first the intruder glanced at it carelessly and seemed about to crumple it up in his hand, then suddenly he whole expression of his face changed as his eyes fell on the printed matter. He read it hastily, and quickly turned on Steve in accusing anger.

"You scoundrel!" he cried, shaking the scrap of paper in his companion's face. "You got this money by sellin' out. You've betrayed us!"

"I haven't," Steve stoutly denied, although his face turned a sallow white as he spoke. "Who says I told on the band?"

"The proof's right here," affirmed Jade, again shaking the scrap of paper violently in Steve's face. "Here's the reward offered for information concernin' the riders. You're the traitor, and you alone!"

"I'm not!" persisted the accused, though his voice seemed less assertive than before, and held in its tone a quality of fear. "You've no right to say so. I picked up that scrap of paper on the side of the road the other day."

"Yes, an' you also picked up the traitor's price along with it," sneered Jade Beddew. "I'll just save this for future use," he added, folding the paper and thrusting it in his pocket.

"What use?" asked Steve nervously.

"As evidence when you come to be tried for a spy," answered Jade calmly. "You haven't forgot this soon the penalty of betrayin' our band, have you?" he continued in a sterner voice, fixing his cold, piercing eyes full upon his companion.

"I never done it," muttered Steve, letting his eyes drop before the close scrutiny of Jade's gaze. "You cain't prove it."

A sudden thought came to the accuser as he stood looking at the culprit, who squirmed about uneasily under the penetrating eyes, and the tones that Jade next employed suggested rather an argument than a threat. His voice dropped into almost a persuasive key.

"Now look here, Steve!" he said quietly, "I've caught you dead to rights, an' you cain't squirm out of it, so you needn't try. You sold yourself for this money, don't deny it. You haven't saved up fifty cents in the last ten years, you know it, yet here you sit with a handful of crisp new banknotes, tellin' me you earned 'em honestly. Ha! ha! that's a good one! The devil himself would laugh at a joke like that."

Jade Beddow folded his arms and looked down on the poor wretch at his feet, who gave no evidence of the humor of the situation.

"Now see here, Steve! you're in a tight fix, sure an' certain, but if you'll do just as I tell you, I'll promise to get you out."

"How?" asked Steve hoarsely, a growing sign of weakness manifest.

"By fixin' the deed on somebody else."

"Who?"

"Milt Derr."

Steve remained silent.

"Fix it on him, an' it saves you. You'll have to lie a bit, but you're good at that."

"I cain't put it on him—don't ask me!" cried Steve sharply. "He done me a good turn only the other night. I cain't lie on him now."

Jade gave a sudden, short, harsh laugh. "Your conscience is gittin' mighty tender, all of a sudden," he said derisively.

"He stopped an' took me up behind him, after the rest of you had rid off. But for him I'd be in jail, right now."

"All right! you can do as you please about the matter," answered Jade coolly. "Only there's a much hotter place'n the jail, they say, which you stand a mighty good chance of reachin', an' d—n quick, too. If you want to suffer a traitor's fate, you can do so, I'll see that you get your just deserts, an' quickly. I've showed you an easy way to escape. You can take it or leave it, just as you choose."

He turned as if to go, while Steve caught at him, as a drowning man at a straw.

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"I'll testify ag'in him!" cried Steve despairingly.

"Very well! That's a bargain. We're goin' to have a meetin' to-night, at the old stone quarry near the bridge. Be on hand without fail, an' remember, that it's *him* or *you*," he added significantly.

CHAPTER XX

The two girls clung closely to one another, after the manner of frightened womankind, striving vainly to abstract a grain of courage from a

THE TWO GIRLS STROVE TO GAIN COURAGE

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united fear—in the eyes of each a growing terror.

"We must find Milt and give him warning!" gasped Sally faintly to her companion, at last gaining courage and voice as the two men went slowly down the ravine, their voices dropping lower and lower until they grew but a dull, unintelligible murmur to the attentive ears bent keenly to catch their meaning.

"Yes," agreed Sophronia, "without delay. Is Steve Judson the man you overheard talking to the Squire?"

"The very one. I recollected his voice the minute he begun to speak."

"A pretty pair of villains they are, —him an' Jade, too!"

Sally was already busied with her plans for her sweetheart's safety. "I'll try to beat 'em at their very own game," she said determinedly. "The first thing to be done is to see Milt."

"Yes, we must find him at once," agreed her companion.

"Let's go straight home, get our horses, and ride over to Mr. Pepper's where Milt works. We must see Milt himself, not trust to a message."

"He can't be badly wounded, else they wouldn't expect to try him tonight," said Sally, thoughtfully, hope springing anew in her breast.

"Neither Jade, nor Steve talked like he was hurt at all. Perhaps he isn't."

As the girls talked and planned, beset by many fears and uncertainties, they walked hurriedly across the fields, keeping pace with their nimble tongues, and when Mr. Saunders' house was reached, they quickly saddled the horses, and set out forthwith on their quest.

Disappointment awaited them at their journey's end, for when they came to Mr. Pepper's place, they learned that Milt had gone across country to attend to some business for his employer, and it was uncertain at what hour he would return. Sophronia and Sally looked at one another in dire perplexity.

"Want to leave a message?" asked Mr. Pepper.

"If Mr. Derr comes any hour before midnight, tell him to ride over to my house," said Sophronia. "I have a very important message for him." They turned away. "He evidently isn't wounded, an' likely he won't get back in time to be summoned by the raiders," she added hopefully, as she and her companion rode homeward. "Now, what's to be done in the meantime?"

"I'm goin' straight home," declared Sally, "an' keep a sharp lookout at the gate. Mr. Pepper said Milt might come back by way of town. I can trump up some excuse to mother about not staying all night with you, as I intended. If Milt comes back to Mr. Pepper's you'll get to see an' warn him, an' if he comes by the gate —I'll get to do it. That's all we can do."

"Suppose we both fail?"

"Then I'll go to the old quarry tonight," answered Sally.

"No!" cried her companion aghast.

"Indeed, I will," insisted Sally, coolly, "I'll not only go, but I'll see that Milt's not convicted on the false words of those two lying villains."

"You're really not in earnest, Sally Brown!" cried Sophronia, half in astonishment, half in admiration at the daring announcement.

"But I am, I mean every word of it." The girl had inherited from her forbears a touch of that intrepid spirit that prevailed amid the hills.

"I wouldn't go for worlds!" cried Sophronia shuddering.

"I guess you would, if it was *your* sweetheart that was in danger."

"I don't believe I could go, even then," admitted Sophronia. "They'll kill you!" she declared in growing terror.

"Not when I tell them I sent a warning to the band by Milt, and point out the very man that did betray them."

"But remember, the leader of the night-raiders is Jade Beddow. He will surely do you an' Milt all the injury he can. Oh, Sally, don't think

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of running such a risk! Let's find Billy West an' ask him to go."

"It wouldn't be as safe as for me to go," demurred Sally. "I'm not afraid. They're not goin' to hurt me. Let me have your father's pistol when we get back. I'll take it along, an' use it, too, if there's need.'

As the two girls excitedly discussed the situation, Sally decided that she would not go back home as she had first intended. There were too many chances of missing her sweetheart by so doing. Besides, if the two girls separated, Sally would not know whether her friend had seen Milt or not. This was a point they had both overlooked.

It was agreed, then, that the safer plan would be for Sally to remain at Mr. Saunders' until late bedtime, then, if Milt had not come, she would manage, with Sophronia's help, to slip quietly out of the house, saddle Joe and go direct to the old abandoned quarry where the farce of a trial would be held.

When bedtime came, and no sign of Derr, the two girls succeeded in slipping out of the house without detection, when they quickly saddled the patient Joe, and later parted in the darkness, Sophronia still urging her companion to think once again before starting forth on so perilous a journey.

Unshaken by her friend's forebodings, the toll-taker set out courageously into the lonely night, bent on accomplishing her sweetheart's release. She was familiar with the location of the dirt lane, at which she must turn off in order to reach the quarry, yet, in the haste of her mission and the perturbation of mind under which she was laboring, she turned into the wrong lane, and had gone some little distance before discovering her mistake. By the time she had retraced her way many valuable moments were lost.

The night was wearing on. In the hilly and sparsely settled region through which she rode, it seemed already past midnight, and her road was solitary and forbidding. Even the rocks, and trees and clumps of bushes along the way took on grotesque and often threatening shapes to her excited imagination as she passed them in the semi-darkness.

At times, these dimly defined forms became terrifying monsters of the night, guarding the road along which she passed, like fabulous creatures of fairy-land protecting the approach to some magic domain. Vague, silent, mysterious, they loomed up on either hand—gigantic, somber sentinels.

The chill of the night air, which lay heavily in the shadowy ravines, between the uplifting hills, penetrated her clothing and seemed to reach with its benumbing breath her very heart, yet she pressed on, undaunted.

She paused a brief moment at a small brook that crossed the road on the way to the quarry, and as she listened there came the dull hoof-tread of approaching horses—a cavalcade, it seemed, as she hearkened in sudden nervous terror, for the raiders were evidently close at hand.

Were they coming from, or going to the quarry?

For the moment she could not decide whether the sound was behind or in front of her. The reverberant hills seemed to be playing pranks with the echoes, and as she sat motionless on her horse and listened, a feeling of faintness came over her at the possibility of the sound's direction.

What if she were too late, and the raiders, returning from the old quarry, had already wreaked their vengeance on the hapless victim? The thought appalled her in its cruel suggestion, and her heart grew heavy with forebodings; then close upon her terror and despair the glad fact rushed to her relief that the horsemen were behind, not in front of her, and there was yet time in which to state her lover's case.

The raiders' rendezvous lay beyond, some little distance up the road, as she remembered its location in bygone days. There was scarcely time to reach it before the hurrying horses.

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Perhaps it would be the better plan to conceal herself somewhere amid the shadows along the road until the cavalcade had passed, then quickly follow.

She recalled to mind that a little further down the brook was a thicket of water willows, now a splotch of blackness in the vague landscape, and, after a moment's hesitation, she turned her horse's head in this direction.

Scarcely had the obscurity of the spot enfolded her, when the raiders came sweeping by—an ominous shadowy band, crossing the shallow stream at the place she had but recently quitted, then galloping rapidly along the road which rose sharply toward the hill where lay the place of meeting.

The quarry was hollowed out of the far side of the hill, around whose base the stream wound lazily, and to go by way of the winding road was a more circuitous route, while to climb the hill shortened the distance greatly.

The girl decided on this latter route —she would climb the hill on foot. It would take less time, and time was now most precious. Possibly the raiders would place a sentry at the entrance of the quarry, so that she might not be able to gain access, even if she should go around by the road as she had at first intended.

Acting on this sudden decision, she quietly slipped from the saddle to the ground, hurriedly tied the bridle to a bending willow, and, after giving Joe a friendly, reassuring pat, started to climb the hill.

The way was rough and unfamiliar, and in the darkness, made yet more dense by clumps of cedar trees and bushes that thickly clothed the hillside, she was often compelled to grope her way along to keep from stumbling over the knotted roots of the trees that crept out from between crevices in the rocks, twisting over the ground like monster, hideous serpents, guarding the approach to the rendezvous.

The ascent was slow and tedious. Finally the summit was reached, and choosing her bearings from its commanding height, she began to descend the opposite side toward the quarry, the long accumulation of fallen cedar spines deadening the sound of her light footstep until she was able to reach the very edge of the excavated portion of the hill without detection, guided thither by a dim light below the surface that faintly defined its rugged outline.

Spent of breath, she crouched down in the shadows behind a clump of dwarfed cedar bushes fringing the ragged edge of broken rock, and peered cautiously into the quarry.

A scant fire had been hastily kindled close against the rocky wall, and in a semi-circle around it the raiders were now gathered. The wide-brimmed, slouch hats they wore partly concealed the faces beneath, and the girl's eager eyes traveled anxiously from one dark form to another.

Finally they rested on the object sought. Standing almost beneath the spot where she crouched in hiding was the accused, his head boldly erect, his bearing defiant, as if he feared no man, and cared naught for the two who had come to bear false witness against him, and to swear away his life.

CHAPTER XXI

The raiders were gathered in a small alcove of the quarry, sheltered on three sides by walls of rough-faced limestone, jagged and broken as the quarrymen had left them years before, and this secluded spot made a counsel chamber little liable to intrusion, and well-suited to its present use.

Milton Derr was standing nearest the fire in an angle made by the walls, while others of the band were ranged in a semi-circle across the wider space opening into the larger part of the quarry, the captain standing at the end of the line furthest from the prisoner.

Above them the girl crouched in hiding, screened by the overhanging darkness and the fringe of cedar bushes along the edge, yet from her vantage ground she could clearly see

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what was taking place below, and easily overhear all that was said.

Steve Judson was called to testify. She heard him coolly bear witness to having seen the accused stop at the New Pike Gate, and hold earnest converse with "that Brown gal" as he designated Sally. Steve claimed to have come up in the darkness and recognized the two at the gate as he passed through.

He wove quite a plausible story out of whole cloth, saying that on recognizing Milt, and knowing his fondness for the girl at the toll-house, he, Steve, at once suspected that the plans of the raiders for that night were being discussed.

To satisfy himself on this point, after riding along the road a little distance, he dismounted, climbed the stone wall, and crept back quietly, keeping in the shadow of it, until he was near enough to hear a part of the conversation that took place at the gate, and then he overheard the prisoner tell of the raid that was to be made a few hours later.

At the conclusion of Steve's story, the captain called attention to the fact that on this same night, before the hour of attack, Milton Derr had been boasting among his comrades at the place of rendezvous that the pole of the New Pike Gate would not be cut down on that night. He, alone of all the raiders, seemed to know that the plans for an attack were known, and the gate would be under guard. Twice had the captain asked, in the presence of the members of the band, to be given the name of Milt's informant, and twice had Milt refused to answer.

More than once during Steve's false testimony the listening girl, with eyes blazing forth something of the fierce indignation she felt, nervously sought the pistol at her belt, in a stern resolve to use it on the accomplished liar, who was thus deliberately swearing her lover's life away.

She remembered, however, that this man was but the frightened tool of another. At heart, the witness did not wish to do Milt an injury. Steve had admitted as much that afternoon in the ravine, while talking to the captain. Jade Beddow was really the one who was at the bottom of this piece of villainy. His hatred of Milt, coupled with a desire to be revenged on the girl who had scorned him, was prompting Jade to this present step.

"This fellow is a liar and an ingrate!" cried Milt fearlessly at the conclusion of Steve's testimony. "The story just told is false in every particular."

"Yet the man who declares these charges false is the only one amongst us who knew that the gate would be guarded," said the captain, turning to his men.

"I gave you all warning of the fact," answered Milt.

"The warning was likely given more to shield yourself than us," retorted the leader with a sneer. "If you went, you would be as liable to injury as the rest of us; if you prevented us from goin' it would serve your purpose; if you sneaked out of the affair, it would fasten the guilt of a traitor on you. This is the sum an' substance of it all."

The captain turned once more to his men. "If it was known that the gate was to be attacked on this night, it is proof we have a traitor in our midst. If this man is the only one who knew the gate would be guarded, it stands to reason he is the only one who told it was to be attacked. Who else but the prisoner had an interest in protecting the New Pike Gate? The case is as plain as day."

"I was told under a pledge of secrecy the gate would be guarded. I gave you the benefit of that warning!" protested Derr.

"If there had been no traitor there would be no need of any warning," answered the captain, then his words took on a greater force of meaning—

"Brothers! comrades! there is a traitor in our midst. The repulse we met with the other night proves beyond a doubt that our most secret plans are made known to our enemies. Who, then, is this traitor? Cain't you

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pick him out? I know of only one person among us who would like to see the New Pike Gate still stand after all others had gone down. I think you also know who this man is, for the testimony just now given has made it clear.

"No one but Milt Derr seemed to know the gate would be guarded the other night, no one but the girl at the gate knew it was to be attacked. It was to the interest of each that the other should know the plans of raider and officer,—a touching and mutual exchange of confidence," the speaker suggested sneeringly.

"If the prisoner was warned, as he says he was, who but the girl at the gate could have warned him? If this was the case, how did she know the gate was to be raided unless told by her sweetheart? Who else but the man in love with the toll-taker would run the risk of betraying his comrades, knowing full well the penalty of the act?"

Then the captain broke into a fierce tirade as he shook his hand menacingly at the prisoner. Jade possessed a certain rude power of oratory that could at times be made strongly effective on his followers—the peculiar magnetism of a fierce, headstrong nature that overpowered and controlled weaker ones.

"There stands the traitor before you! Your liberty and lives are threatened by a constant danger so long as it lies in this man's power to betray you. He has already used that power—he will use it again if he can. As you each and every one know, there never was, and never can be but one sort of a safe traitor, an' that is—*a dead one!* It is your liberty, or his—which shall it be? The hour to decide is at hand. There is no time for delay. Choose!"

When the captain had ceased speaking, a deep silence fell upon the group of waiting men, and so deep did it seem in the stillness of the night and the great loneliness of the spot, that the listener, crouched in the shadows above, was almost won to the belief that the loud beatings of her heart, or her stifled breathing, would be heard by those gathered below, and her hiding-place revealed.

The captain waited expectantly, looking closely from one face to another, noting keenly and exultantly the dawning of distrust and fear that slowly overspread each countenance, as troubled waters communicate their motion until the whole silent pool is disturbed; then he spoke again, slowly, deliberately:

"The case is in your hands, comrades! We have a common interest in the protection of our liberty an' ourselves. Shall it be freedom for him, or imprisonment for us? What shall be done?"

"Draw for the red bean!" a voice called out sharply and discordantly. It was Steve Judson who spoke.

"Yes! yes! the red bean!" a chorus of voices clamored, quickly seizing the suggestion as a solution of the problem confronting them. A look of approval came to the captain's face, while his eyes flashed forth a malignant triumph.

"You shall draw for it," he answers briefly, taking from his pocket a small leathern pouch, which he shook vigorously, then untied and opened.

"Draw!" he commanded, holding out the pouch to the man nearest him. The raider hesitated a moment, then put his thumb and forefinger into the pouch and drew forth a bean, which he concealed within the palm of his hand without a glance at it.

Stepping aside, the first man gave way to another member of the band, and thus in succession the drawing continued until each raider, save the prisoner, had drawn from out the leathern pouch a bean, and held it within the hollow of his hand, while neither he nor his neighbor knew whether it was a bean of white, or the fatal one of red that had been drawn.

Steve was the last to draw. As he stepped forward, no one saw the captain slightly relax the fingers of the

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hand holding the pouch, nor suspected that the small object they had retained until this moment was covertly released and dropped to the bottom of the pouch as it was held out to Steve.

"Hands up! your oath!"

Each man obeyed, the last man to draw holding his left hand aloft as his right was in a sling. Thus, with hand upraised, every man swore to a strict performance of his duty, taking upon himself the oath that if he held the red bean he would visit upon the traitor wherever found, whoever he might be, the punishment that a traitor's act justly merited, or that having failed in his oath, the same judgment he had withheld might be visited on himself who had foresworn his oath.

Then each man came singly before the captain, and opened the palm of the hand to him, that both might know who held the fatal red bean.

The fire had been replenished and stirred into renewed brightness while the drawing was taking place, and as Steve came forward and opened his palm, a bright flame suddenly shot up from the fire, a slender, wavering torch, shedding a momentary light on the group, and on the two standing together.

As the captain and Steve looked downward into the latter's outstretched palm, each saw a round, red object lying there like a great drop of blood.

CHAPTER XXII

All this while the girl crouched close to earth, immovable, breathless, keenly alert amid the gruesome shadows hovering along the broken line of rock. There was a strange and terrible fascination in the scene enacted below her—a fascination she would fain shake off, yet felt powerless to overcome, like the fatal spell a serpent weaves when it charms a victim.

To her perturbed brain it seemed an oppressive dream, an unhappy nightmare, born of the surrounding gloom, and still she understood that it was most real, that the little drama, with its environment of night and secrecy and threatened crime, was one of momentous import to her and to her lover.

Was it now time for her to act, to take her part in it, or must she wait a little longer for her cue? Should she reveal her presence and appeal to the members of this lawless band, denouncing its unscrupulous leader, and his traitorous ally? Would the raiders believe her story, and listen to a petition for her sweetheart's liberty, after having heard Steve Judson's strong testimony, strengthened by the captain's philippic?

True, she might conduct them to the very spot wherein the real traitor had concealed his ill-gotten gains, and where she had overheard him plotting with the captain against the prisoner, but the money was no longer there, and with Steve and the captain both against her, she could hope to accomplish little. Neither would hesitate to go any length to prove her statements false; besides, there was no time to prove words true—it was a moment for action, not for words. Whatever was done must be done this very night—at once.

[To be continued]

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MEN OF AFFAIRS

Where horses thrive, men do likewise.

Some of the finest, fastest horses in the world were reared in Maury county, Tennessee, in the blue grass region.

Hazle Padgett was born July 11th, 1867, in the very heart of the Tennessee blue grass realm. There were two boys in the Padgett family. Now in those good days right after the war, there were only three professions really worth considering in aristocratic Southern families, law, medicine, and religion. And the last was rarely considered. Lemuel took the law, and has since been convicted to Congress for life by the Seventh District—Hazle was the doctor.

THOS. F. RYAN
Of Virginia and New York

The boy's ambition was clearly defined even in his early youth and after finishing the public school course at home, he commenced the study of medicine. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1892 and was appointed to a position in one of the city hospitals, where he had excellent opportunities for enlarging his experience. He returned to Columbia, where he practiced for five years. Right here is where most practitioners stop, but Dr. Padgett, following his bent for investigation, traveled abroad, taking work in the large hospitals in Vienna, London, Berlin, in which last place he was elected a member of the International Congress of Tuberculosis, a disease in which he is deeplyinterested.

At this time he traveled extensively in other parts of Europe, including Algeria, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, Turkey, Greece. At every point he investigated along his favorite lines and at Constantinople was given exceptional opportunities for research and demonstration, the Sultan giving him many privileges.

On his return to this country he became active in the organization of the American Anti-Tuberculosis League, and was made Tennessee State President of that body. In 1906 he removed to Nashville, and soon after was elected to the chair of Principles and Practice of Medicine in the University of Tennessee.

In addition to his professional interests, Dr. Padgett is an active member of the Nashville Board of Trade, an Elk, Knight of Pythias and an Odd-Fellow; and is also high in the councils of the Methodist Church.

Mrs. Padgett is a member of the

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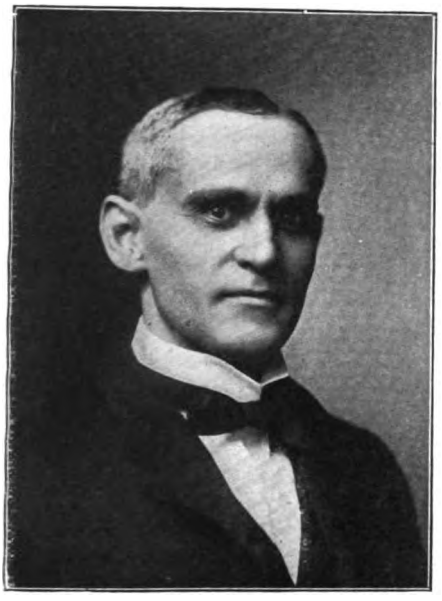
Williamson family, long noted in the annals of the Old Dominion, as a



DOCTOR HAZLE PADGETT

family of prominence and high attainments.

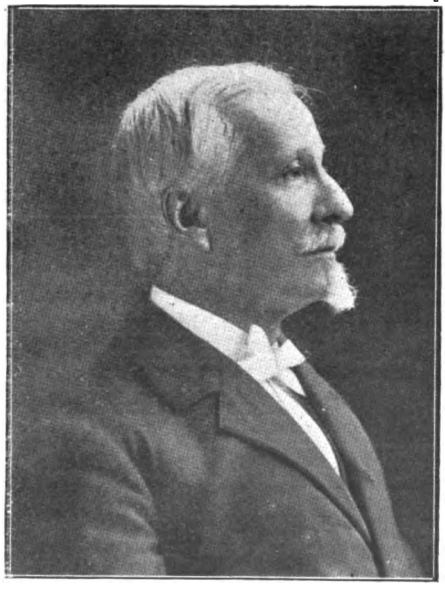
There is a quiet, shaded street in Richmond, called Leigh. Thither goes the tourist to that city, if he be wise and artistic—not a very pronounced characteristic of tourists in general, possibly—but there are a few, and these, as before stated, all walk down Leigh street.

One of the homes on this thoroughfare is a big stuccoed house, half hid behind a tangle of vines and trees. In front of it, on the broad lawn stand sentinel two weather-beaten Italian statues, their pure outline flecked by the sunshine falling through the leaves.

If the visitor should walk up to the door and enter, he would step into a room full of remarkable curios. Here is a bookshelf laden with 200-year-old pigskin volumes; over there are old illuminations, made by Florentine monks when the world was young—and religious. Yonder are curios from Egypt, old tapestries, over which the Belgians sang in the weaving, statuettes by Flamingo, figures from Pompeii, rescued from the blackness of centuries. Over there is a long row of death masks. Napoleon frowns down beside Frederick the Great, Henry IV of France, Charles XII, and thin, satirical Voltaire. Around everywhere stand statuettes in clay and marble—Humboldt, Edwin Booth, Mary Anderson, Lee, Jackson, Breckenridge, and so down the long line of immortal mortals.

If the visitor press on he will enter a great glass-roofed room in which an aproned, fine-faced man chips eagerly away at a block of marble. This man is Edward Virginius Valentine, the greatest sculptor the South has ever produced.

Mr. Valentine was born Nov. 12th, 1838, in Richmond. When a boy of fifteen he visited the Crystal Palace in New York, and there saw Kiss' celebrated piece of sculpture, "Amazon Attacked by a Panther." That



EDWARD V. VALENTINE

proved the spark that fired the boy's genius. On his return to Richmond, he began studying drawing and mod-

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elling. Then he went abroad, studying under European masters, and finally under Kiss who had first aroused his love for the plastic art.

On returning from Europe, in spite of the flattering offers made by other places, the sculptor settled in his home city—this too, when the South was prostrated by the Civil War. Even in these untoward times, the man and his art prospered. Besides receiving commissions to execute magnificent pieces, his home became the artistic Mecca of Richmond.

In so brief a space it is impractical to detail his work. One of the greatest things he ever did, perhaps, is his recumbent figure of Lee, now in the mausoleum attached to the chapel of the Washington and Lee University. Mr. Valentine himself is inclined to pick out as his masterpiece, his classic group, "Andromache and Astyanax." As to which is the greatest, posterity must judge.

FREDERIC EMORY

His preservation of negro types is especially worthy of commendation. "Uncle Henry" is a portrait statue of the family coachman who drove his father and mother to the ball in Lafayette's honor in 1824. "The Nation's Ward" is suggestive of the era when freedom was new, and "Knowledge is Power," a ragged negro boy who has fallen asleep over his book, is without a rival for truth of conception and fidelity of execution.

Mr. Valentine has had many honors conferred upon him from all quarters and is not without honor in his own state. He is president of the Valentine Museum, vice president of the Virginia Historical Society and is a member of many other similar institutions in his native state. In 1892 he married Mrs. Mayo, formerly Miss Catherine Friend, of Petersburg, Virginia. She enters thoroughly into the spirit of her husband's work and their home, behind the tree-lined walks of a quiet street, exhales an atmosphere of tranquillity and pure delight.

There is a fascination about the pen, about word-making, which when once it has gripped a victim is more alluring and more fatal than the dreams and pains of opium.

Early in life, Frederic Emory came under the spell of this Circe. In her service he has gained fame and honor and has served his country long and well; now in quiet literary seclusion she still finds him her faithful and devoted follower.

In 1853, at Centerville, on the eastern shore of Maryland, Frederic Emory was born. The scenes and associations of the Tidewater life in which his youth was thrown were all to be vividly set forth later in his novel, "A Maryland Manor."

Educated by private instructors, with an occasional attendance at public schools, he finally attended St. John's College at Annapolis, but left that institution at the close of his junior year and entered his chosen profession—journalism. Within a year he had worked in rapidly advancing positions, for the Baltimore *Bulletin*, *Sun*, and found a place on the staff of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, then at the flood-tide of its prosperity and influence. For several years, he

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worked for different papers both as editor and "special" contributor, but in 1893 he was made Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, and placed in charge of editing and publishing the reports of the United States consuls in the various seaports and commercial centers of the world.

When Mr. Emory took charge of this department, the consular reports were published once a month. Now that must have been gall and vinegar to the soul of an old newspaper man. Soon after his appointment we find him with a plan to have these reports issued daily except Sunday. The idea was accepted by the Department of State and went into effect in January, 1898.

WILLIAM H. FLEMING

The results were far-reaching. The daily service greatly stimulated the activity and efficiency of the consuls. It awakened a new and intense interest in foreign trade among the manufacturers and merchants in America, it laid the basis for a great and intelligent commercial expansion. In brief, it pushed America into the foremost rank in the trade of nations.

In March ill-health compelled him to retire from the control of the machine he had made so vigorous and efficient. He has had the honor to serve under both Democratic and Republican administrations, not through any favoritism or pull, save the pull of being indispensable. He now lives on his farm, "Blackbeard" near the mouth of Chester river, overlooking Chesapeake Bay, where legend has it that Teach, the pirate, buried chests of his rich treasure. He devotes as much time as possible to out-door life, with occasional literary work.

His school days coming during the Reconstruction period, Mr. Fleming encountered great difficulties on the road to learning. Like many another youth of that time, he was forced to work in the fields with plow and hoe, studying at night and between farming seasons. But an education thus gained never fails to be of the fullest practical benefit, and when Mr. Fleming left his home near Augusta to enter the State University, he found himself fully as well equipped for the course as his college mates. His stay at college was characterized by earnest application and a close attention to the requirements of the work. This was not done at the expense of his college life, however, as he was actively interested in all the sports of the time. He excelled in debate, and in practice here he laid the foundation for the wide reputation he now enjoys of being one of the most eloquent and forceful orators of his state. He received several medals in debate and graduated in 1876, as civil engineer, afterwards receiving the degree of M.A. It was not until 1880 that he began the practice of law in Augusta, the four years intervening being spent in teaching. His prominence as a lawyer and public man gained for him the presidency of the Georgia Bar Association in 1894-95.

In 1888 Mr. Fleming was elected to the state Legislature and remained in office for eight consecutive years. Dur-

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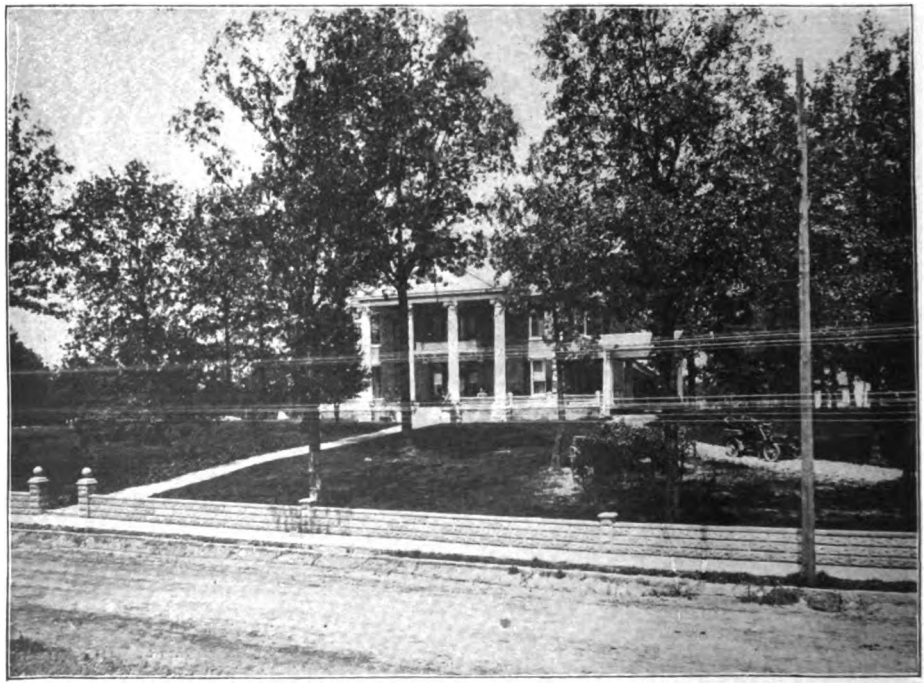
ing this time he originated and brought to a successful issue quite as much important legislation in Georgia as any other man of the present generation. His first valuable work was a bill securing the loans on realty, by requiring the clerk's office to show a complete record of every transfer of lien. Another of his bills reduced the hours of labor in factories from thirteen to eleven hours per diem. Still another provided for speedy trials of criminals.

Mr. Fleming has always been the champion of public education and has labored unceasingly for the proper distribution of school taxes and the establishment of normal and other training schools.

During his service Mr. Fleming was always a member of the General Judiciary and the Finance Committees, except when Speaker of the House. He retired from the speakership in 1895 and practiced law until his election to Congress in 1907. He brought to his duties here the same thoroughness and concentration of faculties which have characterized his career throughout. His eloquence, his information, and his frankness soon won for him a leading place among his colleagues. Several of his speeches have been very widely quoted. Mr. Fleming is uncompromising when his convictions are formed and allows no opposition nor risk to influence his attitude.

Mrs. Fleming was Miss Catherine B. Moragne, of the celebrated Huguenot family of that name which settled in South Carolina in 1764.

SOME SOUTHERN HOMES



"BRITTANIA." RESIDENCE OF W. J. ARMFIELD, HIGH POINT, NORTH CAROLINA

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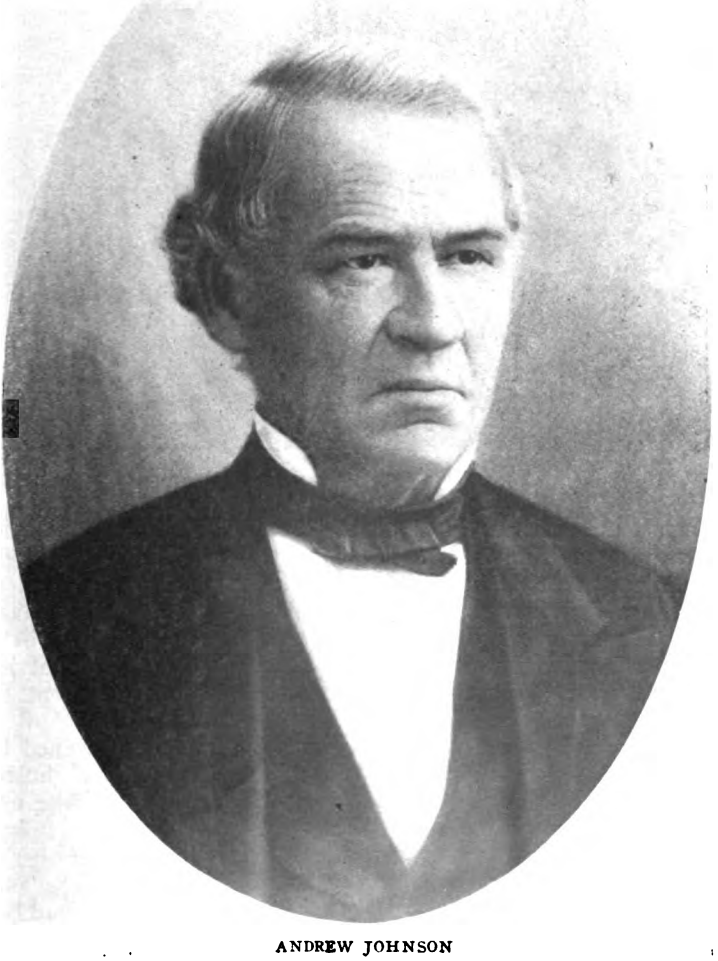
SOME NOTES ON ANDREW JOHNSON

By Rhoda E. Reeves

Of no man who has played a conspicuous part in American history can it be more truly said that he stood for the best qualities of American manhood than of Andrew Johnson. Left fatherless at the age of four and compelled to help earn his family's support from an early age, he learned in this school the patience and self-reliance, the courage and hardiness which we regard as so typically American. From his mother and father he inherited an unflinching uprightness and unswerving principle, which his good mother's teachings carefully fostered.

As a lad he was said to be full of spirits and energy, although nothing to his discredit has been told, except the boyish prank of stoning a house one night, with a companion. Hearing the next day that the owner had identified the offenders, young Andrew betook himself to South Carolina, where he prospered very well for a year or more, but his conscience continually reproaching



ANDREW JOHNSON

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him for the part he had played, he returned to Raleigh, only to find that he had been advertised as a runaway by his master and that no one else could employ him.

To this circumstance (and tradition has it to an unhappy love affair in South Carolina as well) Tennessee owes her acquirement of her third President, for Andrew Johnson determined to "go West" to seek his fortune. His mother and stepfather accompanied him, and their belongings were packed in a small cart, drawn by a blind horse.

As they entered the town of Greeneville, one September afternoon, they passed a group of young girls, one of whom laughingly remarked to her companions: "There's my sweetheart, girls."

The words were prophetic, for in less than a year the sturdy, well-built fellow had bought a home and brought to it the merry slip of a girl, then only seventeen. This, it seems to me, is a noteworthy record for a young man not yet nineteen.

Eliza McCardle was a woman of uncommon character. Better educated than her husband, she bent her efforts toward cultivating his abilities, reading to him and hearing him recite, as he sat at work and during the long evenings. She was famous for her skill in household affairs, and reared a family of five children. In the years that followed his entrance into politics, she entered into every plan her husband made, and upheld him with her faith and sympathy and gentle courage. During his first term as Governor of Tennessee, Mrs. Johnson dispensed a gracious and widespread hospitality, but during his second term the privations of the Civil War led her to observe the most Spartan simplicity of living. Her health began to fail at this time, and the tragic death of her son Charles further weakened her hold upon life. During her husband's service in Washington she never left her room but once, the honors of entertaining falling upon her oldest daughter, Martha, who, as a schoolgirl at Georgetown, had been a frequent visitor of President and Mrs. Polk. She

HOME OF PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON AT GREENEVILLE

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became the wife of Judge David T. Patterson, a lawyer of distinguished ability, and had two children, a daughter, who died in girlhood, and a son, Andrew Johnson, who now lives in the Johnson home at Greeneville.

A second sister, Mrs. Mary Stover Brown, was also a participant in the social life of the capital, but she preferred the quiet of her country home near Greeneville, for the most part. It was while on a visit to her in 1875 that her distinguished father passed away. She left three children, a son, who never married, and two daughters, who are both dead.

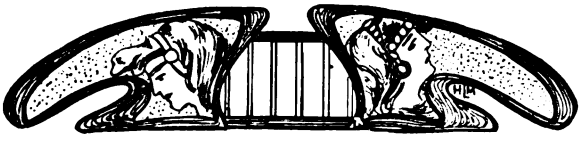
MRS. DAVID T. PATTERSON
Daughter of President Johnson

The fourth child, Robert Johnson, died unmarried in Greeneville in 1869. It was said of him that he had not a single enemy.

Andrew Johnson, Jr., became a newspaper man, and was widely known throughout the state and the South. He married Miss Bessie Rumbaugh, but died without issue, at the early age of twenty-six.

Mrs. Johnson followed her husband to the grave in less than a year. Mrs. Patterson, whose tact and tireless energy restored to proper dignity a social realm without order, and a White House without furnishings, and who illustrated in the beautiful simplicity of her life her sympathy with her father's democratic ideas, died in 1901 in the home her father had built, and in which she had lovingly gathered the relics and mementoes of a priceless past.

The social life of President Johnson and his family, in both public and private positions, was distinguished by a generous and fine-spirited hospitality. The formal demands of an exalted position were met with the same fidelity to duty as the more pleasurable claims upon their hospitality during their residence in quiet Greeneville. Many visitors of note sought out the distinguished ex-President in his retirement and all of these, as well as old-time friends and neighbors, were met with a direct and simple cordiality which has always characterized the members of his family.



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SOME SOUTHERN WOMEN AND WHAT THEY ARE DOING

By Lucile Webb Banks

BLANCHE MCMANUS MANSFIELD

Equally as well known in England and on the Continent as in America is the work of Mrs. Blanche McManus Mansfield, a Mississippi woman, whose skill in artistic book-binding and mediæval illuminating has given her an international reputation.

Born in Louisiana, she spent the years of her early childhood upon a sugar plantation in that state, but, after receiving a literary education in New Orleans, she removed with her family to the town of Woodville, Mississippi, where they occupied a typical old ante-bellum homestead.

MRS. MANSFIELD MAY BE FOUND IN THE WINTER MONTHS ON THE MEDITERRANEAN COAST, SKETCHING SOME RUINED CHATEAU OR MONASTERY OR FORT OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

HER SUMMERS ARE SPENT AT HER COUNTRY HOUSE ON THE SEINE, IN NORMANDY, ACCESSIBLE BOTH TO PARIS AND LONDON

The artistic spirit which had been born in her and fostered by the picturesque surroundings of her childhood and school life, received such inspiration from the environments of her Mississippi home that she soon began producing sketches and paintings of such easily-recognized merit that her friends at once pronounced her an artist of promise. She studied for some time without a master, but was urged by the more discerning of her friends to allow her work to be passed upon by competent critics and to have her evident talents directed and encouraged by able teachers. First, in New Orleans, later, in Bos-

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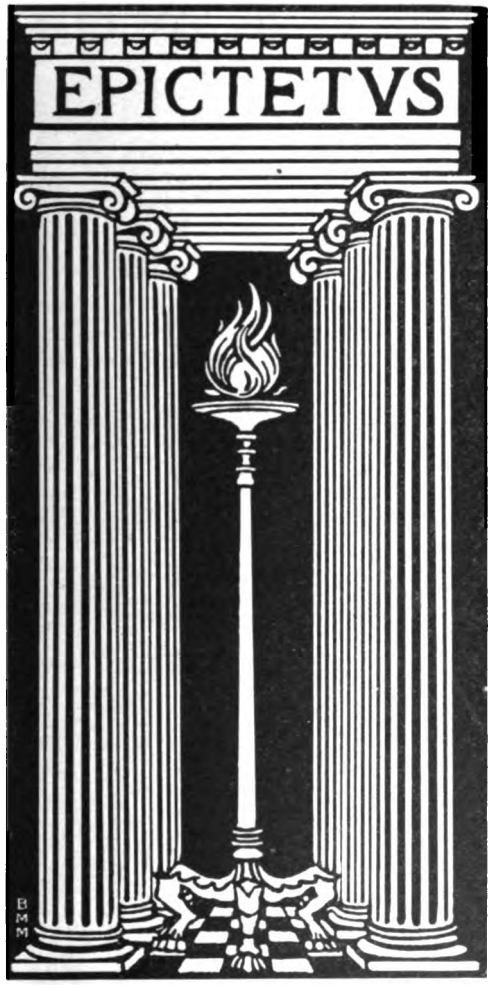
ton and New York, Miss McManus' work won encomiums no less enthusiastic than the praise of her friends at home; and she had the advantages of the best training afforded in these cities, as well as a course of study abroad.

On opening a studio in Chicago, the range of this gifted woman's versatility was shown, for, besides teaching designing, illuminating and interior decoration, she taught portraiture and painted a portrait of Mrs. Grover Cleveland which was pronounced by Mrs. Cleveland herself to be the most perfect likeness she had ever had made.

Since her marriage to Mr. Mowbray Francisco Mansfield, a well-known New York publisher, she has lived almost entirely in England and France.

The list of Mrs. Mansfield's notable achievements both at home and abroad is such a long one that it would be impossible to mention in a magazine article any save the most salient ones. In 1892 she decorated the Illinois building at the World's Fair. In London she has done work in illuminating heraldic designs which has been vouchsafed such a high rating as to artistic merit that commissions have been given her from the highest quarters, even to the decorating of the coronation visitor's book at the Lord Mayor's house. Another noteworthy triumph was Mrs. Mansfield's work in decorating and illuminating the prayer-book carried by King Edward at his coronation. This volume was a masterpiece of decorative art. There were forty initials or headings, all of which embodied the coronation regalia, including the crown, sceptre, rose, thistle and shamrock, while the book itself was encased in a most magnificent binding.



SPECIMEN OF MRS. MANSFIELD'S BINDINGS

For some time Mrs. Mansfield devoted her talents to illustrating children's books, a character of work in which she is particularly happy, having herself retained a vivid memory of juvenile impressions which is admirably brought into play in the delineation of childish ideals. While these pictures were recognized as possessing an unusual breadth and excellence of technique, it was a source of gratification to Mrs. Mansfield's friends when she turned her attention to a more important line of work, which showed to a much greater advantage the wide range of her abilities. In looking over a partial list of the books which she has illustrated and designed covers for, one can grasp some idea of the deep literary

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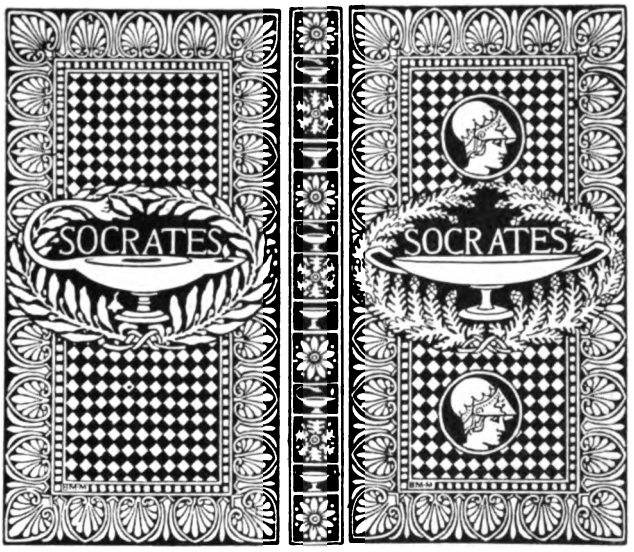

knowledge Mrs. Mansfield must possess as an equipment for her work. These works range from "Odes of Horace," "Marcus Aurelius," and "Epictetus," down to Dickens' stories and latter-day poems. "The Cricket on the Hearth," and a number of Dickens' other short sketches are included in the "Thumbnail" series published by the Century Company in 1902. These are exquisite little pocket volumes in embossed leather.

Several years ago Mrs. Mansfield completed for the De la More Press, of London, "The Office of the Holy Communion, with Collects and Epistles and Gospels throughout the Year," a piece of work of surpassing beauty and cleverness. There are twelve full-page plates and as many borders, each having an emblematic meaning and treated in an original way.

Beside her work in England in mediæval heraldic designs, decorative illuminating, etc., this clever and indefatigable worker had the honor of being the first Southern artist to undertake the illustrating of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." This consisted of a number of full-page plates, borders and binding, and gave such an exquisite portrayal of the poet's conceptions, following Fitzgerald's first translation, that by many it is considered to rank as the best expressions of Mrs. Mansfield's genius.

Mrs. Willie Betty Newman

So much has already been written of Mrs. Newman's work that the story of her struggle and ultimate success is a well-known one. When

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a young student at the Cincinnati Art School her work showed such promise that a special scholarship was arranged for her and she was sent to pursue her studies in Paris. Even in that Mecca for artists this bright Southern woman, with her genius and tireless energy, soon made a mark for herself in her work at the Julien Academy and also under Bouguereau and Constant. Prize after prize was awarded her, and it is matter of loyal pride with her that her first salon picture, "Nearing Her Journey's End," was painted in America. In 1893 the students of all six of the Julien schools competed for a prize which, after the closest and most impartial criticism of all canvases submitted, was awarded to the Tennessean. In 1900 the French government awarded Mrs. Newman "mention honorable," the highest honor to be achieved in France, and one which was seldom before accorded to an American. For more than twelve years Mrs. Newman studied in France, sometimes spending delightful seasons along the coasts of Brittany, studying the types of fisher-folk and living in their midst as one of them.

A CORNER OF MRS. NEWMAN'S STUDIO IN PARIS

It should be an inspiration and encouragement to young artists now in their first struggles to know that Mrs. Newman has met with appreciation in her own country as well as in Europe, where art is supposed to have its best qualified judges, and that many of her best pictures are now to be found adorning some of the handsomest homes in this country.

Mrs. Newman's School of Art, which she conducts in Nashville during the autumn and winter months, is patterned after the French academies, and affords opportunities to students which are doubtless not to be found elsewhere in the South. Mrs. Newman feels that the South is far better fitted to become the home of art in America than any other part of the country, and it is a darling scheme in her heart to make this section pre-eminently the center.

During the coming winter Mrs. Newman intends to devote a portion of her time to Southern landscapes and portraits, and it may be safely prophesied that with the finished skill of this artist, in connection with the loyal love she feels for everything Southern, they will form a notable new feature of her work.

The deepest truths of art are universal. They embody in the ordinary actualities of to-day the dreams of yes-

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MRS. NEWMAN AT WORK ON THE PORTRAIT OF MRS. JAMES C. BRADFORD

terday and the visions of to-morrow, if we have eyes to search for the beauty. No age has ever been more productive than the present of work which fits daily necessities and fills the highest standards of art.

Utility and beauty are no longer separated but stand united in perennial happiness. Such union is too precious to be neglected, and will result in the broadening and beautifying every avenue of life.

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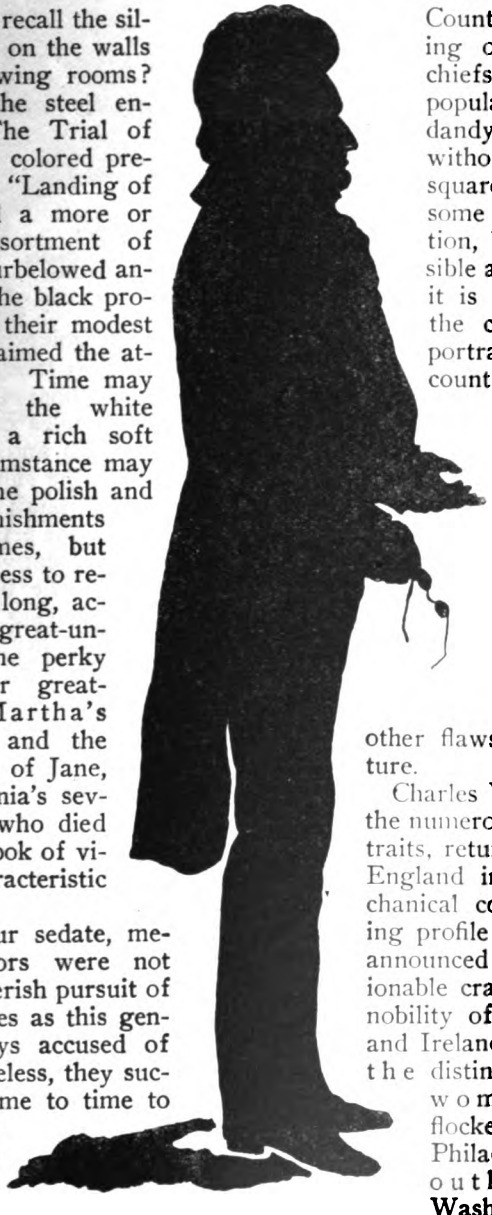
STUDIES IN SILHOUETTES

By Lillian Kendrick Byrn

Who does not recall the silhouette portraits on the walls of old-time drawing rooms? Mingled with the steel engravings of "The Trial of Effie Dean," the colored presentment of the "Landing of Columbus," and a more or less varied assortment of powdered and furbelowed ancestors in oils, the black profile portraits in their modest black frames, claimed the attention at once. Time may have mellowed the white background to a rich soft cream and circumstance may have removed the polish and some of the garnishments from the frames, but these are powerless to remove from the long, acquiline nose of great-uncle William, the perky cap bows over great-grandmother Martha's dumpling face and the saucy little chin of Jane, great-aunt Lavinia's seventh daughter, who died at seven, their look of vitality and characteristic expressions.

Of course, our sedate, methodical ancestors were not given to the feverish pursuit of fashionable follies as this generation is always accused of doing. Nevertheless, they succumbed from time to time to the leisurely enjoyment of some special fad, newly imported from France or the Mother Country. The hemstitching of pocket handkerchiefs was at one time so popular that no maid or dandy was seen at leisure without the inevitable square of fine linen in some stage of construction, but this was a sensible and useful fad, while it is hard to understand the craze for silhouette portraits which swept the country, even to remote settlements, for twenty years or more after their introduction by the painter Peale. Few of these portraits are artistic, the process reproducing too faithfully the double chins, the fleshless shanks and other flaws of form and feature.



ANDREW JACKSON
Cut from black paper by W. H. Brown, 1841

Charles Willson Peale, he of the numerous Washington portraits, returned from a visit to England in 1794 with a mechanical contrivance for tracing profile portraits, which he announced as the latest fashionable craze of "the principal nobility of England, Scotland and Ireland." Immediately all the distinguished men and women of the day flocked to his studio in Philadelphia to have their outlines perpetuated. Washington, himself, then sixty-two, submitted to having his benevolent

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profile traced by the iron rod which bore a pencil at one end and marked the outline on a sheet of white paper. The portrait was then filled in with lamp black.

In England silhouettes were first made by cutting the profile from black paper or silk with scissors, and naturally the accuracy of these portraits depended upon the artistic ability of the cutter. This afforded excellent opportunities for caricaturing and that one Dan Jackson thus suffered is attested by poems of his witty associates, Swift and Sheridan. Says Swift:

GEORGE AND MARTHA WASHINGTON

These are shadow pictures drawn by Nelly Custis one evening at Mount Vernon and presented by her to a schoolmate

To fair Lady Betty, Dan sat for his picture,
And defied her to draw him so oft as he piqu'd her.
He knew she'd no pencil or coloring by her,
And, therefore, he thought he might safely defy her.
"Come, sit," says my lady; then whips up her scissor,
And cuts out his coxcomb in silk in a trice, sir.

* * * * * * *

"Well, that's but my outside," says Dan with a vapour,
"Say you so?" says my lady; "I've lined it with paper!"

Sheridan still further satirizes Dan's showy exterior and empty head:

ROBERT E. LEE

Clarissa draws her scissors from the case,
To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackson's face;
One sloping cut made forehead, nose and chin;
A nick produced a mouth and made him grin
Such as in tailors' measures you have seen.
But still were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
For which gray worsted stocking paint supplies.
Th' unraveled thread through needle's eye conveyed,
Transferred itself into his pasteboard head.
How came the scissors to be thus outdone?
The needle had an eye and they had none!
Oh, wondrous force of art! Now look at Dan—
You'd swear the pasteboard was the better man,
"The de—l!" says he; "the head is not so full!"
"Indeed it is—behold the paper skull!"

Whether Dan relished these pleasantries or not, the picture presented is full of lively interest for us. And going much further back one can almost fancy a saucy jest behind some of those straight-nosed, level-browed profiles carved on the old Etruscan vases and Egyptian tombs.

In France the silhouette came into prominence through one of those curious swings of the pendulum of fashion which so frequently reaches the unimaginable. The butterfly Madame Pompadour, having sipped of every delight which her vivacious fancy could suggest, hit upon the happy idea of retreating to the pastoral simplicity of the shepherd's life; and in her luxurious hut, consistently lighted with a single candle (large and of the finest wax, however,) was struck, on a dull evening, by the sharpness of the shadow outlines on the wall. An inspiration seized her and calling for paper and pencil, she traced the features of her little court, one after another. Of course, this was too inexpensive a foible to take a wide hold upon the fashionable world but the pleasant pastime spread slowly and was pretty generally known by the time of *la Pom-*

MARY CUSTIS LEE

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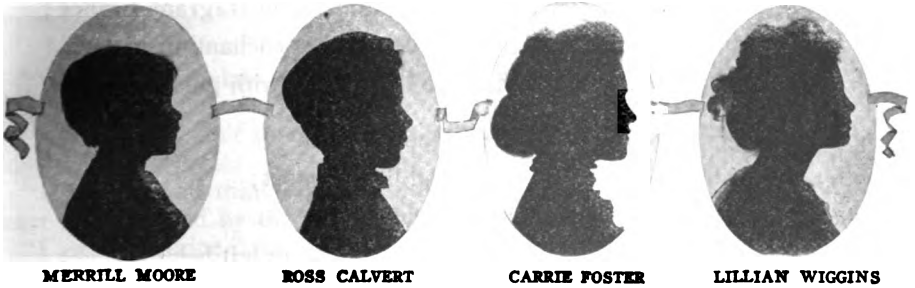
padour's downfall. Etienne de Silhouette, Louis XV's Minister of Finance, was a serious man of practical ideas. Finding that *la Pompadour* had brought his country to a state bordering on bankruptcy, he attempted to curb the extravagance prevalent at court. His efforts met with ridicule not only from the frivolous courtiers, who appeared ostentatiously before him with rough wooden snuff-boxes and buckleless shoes, but from the foolish, tax-paying populace as well. Everything cheap, mean or shabby was derisively dubbed *à la Silhouette* and this slang phrase became permanently attached to the cheapest form of portraiture known at that time, although it is doubtful if the harried M. Silhouette ever had one made.

The Peale silhouette of Washington, made in 1794

One of the most popular silhouettists of his time was William James Hubard, an English youth who reached our shores a few years prior to Lafayette's arrival in 1824. Although only thirteen, his wonderful scissors portrait of our French ally brought him into such immediate renown that his visits to the various prominent cities reaped immense profits. He turned his attention to portrait painting after a few years, and also made a number of meritorious inventions, meeting his death in Richmond, in 1862, by the explosion of a shell which he was filling with a compound he had concocted for the Confederate government.

An American-born scissors-portraitist, or silhouettist, was William Henry Brown, of Charleston, South Carolina. He also cut a likeness of Lafayette and those who were about him during his visit. Mr. Brown had a wonderful memory and one glance at a sitter would so photograph every detail upon his brain that he could at any time thereafter make a perfect reproduction. Although many of the silhouettists of the time advertised to make the presentment at one minute's sitting, Mr. Brown's memory enabled him to eliminate even this small bother. For several years he traveled from place to place, attracting wide attention by his unusual gifts and accumulating a handsome fortune. He was an agreeable conversationalist and a genial companion and numbered among his friends a great many of the prominent men of the day. He cut portraits of Webster, Clay, General Scott, Andrew

DOCTOR JAMES CRAIK
Washington's life-long friend and family physician


MERRILL MOORE **ROSS CALVERT** **CARRIE FOSTER** **LILLIAN WIGGINS**

Photos by Calvert Brothers

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Jackson and John Randolph, of Roanoke, and also fashioned landscapes and marine views with astonishing skill. He died in Charleston in 1883.

The introduction of the daguerreotype put an end to the popularity of silhouettes and a long period of constantly improving photographic work has lately been followed by a vogue for photographic silhouettes.

THE LOST STREET

I knew a quiet little street in distant olden days,
Not far from all the busy rush, the crowded, teeming ways,
Where I could wander quite alone when life grew stern and wild,
And ease my tired heart and soul, and be a little child.

A tiny bookstall used to stand with its inviting load
To take me from the city's stress to many a quiet road,
Where winds of summer fanned my brow as they went singing by,
And I would stand beneath the blue pavilion of the sky.

There, in the warm, hushed afternoons, I touched each volume old,
And went with comrades tried and true to gardens green and gold,
Till the little bookman's shabby shop became a distant isle
Where I was left without a care to live and dream awhile.

How many a dream I've dreamed in that deserted little street,
Unmindful that not far away there tramped ten thousand feet;
Forgetting that the sun went down behind dull walls of stone,
And that another weary day to far-off realms was blown.

Then I would wander, still with dreams, a few short steps below,
Where a wise old man kept many a quaint and lovely curio;
And feast my eyes on strings of pearls and strange old silver things,
And ponder on some buried queen, and dream of long-dead kings;

And tell myself a gay young tale, an April-like romance,
Because I saw a powder-puff that came from fragrant France;
And wonder what exquisite dame or what enchanting girl
Had used that ancient feathered fan inlaid with gold and pearl.

O, now that I am very old, and when I need it most,
I often seek that little street that vanished like a ghost;
But nowhere in the city's heart can I its quiet find. . . .
It has been lost, like all dear things—but its dreams are left behind!

Charles Hanson Towne.

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Laugh and the World Laughs With You

A Department of Original Humor

By Walter Pulitzer

Author of "Cozy Corner Confidences," "A Cynic's Meditations," etc.

SANTA CLAUS' VERSION

The melancholy days have come,
  The saddest of the year;
December is upon us now,
  The Holidays are near!
The sorest of all problems sore
  Has set its seal on me:
Oh, what in heaven's name to buy

For friends:	and family:
Jack,	Wife,
Tom,	Wife's mother,
Bob,	Wife's father,
Jones,	Daddy,
Mayme,	Mother,
Edna,	Sister,
Gladys,	Brother,
etc.	and a dozen cousins.

* * *

CRUEL HEARTED HOSIERY

It was Christmas Eve.

The fair maiden was disrobing when it occurred to her that she should hang up her stocking.

Selecting one of the most dainty pattern, and rubbing it against her soft cheek, she whispered: "Now, if I don't find lots of good things in you tomorrow, I shall never wear you again!"

The maiden expected that such an awful threat would at least call forth some *promising* rejoinder.

But what was her surprise when all the naughty stocking said was: "I'll be *hanged!*"

Which, despite all the maiden could say in retaliation, was quite true.

* * *

"How did Jack impress you?"

"By kissing me under the mistletoe."

* * *

BOBBY TO THE RESCUE

"Well, Mr. Staylate, what are you going to give me for Christmas?" asked little Bobby.

"I—I—er—hadn't thought about it, my child, but of course you shall have something."

"What do you think I'm going to give you?" asked the youth, not in the least disconcerted by the visitor's embarrassment.

"I can't imagine," replied Mr. Staylate.

"I'm going to give you *sister,*" said Bobby, and ran out of the room.

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BLESSINGS OF THE RICH

Finally, Santa Claus stopped at The Rich Man's house.

He came down the chimney with extra caution, lest he injure the precious present he carried. But he reached the fireplace in safety.

Then it could be seen by aid of the gas-logs that a tag attached to the package bore the inscription:

"Compliments of The Stork."

Next morning The Rich Man was shown a pretty blue-eyed baby.

"Another one of those useless Christmas presents!" was his only comment.

* * *

IN FOR IT

SHE—I had such an odd dream the other night.

HE—Yes? What was it?

SHE—Well, I dreamt you gave me a beautiful diamond ring for Christmas!

HE—(in a very feeble voice) You did, really?

SHE—Yes, and the funny part was that the stones turned out to be sham! But I was *so* glad!

HE—(brightening) Glad?

SHE—Of course. You know, dreams go by contraries. That meant that you were indeed veritably going to give me a genuine diamond ring for Christmas.

HE—(with a sick gasp) I—I—see. (Aside) Oh, Lord!

* * *

"Did you see that fellow walk out in the middle of the sermon on Sunday?"

"Yes, you know he walks in his sleep."

* * *

JUST LIKE DYSPEPTIC MAN

A crochety, greedy Hyena,
Than which there's no animal meaner,
Ate for Christmas his mate,
And then cursed his fate,
Because lady Hyenas weren't leaner!

* * *

PEPPER-GRAMS

(*Seasoned with brandy sauce*)

One touch of Santa Claus makes the whole world bankrupt.

Just 'fore Xmas the love of some girls is most "touching."

A word to the cook is a dangerous thing.

It's a wise Christmas shopper that knows her own mind.

The proof of the plum-pudding is in the night-mare.

Christmas is the time when you decide to pay your doctor something on account. You know you'll need him the day after.

* * *

GIVING HIMSELF AWAY

HAROLD—Mama.

MOTHER—Yes, child.

HAROLD—Do you think a slice of that pie in the closet would make me sick?

MOTHER—Certainly, dear.

HAROLD—But it didn't!

* * *

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

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Sentiment and Story

By Robert L. Taylor

THE NEED OF THE WORLD

The world loves old customs. It loves to move in old ruts. It loves its old masters—Ignorance and Error. And if, perchance, some genius comes along, whose impressive fingers sweep the harp-strings of human hearts till they vibrate with the sweeter melodies of life, green-eyed Envy and resentful Prejudice will cry out, "Innovator! Innovator! Dreamer! Destroyer of our idols! Crucify him! Crucify him!" and the world will deliver him over.

Why does it not appreciate and scatter flowers along the pathway of the men who are endeavoring to lead it out of the darkness into the light while yet they are in the flesh? Why does it scatter thorns beneath the weary feet of its benefactors and reserve its roses for their coffins and its tears of sympathy for their graves? while yet he sang? Why did it not hang upon the lips of Byron before his lips were dust? Why did it wait until the mystery of life was veiled in the mystery of death to learn that the soul of Shakespeare was a boundless ocean touching all the shores of thought and all the isles of dreams?

Why did it murder Socrates because he taught the immortality of the soul, and Paul because he preached it? Why did it not worship Christ while he stood upon the waves and calmed the storm and told the story of eternal life? Why is it that all the blessings we enjoy come to us through blood and tears?

There is but a single answer.

The spirit of evil that accomplished the fall of man still sits upon the throne of human destiny and inspires man's inhumanity to man, watching for the opportunity to crucify all the pure and beautiful sentiments of life and to flood the world with tears. It is the devil in the human heart. The only way to get him out is to shell him out with prayers from the gospel fleet of a higher civilization; to bombard him from the battleships of Truth and Justice; to ram him with the monitors of Purity and Righteousness, and run under him and blow him up from the submarine boats of the Christian Religion; to attack him by land and storm him with the seven hundred pound lyddite shells of glory hallelujah!

What the world needs above all things is less of hell and more of humanity, less of malice and more of love, less of envy and more of liberality and that spirit of candor and square deal among men which accords to all credit for all the good they do, and throws the mantle of charity over the faults of all. What it needs is fewer "little tin gods" who arrogate to themselves all the brain-power and all the moral power and all the heart power in the state. What it needs is more of that generous spirit which is

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willing to give glory to whom glory is due.

♣ ♣

In every community, in every state and in every section, under every sky there is a *"big I"* and a *"little you"*—a self-opinionated Napoleon who believes that he ought to have the world by the tail and a down-hill pull—a whited sepulcher, pure on the outside but rotten to the core within—sheet-lightning with the king's English on the outside, but only mist behind it, and who believes that opposition is persecution and that ambition in any other man is treason. Every such self-appointed "world-power" is an enemy to society and a dangerous element in the affairs of men. They are the instigators of intrigue, they are the inspiration of rings and of unholy combines both in church and state. They dart out from behind the clouds to clip the wings of aspiration, they glory in the destruction of their fellow-man.

♣ ♣

But the electric wire and the steel rail are rapidly dragging the world away from its old customs and pulling it out of its old ruts. Popular sentiment is revolutionizing the methods of government and men are being judged more and more from the standpoint of merit than ever before. This is an age of "combines," and the better thought and better sentiment of the world are combining to overthrow bossism and corruption everywhere, looking to better government and better customs and to the establishment of higher ideals of life whether in private or public station. The world is growing better because a righteous, popular opinion is vaulting into the saddle. The question now is not how great a man *thinks* himself to be, but what is the verdict of the jurv.

♣ ♣

The old-time darky had a thousand superstitions mixed up with his religion. He believed in ghosts and ha'nts and hobgoblins and sperits, and he had profound respect for a graveyard after the sun went down. The weird cries of a screech owl at night were ominous of trouble, and he barred his cabin door when he heard them and showed the whites of his eyes to his wife and then there was silence and secret prayer. If he heard the lonesome howl of a dog in the darkness, or met a black cat with yellow eyes, in the moonlight, the dead walked and witches were abroad in the land; and he wheeled and took off the air brakes, and his fluttering coat-tails sang "Home, Sweet Home." If a rabbit ran across the road in front of him it was a sure sign of impending death or destruction, and he made a cross mark in the road and spit in it to avert the dreadful calamity.

Old Uncle Rastus left Aunt Dinah in the cabin one night and told her he was gwine about a mile up de road to 'vestigate a rooster dat had crowed in front of old Master's door, which, accordin' to de scripture was a shore sign uv a death in de fambly unless de rooster wuz killed before de sun riz. And he said he'd fetch de rooster home and have him for breakfus'.

And Aunt Dinah chunked the fire and nodded, and dreamed of chicken pie, but while she dreamed she heard the clatter of the old man's feet coming back down the road, and she looked out and he tore in like a runaway horse, at the rate of a mile a minute. He darted in at the door and fell on the bed. Aunt Dinah slammed it to and shouted:

"Whut in de name uv de Lawd's de matter wid you, nigger?"

"A rabbit run across de road in front uv me, dat's whut's de matter."

"And what did you do?"

"Whut did I do?—I lef' 'im."

"Well," Aunt Dinah said, "why didn't you make a cross mark in de road and spit in it?—den dey wouldn't a-been no danger."

"I did make a cross mark in de road but time I spit I was out dar at de gate."

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With Our Editors

Down the Father of Waters

To those who have studied American history, few incidents of greater interest have occurred in an economic way than the recent trip of the President of the United States down the Mississippi River with the avowed purpose of studying at first-hand the subject of the canalization of that great river and its tributaries. Of course this is a dream of the future. The present plan would assume no more pretentious description than simply waterway improvement. During the last century the railroads have grown from the smaller to the larger and more important of the two ways of transportation and during the last fifty years have relegated the rivers to obscurity so far as interstate traffic is concerned. But latterly, the tremendous increase in business brought about by consecutive years of prosperity have made very plain the inadequacy of our railway system in supplying all the needs of our nation's commerce. For fifty years the territory of the United States has been filling up rapidly with people until the process of settling the continent is about over. The result is that we have now at least begun that intensification of development which is characteristic of the older countries. We have been satisfied as a people with the natural water-courses, and if a freshet deposited a sand bank in the channels of our rivers, we went around it or abandoned it for another. During the next century, we will see some wonderful changes of method instituted in this country wherein the old plan of taking what goods the gods provided us and using them up promptly, will be changed into the new method of learning how to make these goods ourselves. It is not sufficient to have a river that will float a flatboat when with a small expenditure of money it could be made to carry an ocean liner. Another way in which it will be seen is in the production and development of our forests, which we have ruthlessly destroyed and are still ruthlessly destroying. They should be and will be made a source of perpetual income to the American people when their wanton destruction shall have given place to modern methods of forestry. Life in America a century hence will differ from that which is now existent in the same way that a farm differs from a garden.

The New Democracy in the Balances

Not often does a more significant thing happen in American life than the adoption by the new state of Oklahoma of a constitution which is radical to a degree. It is so far, the furthest point reached in the drifting of public opinion away from the old republican principles on which this government was founded. To those who have taken the trouble to read the Constitution of the United States carefully, nothing is more apparent than that the aim of the writers of that instrument was to form a system of government wherein the best and wisest should rule. To this end it was de-

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signed that the people should choose from among them those men in whom they had confidence and that such choice should be made without reference to the political opinion of such men. For example, in the choice of a President of the United States, it was never dreamed of that a man should be chosen because he believed in this or that policy but on the contrary, certain electors were to be chosen who, with minds unprejudiced, should select the greatest and best man in all the country to preside over its destinies. Yet, see how, little by little, the old republican form of government has been abandoned for pure democracy. The first great step we could see was that the electors surrendered their own individual opinion and their right of private judgment and accepted the decree that they must vote for the man who had been nominated by the party which had elected him. And now in the new constitution of the state of Oklahoma, we find that the state has practically declared its distrust of the republican form of government. It has declared its suspicions of legislatures in a tremendous amount of specific orders which it gives to future general assemblies and as is well known, it established the initiative referendum throughout the entire state. Furthermore, if eight per cent of the voters wish to do so, they may propose a law to the people and fifteen per cent may propose a constitutional amendment. If the legislature enacts a law, a petition of five per cent of the voters can force a referendum to the people and on this law, if passed by the people, the governor may not use his veto. A singular suspicion of the people's agents is shown in other provisions too numerous to mention. Such a radical departure from older forms of government must have very strong reasons back of it. Has the representative system broken down? Have the delegates of the people shown their utter untrustworthiness? Have their own cupidities been more precious in their eyes than the welfare of the commonwealth? Has the new-old thing called graft taken so strong a hold on liberty's tree that the whole trunk must be cut down and a younger scion allowed to grow up in its stead? During the next decade the state of Oklahoma will be a sort of political experiment station for the American people and the workings of their new constitution will be watched with very great interest.

Eliminating the Middle Man

A dollar and a half for every Southern man, woman and child. That is the hopeful program of the International Cotton Growers and Spinners' Association, held recently at Atlanta. They mean to save the cotton producers of the South $25,000,000 annually—an amount not to be concentrated, but to be distributed among the people, among the farmers. That is to say, each one of us will get his dollar and a half.

In other words, the producer and consumer of cotton are endeavoring to form a trust—just as well call it by its right name—they are endeavoring to squeeze out the middle man, the multitudinous brokers, speculators, gamblers, bucket-shop men, who send prices erratically up and down and who thrive between the field and the loom.

A trust for the people! There are not many ideas bigger than that—or harder to bring about. The old Granger movement, Populism, the Farmers' Alliance—all lie dead and forbidding, their bones whitening the way the present Cotton Growers' Association and Farmers' Union must tread.

Be that as it may, we were ever an adventurous race. Those previous attempts were but the stumbling of infant feet that have now grown strong. The Tobacco Association has accomplished this very undertaking, and there is no reason why the cotton producers should not march forward as bravely and successfully as they.

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THE FAMILY SCRAP BOOK

We have begun this department expecting our readers to make it. It has been suggested by a number of our readers, and there is no department that should be more popular. There are few of us who have not in old scrap books, or elsewhere, something—in prose or poetry—that we cherish; that has become part of our souls. Send them in, thus preserving them and permitting others to enjoy them.

J. WILKES BOOTH

[This remarkable poem was written by a citizen of Springfield, Illinois, the home of Abraham Lincoln, and founded on the newspaper reports of that day. Secretary of War Stanton had ordered the remains of Wilkes Booth taken out to the open sea and thrown overboard in midocean. It is a fit index of the great passion and prejudice of its day.

Marion, Alabama. A. E. CAFFEE.]

Oh, give him a grave as broad as the sweep
Of the tidal wave's measureless motion;
Lay him to sleep in the arms of the deep,
Since his heart was as wild as the ocean.

It was liberty slain that maddened his brain
To avenge the dead idol he cherished.
So 'tis meet that the main never curbed by a chain
Should intomb the lost freeman now perished.

The dust of the brave could not rest in the grave
Of a land where blind force hath dominion;
But the step of a slave never soiled the proud wave,
That spurneth the hamper and pinion.

He who dared break the rod of a blackamoor's god,
All the hosts of the despot defying,
Could not rest in the sod, by a nation's feet trod,
That he shamed with his glory in dying.

Yes, hide him away from the sad eyes of day
In the coral of sea green abysses—
Where the mermaid's gay as they fly through the spray,
Shall purple his cheek with their kisses.

As the ocean streams roll from the gulf to the pole,
Let them mourn him with musical dirges;
Let the tempest bell toll the repose of a soul,
More sublime than the sound of its surges.

He hath written his name in letters of flame
O'er the pathway of liberty's portal;
And the serfs that now blame will purple with shame
When they learn they have cursed an immortal.

He hath died for the weal of a world 'neath the heel
Of too many a merciless Nero!
But while there is steel every tyrant shall feel
That God's vengeance but waits for its hero.

Then give him a grave as broad as the sweep
Of the tidal wave's measureless motion;
Lay our Brutus to sleep in the arms of the deep,
Since his heart was as wild as the ocean.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS

Though Scotland boasts of a thousand names
Of patriot, king and peer,
The noblest, grandest of them all
Was loved and cradled here.

Here lived the gentle peasant prince,
The loving cotter king,
Compared with whom the greatest lord
Is but a titled thing.

'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw,
A hovel made of clay;
One door shuts out the snow and storm,
One window greets the day.

And yet I stand within this room
And hold all thrones in scorn;
For here, beneath this lowly thatch,
Love's sweetest bard was born.

Within this hallowed spot I feel
Like one who clasps a shrine,
When the glad lips at least have touched
The something seemed divine.

And here the world through all the years,
As long as day returns,
The tribute of its love and tears
Will pay to Robert Burns.

—*Col. Robert Ingersoll.*

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MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET

My love she's but a lassie yet,
A lightsome lovely lassie yet;
It scarce wad do
To sit an' woo
Down by the stream sae glassy yet.

But there's a braw time coming yet,
When we may gang a-roaming yet;
An' hint wi' glee
O' joys to be,
When fa's the modest gloaming yet.

She's neither proud nor saucy yet,
She's neither plump nor gaucy yet;
But just a jinking,
Bonny blinking,
Hilty-skilty lassie yet.

But O her artless smile's mair sweet
Than hinny or than marmalete;
An' right or wrang
Ere it be lang,
I'll bring her to a parley yet.

I'm jealous o' what blesses her,
The very breeze that kisses her,
The flowery beds
On which she treads,
Though wae for ane that misses her.

Then O to meet my lassie yet,
Up in yon glen sae grassy yet;
For all I see
Are naught to me,
Save her that's but a lassie yet.

—*James Hogg.*

SONG OF THE MYSTIC

I walk down the valley of Silence—
Down the dim, voiceless Valley—alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me, save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown!

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago was I weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but the human—and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly;
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said: "In the world each Ideal.
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is wrecked on the shores of the Real,
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,
And still found the False with the True;
I sought 'mid the Human for Heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human,
And moaned 'mid the mazes of men,
Till I knelt, long ago, at an altar
And heard a voice call me. Since then
I walk down the Valley of Silence
That lies far behind mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
'Tis my trysting-place with the Divine.
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And above me a voice said, "Be mine."
And there arose from the depths of my spirit
An echo—"My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I weep—and I dream—and I pray,
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer like a perfume from censers,
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim Valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the Dove of the Deluge,
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the Silence
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen Thoughts in the Valley—
Ah, me, how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can hardly be heard;
They pass through the Valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word!

Do you ask me the place of the Valley?
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.

—*Father Ryan.*

SHAKESPEARE'S CXVITH SONNET

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds;
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever fixéd mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken,
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, altho' his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, the rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ nor no man ever lov'd.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

LILLIAN KENDRICK BYRN

WHERE THE RAINBOW TOUCHES THE GROUND. By John H. Miller. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price, $1.00.

This is a Western story, recounting the reform and reward of a drunkard. Bobett Patterson, after some years of shiftless, dissolute life, turns over a new leaf, and his native virtues assert themselves in all sorts of ways helpful to the poor and unfortunate of his little Kansas community. He acquires property, Indian lands, coal fields, bank stock, St. Louis real estate and, best of all, wins a faithful and sensible wife, who delights in helping him with his charitable schemes, and remains, after they reach the top wave of social prominence, a lovable, unaffected character.

THE INVISIBLE BOND. By Eleanor Talbot Kinkead. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. Price, $1.50.

Miss Kinkead shows in this story a remarkable constructive ability and an unusual depth of feeling. The scene of the story is a Kentucky town, and the characters are excellent studies of Kentucky types. The course of true love meets a number of dramatic obstacles but in the end the way is made smooth. The whole atmosphere of the book is most happy.

AMERICAN POEMS. Edited by Augustus White Long. New York: American Book Co. Price, 90 cents.

Intended primarily as a school reference book, this little volume is a valuable addition to the library, presenting, as it does, a study of our practical works divided into chronological periods. The collection includes those poems which are representative in character and interpret the growth and spirit of American life. Ample biographical and critical notes are also provided.

A PLEBE AT WEST POINT. By Captain Paul B. Malone, U. S. A. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co. Price, 75 cents.

To read this book is to make one wish one were a boy with a chance of going to West Point. The hazing, the indignities, and the severe training become, under Captain Malone's graphic pen, merely stepping-stones to manliness, class honors and ultimate distinction.

A BUNCH OF GRASS. By George Fleming Chapline. Clarendon, Arkansas: Published by the author.

All of the poems in this collection are readable and entertaining. They are marked by variety of subject and diversity of treatment, ranging from the serious and grave to the playful and humorous. A portrait of the author, who is an Arkansas lawyer, forms the frontispiece.

POEMS OF MYSTERY. By W. Y. Sheppard. St. Louis: Shelly Printing Co. Price, $1.00.

The thirty-five poems comprising this artistic booklet are arranged under the heads of Color, Time, Form and Life. The verses are melodious and flexible and while some are inclined to somberness, they are brightened by others of various excellence. A series of artistic designs, contributed by Wm. M. Young, follow closely the moods and meaning of the poet.

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THE ISSUE. By George Morgan. Price, $1.50.

Mr. Morgan, who is a native of Delaware, was brought up on the borderland between the North and South and became familiar in his youth with the arguments of both abolitionists and slave-holders. These impressions, his travels in Maryland and Virginia, his newspaper work in Washington during the war and his visit to Gettysburg just after the great battle, he has crystallized into a story of surpassing interest. As a record of existing conditions during the period described the book has value, apart from its merit as a literary production.

FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS IN THE LITTLE BROWN HOUSE. By Margaret Sidney. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. Price, $1.50.

All children will welcome a new "Pepper book"—indeed, the Christmas season would scarcely be complete without this annual juvenile classic. The author, who lives in Nathaniel Hawthorne's old home, "The Wayside," seems each year to renew her hold on all of her readers, portraying the simple incidents of life in the shabby cottage with a vivid freshness which keeps those of us who read the first "Pepper stories" long ago in *Wide Awake* still her delighted readers.

MILITARY MEMOIRS OF A CONFEDERATE. By E. P. Alexander. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $2.00.

An unpartisan narrative is the aim of General Alexander's book, and very faithfully has he carried out this idea. Neither undue praise nor blame can be found within its pages, but a fearless criticism of the good and bad plays on each side. Two quotations from the preface will show the tone of the narrative:

" . . . it will, of course, be understood that every former Confederate repudiates all accusations of treason or rebellion in the war, and even of fighting to preserve the institution of slavery."

"We now enjoy the rare privilege of seeing what we fought for in retrospect. It no longer seems so desirable. . . . We have good cause to thank God for our escape from it, not alone for our sake, but for that of the whole country and even of the whole world."

TO HIM THAT HATH. By Le Roy Scott. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, $1.50.

Leaving the realm of romantic fiction, Mr. Scott in his "Walking Delegate" produced a book which brought him into the front ranks of realistic writers. In "The Mayor of Avenue A" he depicts a many-sided character of rugged, sterling worth. Other characters there are from the "submerged tenth" and these are drawn with a strong, true hand. It is a convincing plea for fair treatment for discharged criminals, wayward and untrained youth—those whom the world has made ugly, yet whose ugliness it will not forgive.

GOLDEN POEMS. Edited by Francis F. Browne. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, $1.50.

The field of English poetry is so vast that no anthologies, however wide their scope, can serve as a substitute for the works of the various authors, but a collection of popular favorites makes a valuable reference book. In classifying the poems the stereotyped chronological order is abandoned for classification by subjects, and this is a most effective and convenient arrangement.

MEDA'S HERITAGE. By Maia Pettus. New York and Washington: Neale Publishing Co. Price, $1.50.

This is a pleasing romance preserving a vanished type of ante-bellum life. The young author is an Alabamian and shows a grasp of the history, customs and characters of that golden period, at once remarkable and interesting.

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WITH OUR READERS

This department is open to our readers for the expression of their opinions on questions of public interest. The editors, while inviting contributions bearing on measures and events of general interest, reserve the right to exclude such matter as is not deemed suitable, and are not responsible for opinions expressed.

AN INTERESTING LETTER AND STORY OF A FAMOUS POEM

MR. JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE,

DEAR SIR: I herewith inclose a poem that I consider a masterpiece. Without claiming any ability as a critic, and aside from the beauty of the poem, the wholesome lesson it conveys prompted me to send it to you for republication. I cut it from a paper years ago, but have forgotten the name of the publication. I have been a reader of the TROTWOOD and the TAYLOR-TROTWOOD for the past two years and was much interested in your October number and its comments on accumulation of wealth and the disposition manifested by some people in their opposition to progress unless they are directly benefited.

I am particularly interested in your reminiscences of the South and descriptions of Southern homes and people; and the negro character sketches alone are worth more than the cost of the magazine. Your sketches of Southern cities and towns are very instructive to us Northern people. Your History of the Hals was very interesting to me and must have been doubly so to horsemen. Sketches of Revolutionary heroes, like Sergt. Jasper, are always in order. While I do not feel competent to suggest any feature that would add to the real worth or interest of the TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE, there is one thing I can say: I enjoy every line within its covers, finding it such a complete departure from the legion of magazines. As to price, if an increase will improve it to any extent, put it on.

Wishing you success, I am
Very sincerely yours,
GEORGE R. GUM.

Richwood, Union County, Ohio.

THE ORIGINAL BEAUTIFUL SNOW

During the early part of the war, one dark Saturday night in midwinter, there died in the Commercial Hospital in Cincinnati a young woman over whose head only two and twenty summers had passed. She had once been possessed of an enviable share of beauty, and had been, as she herself said, "flattered and sought for the charms of her face," but, alas, upon her fair brow was written that terrible word—prostitute. Once the pride of respectable parents, her first false step was the small beginning of the "same old story over again," which has been the only life history of thousands. Highly educated and of accomplished manners, she might have shone in the best of society. But the evil hour that proved her ruin was the door from childhood, and having spent a young life in disgrace and shame, the poor friendless one died the melancholy death of a broken-hearted outcast. Among her personal effects was found in manuscript, "The Beautiful Snow," which was immediately carried to Enos B. Reed, a gentleman of culture and literary tastes, who was at that time the editor of the *National Union*. In the columns of that paper, on the morning of the day following the girl's death, the poem appeared in print for the first time. When the paper containing the poem came out on Sunday morning, the body of the victim had not yet received burial. The attention of Thomas Buchanan Reed, one of the first American poets, was so taken with their stirring pathos, that he immediately followed the corpse to its final resting place. Such are the plain facts concerning her whose "Beautiful Snow" shall long be remembered as one of the brightest gems in American literature.

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow!
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skipping along,
Beautiful snow, it can do no wrong;
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in their maddening fun;
It plays in its glee with everyone—
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by,
It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye;
And playful dogs with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around;
The town is alive, and its heart is aglow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How wildly the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sleighs like meteors flash by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye!
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go
Over the crust of the beautiful snow,
Snow so pure, when it falls from the sky,

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As to make one regret to see it lie
To be trampled and tracked by the thousand feet
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.
Once I was pure as the snow; but I fell—
Fell like the snowflakes from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled like filth in the street;
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! Have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystal, and a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace,
Flattered and sought for the charms of the face.
Father,
Mother,
Sister, all,
God and myself I have lost by my fall!
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh,
For all there is on or above me, I know,
There's nothing as pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be, when night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down;
To be and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow;
Sinner, despair not! Christ stoopeth low
To rescue the soul that is lost in its sin,
And raise it to life and enjoyment again.
Groaning,
Bleeding,
Dying for thee,
The Crucified hung on the accursed tree;
His accents of mercy fell oft on thine ear;
Is there mercy for me? Will He heed my prayer?
O God, in the stream that for sinners flows,
Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

THE VANISHING HAL PACER.

We desire to call the special attention of Southern horsemen to this very thoughtful article. Mr. Camp is a scholarly man and a deep student of pedigrees, and owns, himself, one of the best of Hal pacers. On a recent visit to Tennessee he was telling me of his impressions, with the warning note herein uttered, and they were so new and interesting that I urged him to write them for this department of TAYLOR-TROTWOOD. Careful reading and study of the conditions which Mr. Camp describes and the arguments he advances, compel me to admit that he is correct in his conclusions and I call the attention of all horsemen, interested, to the seriousness of the situation. I call the attention of farmers and even of those who are interested in the development of the human race to certain great truths Mr. Camp adduces.

Dear Trotwood: A recent visit to the blue grass region of Tennessee has occasioned serious apprehension regarding the perpetuity of this, to me, most admirable type of the horse.

No one knows for certain the exact blood that founded them. All that is positively known is that divers animals, representing the blood of all the strains then existing in America found their way into this portion of Tennessee, during its settlement. These were bred among themselves. The farm work of the South required only the horse of medium size. This horse was of the size desirable for the saddle, which was in early days almost the only method of travel. Continuous breeding among themselves, but using those stallions whose colts more closely conformed to the requirements, established a type of a combination horse, which could pull the plow or carry his owner under saddle.

Many years of this unconscious breeding without foreign blood to disrupt the gentle current, so set the gaits, characters and general physique, that even in after years, when the thoroughbred stallions brought in were crossed upon them, the type was practically unchanged in gait or general conformation. This fact shows how strongly these Tennessee horses had been bred, when the intensely bred running breed was powerless to effect an appreciable change, for no other breed could have received this infusion without almost obliteration of the saddle gaits. There is no doubt the thoroughbred blood was an advantage in the productions of speed, but it was in the direction of the required gaits of the Tennessee horse rather than that of the runner.

We know what made this horse as he is, but never can his like again be made, because the conditions can never again be the same. The forest—the nondescript horses for an ancestry—the absence of roads—the necessity for horseback riding—

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limestone water—blue grass—the days of slavery with attending conditions—the isolation of the community that can never be again since the railroads have come—the Civil War causing horses with certain blood lines to be brought therein—blood lines which to-day are unattainable—these and more are the creators of the Hal horse of to-day, but the formula can never again be repeated, as never again can the invaluable Morgan type be regenerated, because the conditions under which they sprang into existence will never return.

Just so surely as the Morgan lives now only in history, will the Hal horse live only there before the half of a man's life time is passed unless the breeders of Tennessee realize the enormity of the crime they are committing, in the present method of breeding. Everywhere I heard in the state the cry: "We must have new blood—a new cross to prevent the Hals from becoming weaklings through inbreeding." To get this new blood they turn to the brother—absolutely different in blood lines and reared in different localities on different foods and under dissimilar conditions. The outcross is too abrupt, and though the result may be a speedier animal in exceptional cases, maybe a better one, for all I know, for racing—yet just so surely will come the annihilations of those mental characteristics and the physical beauties and qualifications that makes the Hal horse to-day without a superior as a general purpose horse.

Inbreeding! Does my reader understand the word's meaning, or does he think that inbreeding means only evil? The effect of it is to set certain characteristics, mental or physical. Breed sound parents together, the offspring is sound. Unsoundness breeds unsoundness. The progeny is what it inherits—to an extent affected by environments, chiefly climatic and the plentifulness, or scarcity, and quality of food.

Each type of the chicken to-day is the result of persistent inbreeding. That and that alone, feathers them alike and produces uniformity of size. The same applies to the many breeds of hogs. See the cattle; the black Polled Angus were inbred to produce them—the Red Durham and the Roan Durham. The white-faced Herefords, who are the hardiest rustlers on the western plains, where the sun scorches blisteringly in summer and blizzards rage in the long, cold winter, with temperature dropping to 30, 40 and 50 below zero—yet these same Herefords are as hardy as the buffalo was. They are the acknowledged leaders of the beef breeds to-day—yet inbreeding set the type to which they adhere, and inbreeding is followed to preserve it. Are the colts at the breeding farms in Tennessee at the present, Hals? Yes, on the dams' side. The sires are from the trotting families of other states, and most of these sires are pacing gaited; but even if not, the strongly set pacing gaits of the Tennessee dam will make the offspring pace. But how about the second generation, and the third when the youngsters are bearing only one-fourth or an eighth of the Hal blood? Cannot one see the beginning of the end? I can assure you breeders there, your fears are groundless as to the evils of concentrated breeding of these horses. They have no mental or physical defects to transmit—for they are more free from the transmittable evils of ringbone, spavin, curbs, than any known family with speed inheritance.

Let me advise you. If I were a Tennessean, I should take such pride in these horses that my native state and ancestry had produced, that my one aim would be to preserve them in their purity—not a drop of alien blood with my consent should ever flow through their veins! I would gather around me mares of the purest Hal descent. I would buy regardless of cost a son of Hal Dillard (who I think the greatest male Hal, and the best pacing stallion known), whose dam was a Hal. I would want this colt to have been raised in a different climate, on other feed and water, and he should be the lord of my harem. This different environment would be the only new blood introduced, for it is a known fact that seed of any kind—animal or vegetable—where grown too long on one kind of soil, if decadent, when changed to dissimilar soil, is revitalized and becomes again prolific and can be returned to its original surroundings, strong, lusty, but with unchanged nature. The potato on the irrigated lands of the west after two or more seasons becomes unproductive. New seed of the same variety, from other localities unirrigated, is, therefore, brought in every two years at least, and that alone accounts for the enormous yields in California and Colorado. Confine the former there to seed of the same section and in four years the yield will be reduced 75 per cent. This same quality of new blood is embodied in the hog, cattle and fowl breeds over the world in general—new blood made from differences of water, climate, soil and environment—but of the same blood inheritances, to preserve the desired characteristics.

Greeley, Colo. ARCHIBALD LACY CAMP.

A CRITICISM AND AN OPINION

[The following letter from so high a source makes it doubly interesting. And incidentally there are criticisms that may be helpful to those contemplating contributing to TAYLOR-TROTWOOD. A strong story, like a strong man, always has its enemies as well as its friends, and a true picture is true art, however much it may hurt. Southern magazines have failed among other reasons because they cling only to the traditions and the ideal and failed to interpret the seamy and the real around them. We

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do not want more of the latter than is necessary to represent true conditions confronting us; for the knife, though cruel, has its place in materia medica.—EDS.]

EDITORS TAYLOR-TROTWOOD:

You may be interested in these remarks by one of my friends—a Columbia man who goes to Tulane this fall as assistant professor in English:

"I received your story and was pleased with it; it has tone and individuality—the most difficult qualities of all, I take it, to develop, but qualities which the magazine reader seems to care less and less about. They are all for plot now. I was interested in the magazine's announcement that one of the stories in the number they considered to be technically the best that had ever come to them. I was curious enough to read some of the other stories and was very much impressed with the magazine's liberality in admitting 'The Thrall of the Green.' I am glad to see that the magazines will take this sort of thing. . . . The more you think ot the story, the better it seems, and it leaves a biting ache in the heart. *We* know what it means, . . . but the thing is only suggested, very much after the Maupassant model. I think the end is particularly swift and effective."

So there you are. I don't agree with my friend, however; "A Creedless Baptism" seems to me the best fiction in the number, because it is just as concrete as the other story, and implies a more inclusive experience of life; the "Thrall" treats life from a special view point.

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT W. NEAL.

Amherst, Massachusetts.

IN PRAISE OF ANNE

EDITORS TAYLOR-TROTWOOD:

I was surprised to see a letter in your November number asking you to fill up your pages with historical matter. For my part, I could get along with even less historical matter than you have; for, while I am proud of my country and proud of the part my ancestors took in making its history, I feel that the young South and the present generation are of some importance, too, and like Longfellow, I believe in "the living present" and those who are making its history. It seems to me TAYLOR-TROTWOOD is admirably balanced and I enjoy especially such pleasing little sketches as "Anne: Her Diary." The author certainly has a keen understanding of the artlessness of a precocious child; and I see my home paper agrees with me, for I read this morning that "TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE is especially happy in presenting essentially Southern types and none of these are more delightful than little Anne and her 'mammy.'"

Sincerely yours.

New Orleans, Louisiana H. W. OLIVERA.

CARUTHERSVILLE, MISSOURI

By W. O. Thomas

Pemiscot County, of which Caruthersville is the county seat, is the most southeastern of the counties of Missouri. It is low land in character, and five-sixths timbered. But the timber is being utilized at the rate of 250,000 feet per week, and the lands thus denuded are being converted to agricultural purposes. Many centuries ago this region was a vast inland lake, and the alluvial deposits are simply inexhaustible. Cotton yields more than a bale to the acre, and corn grows as vigorously as young saplings. But it is of its production of alfalfa that the county is especially proud. There seems to be a peculiar quality in the soil of Pemiscot County that stimulates the growth of this crop. The seeding is generally done in March and April on growing wheat, and after the wheat crop is removed a fair crop of hay may be cut the same season. After that the growth is perennial, and from four to six crops each season may be harvested. The yield is a ton to the acre. As an illustration of the money there is in this crop, in 1902 one farmer near Caruthersville who had three hundred acres of alfalfa in cultivation reported a yield of six tons per acre, for which he received $16 per ton, f.o.b., an average of $104 per acre. It will thus be seen that this crop is astonishingly prolific, vigorous and productive. In this district

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fields of alfalfa twelve years old show no signs of deterioration. This character of land can be bought for from $20 to $50 per acre. This section is peculiarly adapted to hay production, as in addition to the railroads, the great Mississippi river furnishes a convenient and cheap outlet to the cotton-producing regions of the South.

Special stress has been placed on alfalfa growing because in this section it represents a larger maximum of profits with a minimum of expense than any crop produced on the face of the earth. There is no labor involved after the first seeding other than the harvesting of the crop. It is a gilt-edged proposition and beats government bonds.

In 1890 the population of Pemiscot County was 5,975. In 1900 it was 12,105. In 1906 it was 18,060. It will thus be seen that the county is enjoying a healthy growth, which is bound to be accelerated as its remarkable resources are brought more prominently into the public eye. All throughout this section a thorough system of drainage is being introduced, the swamp lands are being reclaimed, and its future promises to be one of the brightest chapters in the history of the country.

Caruthersville is one of the most important little cities in southeastern Missouri. It enjoys exceptional transportation facilities, being located directly on the Mississippi River and the Frisco railway. In 1890 the town had a population of 230. To-day the population is a few hundred over 4,000. In the last decade the population has doubled. The spirit of municipal improvement has kept pace with the growth of the city. Two buildings that are antiquated are the courthouse and depot, but they will soon be replaced by modern structures. Granitoid pavements are being laid in all parts of the city, and the question of paving the streets is now before the city council. The schools and churches are representative of the best there is in modern life. There are

CIRCUS DAY IN CARUTHERSVILLE

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three banks, with a total capitalization of $175,000 and deposits of half a million; two cotton gins, with a capacity each of ginning twenty-four bales of cotton per day, with another gin of thirty-two bales' capacity in course of construction. This is an important cotton market and handles annually about 2,500 bales of the fleecy staple. This is a money center for saw mills, and in this line the banks do a business of $100,000 a month. There are three newspapers. The twice-a-week *Democrat* is a pioneer in this field. It is owned and edited by W. R. Lacey, a big-bodied, big-minded, big-souled knight of the quill. C. A. York edits the *Pemiscot Press*, and he handles his Faber in a charming manner. The *Argus* is a new paper, but promises to make good.

Other enterprises in Caruthersville are stave factories, heading plant, planing mill, cottonseed oil mill, splendid system of waterworks, electric lights, wholesale harness and saddlery house, large grain elevator and a number of smaller industries.

The logic of the situation promises for Caruthersville a bright future. Located on the great Father of Waters, and remote from any large center, it already enjoys a tributary trade that is bound to increase with the natural and inevitable development of the country. The citizens are progressive and united in pulling for their town, and the commercial spirit is active and healthy.

WHEN FIRST I SAW YOUR TENDER FACE

When first I saw your tender face
  The morning bells were ringing,
And over fen and field and glen
  A mocking-bird was singing.

The daisies bowed their pretty heads,
  Your little feet caressing;
The South wind blew a mist of dew
  To give your lips a blessing.

The garden envied you your face,
  And set the roses scheming:
They told the skies to close your eyes
  And rob them of their dreaming.

And that is why the roses bloom
  A thousand hues combining,
And why, at night, with soft delight
  Two other stars are shining.

* * * *

When last I saw your tender face
  The evening bells were sighing,
And over fen and field and glen
  The calm of death was lying.

H. Graham DuBois.

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"Sally, I don't know what to make of you," cried her mother, in dismay

The Night Riders. (Page 451)

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THE TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE

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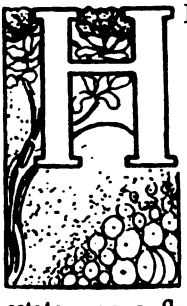
FULL BROTHERS

By John Trotwood Moore



HE was a rattling good fellow, with no malice in his mind, although he hailed from a family of aristocrats. all of whom had worn ruffles on their shirts.

Among the assets of his father's estate was a flea-bitten, gray gelding—a thoroughbred three-year-old, sired by a son of Timoleon. His stable companion was a bay gelding, a full brother and a year older. In dividing the estate of Colonel Jack Reese, consisting of plantations both in Tennessee, and Arkansas, negroes, mules, past-due notes, hound dogs—*et id genus omne*—the two sons, John and Henry, twenty-three and twenty-one respectively, simply tossed up for the two geldings. The two boys were both rich but both wanted the bay. John was a selfish dog who had had things his own way all his life. And this proved to be no exception. He said he wanted the bay, and so Henry took the flea-bitten gray. Henry was a boy, good of heart; he had no guile and thought none, and as his brother now owned the bay, the boy congratulated him and told it that his brother had the better horse.

Full brothers in horses are made of the same stuff; but it is not that way in the human family, and in this case John was, well—.

There was a girl in the case, of course, and about the prettiest and most original girl that ever took a liking to a horse back in the old days when horses were horses. In fact, she knew more about horses than either of her schoolmates—the two Reese boys—and but for that fact I doubt if this story had ever been worth narrating.

It had been understood since her childhood that Fanny Kilgore would marry John. Their parents had fixed it up when they were children. It had gone along in that way until finally both Fanny and Henry, as well as all the other young people, accepted it as a matter settled.

John took the whole thing as a matter of fact, and nothing more than his due. He used to laugh and tell Fanny a joke on Henry. He said it happened years before when Henry was scarcely half the age he now was. He said that one night Henry couldn't sleep and kept tossing around.

"Confound you, go to sleep," said John, kicking him in the ribs. "What are you thinking about."

"A trade I'd—I'd like to make," said Henry timidly.

"Out with it then; let's have it." He knew he had never failed to worst Henry in any trade they ever made.

"It's—it's this," said the younger

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brother. "I've—I've been thinking, John, if you'll swap sweethearts with me and let me have—have Fanny—I'll throw in my game rooster to boot."

John never noticed it then—when he told this—about the time this story opens—how Fanny blushed to her very ears and Henry walked off more embarrassed than he'd ever been before.

But he remembered it before—well, about the time this story ends.

John announced soon afterwards that he and Fanny were to be married in October. This happened about the time of the division of the estate, and as Fanny didn't deny it the village generally accepted it.

In truth, he hadn't said anything to Fanny about it, but having bossed her from infancy, he had got in the habit of the thing and kept it up.

The effect of this announcement on Henry was startling. It dawned on him quick and clear that he loved the girl and always had. He had been going to see her about as much as John, but where John was bold and open, he was timid; and where John was at ease, he was embarrassed; where John was arrogant and self-assured, he scarce dared to speak his mind.

In fact, he had every symptom of being in love and John had none.

A man may fool a woman in every thing else, but there's one thing on which she is clear-headed—she knows when a man loves her and when he doesn't.

Fanny knew all about horses—her father had the best in the country—and when a woman knows a horse, she knows a man.

Fanny simply let John talk and set the date and map out the bridal trip and plan their home and everything else.

She said nothing—but watched Henry.

Then Henry quit coming and Fanny became worried. It was some two months before the wedding and the talk of the village was that Henry was going away. No one knew why.

Two weeks more passed. Henry had never stayed away that long before. If nothing else came up they had had a fox hunt together at least twice a month since they were old enough to ride. The sincerity, the honesty, the timidity of the boy in her presence, his absolute happiness when with her—his devotion and his very silence had told the girl everything; but as he had said nothing, how could she? She waited another week; then she could stand it no longer.

She wrote Henry a note and reminded him that they had not been fox hunting for a long time. It was a kind of sisterly note and chided him for not caring to see her:

"Now you will come to-morrow," she wrote, "and you will ride that flea-bitten son of Timoleon that John says is a disgrace to his pedigree. I want to see the horse—and the rider."

Henry came and his heart secretly burst at the sight of her in her becoming riding habit, and riding Catch-Me-Quick, Major Kilgore's mare that had won in faster time than the people in that quaint village ever heard of before. And not once, but a dozen times from Memphis to New Orleans.

Fanny liked the gray colt from the start. She had never been merrier and happier. Henry noticed that in every gallop she was watching the gray colt. The hounds had not given mouth when she pulled up in a sandy part of the level, shaded highway, and said: "Gallop him a bit for me, Henry."

At a touch from Henry's heel the ugly colt went off and ran with a stride awkward and rough and uncertain, but Herculean. Henry galloped back and apologized.

"He's no 'count—I am sorry," he said.

Fanny tossed her pretty head and laughed. Then she reined up Catch-Me-Quick and said:

"Oh, you don't know a rough diamond! Why, didn't you see that stride? Now let him run with Catch-Me-Quick and I'll show you."

It was a pretty level stretch for a quarter of a mile. At first the mare

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sailed away from the colt like a bee-marten from a blue-jay, but the colt seemed to have fallen as much in love with Catch-Me-Quick as his rider was with Fanny, and with every stride he made, instinct and inheritance came to him in great leaps of learning and at the wind-up he was thundering along with her like a blown buffalo bull, but—neck to neck!

"Hurrah!" cried Fanny, pulling up an eighth further on, her eyes dancing. "Now don't you see what it is worth to him to have a high-class model that—that he is in love with?"

"Did you ever? Why I wouldn't swap with John," and the boy gave a wild halloo that the hounds heard two miles away.

Fanny rode along silently. Then she reined up quickly, and said, with much impressiveness:

"Now, if you'll promise—if you'll promise, Henry—"

Henry crossed his heart and declared he'd die before he'd tell.

"Well—well—we'll take the conceit out of John for once. I'll borrow his horse to-morrow and we'll run them a mile. The gray will beat him sure. Won't it be a good joke on John?"

Henry agreed with a whoop. The ice was broken now, and when they reached the Kilgore gate they had talked as they never had before. It was nothing, 'tis true, but Henry felt as if he knew her now and she—well he held her hand a little longer than was absolutely necessary when he helped her to dismount. It was also dark and so—he kissed it. Then he blushed like a schoolgirl and as he rode off in the dark he burned with shame, as he said: "My God—and he my brother."

But he was anxious enough to go the next afternoon.

True to her word, this original girl had borrowed John's bay.

"Now wouldn't he drop dead if he knew!" she laughed. "But it shall be a fair race—a fair, square race—because John, you know, isn't here, and of course I must see that he gets justice. But if he wins, why we'll just say nothing," she said.

It went through Henry like a dart—this fact that she represented John, and for the first time in his life, when they came to the mile stretch of level road and reined up their horses a hundred yards back for the start, the steel of determination went into his heart. It wasn't the bay horse, it wasn't Fanny he was trying to beat—it was John—his brother John. And as he glanced at Fanny sitting there, all excitement, all beauty and graceful loveliness and he felt how much she was to him and his life, and how little she was to John—that his brother wanted her just as he wanted the best of the land, the best of the silver, the best horse, he swore the first oath he ever uttered—one he had gotten from his father and his father had gotten from Old Hickory.

"By the Eternal—but I'll beat him or die!"

The gray colt had learned well his lesson of the day before. In company with a model he had learned what it was to stride correctly. The rest was in him by nature. But Fanny was a fine rider and she went at the bay with a rawhide that left Henry no room to doubt but she was representing John to the best of her ability. Neck and neck they raced it down the shaded lane, Fanny pulling away from him until the steel came into Henry's soul and, rising to save weight, he put it into the gray with a spur that made him grit his teeth, lay back his ears and beat Fanny not one rod, but another—until she pulled up and begged, laughingly, for mercy.

In the ride home Fanny was happy, he could see that—but he—he felt as if he could never speak to her again, never, without telling what he should not tell for honor's sake—for his brother's sake—that he loved her.

Fanny chatted along about the race and horses. Once she said:

"Now you see, Henry, it's with horses often as it is with men—the best are often the least touted, and many a great colt, through timidity or stupidity, is overlooked and a bragging, brassy upstart given the show the real thing ought to have had."

Henry looked at her quickly, but

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he could not tell from the way she was now pointing out a hermit thrush to him, that there was any thing personal in her remarks. At the gate she rode into the stable lot and said:

"You are not going home till after tea—no, you're not. John is coming over and I want you here."

John—the word made Henry almost think of Cain. He turned pale and his very knees shook. "I want you here"—his heart plunged and stung burningly at the sound of the words. He said nothing but went in with her.

* * *

"Hello, Henry,—still wanting to swap and throw in the game rooster?" said John as he rode up to the verandah where they were seated an hour after tea. He threw his rein over a post and came in.

"Still harping on my girl," he went on. "Now, little Bud, don't you know it's time for you to run on home and go to bed and let me talk some?" He flicked his whip and sat down by them.

"There is one swap he wouldn't make," spoke up Fanny, smartly, "and that's the gray colt for your bay."

"Oh, no—certainly he wouldn't," sneered John. This hurt him for he had great respect for Fanny's opinion of a horse. "It takes two to make a trade, you know," he added, knowingly.

"Oh, it does—I am so glad you have at last found that out," laughed the girl, with the slightest trace of irony in her voice.

John swelled: "What do you mean —what are you talking about?" he began sternly.

"Swapping horses," said Fanny, ever so sweetly. "I thought you knew."

"Oh, horses," said John inanely.

"And how did the bay horse run with Catch-Me-Quick?" for John didn't know the flea-bitten gray was in it at all. "Got beat, of course—but did he tell you there was such a thing as a colt learning at last, and that there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip?"

"Really, you speak like a prophet," said Fanny in that same strangely sweet, yet ironical voice. "That's exactly what the colt told us, isn't it, Henry?"

But Henry was silent—silent for he was beginning to see and to wonder.

John swelled again. He swelled so that he could scarcely speak.

"Fanny—ah—er—what the devil—I mean what do I understand by this?"

"Why, stupid, about the cup and the slip—it's as old as the hills—and the best colt having a show. You said it yourself."

"To be sure," said John cooling down. "I said it myself," he added apologetically.

"And Catch-Me-Quick beat him, of course," he went on, "but that's all right, my queen. I've known many an old campaigner to get nipped right at the wire—and by a green colt, too. So don't you two kids brag too much."

"Brother," it came so low and sweet from Fanny that John didn't know whether to swell up or fall off the porch—"I never before heard you talk so much truth in so short a space of time."

"Fanny—what—why—what does all this mean?" he thundered, glowering on Henry who sat like a statue through it all

"It means I wouldn't swap with you now—that's what she has been telling you all the time—for I've got the best horse, John."

This came from Henry in a tone John had never heard before. Up to that time he had looked on Henry as a boy—now he knew he was talking to a man.

John flinched in the dark. He jumped in his seat and the hot blood of selfishness and wounded pride swept over him.

"I'll bet you—" he finally gasped—"Henry—boy—I'll bet you horse for horse—and—well, anything you'll

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put up against anything I have a claim to." Then he added, thickly, "And the game rooster against—her!"

Fanny flushed hot, but it was Henry who arose in the dark by her side. If he spoke as a man before he felt as if he were one now—and six feet two inches high.

"Brother"—he had never called him brother before in all his life. "We have the same blood in our veins and our father was not a coward. Life is too serious a thing to trifle with—life and love. I'll not bet you, but take my horse, my plantation, my share of the whole estate—take all—I'll give it all for—for this!"

He reached out in the dark and took Fanny's hand. The blood coursed like fire through his heart, as he felt it sink trustingly in his.

John was too staggered and angry to speak.

"Brother," went on Henry kindly, "I have loved her all the time. Be honest with yourself and with her now. You have never loved her at all. It means life or death with me—a life of happiness or a death of love. It means everything to me—all things—and only a horse to you—and false pride, conceit, selfishness. But this," he took her hand in both of his—"this I must have."

The moon broke from a cloud and showed John his younger brother, pale, but with a look in his face that made the elder one think the spirit of his game old sire had come back to earth.

Selfishness is born of ignorance and it cannot see. It is a puppy and is born blind. Pride is its father and it cannot hear.

The man to whom this was addressed had a chance to immortalize himself with these two, had he not been born blind—deaf. And so instead he sprang up, blazing—white—and breasting up to his brother he fairly hissed:

"By God, you shall run that race and I'll win them all, you upstart."

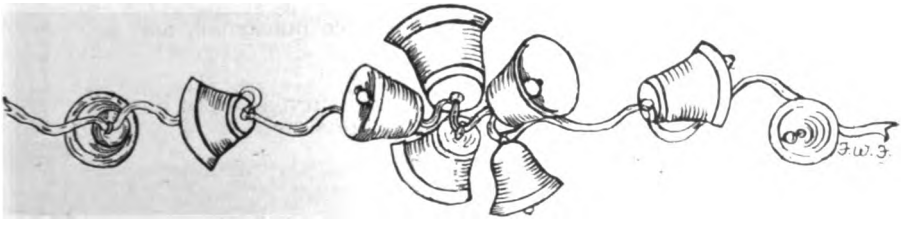
The younger brother almost staggered under this. It was not the words, the manner, but the principle—the lack of it—that hurt him. He knew then that, though full brothers, he and his brother were no kin.

It was Fanny who broke the silence. She had arisen and stood bravely by Henry's side. She held to his hand and all the hidden sarcasm of her other remarks—all the irony of their gathering was in her voice as she puckered her pretty mouth in a foot of John's face and said, slowly:

"That—race—has—been — run — this afternoon—and Henry's horse—beat yours—as—a—thoroughbred—beats—a—yellow—dog—as Henry has beaten you! I—am—judge—and—so—I—decide!"

"My God—that settles it," said John as he jumped in the saddle and galloped recklessly off.

They heard his horse clatter recklessly up the pike. Henry turned, choking, wondering what he would say; but Fanny, her wonderful courage all gone, now lay limp and sobbing on his shoulder.



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THE CURVING ROAD

By George Herbert Clarke

Along a hot and sandy road a solitary man was walking, bowed with fatigue and with the weight of a few, poor bundled goods that swung heavily from a stick held across his shoulder. And, as he walked, the sand clogged his feet and the sun scorched his face, and he faltered and sighed and sat down by the roadside to rest; for the way was very long.

And while he sat, tired and idle, a murmuring whisper came at length and touched his ear, saying: "Look before you!"

And he looked, and beheld a sharp curve in the road.

And musing for a while upon this, he was heartened, and took up his bundle, and arose, and walked on.

And he turned the curve, and found the grade easier to his feet, the road bed firmer, the trees on either side inclining their branches together, the air fresher and sweeter. And his pace quickened, and he broke into a song.

And again the road curved before him.

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And when he had turned the curve he found a valley lying deep and wide, rich green, and rolling and silvered with shining streams; and he breathed slow and strong, and looked smilingly at that valley, and descended into it.

And in the village below he dwelt peacefully over night.

And on the morrow he renewed his journey, pressing up the steep road opposite, and finding it broken and stony and sheer. But he strove on, because he was refreshed.

And when, at times, the way seemed impassable for steepness, behold, the road would curve, and he and it would go on together.

And there came a time when he had reached the end of the journey, and lay meditating. And the thought came to him:

"The road has curved so often that perchance I have traveled in a circle. Am I then back thither whence I set out?"

And he was troubled in spirit, and called for a close map of all that country. And he looked and saw that although the curves were many, yet they took not always the one direction, but regarded each the being of the other, as the hills and valleys did, so that the way was upward, though often down; and straight, though winding.

And he thought long on his journey.

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SOME BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF THE SOUTH

Cones, San Antonio

MISS GUY B. RAINEY
Manor, Texas

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Barr, Winchester

MRS. PETER VREDENBURGH, OF NEW YORK
Formerly Miss Baker, of Winchester, Virginia

Digitized by Google

MISS HATTIE OLIVER
West Point, Mississippi

Digitized by Google

Thuss, Nashville

MISS MINNIE EWING,
Clifton, Tennessee

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Calvert Bros., Nashville

MISS LOUISE BASS.
Russellville, Kentucky

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NEGLECTED NOOKS IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY

By Rapley M. Cheshire

Beautiful word pictures of the Valley of the Shenandoah have been given the public from time to time, but little has been written concerning the great men who played such prominent parts in the Revolutionary drama and whose homes were in this charming valley, bounded by the Blue Ridge on one side and North Mountain on the other, while through it flows the bright and abounding river which, on account if its surpassing beauty, was named by the Indians "Shenandoah" —The Daughter of the Stars.

The Valley of the Shenandoah is not only beautiful, but it is full of historic interest. Here came Washington at the age of sixteen, with a surveyor's compass in his hand to lay off the vast domain of Lord Fairfax, the eccentric nobleman of Greenway Court, owner of one-fourth of the present Virginia; who was exiled by disappointed love from the English court and brought the elegance of St. James's to the backwoods of America. Young Washington had left behind him a "lowland beauty," and by the flickering campfire in the great wilderness he wrote verses—sonnets in honor of his "mistress's eyebrows." Doubtless at that time writing love verses was serious work for the lad who afterwards bore our greatest and most honored name, but within a few years he confronted more weighty and momentous issues, and grouped around him in this valley were associates who did their parts nobly in carrying them to a successful termination. No one can rival Washington in public regard, but there are other names connected with the stormy hours of the Revolution which the world should not willingly let die.

On adjoining estates in the Valley of the Shenandoah lived three great generals of the Revolution and a fourth who did not appear so conspicuously in the great struggle. Three of the residences of these distinguished men are still standing on the highways and byways. They call to mind the history which makes them noteworthy, for history is written not less eloquently on stone, and brick, and mortar, than on paper. Great men make immortal the things they touch, the echoes of the words, the roofs that sheltered them, speak equally with the printed pages which record their deeds and words. The books congregate in libraries and form valuable archives for historian and student; but the buildings are the archives of the people. The characters of the men who inhabited these houses are legitimate food for thought, and the very localities which still speak of them are full of the deepest interest, but in these old homes the man, in all his strength or weakness, is clearly revealed.

On the land which now embraces the quiet little village of Leetown lived long and weary years Charles Lee, the sinister hero of Monmouth, and within a radius of a few miles were the estates of Horatio Gates, loser of the Battle of Camden and the Southern campaign; Adam Stephen, the great fighter and friend of Washington; and William Darke, a hero of the frontier and the victor in a hundred personal combats with the Indians; while less than twenty miles

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distant lived General Daniel Morgan, the "brave of braves," whose life was one long battle. Here the first four named warriors rusted out long years

GENERAL CHARLES LEE

of vigorous manhood in inglorious repose, their swords in moth-eaten scabbards.

Gen. Charles Lee and His Home

The old home of Gen. Charles Lee, at Leetown, is an oblong building of massive stone, with chimney midway. The present owner of the house, Mrs. Mary Watson, says that it is just twice the size as when Lee, the eccentric general, lived in this (then) remote abode with a few acquaintances and fewer friends. His ungenial manners doubtless prevented his forming those intimacies which add so much to the happiness of life. All the camp habits which the soldier of fortune had contracted in many lands combined to make his daily existence a strange one, and to impress upon his neighbors the opinion that his eccentricity amounted almost to lunacy. The simple folk of the region had cause to wonder at the mode of life adopted by the great General Lee, whose fame was rumored throughout the world, and who numbered kings and princes among his friends. He was a bachelor and was ill at ease in the presence of the gentler sex, his nature being such that he could not tolerate the presence of a woman. Tradition has it that his father, General John Lee, of the British Army, determined that the son should wed a young lady whom he had selected. To this the son entered a solemn protest, declaring that he felt himself entirely capable of choosing his own wife if he should decide on matrimony. The father was obdurate, and just before Charles Lee was put in command of a company of grenadiers in the old French War he was disinherited, when, it is said, he took a solemn oath that he would never marry and that women should play no further part in his life. How true this may be cannot be known, but it is a fact that during his entire residence in the valley there was but one lady whom he even treated civilly, and that was a Mrs. Martha Shippen, to whom he left in his will ten guineas to "buy a ring of affection." An elderly lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Dunn, who sometimes "cleaned up" his one-room house, was remembered in his will to the extent of "one hundred guineas, my whole stock of cattle not otherwise disposed of, and one-half of all my slaves." Even in those early days neighborhood "parties" and "socials" were not unknown, and although the General was always invited he never attended, taking no part whatever in anything of a social or religious nature, but preferring the

GENERAL LEE'S HOME, LEETOWN

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company of his Italian servant, Guiseppi Mingini, and his dogs.

General Lee's home had but one room. There were no partitions in the immense stone building. It was divided by chalk lines merely, and these lines marked out four compartments. In the first he kept his books —for he was a great reader; in the second was his bed—a rough camp couch with rude covering; in the third division were his saddles and hunting gear; and the fourth, embracing the fireplace, he used as his kitchen. General Lee said that by this arrangement—the doing away of partitions—he could overlook his entire establishment without getting up to open doors. After his death and when the property passed into other hands, an addition exactly the same size as the original was added, a long front porch built, and to-day the old Charles Lee home is one of the prettiest in the Shenandoah Valley. A beautiful lawn, upon which are magnificent old trees, gradually slopes to the "pike," and one cannot wonder that the eccentric warrior was satisfied to live there.

Tradition has it that after Lee's brush with Washington at Monmouth, the latter sent a note stating that he would call on him on a certain morning, and that he hoped all bitterness and contentions of the past had been wiped out and forgotten. Lee could not eradicate the old bitterness he felt for his adversary, and, unlike the ordinary man, he could not make a commonplace excuse for not desiring to see him. General Lee had to do it out of the ordinary—do it as no other person would. So on the morning fixed for the visit of General Washington, he sent away his Italian servant and all the negroes, and then mounting his horse he rode away, first, however, having affixed a notice to the front door (the only one) saying:

NO MEAT COOKED HERE TO-DAY

It is said that General Washington came and knocked in vain, but when he read the paper he silently rode away, recognizing that the bitterness of his former companion was stronger than ever; he realized forcefully then that General Lee would not forgive him for rebuking him on the field of Monmouth, and charging him with ill-timed imprudence; that he meant every word he said when he made reply: "I know of no man blessed with a larger portion of imprudence—that rascally virtue—than yourself." This is said to have been the last effort on the part of General Washington to bring about a reconciliation.

Perhaps General Lee has been too much blamed, and was not such a great offender as the world supposed. His error at Monmouth was not a want of courage, but of judgment, for he had fought with the most reckless bravery on two continents—this soldier of fortune who had all to lose and nothing but life to gain. But the brave man abandoned a cause which he regarded as having outraged him, and refused to take further part in the war. He was court-martialed and his commission taken from him. He came here to his estate and busied himself in raising tobacco, declaring it the best school for a general. With the passing years the eccentric soldier grew more morose and repelling; the blade was eating deeper and deeper into the worn scabbard; the soul was fretting out the body; he was tired of his dogs and his silent misanthropy. Deciding upon a change of scene, he moved to Philadelphia, where he penned his "Queries Political and Military"—an attack upon Washington—and they were published. They were received with an indignant outcry, drowned in hisses, to which succeeded a pitiless contempt. Two years after this General Charles Lee sickened and died, and as the last sands trembled and vibrated in the hourglass, the heart and spirit, so long dulled and weary, felt something of the old flush and glory of the battlefield, and his last words were, "Stand by me, my brave grenadiers!"

Writers have said that General Lee died in poverty, but the truth of such statement is not borne out by his will

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which is on file in the archives of the courthouse at Martinsburg, West Virginia. In this will he disposes of thousands of acres of land, valuable stock and cattle, silver plate and money. The will closes with—

HORATIO GATES

"I desire most earnestly that I be not buried in any church or churchyard, or within a mile of any Presbyterian or Anabaptist meetinghouse, for since I have resided in this country I have kept so much bad company when living that I do not choose to continue it when dead.

"I commend my soul to the Creator of all worlds and of all creatures who must from his visible attributes, be indifferent to their modes of worship or creeds, whether Christians, Mohammedans or Jews; whether more or less absurd, as a weak mortal can no more be answerable for his persuasions, notions, or even scepticism in religion, than for the color of his skin."

General Horatio Gates

Like Charles Lee, General Gates was an Englishman by birth, being a son of a Captain in the British army. Horace Walpole, whose name he bore, spoke of him as his godson. General Gates lived adjoining General Lee, and his splendid old stone home still stands between Leetown and Kerneysville. It is somewhat removed from the "pike," and is known throughout this section as "Traveler's Rest," the name given it by General Gates. The house is not sufficiently peculiar to demand special description, and would not attract attention had not history connected the name of a celebrated man with the domain in the midst of which it stands.

The building is of stone, one story and a half, and is in a perfect state of preservation, its present owner, Mr. J. A. Campbell, declaring it to be the best constructed house in the valley. One of the apartments is peculiarly arranged. It is a large room with three windows almost together. It is stated that when the house was being built some of the General's friends in England sent him three large damask curtains, and the windows were made to fit these curtains. The wine vaults are said to be the largest and best in that section, and the banquet room is of ample proportions. Everything about the splendid old place indicates that it was built for a "gentleman's home."

General Gates was essentially a courtier, preserving always a bland and courteous carriage, with dignity of tone and address. He had a florid complexion, full face, and inclined to corpulency. He was popular with the people of the valley and entertained on an extensive scale.

As the captain of a New York company, General Gates marched with Braddock on his expedition against Fort Duquesne, in which engagement he received a severe wound. Subsequently he went to the West Indies with General Monckton. After going to London as the bearer of dispatches he returned to America and settled in Virginia. He became a close friend of General Washington. The splendid career of General Gates throughout the American struggle gave him popularity and fame, and at one time he came near succeeding Washington as commander-in-chief of the army; but, like Lee, he was forced to take the second rank of Major-General. Gates was appointed to the command of the army in the South, and he met

"TRAVELER'S REST," THE HOME OF GENERAL GATES, NEAR LEETOWN

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ruin at Camden, being succeeded by General Greene, and thus ended the splendid career of Washington's rival. He had fought long and bravely, but his battles were over. His fame had been immense, and he had struggled for that which would place him at the head of affairs. His ambition, unfortunately, kept pace with his success, in fact was greater, and heart sore and weary the great fighter came to his home in the valley, his laurels withered, and upon his head fell a great cloud of public execration. It is history that Congress had prepared a thunderbolt to strike him, but the soldier's sadness was respected and he was permitted to live here unmolested with no additional bitterness infused into his cup. Here at Traveler's Rest he lived long years of pain and sadness; here passed the days of the man who had shone as the king of the camp until he was court-martialed. The magnificent drama of the Revolution, in whose earlier scenes he had played a part so splendid, went onward to a glorious termination, without calling upon him to share its bright rewards, or even to be present at its triumph.

Traveler's Rest became an unhappy place for General Gates and he took up his residence in New York, entering politics so that he might in some measure forget his sorrows and disappointments. He was elected to the legislature in 1800, and died in April, six years later, at his home on Rose Hill, then near the corner of Twenty-third street and Second avenue. He did not die as unhappily, however, as his old companion, Charles Lee, for around his death-bed stood a devoted wife, children and friends, and the truly great general had repented the methods he had pursued in his efforts to overthrow General Washington. His name cannot be lost with the great events of the Revolution. Perhaps his services and his sufferings even now have pleaded successfully with the world—his evil deeds and his misfortunes forgotten.

General Adam Stephen

While George Washington was stationed at the town of Winchester engaged in his work of surveying he formed the acquaintance of Adam Stephen, and later on when Washington became commander of the forces on the frontier, Adam Stephen received his first commission, a lieutenantcy. The Valley of the Shenandoah, now smiling in peace and plenty, was the arena of as desperate a struggle as any of the whole frontier, which was but one long battleground. Women and children were being slaughtered by a merciless foe, and the whole land was ravaged and laid waste by bands led on by experienced French officers. To Washington, the youthful chief, did the whole valley look for succor, and the cries of despairing women and slaughtered children, determined him on his course—"to expend the last drop of my heart's blood to relieve these miserable victims of savage cruelty."

Lieutenant Stephen was commandant for some time at Fort Cumberland, then the farthest advanced post of the border, and immediately confronting Fort Duquesne, where he did good service in every movement undertaken. Virginia was an English province then—Lieutenant Stephen was under Major Washington, Major Washington under Governor Dinwiddie, and Governor Dinwiddie under his Majesty, George II, King of England. Major Washington of the English Army became General Washington of the American Revolution. Adam Stephen followed his old commander. He commanded a battalion sent to the aid of South Carolina, and did some effective fighting, while he distinguished himself on subsequent battlefields of the Revolution, especially on the day of Brandywine. When the conflict was over he returned to his home in the valley on the Opequan, a stream which still retains its musical Indian name, and here he spent the balance of his life.

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General Stephen, although a very wealthy man, never aspired to a better edifice than a log cabin, nor to a bed softer than his old camp couch. His house was rough and unpromising, evidently intended more for actual, every-day utility than for show. Like General Lee's home, it has been added to and does not now resemble the old home of General Stephen—a story and a half log building, with rooms contracted and small. Everything small save the fireplace, which is grand, enormous. One could think it had been built with express reference to the great stature of the general—to radiate heat upon the whole of his great camp-couch at once; or to afford warmth to a crowd of guests. It is

GENERAL STEPHEN'S HOME AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY

probable, at least, that this last capacity was filled by it. From all that can be gathered concerning General Stephen, he seems to have been, like Morgan and other soldiers of the period, no little given to the wine-cup; and, unlike his neighbor, General Lee, he loved company and was never happier than when he had his friends around him. From his bachelor cabin there was often the sound of revelry in the long hours of the winter's nights. He kept open house all the time; he loved the people, and was a man of rude jest and wild revel, but with brave and patriotic impulses, honorable as the noblest.

While General Lee was a woman-hating old bachelor, General Stephen was just the opposite, delighting in the society of the comely country maidens. It was one of the general's chief pleasures to give a picnic each year on the banks of the Opequan near his home, and beneath the drooping boughs of the immense sycamores would gather scores of belles and beaux from the country 'round to partake of his hospitality. Indeed, tradition in the valley has it that General Stephen was the prince of bachelors, and the wonder is that some of the buxom lassies, in their sunbonnets and linsey frocks, did not capture his heart and hand. But they didn't. He lived and died in single blessedness, respected and loved by the people for whom he had fought many battles.

General Stephen disposed of a large area of land in his will, remembering generously those to whom he was attached. He requested that his remains be laid to rest at a certain point on the edge of Martinsburg, for which city he had donated the land. The location selected is now included in the splendid estate of ex-Senator Charles Faulkner, and in the northwest corner of the beautiful grounds which fronts his home. The general also provided in his will that a certain sum of money be expended in erecting a substantial monument over his grave, but the executors never went beyond placing a few huge stone boulders for a foundation. Somehow, as is too often the case in such matters, the money was not forthcoming, and to-day the large stones for the foundation of the monument, are all that show where the great fighter and liberal citizen is buried.

General William Darke

The fourth and last of these Revolutionary generals who lived neighbors in this beautiful valley was General William Darke, a native of Pennsylvania, while Generals Lee, Stephen and Gates were native Britons. General Darke's home was not far from those of the other three generals, but tradition has it that he was a man who

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kept largely to himself, not caring to associate with anyone save his immediate family and a few of the very exclusive people of the neighborhood.

DANIEL MORGAN.

He walked in the way of the aristocrat, and was not very generally liked by the plain folk of the valley. His home was near what is now Darkeville, named in his honor, and a short distance from Kerneyville. The building has long since disappeared, having been constructed of lumber, an unusual material at that period. General Darke died in 1801, and was buried in Engle graveyard, near Kerneyville.

General Darke's parents came from Pennsylvania and settled on Elk Branch, near Duffield's depot, in 1741, and to this day the property is still known as Darke's Home. At his death, General Darke was a large landowner, the Commonwealth of Virginia having granted him vast tracts of land as one of the participators in "all the wars." He was one of the rich men of the times, and when he had gone through all the mutations of victory and defeat, he settled down quietly in his home here, his last days, according to tradition, being spent in instructing a border artist in painting some of the bloody battles in which he had been engaged. Some of these paintings are said to be in existence, owned by residents of Winchester and Charlestown, but the writer made a signal failure in locating them, although a painstaking search was made. It is said that General Darke's instructions to the painter was "blood, blood, and plenty of it." To hate a savage was considered a commendable trait at that period, and it is supposed that General Darke wished to hand down to his descendants, in unmistakable figures, the story of his battles and his triumphs.

General Daniel S. Morgan

On one of the residence streets of Winchester—"the key of the Shenandoah"—stands an old mansion with a cannon ball imbedded in its walls. This was the home of General Daniel S. Morgan, who, in point of military achievement, stands second only to Washington in the opinion of many. The building is in a fairly well-preserved state, and is one of the first places of interest pointed out to the visitor. Not far distant is Mount Hebron Cemetery, where a broken slab marks the spot where this truly great general sleeps his last sleep. The

OLD HOME OF GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN, WINCHESTER

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grave is neglected, and the broken and vandal-scarred slab is sunk low in the earth, making it difficult to find the last resting-place of the "hero of Saratoga and Cowpens." Through the Morgan Memorial Association, Congress has several times been asked for aid in placing a suitable monument over this neglected warrior, but without avail, and it stands to-day a monument to the forgetfulness and ingratitude of Americans. General Morgan's biographer, Bancroft, says: "Of all the officers whom Virginia sent to the war, next to Washington, Morgan was the greatest; yet she raises no statue to the incomparable leader of her light troops."

Of General Morgan's personal characteristics, Bancroft says that he was more than six feet high and well proportioned; of an imposing presence; moving with strength and grace; of a hardy constitution, that defied fatigue, cold and hunger. He could glow with intense anger, but passion never masked his power of discernment; his disposition was sweet and peaceful, so that he delighted in acts of kindness, and never harbored malice or revenge. His courage was not an idle quality, but sprang from the intense energy of his will, which bore him on to his duty with an irresistible impetuosity. At the approach of danger his faculties were quickened, and an instinctive perception of character assisted him to choose those whom it was wise to trust, and a reciprocal sympathy made the obedience of his soldiers an act of affectionate confidence.

Both Pennsylvania and New Jersey claim General Morgan's birthplace, but his descendants credit the latter. Until the Revolutionary War he was a farmer in Frederick county, Virginia, holding a commission as captain in the State Militia. He joined the army under General Braddock and served to the end of the campaign, furnishing his own team. His military career was one continuous success, and for his signal victory over Tarleton at Cowpens Congress voted him a gold medal. The military career of this great soldier closed when he was sent to Pennsylvania, with the rank of Major-General, to put down the Whisky Insurrection, which he successfully did.

General Gates, in his efforts to become commander-in-chief of the army, attempted to corrupt the inflexible Morgan, and here was the great soldier's noble reply:

"General Gates, I have one favor to ask of you: never mention that detestable subject to me again, for under no other man than Washington, as commander-in-chief, will I ever serve."

It is worth the while of any seeker of pleasure or history to visit the beautiful Shenandoah and look upon these old homes of great generals and brave soldiers. They are the memorials of four vigorous lives, and the shades of the great men who once occupied them seem to hover in the air, and whisper inarticulately in the murmur of the pines, the rustle of the great oaks and sycamores, which droop above, and the low undertone of the bright waves which glide not far from their old haunts. Lee wanders here as of old, surrounded by his dogs, and sneers at Washington while he speaks of his own prowess, which made Frederick and Stanislaus his friends; Gates sits on his porch with drooping head, and dreams of Saratoga and of Camden and grieves over his thwarted ambition; Stephen assembles his comrades around his great fireplace and shakes the rafters with wild revelry; Darke tell of his wars in the wilderness and orders his painter to make "blood and plenty of it"; Morgan, "the bravest of the brave," lives quietly in the old home, surrounded by a devoted family, and, like the great generals Lee and Grant, rejoices that "the war is over."

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MEN OF AFFAIRS

"When Doctors Consult"

A noteworthy incident in railroad legislation in the South is the recent meeting of Governors Comer, Glenn and Smith, in Atlanta, to discuss trust evils and traction-law breakers.

Despite a prying press at the keyhole, and an avid public at the stoop, their excellencies have managed fairly well to preserve their counsel, and the press and public saw nothing save three rotund gentlemen who bent over the stove and whispered at each other.

Only the future may exhibit the gist of these consultations; whether railroads will be gripped a bit harder or given a trifle more slack, is not, at present, clearly set forth. Doubtless our panicky times brought about this gubernatorial consultation. A clinic, so to speak, of legislative physicians considering the results of legal cathartics.

Three more able men, more advanced States Rights men could not be found in the South. Each is keenly aware that he is governor of his state, that the Union exists through the states and not the states through the Union. This is the hereditary Southern view point.

Jeter Connelly Pritchard, contra

In abrupt opposition to this theory of States Rights stands Justice Jeter Connelly Pritchard, judge of the Fourth Federal Circuit of North Carolina. His unprecedented injunction of a sovereign state from executing her own constitutional laws, is an innovation, far-reaching and startling.

HON. HOKE SMITH
Governor of Georgia

Judge Pritchard's birthplace was Jonesboro, in East Tennessee, a hotbed of Republicanism. His father was,

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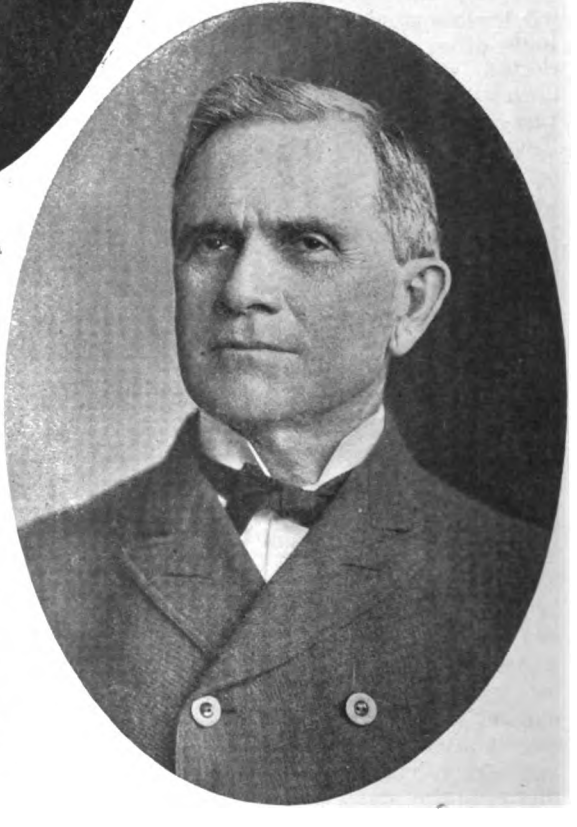
HON. R. B. GLENN
Governor of North Carolina

however, a Confederate soldier, but he died immediately after the surrender, and the boy, at twelve years of age, was apprenticed to a printer.

When he attained his majority, he removed to North Carolina, to a Democratic county, where he established the *Bakersville Independent*. Note that title, *Independent*—and he chose it while residing among Democratic patrons. His Republicanism failed to wear off, but on the contrary grew apace. From newspaper man to lawyer and politician is but a short and lubricated step. He persuaded certain Democratic friends to reform their way of thinking, and the result was that his county sent him to the legislature for three consecutive terms. In 1888, he aimed higher, at the lieutenant-governorship, and in '92 elevated his political ordnance still higher, at a seat in Congress, but missed his aim, narrowly. Then the judge showed himself to be an adaptable man, for in '94 he rode into the Senate behind a Populist-Republican tandem team. In '93 he was reëlected. In 1903 he received the appointment of Associate Justice of Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and the next year received his present incumbency.

Such is the training that went to form the man. As might be expected, one Fed-



HON. B. B. COMER
Governor of Alabama

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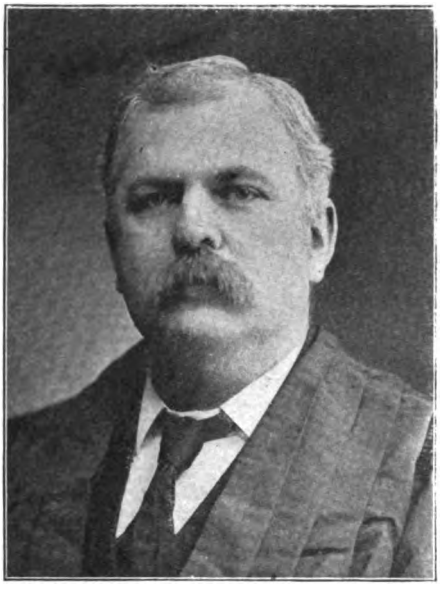
eral position after another, first as law maker, then as law expounder, based upon a strong Republicanism, could only result in one thing,—a Federal Judge who would uphold Federalism against all the powers of state that be.

While in the Senate, Judge Pritchard crossed swords with David B. Hill, of New York, and John T. Morgan, of Alabama. Here he proved himself a strong and ready debater, and he has been a consistent defender of Federalism and Republicanism throughout his career.

* * *

"The Best Mayor of the Best Governed City"

But far and away the most picturesque character in American politics is Tom Loftin Johnson, just reëlected mayor of Cleveland, Ohio. Just as Judge Pritchard is a Republican among Democrats, Tom Johnson is a Democrat among Republicans. In the recent mayoralty race, he defeated the Republican candidate, the powerful Theodore E. Burton, by a large and decisive majority. This leaves no other worlds for Tom Johnson to conquer—in Cleveland. There are, of course, the governorship and —the Presidency.



JUSTICE J. C. PRITCHARD
Asheville, North Carolina

Within the ample physique of Tom Loftin Johnson, there actually exist two men: one a stirring, successful, aggressive capitalist and monopolist, the other a dreamer-reformer—sensitive, conscientious, but no less aggressive. Over these characteristics is a magnetic, commanding personality that causes political enemies to throw their hats skyward and shout, "Johnson!"

The close of the Civil War found the Johnson family absolutely penniless, at Staunton, Virginia. Their home was in Kentucky, but Kentucky is a long walk from Virginia, and governmental railroad passes were not issued to ex-Confederate soldiers and their families. The situation was much like that described by Bill Nye in his autobiography, where he states that when he was born he took his parents boldly by the hand and started West to build them a home. At the time of the Staunton episode Tom was eleven years old. One train a day came into Staunton. Our embryonic monopolist received permission to be the sole newsboy on the train, and in five weeks he had cleared eighty-eight dollars, and the family journeyed back to Kentucky.

Johnson senior never became acclimated to the cold Northern blast that swept Southward after the struggle, a blast that killed some and braced others. Tom received slight education, and at fifteen we find him come into his own—a street railway. Not a very pretentious job, merely seeing that each passenger in the Louisville cars got his fare "punched," back in those days of which Mark Twain wrote:

Punch, brother, punch,—punch with care,
Punch in the presence of the passenjaire.

So well Tom saw to the "punching," that within a few months he was secretary of the company, and later invented a still better box to punch, which netted him $30,000.00.

From then on Tom Johnson was a figure in the street traction history of America. He bought run-down systems in Louisville, Indianapolis,

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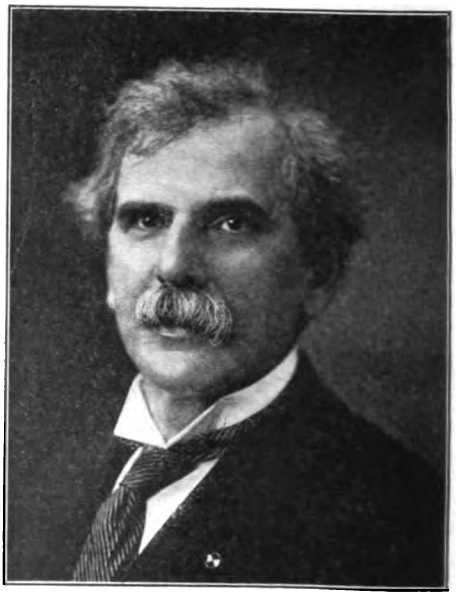
Some Successful Candidates

TOM L. JOHNSON
Re-elected Mayor of Cleveland

HON. R. V. FLETCHER
Attorney-General of Mississippi

HON. W. H. COX, OF MAYSVILLE
Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky



LEOPOLD MARKBREIT
Mayor-elect of Cincinnati

Cleveland, built them up, one by one, put them on a paying basis, and disposed of them. He met, in Cleveland, another monopolist, the celebrated Marcus A. Hanna. These two gladiators fought a finish fight, with a wavering victory. It was a spectacular fight, there was a profit-sapping re-

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duction of fares, the city shook with the conflict—and rode cheaply. Then Johnson sold out, Hanna retained the field, and fares went up once more.

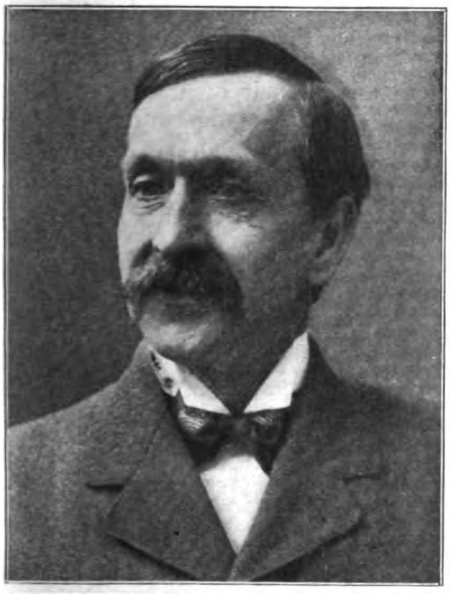
Up to this point Tom Johnson's career was much the same as the course of any other monopolist. He clenched a dollar just as hard, fought commercial battles on the field of human flesh just as mercilessly. When one day—suddenly the man's whole ideas of life were altered. It happened in a trivial way.

While traveling between Indianapolis and Cleveland, a newsboy offered to sell him Henry George's "Social Problems." He refused to buy the book, but the conductor, who happened to be familiar with the teachings of Henry George, spoke this prophetic sentence to the passenger: "It will interest you more than any book you ever read."

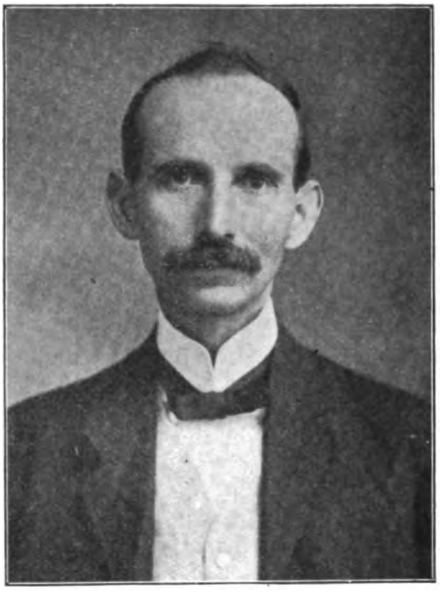
This book changed the whole complexion of Tom Johnson's practical mind. He read the rest of George's works and challenged his lawyer friends to controvert the views set forth. They were unable to do it and a Henry George club was formed.

Later, he met George himself, and between the two a fast friendship was formed. It was at George's advice that Johnson went into

SOME SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES



HON. FRANK P. JAMES, OF HARRODSBURG
State Treasurer of Kentucky



HON. NAPIER ADAMS, OF SOMERSET
Clerk of Court of Appeals of Kentucky

J. G. CRABBE, OF ASHLAND
Commissioner of Agriculture for Kentucky

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politics. At first he found it almost impossible to speak in public, but rapidly developed into a trenchant and versatile orator.

It is impossible to describe his career through Congress. As a free trader and single taxer he was unique. And there is one thing he did absolutely unparalleled in Congressional annals. Remembering his own indebtedness to Henry George, Johnson arranged with several Congressmen to embrace large quotations from Henry George's "Protection and Free Trade" in their speeches, until finally they had the whole book so incorporated, and thereupon he distributed them broadcast under his Congressman's frank. All his political career has been one long fight against monopolies. Once in Congress, an opponent pointed out that Johnson was inconsistent in that he was a monopolist and yet fought the monopolies as a legislator. Johnson's repiy is a terse summing up of that practical, straight-forward man:

"As a business man I am willing to take advantage of all the monopoly laws you pass; but as a member of Congress I will not help you to pass them, and I will try to force you to repeal them."

Monopolists have sneered at Johnson as insincere from that good day to this, but the acrimony and bitterness with which they have fought and defamed him is only too direct a contradiction to their own words.

A monopolist against monopolies—such is Tom Johnson.

* * *

Some Successful Contestants in the Recent Elections

In the recent elections, Kentucky has astonished the ranks of the hitherto solid South with a "right about march." We present the portraits of some of the successful contestants in the political arena of the South. If we may judge by the example of the "Dark and Bloody Ground," the future South will be the field of political battles as varied and fierce as New York or Ohio.

THE THING TO DO

Good friend, before it is too late,
Get busy!
To slouch along is tempting fate,
Get busy!
The man who sits and dreams all day,
Or talks to pass the time away,
Will never make his loafing pay—
Get busy!

The prizes fall to those who work,
Get busy!
But failure comes to those who shirk,
Get busy!
Move out into the living throng,
Stand up for right and rout the wrong,
In deeds worth doing e'er be strong—
Get busy!

Paul Cook.

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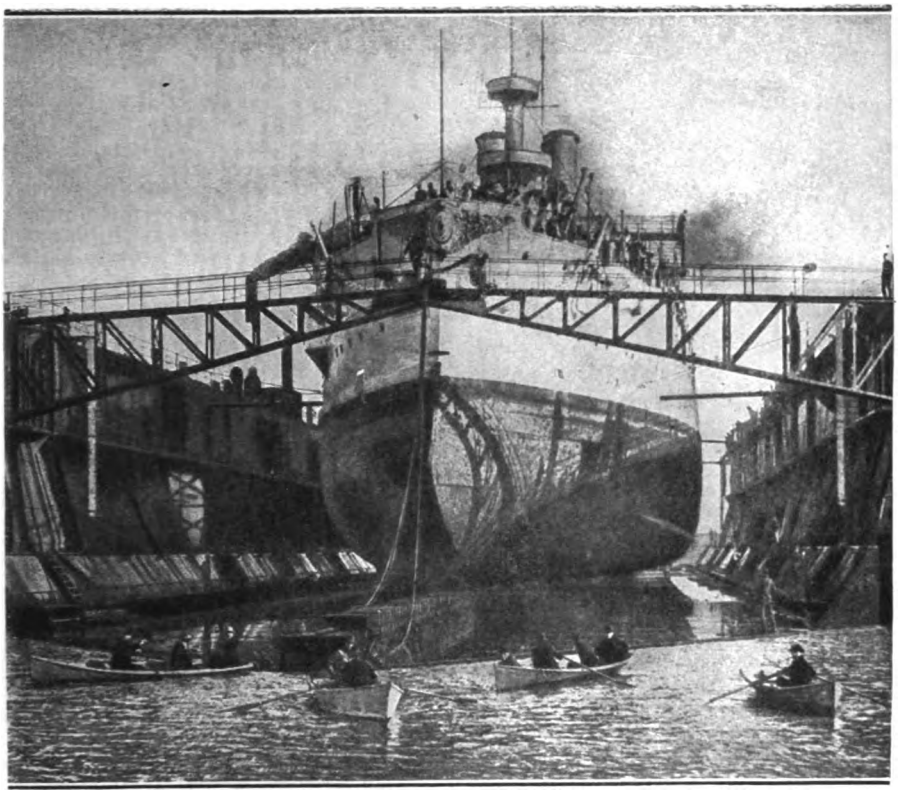

FLOATING DOCK AT ALGIERS, NEAR NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA
Battleship *Illinois* in the largest floating dock in America

THE RISE OF THE NEW SOUTH*

By T S. Stribling

Illustrations by courtesy of George Barrie & Sons

ONE of the most remarkable and suggestive books that has yet been written on the South is, "The Rise of the New South," by Philip A. Bruce, the seventeenth of a series of volumes entitled "The History of North America," the whole edited by Professor Guy Carleton Lee, of Johns Hopkins. This particular volume is a thorough statistical and philosophic account of our present Southern commonwealth. The work exhibits the investigation of a scientist, the range of a cosmopolite, the depth of a philosopher, and the ardor of a patriot.

The author first notices the homogeneity of the Southern people, and the following reasons are attributed for the small number of foreigners found in the Southern states:

> There had been no immigration of consequence into the Southern States during the last fifty years of slavery. This fact was due to a number of causes, the chief of which were: First, a deeply-rooted prejudice elsewhere against slave institutions; secondly, the presence in the persons of the slaves themselves of an ample number of

* History of North America. Vol. XVII. The Rise of the New South. By Philip Alexander Bruce. Philadelphia: George Barrie & Sons.

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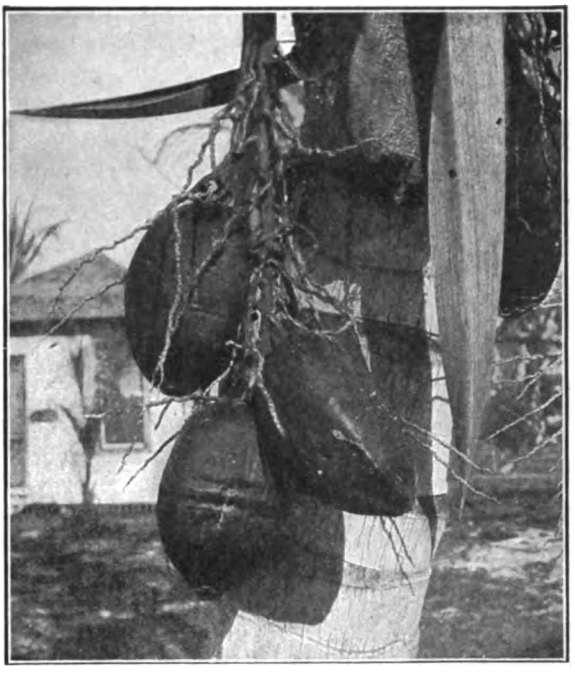


FLORIDA COCOANUTS

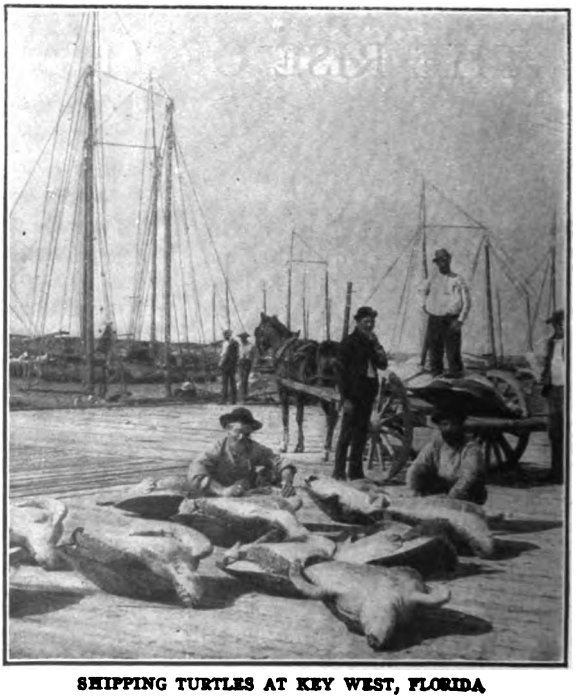
agricultural laborers; thirdly, the paucity of manufactures, and the resulting absence of the diversified employments to which Northern and foreign immigrants would, by their previous training, have been peculiarly adapted. There would not have been room in the Southern States for the stream of aliens who poured over the vacant prairies of the West, even if they had landed on the shores of America in full sympathy with slavery and the social order which it supported.

War and Reconstruction served only to strengthen the homogeneity of the people of the Southern States, not only by practically barring out or discouraging all foreign immigration, but also by welding the native whites into the most perfect oneness for the preservation of all that they cherished. The enormous growth of the South in every element of national wealth since 1876 is the achievement of this homogeneous population.

Then, again, the negro has had his influence on the population of the South, for in spite of the remarkable growth of Southern manufactures of all kinds these states continue to be a vast agricultural community. In the production of cotton and tobacco, and in every other department of crude labor, the negro, owing to his willingness to accept lower wages and his perfect contentment with the humblest manner of life, is able to compete successfully with the white man from Europe or the North. On the other hand, the most indigent class of native whites has so far furnished an ample number of operatives for the new cotton mills of the South. It is due to the combination of these two facts that the foreign born population of the Southern States remains relatively so small.

Relative to the proportionate increase of the white and black population through the entire South (one of the many phases of the negro question) the author takes a hopeful view and clearly sets forth his reasons therefor:

The more rapid increase of the white population, as compared with that of the black, is due to the following causes: First, thousands of negroes every year leave the South in search of work in the North



SHIPPING TURTLES AT KEY WEST, FLORIDA

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and West; secondly, the emigration of the whites, which under the old system was so large in volume, has practically ceased; thirdly, a considerable number of new white settlers are annually coming into the Southern States; and finally, while the fecundity of the negro population as a whole is greater, perhaps, than the fecundity of the white as a whole, the rate of mortality among the blacks, owing to their neglect or disregard of the most ordinary sanitary laws, is higher than among the whites, especially in the cities where the negroes are herded together in steadily increasing numbers. So abnormal is the death rate among them in all the Southern towns that there is now a general demand on the part of the Southern municipal authorities that the Census Report shall differentiate between the races in stating the rate of mortality for Southern cities. In spite of the establishment of free dispensaries, and the appointment of district physicians, whose services are without charge; in spite also of strict regulations as to sanitary inspection from house to house, the death rate among the negroes gives no sign of declining.

TAMPA BAY HOTEL, TAMPA, FLORIDA

In considering the agriculture of the South, he points out the conditions causing the subdivision of the old plantations. First, mentioning the difficulty of controlling free negro labor, in itself sufficient not only to check further broadening of the plantations, but also to create a tendency toward subdivision.

FOUNTAIN SQUARE, MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

For some years after the War, the members of the elder generation of planters, who had been accustomed to the old system, naturally held on to their large properties, and endeavored to cultivate them with laborers paid in wages. Those who were not compelled in a few years to break up their large holdings to settle debts contracted before or during the War, found, as time went on, that the attempt to farm or plant on a great, or even considerable scale, with

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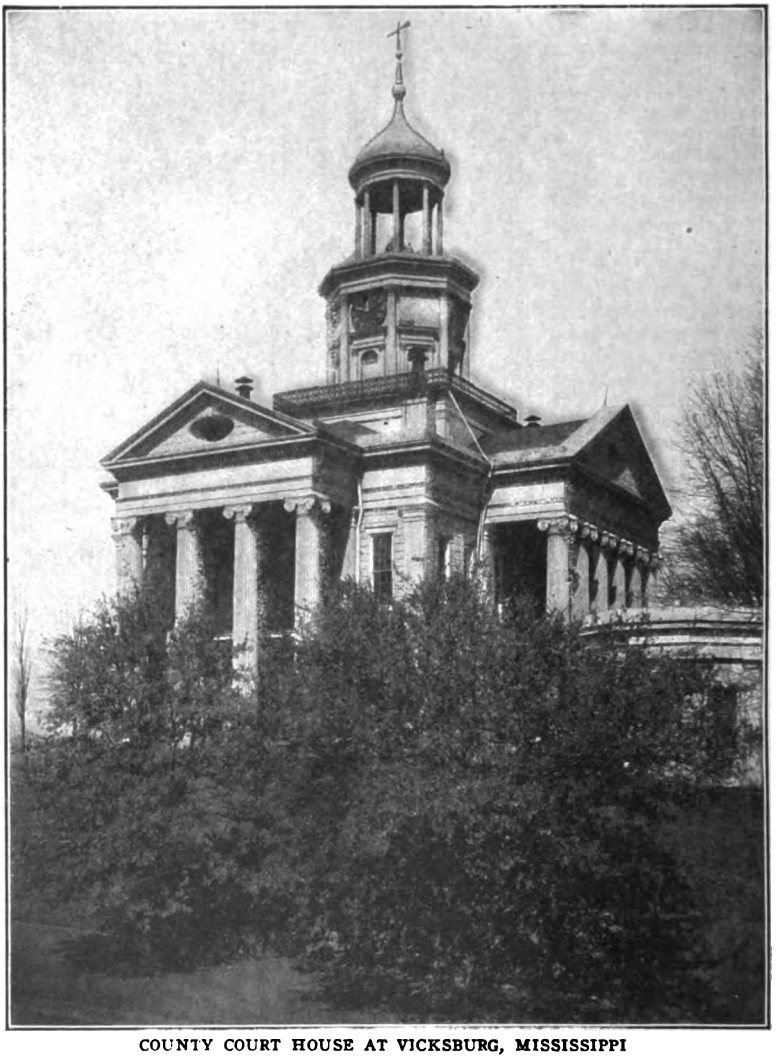
free negro labor was unprofitable, and this soon led most of them to throw their estates on the market.

Passing over the agricultural developments of the farm, and the system by which the South under the old regime, protected its forests, he speaks of the present wasteful methods used:

The great danger throughout the South at the present time is that a too liberal draught will be made on its forests, and that one of the most important sources of Southern wealth will in time be practically exhausted, with no hope of its restoration in proportions that will approach what it was at first. There is just ground for this fear. Already the forestry experts of the North as well as of the South have sounded a loud note of alarm; the Southern people are urged, while it is not too late, to follow such a course in the use of their forests that these shall always be preserved as a source of steady income. The reckless destruction of the forests of the Northwest, in the eager haste to make the most of the fine primæval growth, is pointed out as an object lesson full of valuable warnings. The elimination of these forests has increased the value of the timber lands of the South, not so much on account of the greater amount of money which the timber itself will bring if sold in a body in the open market as on account of the large income which these lands will assure for an



COUNTY COURT HOUSE AT VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI

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indefinite period if the annual cutting is made on the scientific principles carried out in the forests of the Old World. Individuals anxious to convert their growing timber into cash may be too blind to perceive what is their true interest in the use of their woods, but fortunately the majority of the great companies now owning an important proportion of the Southern forests are waking up to the necessity of showing the same judgment and discrimination in their annual cut as have been so long shown in Europe. In this fact lies the strongest reason for expecting the permanent preservation of many forests covering a vast area in the Southern States.

After speaking of the almost unlimited resources of our country in its mineral wealth, coal, iron, copper, clays, granite, marble, he goes on to mention this only too patent fact:

A State may show in the long run a great lack of foresight in parting too freely with its raw materials. The ultimate wisdom of such sales is dependent on the character of the raw materials themselves. Cotton, for instance, is an annual product of the soil; it reproduces itself from year to year. The South, by her failure to convert her entire annual crop of this staple into coarse and fine cloths, may miss an opportunity of adding enormously to her wealth, but in selling this crop she is not trenching on a resource that has a limit; she can go on producing cotton for an indefinite series of years, because her soil and climate, which are particularly well suited to the plant, are practically eternal. But this is not the case with her beds of coal and iron ore, her dykes of clay, her wells of oil and natural gas. Every draft upon these raw materials diminishes their quantity, without prospect of renewal.

In regard to child labor in the South, the author seems, if not to actually sympathize more with capital than with labor, at least to find some degree of justification for the employment of children.

Under this same question of manufacturing, he discusses the peculiar advantages of the South in the way of producing iron.

The South has always possessed extraordinary advantages for making iron, and the fact that these advantages were turned to so little account during the existence of the slavery system shows, even more than the failure to manufacture cotton on a great scale, how indifferent the spirit of that system was to manufactures in general. These advantages consist not simply of an abundance of iron ore, coal, and limestone, but of iron ore, coal, and limestone in close proximity to each other, as if nature had thus designedly associated all the materials for the manufacture of pig iron, in order, by reducing the cost of the process, to invite men to undertake it. Nowhere perhaps in the world are there assembled so near together such masses of iron ore, coal, and limestone as are to be found in the neighborhood of Birmingham, Alabama. At some places the ore mines are visible from the furnace; at others, the coal mines and coke ovens. In Virginia, Tennessee and Alabama, the three foremost States of the South in the production of pig, every iron company, with hardly an exception, owns the coal and iron mines and the limestone quarries from which it obtains its supply of raw material for manufacture.

In this article we can barely mention the future development of the South by the Panama Canal, the network of waterways that insure a low railroad rate for its internal commerce. But we feel that we must call attention to what Mecklenburg County in North Carolina, is doing in the way of building fine roads and the results it has produced.

The policy in Mecklenburg County has been to macadamize all the roads running out of Charlotte; this has been steadily pursued; each road is treated in turn to the extent of a mile at a time, until there are now more than ninety miles of such highways in the immediate vicinity of the city; and the extension is still going on at the rate of about ten miles every twelve months. On account of the advantages resulting from their nearness to these improved highways, the adjacent farms are said to have advanced very much in value. In former times it was necessary to use four-horse teams to drag vehicles over the roads for which the macadamized highways have been substituted; such teams are not now often seen there. The cost of transportation is calculated to have been lowered at least one-half; moreover, products, such as milk and butter, which were not marketed at all when the old dirt roads existed, are now carried into the city over the new roads in steadily increasing quantities. It is estimated that Mecklenburg County expends on its public highways at least $40,000 every year.

We mention this, hopeful that the example may be imitated in other parts of our country.

Then follows a thorough discussion of the old and new social conditions, railways and water transportation,

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mining, exports and imports, fisheries, the literature of the South, education, upon which we may not touch even briefly.

The illustrations are numerous and add materially to the interest of the book. A complete index and a number of statistical tables are appended and on the whole it is a book which should be widely read. Concluding, Mr. Bruce says:

In the twenty-nine years which have followed the restoration of the whites to political control, it is not too much to say that the Southern States have arisen from the dust of absolute ruin to a position distinguished, in some respects, for greater prosperity than they enjoyed during the existence of the old order of society. Their people have adapted themselves to the new conditions of their lives with a quickness and thoroughness that have commanded the respect of the world. The trials to which they have been exposed during these twenty-nine years have been severer tests of character than were the sacrifices and hardships even of the four years of war, when there was the excitement of a great conflict to sustain them, and also the eager hopes of an ardent and confident patriotism. Their struggles have been with evils of a prosaic nature totally lacking in all power to arouse enthusiasm, but the energy with which they have met these evils has never known one moment's faltering. They emerge from the terrible ordeal the greater in courage and wisdom for all that they have been called upon to endure. The last quarter of the nineteenth century is certain to be pronounced in the future to be, from many points of view, the most honorable period in their history, illustrious as that history has been made by achievements in war as well as in peace. It constitutes one of the noblest chapters in the annals of our country and foreshadows for the Southern States, under the happy and prosperous conditions now prevailing, a career that will be unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, in the record of any other part of the Union.

WHEN KNIGHTS ARE MARRIED

By Stuart B. Stone

COME on, Reddy. They've got forty-eight cars!" piped Tommy Bell.

"How you know?" queried Reddy, taking a short cut through the dew-laden grass of his father's yard.

"Flipper's done been an' gone back! Oh, this is a circus, this is!" Tommy explained, and the two bolted for the depot where all the boy world of Belleville made early morning pilgrimage.

The great, gilded circus had come, with all its glittering panoply of gaudy paint and tinsel. Two long trains occupied the siding. They had rumbled in during the night and now the sleepy, tousled foremen and their equally frowsy minions were unloading.

Oh, the joy, the thrilling, inexpressible joy of show day! To drink the cup of ecstasy to its dregs and extract the last possible drop of pleasure, one must be at the railway station just after dawn so as not to miss the least step in the process of unloading. Some even tarry late the night before to witness the arrival of the trains, but this is not insisted upon.

Reddy and Tommy were just in time to see the first chock taken from the front wheel of the first wagon,—a long one laden with poles and canvas. They witnessed the slide of the animal cages down the inclined plane, speculated as to the nature of mysterious vehicles, counted the horses and ponies and cackled with glee at the herd of tough, leather-hided elephants, who, with trunks and tails linked, sauntered uptown to the "grounds," forming the last of the caravan of the Ten Greatest Shows on Earth.

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"Here, you kids, how many of you want to do a little light work for a free ticket?" an unshaven, coatless man sang out, approaching the group. There were two minutes of awful hesitation while the lads shrank from the initiative, though their hearts beat tattoo-time at the prospect of all the glory and dazzle and pomp the big tents held. Then Reddy stepped forward with a timid "I'll go," and there was a stampede, behind the grimy boss through town to the grounds, where the canvas men sweated and swore and with block and tackle turned the quiet, green meadow of a sober country deacon into a wonderland of gray-brown, waving structure.

Meanwhile, Reddy's sister, Anna May, sat on the great stone steps at home and watched the red and gold wagons lumber by, every noisy jostle and roll thrilling her being, confirming the dream of many days that the circus would really come.

Anna May was unlike Reddy. In the first place, she was older—Anna May was twelve. She had big, brown, sober eyes, shaded by long lashes of similar hue. Her hair, too, followed the general color scheme. Altogether, she was a very pretty, demure little maid, and a bit of a dreamer, as maids of twelve are apt to be.

Anna May had followed the multicolored bills from the pasting of the first big ones on the blind fence by the side of her father's grocery. The posting of the large bills had been the work of a gang from Advertising Car No. 1. Then a week later, car No. 2 had arrived with the handbill men, who left the Public Square and the main streets blazing with animal studies and lithographs showing color-decked performers hurtling through trapeze-studded space.

There was one poster, which hung in the front window of the National Bank, a brave picture of lanced and bucklered knights riding gravely on steeds of purest white. It was the cavalier at the head of the column who held Anna May's fancy. The hauteur of his bearing, the fine scorn with which he overlooked the rabble, impressed her. He was like the knights in Ivanhoe, which she had heard read in school on Friday afternoons. Altogether, Anna May had put in hours of silent, secret adoration at the shrine of the noble equestrian,—hours when a prosaic mother wondered where on earth the child was and why she hadn't hulled the beans.

And now Anna May sat on the steps between the two crouching, granite lions and watched for her champion. But the ticket and pole wagons swung slowly by, the closed animal cages clattered up the street, the strings of ponies and elephants and tired, bored camels rambled on, and no cold, proud knight in doublet and hose decked the scene. Well, he would be in the parade—that was where the poster had shown him, anyhow—and she would see her idol from her father's sty-block.

"Anna May!" called the shrill voice of her mother, and the girl went slowly into the great, cool kitchen to silk corn and dream of knights and shows and things.

The parade was announced for ten o'clock, expected at eleven, realized at twelve. A queer-garbed host from the foot hills and furrows thronged the streets of the county seat. Enterprising farmers sold the luscious watermelon from wagon-beds covered with hay. There were lemonade stands here and there and medicine fakirs and churn men, with people and people everywhere.

"They ain't goin' to be no pee-rade," announced a young rustic, broken-hearted, crestfallen, yet puffed up and vaunting with the importance of his news.

"Why—what's the matter?" wailed his tribe in unison.

"Town's goin' to charge 'em another license to pee-rade an' they say they cain't afford it."

The unwelcome tidings spread with the facility common to evil omen and wildfire, and indignation ran high against the presumptuous municipal officers who had robbed the populace of the pageant. A drunken lout reeled by. "I'm bigger'n th' elephunt," he

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bellowed and hiccoughed. The crowd, weary with neck-stretching, settled back and the hum of five thousand voices beat on the ear.

Then someone shouted, "Here she comes!" A thrill went through the multitude, there was a hush and then a straggling cheer. A lone horseman, marshal of the parade, hove into view from away out toward the grounds, and there was a scramble for better positions. Anna May tiptoed on her perch on the sty-block and her heart almost stopped with the ecstasy of the moment. In the distance she heard the blare of trumpets and the weird, deafening screech of the steam calliope. Then it was she caught the spirit of the crowd, and with the music, the excitement, and the knowledge that her cavalier drew near, was as happy as a twelve-year-old maid might dare to be.

Reddy and his fellows formed the very van of the thing, running a little in advance, halting for a moment of fisticuff, somersault and mock fight, then scampering away again from the hoofs of the marshal's coal-black charger.

"Reddy is so silly," murmured Anna May on the sty-block.

In the marshal's wake came the proprietors in a trap. Then followed a big, wagon-chariot, with red-coated youths gathered from the small towns of this big nation, puffing and blowing out brassy harmony. A chalk-faced clown passed, bawling, "I'm going to the People's Hardware Store," the announcement having been arranged for in advance by the payment of five dollars to the advertising man. A "Reub" band bleated discord from the top of a hay wagon. Prodigals from Kalamazoo and El Paso, in dirty blue tunics, drove Roman chariots. A loud-toned man in near-white duck exhorted through a megaphone: "Mlle. D'zizi, the world's aerial wonder, in a free exhibition at the show grounds immediately after the parade. She spans a fifty-five-foot arch of death after a plunge down an inclined plane on a bicycle. Positively free to all!"

Then a long line of solemn-visaged, gaudy-robed, horsemen rounded the corner by the bank, and Anna May clenched her hands and tiptoed to such an extreme that she toppled and would have fallen had she not grabbed the friendly hitching-post. In this line must be the Knight of the Flaming Poster and the situation reeked with possibilities.

Away up near the head of the long pageant, the elephants lolled and the procession hesitated,—stopped, and moved on, then stopped again, and Anna May looked with staring, frightened eyes into the face of the lithograph man of her dreams.

"Oh!" said Anna May and joined two doubled, dainty fists in front of her mouth. It was the Knight in all truth, though the calm, proud face of the poster was now wrinkled into a good-natured smile, and the eyes, made so disdainful by the print-house, fixed Anna May with the friendliest gaze in the world.

"Hello, Sissy," said the man of romance, in fatherly tones, "what's the matter now?"

But Anna May could make no response. This dream-come-true business was too overpowering in the realization and she could only look, dazed and fascinated.

"Don't you like the parade, Sweetheart?"

"Ye-yes, sir," Anna May managed to stammer out. Her eyes sought the weather-stained, whittled sty-block and the deep dye of girlish embarrassment colored her cheeks.

"There's a good girl," followed up Sir Knight, and patted the brown tresses with gauntleted hand. "I like you very much." From somewhere in his trappings he produced a little lucky-piece of aluminum. It was a round disc setting forth the merits of a brand of natural twist, but it was such a trinket as the juvenile heart hankers for and lays away with broken dolls and picture cards and the other magic properties of dream-land. Anna May took the bauble, and now she felt the kindly interest, the real sympathy in the tones and her heart warmed to her champion. She would like to tell him some-

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thing, but for the life of her she could think of nothing to say. Then her glance fell on Reddy, who had stayed his mad progress in the van of the parade and now surveyed the gilded scene from the branches of an ancient oak.

"That's my brother Reddy,—but his name's not Reddy. It's Clarence," she blurted out.

"Oh, that's Reddy, is it?" said her hero, and then the six big pachyderms in front improved their gait and the mile-line of wonder-things moved on. The cavaliers gave their steeds rein and Anna May's champion drew away from her. But he shouted back, "Don't forget the circus, Sweetheart," and Anna May smiled and nodded her pretty head.

* * *

At the dinner table, Reddy was ecstatic and given to repetition in his praise of the show.

"Dad, they've got black leopards. Bill Doolan seen 'em."

"*Saw* them, Clarence," corrected his mother.

"Me an' Tip's goin' through the side show first," went on Reddy. Then he stuffed his pockets with tea cakes and hurried off to the tented realm of circus-land.

Meanwhile, Anna May sat silent, nourishing her romance, fashioning castles of air after the manner of her kind. And in every castle there was a bold, smiling knight—and Anna May.

At one o'clock Anna May, with her father and mother rode out to the grounds in a wagonette. They found the big lot overrun with a surging, sweating mob of town and country folk, the air redolent with dust and din. Fakirs implored the multitude to buy tickets for the big show, the side show, the wild man and the dancing congress. Others bawled out the merits of pink lemonade, popcorn and toy balloons. A cane man invited you to pitch rings over his wares—at so much a pitch. A doll rack man urged you to throw at his puppets—at so much a throw.

But Anna May's father had complimentary billboard tickets and turned neither to the right nor to the left, but strolled through the noxious-smelling menagerie into the main tent and straight for the reserved seats. Here they sat and watched the crowd assemble, saw brazen clowns escort blushing maidens to their seats, listened to Professor Tinney's World-Famed European Band and drank in all the other sights and sounds of this show within a show.

At last, with a fanfare of trumpets and a roll of drums, the performers and animals poured into the tent for the grand march around the track. Anna May was down close in front, and foremost among the horsemen she espied her Knight, and a little shiver ran through her frame. As he passed, he recognized her also and smiled. Then it was, basking in the favor of her champion, she gave herself up to the spell of the sawdust and spangles. The catchy, stirring stuff from the band, the applause of the audience, the bizarre antics of the clowns, the marvelous midair feats of the men and women in scarlet and green and pink. Oh, this were Paradise enow! Only that isn't the way Anna May put it. She clapped her hands and said, "Oh, mamma, isn't it splendid?" and the watchful mother acquiesced, relieved at the passing of the cloud no bigger than a man's hand.

The show was half over. Trapeze artists, acrobats, jugglers, and gravity-scorners who capered on dizzy wires—all had won the huzzas of the fickle mob on the benches. The master of ceremonies, flushed with success, stepped to the platform and announced in the jumble of a train-caller:

"The Beaulieu family, France's most daring equestrians, in the west ring. They are Monsieur Jacques Beaulieu, his wife, Madame Hélène, and four children, Marie, Honoré, Sadi and François. The Beaulieus are the highest-salaried horsemen in the circus-world." There were half a dozen quickstep bars from Tinney's wonders and the famous family from overseas dashed from the dressing room into the ring.

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They were on two white Arabs; the man on one, the woman on the other, and two youngsters perched on the hip and shoulders of each. The woman was a fair-haired Parisienne; the man was—the Knight of the Flaming Poster. Round and round the circle they went, vaulting, leaping, plunging, earning the plaudits of the multitude by their truly marvelous riding. The children were real sprites, the parents centaur-like in their oneness of action with their steeds, the whole, just what it seemed, a happy family of the circus, knowing no life but this of the canvas and hurdle and rouge.

The audience roared out its wild acclaim; the equestrians essayed yet madder feats, but for Anna May the world had turned in a moment to but a sorry place, strangely sad and somber, a dreary, weary world withal. The Knight—her Knight—was a married knight, and of what avail is a married knight? Why, one of his children—the one just now jumping to a place on the Arab's back—was as big as she. Oh, this were a world of travail and pain after all! Her mother took rapt eyes from the ring for a moment and found Anna May weeping silently into a tiny handkerchief of lace and film, much too brave a thing for the tears of childish woe.

"Joel," announced the mother, "I knew something was wrong with Anna May. The child has had nothing to say all day long." And the trio hurried out from the mimic sawdust world.

* * *

That night, while big rain drops splashed from an angry sky upon the tin roof, making sweetest music dozer ever half-heard, Anna May, in her little enamel bed, heard the big show-wagons rumble past on their way to the train. And tear-drops well-nigh as big as those of the clouds above rolled down cheeks of the prettiest pink-white tinting.

But the girl clutched in her hand a talisman, and when her yoke became too heavy, she turned to the disc of aluminum and imprinted a kiss on the metal's face.

THE EVOLUTION OF OUR NATIONAL CURRENCY

By Burton T. Doyle

THE process of evolution through which our system of national currency passed in reaching its present state of comparative perfection is interesting. Its inception was in that shadow which coming events cast before, and its subsequent elaboration through one hundred and eighteen years of national life was slow and checkered, rough and craggy. The Act which started this process of evolution twenty-three years after the birth of our Republic was suggested by Albert Gallatin, who was then Secretary of the Treasury and the first man ever denied a seat in the Senate of the United States, because he had not been nine years a citizen thereof.

The first chapter in this phase of our financial history (which owes so much to the inspirations engendered by the exigencies of trying hours) opens amid the gathering shadows of impending war. The balance in the Treasury on January 1, 1812, was $3,502,305.80; and it was estimated that the forthcoming annual revenues would be $8,200,000, and that the or-

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dinary expenditures for the year would be $9,200,000; so that, while an ordinary course of events would have left a balance in the Treasury at the end of the year of probably $2,302,-305.80, it had already become apparent that war with Great Britain was inevitable. Bills had been already either introduced into or passed by Congress to increase the regular army to 25,000 men, to arm and drill the militia, to purchase ordnance, ordnance-stores and camp-equipage, to raise a force of mounted rangers, to repair the navy and purchase timber for the construction of new ships, to erect additional fortification, and to call for volunteers. These bills for putting the country in a state of preparation for war involved an extraordinary expenditure of about $11,000,-000, which Congress, by the Act of March 14, 1812, authorized to be raised by a loan. Only $6,118,900 had been subscribed under that loan up to May 14, 1812; and, while the Secretary of the Treasury was confident that the whole amount would be available when required for public use, he deemed it advisable to remove all possibility of disappointment. To that end, he recommended that authority be given him to issue treasury-notes in such amount as might fail to be subscribed under the pending loan. In pursuance of that recommendation, the Act of June 30, 1812, was passed, authorizing the first issue of treasury-notes known to the financial history of the United States under the Constitution. It authorized the President to issue treasury-notes for such sums as he might deem expedient, not exceeding $5,000,000 in all. These first notes issued were promissory in character, and were to be reimbursed by the United States at such place, one year of their issue-date, as might be expressed on the face of the notes, respectively. They were to bear interest at the rate of five and two-fifths per cent per annum, such interest being payable on each note at its maturity, and only at the place designated for the payment of its principal. They were to be issued, in such proportions as the President might deem expedient, in payment for supplies, in payment of debts due from the United States and in payment of public creditors who were willing to receive them at par; and the Secretary of the Treasury was authorized to borrow, from time to time, such sums as the President might deem it expedient to borrow on the credit of such notes—exchanged at no less than their par-value. These notes were made receivable in payment of all duties and taxes laid by authority of the United States, and in payment for public lands; and, in such payments, interest was to be computed at the rate of one and a half per cent per day on each $100 in such notes, each month being counted as thirty days. The commissioners of the sinking-fund were authorized and directed to cause both principal and interest of such notes to be reimbursed and paid at the several times and places they became reimbursable under the provisions of said Act, and to purchase such notes (not above their par value) as other evidences of the public debt might be purchased. These commissioners were authorized by the Act of August 12, 1790, and consisted of the President of the Senate, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury and the Attorney-General for the time being.

The experiment of supplementing the revenues of the Government in this manner proved to be so much more satisfactory than had been the method of loans used up to that time that, when it became necessary the next year to supplement the revenues in order to meet the heavy expenses incident to the second war with Great Britain, resort was again had to treasury-notes. The bill to authorize the second issue of treasury-notes was strenuously opposed in Congress—on the grounds that their issuance was creating a new system of patronage and favoritism, already too great; that, as the notes were to bear only five and two-fifths per cent interest, they would have to be negotiated in such a way as to give the banks tak-

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ing them some other advantage, since it was not contended that money could be obtained at such a low rate of interest; that the banks which had been made government depositories would take these notes in sums equal to the average balance of government funds in their vaults and then hold both the notes and the average balance, and that, operating in this manner, the banks would force the Government to pay interest on its own funds. The advocates of the new system met these arguments by contending that the effect would be the same, whether the money was raised by loan or by the issue of treasury-notes; for, in either case, the money would be deposited in those banks which were by law made government depositories, as even the receipts from public lands, customs and internal revenues were deposited at that time, and that the banks would draw the same incidental benefits by using such money for discount purposes in either case; and, since the notes would not be issued till an exigency of the Government required it, the notes would obviate that important objection to the loan method. The bill passed Congress and was approved February 25, 1813. It authorized the issue of $10,000,000 in treasury notes under substantially the same conditions and limitations that had been imposed upon the first issue.

In two respects, however, these second notes went further toward performing the functions of our present national currency than the first notes did, to wit: They might be paid to such banks as would receive them at their par value and credit the Treasurer of the United States with their face value, and they were made transferrible on assignment and delivery by the indorsement thereon of his name by the person to whose order they were made payable on their face.

These notes were then growing in popular favor, as it was very natural that they would, since the interest paid by the Government on them was considerably less than that paid on funded stock; and the certainty of their being reimbursed at the end of a year, as well as the facilities they afforded for remittances and other commercial operations, obtained for them a currency which made them both useful and popular. These considerations left but little doubt in the minds of those in authority that such notes might be extended considerably beyond the amount already authorized; so that the opposition to the Act of March 4, 1814, was not so spirited in Congress as it had been to the preceding Act, although a futile effort was made to limit the denominations between notes of $100 and notes of $5. This latter Act also authorized the issuance of $10,000,000 in treasury notes, and made the very first provision met with in the legislation of Congress against counterfeiting.

On account of the war, the year 1815 found an estimated deficiency of over $40,000,000 in the revenues; and Congress sought to meet such deficiency by the Act of February 24, 1815, providing for the issuance of $25,000,000 in treasury notes, and the raising of $15,000,000 by loan. Although news of the signing of the treaty of peace, at Ghent, on December 14, 1814, had been received a few days before the vote was taken and rendered the bill no longer necessary as a war measure, it was passed, nevertheless, to afford means of paying off the arrearages of the war and of giving the country a better circulating medium than that which had been supplied by the depreciated paper-money of doubtful and suspended State Banks.

But these notes presented some new features. Their denominations were left, for the first time, to the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury, subject to the approval of the President; and, for the first time also, notes for less than $100 were issued and called "small notes," those for $100 and upwards being called "large notes." The former were made payable to bearer, transferrible by delivery alone, and, for the first time, bore no interest. The latter were made payable to order, transferrible by indorsement and bore interest at the rate of five and two-fifths per

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cent per annum from date of issue. The holders of notes of this, as well as of any other issue were given the privilege of presenting them at the Treasury at any time, in sums of not less than $100 and of receiving in exchange for them certificates of funded stock, bearing interest at the rate of seven per cent per annum, or six per cent per annum, according as the notes exchanged for such stock were "large notes" or "small notes," respectively. The interest in either case was payable quarterly, and the United States reserved the right to redeem these certificates after December 31, 1824. This Act, for the first time also, permitted the re-issue of any of the notes of the last issue that might find their way back to the Treasury, whether their return was in exchange for certificates of funded stock, or in payments of customs, taxes or other public demands. So that the "small notes" of this issue were practically the same in function as the treasury notes of to-day. But these notes did not command their par value in commerce, mainly because the Government was in debt and specie payments had been suspended on account of the great scarcity of the precious metals.

Congress did not authorize the issue of any more treasury notes till 1837, after the Government had been, for the first time since its institution, comparatively out of debt and had experienced its first lesson in profligacy. The net balance in the Treasury having reached the fabulous sum of over $42,000,000, Congress passed the extraordinary Act of June 23, 1836, authorizing the deposit with State Banks of all of the surplus revenue in the Treasury over and above $5,000,000; and the great sum of $28,101,644.91 was so deposited.

But those flush times were doomed to be speedily followed by a season of unprecedented depression and panic. In May, 1837, most of the banks again suspended specie payments. The sales of the public lands and the duties on importations of foreign goods had fallen off enormously. Not only so, but it suddenly became almost impossible for the Government to collect duties on those goods which had been imported, since the law required such duties to be paid in specie, and specie was hard to get. In consequence, the Government found great difficulty in meeting either the fourth installment deposit of the surplus authorized to be placed with the State Banks, or even to meet the ordinary expenses of running its own machinery. To improve this deplorable condition of the public finances, Congress passed the Act of October 12, 1837, authorizing the issue of $10,000,000 in treasury notes, similar to the previous ones in every respect, save those of denominations and interest. No new note was to be for less than $50, and these new notes were to bear such interest as the Secretary of the Treasury might see fit to fix, not exceeding six per cent per annum.

The whole limit authorized was issued; but, the condition of the Treasury being no better, Congress passed the Act of May 21, 1838, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury, with the approval of the President, to issue treasury notes according to the provisions of, and subject to all the conditions, limitations and restrictions imposed by, the Act of October 12, 1837. These last new notes were to take the place of such notes (issued under the Act of October 12, 1837) as might be paid into the Treasury and cancelled; and about $5,000,000 was issued.

In like manner, the provisions of the Act of October 12, 1837, were extended to, or substantially reënacted by, the Acts of March 2, 1839; August 31, 1840; February 15, 1841; January 31, 1842; August 31, 1842; March 3, 1843; July 22, 1846, and January 28, 1847,—the last-named Act authorizing the issue of $23,000,000 in treasury notes, reimbursable in one and two years after date of issue. These notes, like those of 1815, had their principal fundable, at any time, in stock, bearing six per cent interest and redeemable at any time after December 31, 1867. This last provision was, by the same Act, extended to the notes of any former issue.

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About ten years later, the banks having again suspended specie payments, the country encountered the great monetary crisis which forced Congress to pass the Act of December 23, 1857. This Act authorized the issue of treasury notes in such amounts as the exigencies of the public service might require, not exceeding $20,000,000, at any time. These notes were not to be of a less denomination than $100 each; and, for the first time, they were to be payable and redeemable at the Treasury Department, in Washington, one year from the date of their issue, with interest at not exceeding six per cent per annum; and the first issue was not to exceed $6,000,000. The residue was to be issued, in whole or in part, after public advertisement for not less than thirty days and to only such bidders as would agree to exchange for them specie at the lowest rates of interest, not exceeding six per cent. It was also provided that such interest should cease at the expiration of sixty days' notice from the Secretary of the Treasury that the Government was ready to pay and redeem such notes at their maturity.

But, after having made a successful loan of $20,000,000 under the Act of June 14, 1858, and a substantial failure in an effort to raise a loan of $21,000,000 under the Act of June 22, 1860, Congress passed the Act of December 17, 1860, authorizing the President to cause the issue of treasury notes in such sums as the exigencies of the public service might require, not exceeding $10,000,000, at any time. These notes were to be for not less than $50 each, redeemable at the Treasury Department one year after date of issue, and to bear interest at such rates as might be offered by the lowest responsible bidders. The rates of interest offered and accepted ranged from six to twelve per cent, and a total of $10,000,000 was issued in such notes.

These high rates of interest, demanded of the Government, were indicative of that state of doubt and uncertainty which immediately preceded the Civil War—the perturbation of the public mind had already been manifested in Congress, and the debate in that body on the bill which became the Act of March 2, 1861, took a wide range and was the occasion for the display of much sectional feeling. Indeed, many Southern members left Congress before the final vote on that bill was taken.

As a law, that Act authorized the President to borrow $10,000,000 by loan to meet the appropriations made by Congress and to redeem the treasury notes then outstanding; and, coupled with these objects, that Act contained an alternative provision that, if the proposals under the Act were unsatisfactory, the President might issue treasury notes in lieu of the loan, as well as substitute treasury notes for the whole or any part of the money which previous Acts authorized him to borrow. These notes were not to be for less than $50, redeemable at the pleasure of the Government within two years from the passage of the Act and to bear interest at the rate of six per cent, payable semi-annually.

Although the Secretary of the Treasury had intimated that the expenses of the Government during the fiscal year, 1862, that is, from July 1, 1861, to June 30, 1862, would be about $300,000,000, they were actually nearly $600,000,000; and the foreshadowed evidences of such tremendous drains upon the Treasury became so portentously ominous as to cause Congress to be convened in extraordinary session, in order that some provision might be made to meet them,—and the Act of July 17, 1861, was the result. It authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow $250,000,000 upon coupon or registered bonds and treasury notes, in such proportions of each as he might deem advisable; the bonds to bear interest at the rate of not exceeding seven per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, and redeemable at the pleasure of the Government after twenty years; and the notes were to be of any denomination, not under $50, which the Secretary might deem advisable, payable three years after

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date with interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent per annum, payable semi-annually. These notes were afterwards known as the "seven-thirties of 1861," meaning seven and thirty-hundredths per cent interest. This same Act authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to issue treasury notes of less than $50 and not less than $10, each, bearing interest at the rate of three and sixty-five hundredths per cent per annum, payable one year from date of issue and exchangeable, at any time, for treasury notes of $50 and upwards. It also authorized him to issue, from time to time, treasury notes of less than $50 each, and not less than $10 each, payable on demand *without interest*, the whole amount of such notes not to exceed the sum of $50,000,000. It was also provided by the same Act that, when notes of less than $50 were redeemed, they might be reissued or cancelled and new notes issued in their stead, provided the total limit of $250,000,000 was not exceeded, and that the power to issue or reissue should cease on December 31, 1862. This Act was supplemented by the Act of August 5, 1861, which authorized demand-notes, *without interest*, to be issued in denominations as low as $5; and the Act of February 12, 1862, increased the limit of such demand-notes to $60,000,000.

The Act of February 5, 1862, authorizing the issue of $500,000,000 in six per cent coupon, or registered, bonds, provided that all treasury notes which had been or might thereafter be issued should be receivable in exchange for such bonds equally with the coin of the United States. The limit of such bond issue was increased by the Act of March 3, 1864, to $511,000,000, which was further increased by the Act of January 28, 1865, to a grand total of $515,000,000; and $514,771,600 of such coupon or registered bonds, bearing six per cent interest, redeemable at the pleasure of the United States after five years and payable twenty years after date, were issued under these several acts.

It will be noticed that all of the treasury notes considered up to this point, in the foregoing review, lacked one vital element of real money, to wit: the legal-tender quality. Congress did not attempt to make any of the issues already considered legal tender in payment of private debts and individual obligations between citizen and citizen; and, before January 22, 1862, it had never been proposed in the Congress of the United States that anything but gold and silver should be made a legal tender in the payment of private debts in this country; but, on that day, such a bill was introduced into the Congress of the United States and finally crystallized into the Act of February 25, 1862. The debate, which was long, strenuous and spirited, developed the fact that such a proposition was without precedent—even in the Continental Congress which only asked the states to make some form of paper money a legal tender and to provide that any man who refused to accept such paper money as legal tender in the payment of private debts should be deemed an enemy of his country. Even the advocates of the measure and the supporters of the administration justified it only as a war measure under the exigencies of the hour. The Act, as approved, authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to issue, on the credit of the United States, treasury notes in the amount of $150,000,000, bearing no interest, payable to bearer, and of such denominations, not under $5, as he might deem expedient. $50,000,000 of such notes were to be in lieu of, and to take the place of, the "demand notes" which had been issued under the Act of July 17, 1861,—the substitution to be made as rapidly as possible. It was provided that these notes should be "receivable in payment of all taxes, internal duties, excises, debts and demands of every kind due to the United States, except duties on imports; and of all claims and demands against the United States, of every kind whatsoever, except for interest upon bonds and notes, which shall be paid in coin, and shall also be lawful money and a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, within the

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United States, except duties on imports and interest as aforesaid."

As a further means of giving these notes currency, it was also provided that they should be exchangeable, at their face value, for bonds bearing interest at six per cent, and that they should be receivable, the same as coin, at their face value, in exchange for any bonds or other loans thereafter to be negotiated by the Secretary of the Treasury; and that, when such notes were received by the Government they might be reissued.

The Act of July 11, 1862, authorized the issue of an additional $150,000,000 of such legal tender notes, and reduced the minimum denomination to $1, with the provision that no more than $35,000,000 should be of a less denomination than $5; and the Act of March 3, 1863, authorized the issue of another $150,000,000 of such legal tender notes, of denominations of not less than $1, and limited the time within which treasury notes might be exchanged for bonds to July 1, 1863.

The total amount of legal tender notes thus authorized to be issued was $450,000,000; and the total amount of such notes actually issued under these several acts was $2,855,909,808, the excess of actual issue over maximum limit authorized being made up of reissues.

All non-interest bearing treasury notes, authorized to be issued subsequent to the time when the legal tender quality was attached to them, were made legal tender; and they were also made exchangeable, at their face value, for any and all bonds thereafter issued and made payable, by their very terms, in coin.

So that non-interest bearing treasury notes became the same as coin in all transactions with the Government; and such notes were expressly exempted, by law, from state and municipal taxation, although such exemption was wholly unnecessary, since the Supreme Court of the United States had already decided that question in the case of Weston et al. vs. the City of Charleston.

The total permanent issue of these legal tender treasury notes was meant to be $400,000,000; but the Act of April 12, 1868, not only put interest-bearing treasury notes upon practically the same legal-tender basis as non-interest bearing treasury notes, but it also provided that $10,000,000 of the latter notes might be retired during the ensuing six months; and that, thereafter, they might be retired at the rate of not more than $4,000,000 per month; and this authority remained in force until it was suspended by the Act of February 4, 1868. The authorized amount of retirement during that time was about $70,000,000, but the actual retirement was only about $44,000,000; and the difference remained the circulating medium and constituted the major part of its volume until, in response to popular demand during the panic of 1873, the Government reissued $26,000,000 of the notes which had been retired prior to February 4, 1868. That brought the amount of such notes outstanding in circulation up to a total of $382,000,000; and it so remained until the resumption of specie-payments, under the Act of January 14, 1875, which provided for its reduction to $300,000,000; but the process of reduction was again arrested by the Act of May 12, 1878, which required the notes to be reissued, when redeemed; and the total outstanding volume of such notes again went up to $346,681,016, where it has remained ever since the Act of May 12, 1878.

The Act of March 18, 1869, to strengthen the public credit, provided, among other things:

> That, in order to remove any doubt as to the purpose of the Government to discharge all just obligations to the public creditors and to settle conflicting questions and interpretations of the laws, by virtue of which such obligations have been contracted, it is hereby provided and declared that the faith of the United States is solemnly pledged to the payment in coin, or its equivalent, of all the obligations of the United States, except in cases where the law authorizing the issue of any such obligations has expressly provided that the same may be paid in lawful money or other currency than gold and silver; . . . and the

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United States also solemnly pledges its faith to make provision, at the earliest practical period, for the redemption of the United States notes in coin.

History shows that this plight of the faith and credit of the United States to its creditors has been kept down to the present time. The Act of January 14, 1875, in providing for the resumption of specie payments, provided ways and means under which all outstanding legal-tender notes of the United States might be redeemed in coin, including the fractional currency issued under the Act of March 3, 1863, and directed that the volume of the same be reduced at once to $300,000,000. The result, as affected by subsequent Acts, has been noticed already.

The Act of February 28, 1878, provided for the restoration and resumption of the coinage of the silver dollar of 1837, and for the issuance thereon of the present silver certificate,—the coin to be a legal tender "at their nominal value, for all debts and dues, public and private, except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract"; and the silver certificates to be "receivable for customs, taxes and all public dues; and when so received, may be reissued."

The treasury notes of to-day were authorized by the Act of July 14, 1890, and are redeemable in coin on demand. They were declared to be a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, except when otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract. They are made receivable for customs, taxes and public dues; and, when so received, may be reissued.

The Act provided that these notes, when held by any national banking association, may be counted as a part of its lawful reserve; and the Secretary of the Treasury may redeem them on demand, in either gold or silver, at his option—it being declared to be the established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other upon the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, or such ratio as may be provided by law. (The expression, 16 to 1, means that the coinage value of sixteen ounces of silver shall be equal to one ounce of gold.)

But, although these treasury notes of 1890 were declared by the Act authorizing them to be redeemed in gold or silver at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury, public policy soon found it expedient to shift this option from the Secretary of the Treasury to the holder of the notes, in order to prevent the value of the notes from following, to some extent at least, the fluctuating and shifting values of silver bullion; for the market values of these notes would have inevitably depreciated with the falling values of silver bullion, if their redemption in gold upon demand had been refused by the Secretary of the Treasury, since that course would have had the effect of coupling the values of these notes, inseparably, with the almost daily fluctuations of silver bullion.

The Act of March 14, 1900, establishing the gold standard, was claimed by its authors and sponsors to be also responsive to the plight of faith given in the Act of March 18, 1869. It provides, among other things, for the redemption in gold coin of all outstanding United States notes and the treasury notes of 1890, and increases the amount of the gold reserve held in the United States Treasury for that specific purpose from $100,000,000 to $150,000,000, with authority to issue gold bonds of the United States whenever it may become necessary to do so in order to keep that gold reserve intact.

This last-named Act also authorizes the issuance of gold certificates against an equal amount of gold coin held in the Treasury of the United States to meet them whenever their redemption in coin is demanded —such gold coin, held for the redemption of such certificates, being in addition to the gold reserve, of which it is to form no part. These gold certificates are clothed with all the legal-tender qualities of the gold coin itself.

So that our national currency of to-day consists of paper money which is practically redeemable in gold coin,

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at the option of the holder of such currency; and every one would just as soon accept any of the paper money of the United States as its equivalent in gold coin, except, of course, it be for use in a foreign jurisdiction, where all paper money assumes a depreciated value; but, while this is now true, the struggle which has brought about this honorable position of such paper currency has not been the realization of a fixed and predetermined purpose on the part of any one person, party or policy.

This review does not cover that part of the history of our national currency which has to do with the legal battles which were fought to establish the constitutionality of the Acts of Congress, conferring upon paper money all the legal tender qualities of gold and silver coin; but that phase of its history is also quite interesting.

UNCLE CY

By J. H. Caffee

OSS, I sees by de papers whar de Senate done erlowed Mister Reed Smoot ter set down," said Uncle Cy, as he strolled into my office several nights ago to ascertain which would be the best pasture to turn the Jersey cow on when she found her new calf. "Is dey had 'im a-stan'in' up eber sense dey found out he hed er extry wife er so?" continued the old man. "I'd er thought dey'd er put 'im in jail, let erlone keepin' 'im fum settin' down erlongside er de yuther great men uv de country.

"De actions uv dat feller kinder calls ter mind de time jes' at de close uv de war when I decided dere wa'n't no way outen my lub erfares 'cep' fer me ter be er Mormon. Did I nurver tell you erbout dat chapter in my life, Boss? Well, right erlong erbout dat time I got mo' sense flung inter my head in five minnits den I ever is b'en able ter use. I foun' out dat no man ain't got no biz'ness wid mo'en one woman, and dat onless he is er peer in derplomercy he ain't got no biz'ness wid dat one. I'se er bacherlor yit, an' ef de good Lord lets me keep on a-livin', I'se a-gwineter stan' up at Jedgmint Day an' confess my ignerance uv de dubble life. I got my teachin's fum er yaller nigger dat wuhked on Mister Frank Jackson's river plantation, who wuz sed ter be de handies' nigger wid er bull-whip whut ever drove er steer.

"Well, Boss, hit wuz lak dis. I wuz de champeen buck-dancer uv South Carerliner in de early days an' whenebber dere wuz enny social events erbout ter transpire I wuz de nigger dey called on ter transact 'em. I had be'n a-keepin' my eye on one er Mister Frank Jackson's housemaids, an' I'd even gone so far es ter git off by myse'f an' think erbout de time when me an' her would hitch up dubble fer life. I'd spoke ter her fo'kes erbout it an' my ole marster hed ergreed ter advance us ernuf ter live on fer de fus' year. So'z I thought ebrything would be all divine along my ribber uv eternal joy.

"Right den wuz when I seem ter git tergether all de innergy in my ole carcass and lose whut brain power God had give me. Erlong come er gal f'um Columbia wid some er Mister Jackson's fambly. I, lak er fool, set my head ter lak dat gal, not b'leevin' dat it'd eber cum ter ennything mo'en er fren'ly erquaintan'ship. I tuk 'er ter er dance er so en bimeby I foun' out she wuz er heap better dancer dan de gal I done set my head

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ter marry. So dere I wuz. My social stan'in' wuddent erlow me ter say my wife c'u'dn't dance ez good ez some other 'oman in de neighborhood and atter I done perpozed ter de fus' one hit w'u'dden't ur be'n de hones' thing fer me ter disperpoze.

"I worried erlong fer some fo' er five weeks and bimeby dere come erlong er white man sellin' bakin'-powder en pencils whut sed he had er religion whut erlowed him ter marry jes ez of'en ez he ple'zed. He sed dere weren't no use fer him ter git no licinse an' dat when he got tired er one wife he jes moved onter de nex' place an' tuk up wid ernuther one. He sed it wuz de lates' fad uv religion an' dat ef I wanted ter settle my little lub erfare an' lakwise be de onlies' nigger whut's eber tuk inter dat branch uv faith I could do so by j'inin' in wid him. He gi' me some books an' I re'd em' an' studied em' day an' night an' de fus' thing I knowed I wuz er red hot b'leever an' follower uv de Mormons. I wuz kinder shamed ter tell all de yuther niggers on de place erbout my new faith en so I went erhead tellin' each uv de wimmin dat I'd ben erpayin' ertention to dat I wuz a-gwine ter marry her.

"Erlong come de time when I hed set de date wid bofe uv de gals, wid each onbeknowin's ter de yuther, an' I reerlized dat I hed ter ack. I decided dat I'd jes' give er sho'-nuff big social confunction an' ernounce dat I wuz er Mormon an' interduce de two wimmin in question ez my perspective better-ha'ves. So I made all de necessary errangements an' tole each uv de gals dat when de music started dat night I would tell all de guests dat hit wuz my ernouncement party an' den interduce her ez de future Mrs. Cyrus Higginbottom. Eve'ything went erlong in fine shape an' I got off from wuhk fer er whole day an' rode all ober de country an' invited ebry nigger I met, tellin' 'em all dat I hed er big surprise in store fer 'em. Dey all looked at me kinder funny-lak an' some uv de wimmin axed me which it wuz gwinter be, Mister Jackson's housemaid er de gal whut hed jes' come from Columbia. I tole em all ter nurver min', but jes wait an' see.

"Dat night niggers started ter errive at de school-house erbout sundown an' by de time de dance wuz a-gittin' ready ter start dere wuz mo' niggers den I eber hed seed befo' in all my life. I wuz dressed in er blue navy Prince Alfred coat wid er pare er rattlesnake britches en er white ves' whut Mister Frank Jackson hed gi' me when I tole him erbout my intenshuns, an' I wuz a-dudin' erroun' much when all uv er sudden-lak de music started. I seed one uv de gals, de Columbia one, a-stan'in' ober by de do' jes' beckonin' fer me ter come an' git 'er. So off I started. Jes erbout de time I wuz erbout ter bow ter her here comes de father uv de yuther gal an' sez:

" 'Cy, Mary'z a-waitin' fer yer at de yuther en' uv de room wid er' muther, who will stan' sponsor fer her.'

"So off I went t'wards Mary a-leadin' my yuther perspective better ha'f by de han'. Dere wuz Mary an' her muther jes' er stan'in' dere, Mary wid swe't-beads all ober de frunt part uv 'er complexion an' her muther wid er smile on whut'd shame er clown. I sed, 'Come on Mary,' an' we all, me an' de two gals an' Mary's muther, marched ter de middle uv de flo'. Den I turned bofe de expected brides erloose an' stepped out er few paces en' sed:

" 'Ladies an' ginnermen, uv Oronge county, South Carerliner: I have er s'prise fer you all. I'se ben erknowin' it all erlong but s'prises is ter me de greates' uv all blessin's. I'se a-gwinter sail on de sea uv matrimony an' dat is whut I axed yer all ter com here ternight fer, so'z I could tell yer. Lakwise, when I changes f'um de single ter de dubble life I changes f'um de Good Ole Time Religion ter de one practised by de mos' fo'mos' uv all followers uv de Good Book. Instid uv habin' one wife to lavish my infecshuns on I'm a-gwinter hab two an' here dey is,' sez I, steppin' back an' grabbin' bofe de gals by de wris'es. Dey bofe looked at me in stonishfied ways, pulls loose an' ber-

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gins ter cry. De muther she begun ter wringin' her han's an' cryin'. an' den she started in fer me wid de blamdes' tung-lashin' dat it hed dereprev'ous-befo' been my onplezent duty to hear.

"Erbout de time she wuz er gittin' warmed up ter her good way er goin', up stepped her husband, an' he sed, 'Le' me erten' ter dat nigger. I thought dere wuz ergwine ter be sumphthin' wrong and I fotch dis perswader erlong wid me,' holdin' out er great big bull-whip in his right han'. 'Whut de debble do yer mean?' he yelled, a-grabbin' me in de coat coller wid his yuther han'. 'I'll take charge uv dis party.' An' he turn eroun' ter de niggers whut'd come dere to be my gues's an' sed:

"'All you cullud fo'kes line up erroun' de wall an' instid uv rejoicin' erbout dis coon's trip across de sea uv matermony wid two wimmins I wants yer all ter watch me give him his fus' lesson in de art of se'f-defence.'

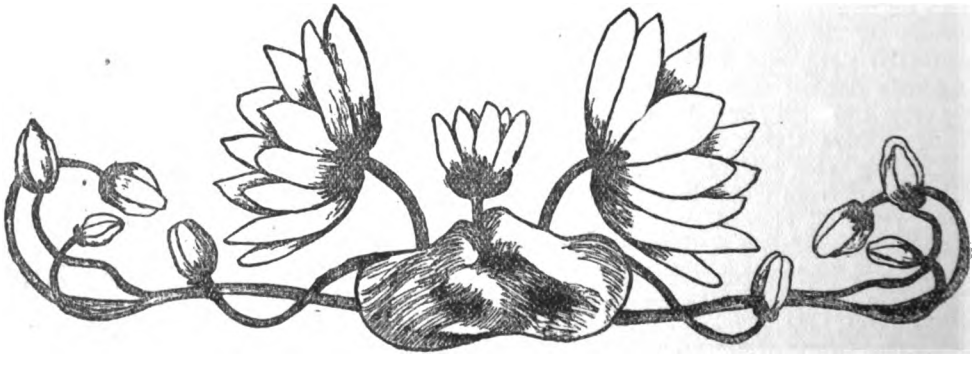
"Wid dat, dat nigger bergin ter flay me wid dat bull-whip. He fus' started down erbout my feet an' ez he perceeded his lashes riz ontil I wuz a-gittin' it erroun' my neck. Den he started all ober ergin and whipped twell he wuz down ter my feet ergin. He never sed er word. I begged him ter let me erlone jes' er minnit so ez I could explain Mormonism ter 'im, but dat made 'im all de madder. 'Mormonism!' he shouted, and den he lit in and flung dat whip erroun' my body lak he hed jes' be'n a-playin' all de time befo'. 'I'll sho' yer whut Mormonism is,' sez he, an' he whipped me some mo'.

"When dat nigger got throo wid me dere wuz er sensation lak I nurver felt befo.' I thought I wuz er human bee-hive wid all de bees in it on de war-path, but I wuz er changed man. I wiped er few pints er tears outer my eyes an' riz up in de middle o' de flo' an' sez:

"'Ladies an' Ginnermen uv Orange County, South Carerliner: Permit me ter 'pollergize ter yer, one an' all. I done got converted back ter de Good Ole Time Religion and lakwise back ter de idear uv livin' de single life.'

"All de niggers present seem mighty sorry fer me an' den dey come up an' instid uv gibin' me an' my wife kongratchulashuns ez dey hed expected, dey come up an' heaped er dubble pile uv konserlashuns on me twell I wuz mo' ershamed uv myse'f den I wuz while dat nigger wuz a-teachin' me dat fus' lesson.

"Boss, I'se er ole nigger now, but I ain't nurver hed no use fer matermony er Mormonisms twell dis day. Instid uv dat new branch o' religion habin' er hunderd er so wives at its goal, hits got er bull-whip. De bull-whip mout not be reckognized ez sich but ef er man goes ercross de rocky path lak I did while I wuz a-tryin' ter b'leeve in it, he'll jes' decide dat's whut 'tis, anyhow."



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CONQUERORS OF THE WILDERNESS*

By Anna Erwin Woods

[Arranged from the papers and personal memoirs of Andrew Erwin]

CHAPTER XIX—CONTINUED

"Then," answered the chief, "we ought, at least, to be neutral. My sentiments are fixed in your favor; and I will no longer listen to the offers of the English. I will put an end to the war; and I will call in my young men, as soon as I go home and have an opportunity of explaining the nature of the war to them."

This expression of the chief's sentiments gave intense satisfaction to Clark; and he promised to write to the Governor of Virginia respecting Blackbird's conduct, and to have him registered among the friends of the Long Knife. At the request of the chief when, in a few days, he set out to return to his native forests, Clark sent an agent with him, pack horses were also sent loaded with provisions and presents for this sensible Indian, who continued always a faithful friend to the American interests.

Just here, I wish to speak of one point of policy which was strictly observed by our sagacious commander. This was, never to blame the Indians for taking British presents. He considered that in their poverty and our inability to supply their wants, this was unavoidable. But he exerted his utmost influence to impress them with a sense of the degradation of fighting for hire, showing them that it was beneath the dignity of a warrior.

"The Long Knife," he told them, "looks upon the scalps of warriors fighting their own battles as the greatest trophies of war; but those of men fighting for hire are given to children to play with or flung to the dogs." Stern as this language may seem, it had the best effect upon these barbarous tribes who were never more effectually influenced than by Clark.

At the earliest moment possible after the departure of Blackbird, I reported Gordon's mishap to Colonel Clark.

He was very grave and silent while listening to me, and neither asked a question nor made a remark; but, when I had finished, he said in a quiet voice: "Go to St. Louis, taking Donald McLean with you; and if Gordon is able to be moved bring him at once to me. If he is unable to come, leave Donald to bring him as soon as possible."

I set out again and in a few hours was again with Gordon, whom I found in the happiest state of mind, having just had the pleasure of holding an hour's conversation with Adrienne.

I told him bluntly of Clark's orders.

A look of dire dismay overspread his cheerful face. "By Jove!" he cried, "that's a hard blow, Ned. Adrienne—"

"I am not talking about Adrienne," I said sharply; "I am talking about Colonel Clark."

"As you love your soul, Ned," he begged in the most piteous tone, "have a little sympathy. Adrienne—"

He looked so absolutely and comically helpless that I could not help laughing as I abruptly interrupted him the second time.

"What ridiculous playthings and babies great, strong men are in the

*Begun in the May issue.

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hands of timid women! Now, Gordon, I will tell you plainly, I believe the commander considers this a very grave offense. You know perfectly well what dangerous ground you have been treading upon. He has sent me over here to take you back to him. If it should be risking too much for you to go to-day, then Donald is to remain and take you as soon as possible."

He laughed, joyously. "By Jupiter, Ned!" he exclaimed, "when you say that I feel like living. I can have one more talk with Adrienne. You looked so solemn that I thought you had come to take me at a moment's notice. I'll come over to-morrow with Donald. I would give all the rest of my life for just this one more evening with Adrienne. Ned, if you have never been in love, I pity you."

"I don't know," I said, prudently, "what misfortune may be in store for me; but, let me tell you frankly, Gordon, that since seeing your case, I will, without ceasing, try to avoid the contagion. It may attack me, however, and I may be a greater madman than you are."

"Ned," he whispered earnestly, "don't think I am insane, but—I do believe—no, no, I did not intend to say that—only I do think—well, I can scarcely say what, but, Ned, I do hope—no, no, I did not mean to say that—only I do—"

"In the name of all that is absurd," I exclaimed fiercely, "can you not say what you mean? What are you stammering about? Are you struggling in this way to find words to tell me that you love Adrienne?"

"No," he shouted out defiantly, "I can find words to tell the whole world that I love Adrienne. I am man enough to speak that in pretty clear tones. But, Ned," and he began to stammer and whisper; "just suppose—"

"Suppose what?" I cried out, impatiently.

"Suppose," he whispered, "she should love me! Clark can order me shot to-morrow, if he thinks best, but no power on earth could prevent my seeing Adrienne again after my talking to her this morning. You never can understand, Ned, until you have been through it yourself."

Feeling that it was useless to talk any longer to a man in his condition of mind, or rather of heart, I left him with the understanding he would report himself the next day at headquarters.

Upon my return to Cahokia I had an interview of only a very few moments with Colonel Clark. When I presented myself before him he seemed to be closely engaged in consultation with Major Bowman and some of the other officers; and I heard him remark to them that he expected to be occupied with various duties during the greater part of the night. We were accustomed to this never-tiring, ceaseless vigilance upon his part, made necessary by the multiplied cares of his extraordinary situation.

Before relating what occurred during the night, I must tell you of a party of Indians composed of stragglers from various tribes, and called Meadow Indians. They had pitched their camp about a hundred yards from Colonel Clark's quarters, and about the same distance in front of the fort, on the same side of Cahokia creek that the Americans were; the other Indians being on the opposite side of the creek which was, at that time, about knee-deep.

Long after midnight, when all were asleep except Clark, who was still at work, a party of these Meadow Indians came flying to his quarters in great apparent terror, seeking his protection, and saying that they had been fired upon and pursued by their enemies, the Indians over the creek. The guards had heard the firing; but presenting their guns, would not allow the fugitives to enter. Finding that the guards were stronger than they were, the Indians left and went back to their own camp.

The whole town and garrison were

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quickly under arms, and the guards having recognized the Meadow Indians in the moonlight, they were sent for. While they were repeating what they had said at first about being fired upon and pursued, and insisting that they had fled to Clark for protection, Chenier said to me:

"They are great liars, these Meadow Indians. I do not believe a word they say. Bring some lights."

Some of the other Frenchmen were equally suspicious. They questioned the Indians closely.

"Do you say that you were on this side and your enemies fired from over the creek and pursued you, and you fled to Colonel Clark's quarters?"

"Yes," replied the Indians, "it all happened in that way."

By this time the lights were brought, and Chenier asked: "Why, then, are your moccasins so muddy?"

This discovery confounded them, and they could make no defense. Upon further examination the whole plot was finally shown. These Meadow Indians had been hired to kill Colonel Clark, and had come to Cahokia for that purpose. Their plan was that, after midnight, when they presumed we would all be asleep, they would go across the creek and fire their guns from the other side, as though the Indians there had been firing, and hoping to create that impression upon the guards, so that when they ran to Clark for protection, they would be admitted.

Their guilt was fully established, and Colonel Clark, wishing to show them with a strict union there was between the French and the Americans, ordered the culprits to be surrendered to the French to do what they pleased with them. However, he sent me to Chenier with a secret intimation that the chiefs ought to be put in the guard-house in irons; and this was immediately done.

The next day, they were brought into the council in this manacled condition; but they were not suffered to speak until all the other business had been transacted. Then Colonel Clark ordered their irons to be taken off and addressed them thus:

"Everybody says that you ought to die for your treacherous attempt upon my life amidst the sacred deliberations of a council. I had determined to inflict death upon you for your base attempt; and you must, yourselves, be sensible that you have justly forfeited your lives. But, on considering the meanness of watching a bear and catching him asleep, I have found out that you are not warriors, only old women, and too mean to be killed by the Long Knife. As you ought, however, to be punished for putting on breach-cloths like men, I shall have them taken away from you. Plenty of provisions shall be given you for your journey home, as women do not know how to hunt; and during your stay here, you shall be treated, in every respect, as squaws."

Then, without taking any further notice of these offenders, he turned off and began to converse with other persons. I was watching the culprits very closely, and I could perceive that they were cut to the very heart.

In a short time, one of their chiefs arose with a pipe and a belt of peace, which he offered to Colonel Clark; and he made a speech which Clark did not allow to be interpreted; but taking up a sword which was lying on the table, he indignantly broke the pipe which had been laid before him, saying, "The Long Knife never treats with squaws!"

Several chiefs of the other tribes now attempted to procure the pardon of the Meadow Indians, but to their solicitations Clark replied:

"The Long Knife has never made war upon these Indians; whenever we have come across such people in the woods, we commonly shoot them as we would do wolves, to prevent their eating deer."

All efforts at mediation having failed, the whole party of guilty Indians talked for a long time most earnestly together. Then, suddenly, two of their young men advanced into the middle of the floor and flung

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their blankets over their heads. We all looked at them with astonishment, not knowing what their action meant.

The American commander was apparently occupied with other matters, and gave no attention to the proceedings of the Indians; and when two of their chiefs arose, and with a pipe of peace, stood by the side of the victims and offered their lives to Clark as an atonement for the offense of their tribe, he would accept no reconciliation nor allow a word from them to be interpreted; although, in a milder tone he did direct that they should be seated.

The whole assembly was silent and full of anxiety as to the fate of the victims, who, as though impatient to know their fate, from time to time put their heads out of their blankets.

After ordering the young men to arise and uncover themselves, Colonel Clark, speaking with great dignity and earnestness, said:

"I am rejoiced to find that there are men in all nations. These two young warriors, who have offered themselves for their tribe, are a proof of this to their countrymen. Such men are alone fit to be chiefs; and with them I like to treat. Through them the Long Knife grants peace to their people."

Then taking them by the hand and saluting them, he presented them as chiefs to the Americans, French and Spanish who were present, and lastly, to the other Indian chiefs. They were then saluted by all the chiefs of their own tribes; and a council was held with great ceremony, in which peace was settled and presents granted them to be distributed among their friends.

We were afterwards informed that these young men were held in high esteem by all the Indians; and that the Americans were much talked about on account of this incident.

As the council was being concluded, and we were about to pass out, I saw Gordon enter with Donald, and Chenier and I at once joined them. They had just arrived from St. Louis, but had been informed of what had occurred during the night. As I pointed out to Gordon the Meadow Indian chiefs whom Clark had degraded, he looked closely at one of them and said in a voice quivering with angry indignation: "There is the Indian who stabbed me! They were bought with British gold and with devilish Spanish gold as well!"

"For God's sake! Gordon," I said, under my breath, "do not let that be heard! Say what you please about the British!—we are fighting them with guns; but we would have to fight the Spaniards with other weapons, and we may be at their mercy."

"Fight them with their own weapons, then," was his reply. "Fight them with accursed lies and intrigues; we will have it to do before we get through with them. We know how to meet the British; we are British blood ourselves. But if you don't know the double-dealings of these devilish Spaniards already, you will find them out some day, Ned."

When Gordon reported to the commander, the whole story of the attempted assassination, he told of his recognition of the Indian, and his suspicions as to Pedro's agency, without reservation. Clark was not a man to whom it was safe to tell only half the truth; he read other men's minds too clearly for that. But no one could read his mind; so as to what he thought about this affair none of us knew, for he gave no expression of opinion.

Gordon was reprimanded for indiscretion and being too often absent from his post. Nevertheless, a few days later, after a second interview, Clark gave him leave to accompany Chenier again to St. Louis, with the understanding that he should enter no house there but M. Soularde's—going there at once and remaining there until he was ready to leave the town.

Before they started, Clark had a conversation with Chenier, during which he spoke in very high terms of Gordon as a brave man and of fine, noble characteristics. He also spoke

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of Gordon's family in Virginia as people whom he knew to be of the highest standing and integrity. When Chenier repeated this to me, I said:

"Clark means all this to be told to M. Soularde."

"Bien!" said Chenier. "I shall certainly tell it."

"Who would ever have thought," I added, "that Clark had any leisure moments to be occupied in matchmaking? If he has undertaken the capture of Mademoiselle Adrienne, she may just as well surrender; for it will be with her as it has been with the British forts. Whether the end is accomplished by daring assault, by surprise or by diplomacy, the result will be just the same. She will come under American domination before she is aware of her danger!"

"Voila!" said Chenier, gaily: "the irresistible Americans! Bullets for men and tender words for women. That seems to be about Gordon's religion. Love and war make the whole of life for him and I believe there are a good many more of you of the same way of thinking. Vive l'amour! Vive la guerre!"

"You are about right, Chenier," I answered; "from one end of our land to the other, our business, just now, is to fight; and all true Americans love and honor women—I hope the time will never come that we do not."

In the meantime Clark continued making his treaties with the different tribes of Indians; and, at the very last council, something of the nature of the grotesque occurred which indicated another one of Clark's peculiar ways of dealing with the savages who surrounded us.

At this time there was a celebrated chief whose title was The Big Gate. He was a boy when the great Pontiac besieged Detroit; and won his name by shooting an English soldier who was standing in the fort. He had very successfully commanded several parties against our frontiers; but happening to fall in with some tribes coming to Kaskaskia, he determined to come and see what our countrymen had to say for themselves. With no little assurance, he had for some time been appearing every day in the council, seated in the front of the room, in full war-dress, and the bloody belt which he had received from the British hanging about his neck. In this condition he attended the council without saying a word to our countrymen or their saying a word to him.

Our commander was, apparently, entirely unconscious of his presence; and gave not the slightest intimation as to what course he would pursue in regard to so great a piece of effrontery. I said one day to Major Bowman: "We might judge that Clark has never seen that Indian."

"I know that Clark saw him before any other man did," said Bowman; "and he sees him no doubt, as clearly as any other; but what he is going to do with him no one knows. No man can read what Clark's intentions may be in regard to any Indian. He has his own way of getting along with them."

"I know very well what I would do with this savage if I were in command of this fort," I remarked impatiently. "I should soon put an end to his impudence."

The result showed a wide difference between the course I should have pursued and that adopted by my commander. At length, at the close of the deliberations with all the tribes who were in attendance, Colonel Clark addressed the silent chief; and apologized for not noticing him until all the public business had been dispatched.

"Although," said the American commander, "we are enemies, still, it is customary among the whites, when they meet in this way, to treat each other with courtesy in proportion to the exploits in war which they have performed against each other." For these reasons, and in view of the fact that he considered the chief to be a great warrior, Colonel Clark invited him to dinner.

Taken by the greatest surprise, the chief endeavored to decline this invitation; but Colonel Clark would not regard his excuses. As soon as he

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began to offer them, Clark would renew his solicitations, expressing his determination to take no refusal, until he worked the Indian up to the utmost pitch of excitement.

Roused in this manner, the chief stepped into the middle of the room, threw down his war-belt and a little British flag which he had in his bosom; and tore off all his clothes but his breech-cloth. When he stood thus despoiled of the presents of his late favorites, he struck himself on the breast and announced to the audience, who were looking upon him with extreme interest and astonishment:

"I have been a warrior from my youth, and I have delighted in battle. Three times I have been against the Long Knife; for the English have told me lies. I was preparing for another war party when I heard of your arrival; and I determined to rest myself and hear what the Americans could say in their defense. I am satisfied the Long Knife is in the right; and as a man and a warrior, I ought not to fight any longer in a bad cause; henceforth, I am a Long Knife." Thereupon he shook hands with Colonel Clark and his officers and saluted them as brothers.

The drollery of the matter was that the new brother had on no clothes. Feeling that he must be clothed, we procured a fine laced suit and accordingly proceeded to dress him in all the display of military parade.

Shortly after the entertainment, Big Gate requested a private interview with Colonel Clark. In this he detailed a full account of the situation of Detroit, offering his services to obtain a scalp or a prisoner. Upon the general principle of discouraging the barbarities of the Indians, Clark declined the first but expressed his readiness to receive a prisoner, upon condition that such a one should not be subjected to ill usage. On the chief's taking leave, Clark presented him with a Captain's commission and a medal to secure the agency of this new political missionary.

When Chenier and Gordon returned from St. Louis, I noticed that Gordon was quite silent and seemed to be thoughtful although he looked happy. Chenier, on the other hand, had a great deal to say. He told me that he had repeated to M. Soularde what Clark had said; and was told by him that Gordon had spoken to him (M. Soularde) most properly of his love for Adrienne, his exact words being:

"I am aware, M. Soularde, that the French have many customs which are quite different from ours; and I have made every effort in my power to bear in mind this difference. Especially, I have regarded their views respecting a declaration of love to a young girl and a proposal of marriage; and I have earnestly tried not to give expression to the sincere and most respectful affection which I feel towards your daughter, until I have received your permission to do so.

"I am too great a stranger to you to hope that you would grant favorable consideration to a proposal of marriage with your daughter. Moreover, I look upon it as a duty I owe my parents, and also as a mark of the deep respect I bear in my heart to Mademoiselle Adrienne to ask them to join with me in soliciting from you the honor of her hand. But, Monsieur, I do most earnestly request that you will grant me permission to express to Mademoiselle, your daughter, the sincere love which I feel for her."

"Good luck to Gordon," I exclaimed. "Why, he made a speech worthy of Benjamin Franklin!"

"Eh bien!" said Chenier; "it seemed to make a most profound impression on M. Soularde. Gordon may lose his head like a young madman in his jealous rage against Pedro; but he is shrewd enough to know how to approach a French father. He can use discreet words when they answer his purpose. Why, the respectful dignity of that address has half gained his point."

"Did it gain him permission to make love to Adrienne?" I inquired with interest, but, as Chenier seemed to think, somewhat innocently, for he was convulsed with laughter as he made his reply.

"Bon Dieu! what do you Americans

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call making love? You have a trusting heart, mon ami; and you believe that Charlie Gordon has been waiting all this time to gain permission to begin! When a man is on his knees to a girl every half hour and kissing her hand every fifteen minutes and keeps up a constant whispering about angels, a French girl would consider that he had made a beginning already. I really cannot say whether or not he received permission to begin; but I surely know that he has been making the most desperate love for weeks past. Gordon is not a man to sit and twirl his thumbs and Adrienne is not stupid."

"Do you think she is going to look favorably upon his suit?" I inquired.

Shrugging his shoulders like any other Frenchman, and elevating his eyebrows, "C'est difficile, ça," he said. "Who knows a woman? We'll see. I don't think Gordon looks unhappy. Do you?"

"Not by any means," I replied. "On the other hand, there is on his face a serene look of silent contentment which I have never observed before. He seems to be in a sweet, happy reverie."

"He is in a state of pious exaltation, I think," said Chenier. "When I told Adrienne good-by and she gave me her kind blessing, saying, 'Dieu te bénit, mon cousin,' I heard Gordon asking also for a benediction, whispering, 'Et moi aussi, mademoiselle.' Then she whispered back, 'Et toi aussi, monsieur.' The sound of that 'toi' rather startled me. You know that 'thee' is a very tender little word in French. So, very discreetly, I turned my back, and only by a side-long glance discovered that he was again on his knees at his devotions, with eyes uplifted, whispering words of adoration of angels, and not neglecting the usual kissing of hands. Not knowing what degree of ecstasy this devout condition might next lead to, I called out, 'Forward, mon ami! Glory awaits us! Clark is our leader!' By holding out such visions of daring achievements under the leadership of our commander, I finally succeeded in getting him upon his feet once more. Without giving him time to realize that it was a final parting, at least for a long time, I brought him away from M. Soularde's house and have him now safe on this side of the Mississippi. Charlie is such a desperate lover, however, that we must keep an eye upon him or he will be swimming across the river if he can reach his fair one in no other way."

CHAPTER XX

OUR MARCH TO VINCENNES

Chenier and I soon had to turn our thoughts to something else than Gordon's love making, however interesting that had proved to be.

After all his success with the Indians, Clark began to entertain great apprehensions for St. Vincent's. For a considerable length of time there had been no news from that place; until, on the 29th of January, 1779, Colonel Vigo, a French merchant who had been very friendly and generous in giving assistance to us, brought intelligence that Governor Hamilton had marched an expedition from Detroit, in December, and captured St. Vincent's.

The story of the capture was told to us in this way. Helm's force, which was never very large, had been reduced until it consisted only of the commandant and one soldier, by the name of Henry. Upon hearing that Hamilton was approaching with a large force, Helm had a cannon well charged and placed in the open fort gate, taking his stand beside it with a lighted match in his hand.

"Halt!" called out the American commandant, as soon as Hamilton and his troops were in hailing distance.

This challenge stopped the movement of Hamilton, who demanded the surrender of the garrison.

"No man shall enter until I know the terms," exclaimed Helm, with an oath.

"You shall have the honors of war," was Hamilton's answer.

Upon these terms the fort was formally surrendered, with its garrison—one officer and one private.

This story of Helm's surrender did

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not give rise to much questioning with us; we knew Helm, and more than that, we knew that the whole affair was about in keeping with the character of Clarke's followers; dangers they counted nothing, and difficulties presented themselves but to be overcome. To have acted as he was reported to have done, Helm needed but to have followed the teachings of his leader.

Colonel Vigo said that, after taking possession of St. Vincent's, owing to the advanced stage of the season, Hamilton had decided to postpone until spring his operations against Kaskaskia, at which time he contemplated reassembling all his forces for a grand campaign.

He had brought with him from Detroit about four hundred Indians; and many more, including five hundred Cherokees, Chickasaws, and other tribes, were to join him; and, under orders from the commander-in-chief in Canada, he was to penetrate to Fort Pitt, "sweeping Kentucky on the way."

Flushed with a knowledge of his strength and probable success, Hamilton never feared but that he would make a conquest of even the western part of Virginia. As to Clark, he simply regarded him as having brought to their doom his less than two hundred followers shut up in Kaskaskia and separated by fifteen hundred miles of wilderness and Indian territory, from their countrymen.

Upon receiving this information about St. Vincent's, with a promptitude inspired by his genius for war, Clark said: "If I do not take Hamilton, he will certainly take me." And, at once, he prepared to carry the war into the enemy's country.

First of all, he fitted up a large boat as a galley, and manned it with forty-six men, mounting on it some of the cannon from the fort at Kaskaskia.* This party received instructions to force their way up the Wabash, station themselves a few miles below the mouth of the White River, suffer nothing to pass, and wait for further orders.

The French inhabitants of Kaskaskia and Cahokia raised two companies commanded by their own officers; and these, added to the Americans, made a detachment of about one hundred and seventy of us who set off on this march to St. Vincent's. It was the cold, wet season of the year, and we would have to pass over the drowned lands of the Wabash country, so that we well knew that our march would be one requiring all the courage and endurance a man can show.

Having been imprudent about taking proper care of himself, Gordon had not entirely recovered from the effects of his wound. Upon this account, he was not in fit condition to venture upon an undertaking so full of hardship as we knew ours would be. Chenier and I used every means in our power to persuade him not to go, but he would listen to nothing we said.

Donald was even more solicitous than we about Gordon's going. Coming to us one day he said:

"I'm thinking there iss something I must be saying to ye about Maister Charlie. Sometimes he iss suffering awful wi' his arm; but I'm dootin' he will not be shirking his duty; and he will be going on the march. Noo, ye hae some kin' o' idee o' what he will be having to face; and it iss na for me to advise ye."

Donald was always very halting in his speech, but on this occasion his words came with greater effort than usual. However, he continued:

"I wass thinking that sometimes a body needs comfort, 'gin he iss in tribble; and I ken weel—" Poor Donald stopped, as though he felt that he was in danger of showing emotion which, in the eyes of his countrymen, seems to be considered unpardonable in either men or women.

Regaining his self-control, he said: "I hef not the words to speak fery well; but it wass last night I wass remembering the day that I wass working in the gàirden, and his mither came with the sad look on her face; and these were the words she wass saying: 'The laddie will leave me,

*Probably the first gun-boat on the Western waters.

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Donald, and it iss you I am wishing shall go with him.' And I was seeing the tear in her een as she wass saying: 'My ain dear laddie! my only bairn! Bring him safe back hame to me, Donald.'"

His voice was choked, as, turning away, he said: "Na, na, I cu'dna go back to her without the laddie."

After this, Chenier and I again remonstrated with Gordon, but he replied:

"I am not quite such a poor-spirited coward as to be left behind merely because you are going to face hardship. It's not worth while for you to say anything more to me. I will certainly march with my comrades. I will share their fate, let it be what it may."

We had no sooner set out upon our march than Clark went to work, with the most sagacious management, to alleviate the necessary evils of our dreary way. To divert us he arranged hunting parties, and caused invitations from the different companies to be issued successively to feast upon the game; and, at other times, we would have war-dances in the manner of the Indians; and we would sing and entertain ourselves in every way possible to keep us in good spirits.

In this way we proceeded until we had reached the Little Wabash. But so far, our difficulties had been as nothing compared to those we had then to encounter.

At this point the forks of the stream are three miles apart; and the opposite heights of land are five miles in the ordinary state of the water. At the time of our arrival, the interval was covered with water, generally three feet deep, never less than two, and often over four. It was through this that we had to march; and as our leader stepped in boldly, we followed without thought of hesitation. Under his inspiration, nothing daunted us; in fact, Paddy O'Grady might have been speaking for the whole company when he said:

"Troth, it's stout-hearted it makes us to follow the Commander. I was standin' there a-trimblin' in my skin, poor craythure that I am, when he steps up and says, says he: 'Now, Paddy, my boy, I'll go ahead and thry how the wather is this morning. Mayhap it's a little cowlder than purgathory; an' I'm shure we'll not find it as hot as the other place.' 'Faix,' says I, 'Yer Riverence, axin' yer pardon,' says I, 'Yer Honour,'—ye see it was speaking of the other place that caused my mind to rest on Father O'Reilly—but says I to the Commander, says I, 'Yer honour, I always like to be in the hoith of the company,' and says I, 'wherever yer honour goes I will be shure to follow,' says I."

As it was with Paddy, so it was with us all; whatever Clark did we did too. He was our leader, and we unquestioningly followed him.

Paddy was a true son of "ould Ireland," keeping up his own good spirits and never failing to have a word of good-humor with which to cheer the rest of us. After we had been wading in this icy water for some time, I heard him say to Chenier.

"Tear and ages, Misther Pierre, I thought we could find the British by going on the road to China; and I have been towld that the wather is not so cowld down there. But, by all the saints in heaven, Misther Pierre, I believe the Commander is leadin' us by way of the Arctic regions; for the ice is always among my legs, which have niver left this wather for the week pasht."

That same evening I heard one of Chenier's men call to him: "What sound is that, M'sieur, le Capitaine?" and, at the same moment, Gordon cried out, "What's that?"

"It's a gun!" came from a dozen voices.

Every man listened—a moment of silence—then the sound came again.

"A British gun!" was the shout from all.

[*To be continued.*]

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NANCY'S LOVERS

By Mrs. Felix Smith

ER the lan's sake, Nancy, here comes your pa, hungry for his dinner, an' not a bite ready, all along of my going over to Miz Jones' sick baby. I never know'd a mornin' to fly so quick, but it ain't noon yet by the sun mark—but all the same, your pa'll think his dinner oughter be ready, an' he ain't got no mo' patience than a week-old baby. Fly 'roun', daughter, an' get the table ready—maybe if he sees us stirrin' briskly, he'll be pacified till we dish up the dinner."

And Nancy "flew 'roun' " with such alacrity, that before her father had finished watering his horse at the trough just outside the fence, and had driven some refractory pigs across the road, she had everything arranged for the accommodation of the three who were to dine at that table. She was a mere slip of a girl, light of foot and deft of finger, a willing assistant to her mother, upon whose shoulders the domestic burden of mountain life had rested for many a year without bending or breaking them. Nancy was just the average mountain girl, though she had been given two years' schooling at the academy, in town, and was not spoiled by that advantage over the other girls in her neighborhood.

"Pa" had now relieved his tired and heated horse of the saddle put upon his back early in the morning, turning the animal loose to graze about the yard till he should be wanted again, and throwing the saddle down upon the porch with such a noise, that he sent many hens and young chickens cackling away to a safe retreat.

"Ma," he called out to his busy wife, "have you got a dinner fitten to set a visiter down to, to-day? For Bert Wilkins is a-comin' to look at the brown filly, an' I told him he might's well come on ahead and break bread with us."

"My dinner's good enough fer the likes of Bert Wilkins," was the answer, "he's no stranger here, an' 'tain't everybody in these parts has got new pertaters an' English peas fer dinner to-day; an' Nancy foun' some strawberries in the gyarden, red enough to make a pie outer. But you don't want dinner took up 'fore Bert comes, do you?" she asked, with a view of gaining more time for the meal not quite ready.

"Naw, we'll wait on him a spell, an' I'm glad you've got a good dinner. Give a man a good dinner, an' he'll give you a good price for your horse. Bert'll think he oughter get the filly cheap, erlong of bein' Nancy's beau, but he's got to pay a good price for my filly an' my gal, too, before he ever gets 'em."

"He needn't be a-countin' on gettin' *me* for no price," said Nancy, tossing her brown head and snapping her brown eyes, as she set a pitcher of milk down upon the table with a thud that would have demolished one made of fine china.

Her father laughed. "That's between you an' Bert, Nancy,—I've got no han' in it. But this much I will say, you'd better take Bert Wilkins by a long sight, than be foolin' along with that Revenoo man a-struttin' 'roun' here with his store clothes on."

"I don't know no Revenue man," pouted Nancy, in defiance of the grammar learned at the academy, and with a red spot burning in each cheek.

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"He may call himself by another name," argued Mr. Rodgers, "but mark my words, he's nothin' but a damn Revenoo man, pickin' up his rocks an' spyin' out what he can learn 'bout mount'n folks. I know his sort, —I've been a-livin' here too long to be fooled by what they say—"

"Law, pa, that ain't nothin' but a notion of your own," replied Nancy. "Mr. Barnett is here collectin' geological specimens for the Government. He has talked to me about it time and again, and showed me his specimens. Some of 'em are beautiful, and I never would have known such things could be found so near us."

"Very well daughter, have it your own way. Young folks *thinks* old folks is fools, an' old folks *knows* young folks is. But here comes Bert, —give us dinner, old woman. I'm hungry as a bear, myself."

Nancy suddenly vanished as the young man alighted at the gate, to reappear, as the others seated themselves at the table, with some additions to her toilet that made her very attractive to the guest, who looked at her with admiring eyes as she joined them.

The talk ran upon neighborhood news, and the contemplated purchase of the filly, Mr. Wilkins declaring the latter was the finest young trotter on the mountain, that he would be tempted to train her for the races, but for having a better thing in view for her, giving Nancy a significant look, which she feigned not to see.

He was a good looking young man, not very tall, but squarely built and well proportioned. He had a laughing blue eye, a brown curly head, and he was so well fixed in worldly goods, as to be called the "best catch on the mount'n." His sister lived with him and kept his house, till he got him a wife, she said. It was a large, comfortable house, built of logs, as most of the mountain houses were, and though Bert could easily have replaced it by a more modern one, he still clung to it through early association, and an attachment too deeply rooted to wish for any change.

Nancy's father looked upon young Wilkins with an approving eye, but he was wise in his own conceit, and willing to leave the issue in the lovers' hands. "Gals is contrairy critters," he reasoned; "if you try to persuade 'em to go one way, they'll sho' go t'other, an' though Nancy's powerful stubborn 'bout Bert now, it's mo'n likely he'll git her in the end." He did not like that "Revenoo" man coming about so often, though, "an' befo' he'd see his gal make a fool of herself, waal—he'd show 'em what he'd do."

When dinner was over, Nancy gathered all the crumbs from the table in a pan, and stepping to the edge of the porch, called the chickens about her, and scattered the food with a liberal hand. Mr. Rodgers was occupied in saddling his horse again, and Bert got in a word for Nancy's private ear. And though she gave him but seemingly scant attention, her cheeks flushed becomingly, as he talked.

"Say, Nancy," he asked, "do you know what I'm buyin' the brown filly for?"

"Because you want her, I suppose," was the indifferent answer.

"Yes, I want her, and I don't mean for anybody else to have her. But the old man is askin' me a fancy price for her, and I wouldn't begin to pay it to anybody else. But I'm buyin' her for you, Nancy," he almost whispered, "and I'll get her well broke by the time we're married."

"You needn't give yourself that trouble, Bert Wilkins," she said, tossing her head.

"Do you call it trouble?" he asked. "That's all *you* know about it. It will be a world of happiness, just to think about it beforehand, and oh, Lordy—how happy I'll be when that time comes!"

"You talk mighty big," replied Nancy, "I'm not calculatin' to ride that filly, I can tell you. If you're so anxious for somebody to ride her, you'd better go and get Sallie Scales."

"Shucks!" said Bert, with scorn, "Sallie Scales'll never back that filly, if I know it. There's but one girl on this mountain pretty enough, and sweet enough to have her for her own, and you know who *that* is, Nancy.

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And I'll make you a bet to-day. I will buy you the finest watch and chain in town, if I don't marry you in less'n six months. What'll *you* bet me I don't?"

"Bet nothin'," she said disdainfully. "What's the use of bettin', when I *know* what I'm talkin' about? And besides, pa wouldn't let me accept such a present as that, from a young man."

"He wouldn't have any say so, about what my wife accepted," argued the lover. "And say, Nancy, what about that chap, they say is a-comin' to see you on an average of three times a week?"

"There isn't any *chap* comin' to see me 'on an average of three times a week,'" she retorted. "If you mean Mr. Barnett, why don't you call him by his right name?"

"Because nobody knows what that really is," replied Bert, quickly. "We look upon him as a spy for the government out here, and one name will do for such, as well as another."

"You just got all that from pa, Bert Wilkins, and he don't know a single thing about Mr. Barnett."

"Neither do *you*, Nancy, and you better look sharp, or you'll find out more about him than you want to, some day, it's my opinion. But whether he is genuine or not, I'm not goin' to stand by and see him courtin' the girl I've been hankerin' after all this time. He'll find himself bumpin' up against a snag, the first thing he knows, and you may tell him so if you like."

"I will tell him no such thing, Bert Wilkins, but I can tell *you* right now, you have nothin' to do with my affairs. Just mind your own business, if you please, and I'll mind my own."

"But your business is more to me than my own, sweetheart, and if I thought you loved that fellow, I would kill him—or myself. Don't drive me too hard, Nancy. I'm willin' for you to walk over me rough shod, but I couldn't *live*, and have to give you up to another man."

"Ready, Bert?" called out Mr. Rodgers from the gate, and the young man tore himself away, nursing his hope, in spite of Nancy's coldness.

When the dinner things were cleared away, and put aside for another meal, her mother said:

"Nancy, hadn't you better go on down the road and borry that patron from Mary Sedberry to make your new dress by? You'll need it for the quarterly meetin', an' I don't want to be in no hurry 'bout makin' it up."

"Well, ma, I don't care if I do," said Nancy, "for I certainly do need my new dress made up."

It took but a short time for Nancy to change her home dress for a pink gingham, that made her as pretty as a rose, and her mother looked after her with admiring eyes as she set out upon her walk to a neighbor's, living a half mile away.

"I declare, Nancy's as purty as a pictur," she mused. "Her new hat is sho' becomin', and pink color jest sets her off. Bert Wilkins needn't to think he'll get her. I likes Bert fus't rate myself, but she's done took a fancy to Mr. Barnett. Nancy likes a man with plenty of edication, an' one that wears fine clothes every day. Pa's got it into his head that he is a Revenoo man, an' he hates them kind like pizen, but shucks, pa don't know no mo' 'bout that young man than the rest of us do, an' young folks, they ain't kearin' what we thinks, noway."

Nancy walked briskly along the public road, keeping well to one side of it, to avoid the dust, and had hardly gotten out of sight of the house, when she saw a buggy coming towards her, and Mr. Barnett in it, driving a spirited chestnut horse. He sprang out with alacrity, when he had come up to her, and exclaimed with delight, that was frankly evident:

"Why, hello! Miss Nannie, I was just on my way to your house to take you for a drive—you will give me that pleasure, will you not?"

"Why, I would really like to, Mr. Barnett," she said, "but I am on my way to Mrs. Sedberry's to borrow a pattern for ma—"

"Oh, that's all right then," he replied, "get in. We'll drive down there after the pattern, and take it to your mother, then go for a longer drive afterwards."

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"Oh, thank you," Nancy said, acceding to his wish, and allowing him to assist her into the buggy, "but it doesn't matter about the pattern. Ma's in no hurry for it, and I can take it to her when I go home."

"Isn't it lovely?" he asked. "For really fine scenery, and bracing atmosphere, one must come to this mountain country, and I have been here so long, I have grown attached to it. It will go hard with me, when I have to leave it for good."

"I hope you are not going away soon?" she asked.

"I hope not," he answered, "but I am under orders, of the authorities at home, and may receive instructions to that effect at any time. But I mean to enjoy every moment that is granted me in the meantime, especially the *present,*" he added with a look of meaning that brought the blushes to Nancy's cheeks.

She was also enjoying the present moment, and felt quite elated to be driven up to Mrs. Sedberry's gate in a handsome turnout, by a young man who was far beyond compare with all the young men she knew on the mountain. He was handsome and stylish, and he called her "Miss Nannie," which was so much prettier than the homely old-fashioned name that everybody else gave her.

Nancy was only in the Sedberry's house a few moments, but enjoyed even in that brief moment the triumph of being envied by the mother and daughter, who, peering through the window at her escort awaiting her in the buggy, declared that "she was mighty lucky to pick up such a fine young man for a beau."

The horse's head was turned away from home as they continued their drive, and the sun was still high enough to warrant its being a long one. And Mr. Barnett, who liked to hear himself talk, set out to make the drive as pleasant as possible. He told her of some amusing adventures he had met with on the mountain, and of his good fortune in finding some very rare specimens to add to his collection. "But I have something else on hand besides geology," he said, "though that is a secret I'm willing to share only with you, and I am sure you will not mention it, if I tell you what that is."

Nancy declared she would never breathe it to a living soul.

"Well, then," he said, "while I am supposed to be interested only in government work, I am collecting material for story-writing. You never suspected I dabble in literature, did you? But I am really an aspiring author, and have been so fortunate as to place my stories with several of the leading magazines. You may come across them sometimes, but you would never recognize me as 'Veritas,' the name under which I write."

Nancy listened in rapt attention. Never before had she come in contact with a living author. She felt singled out by fate as a special favorite, and her admiration for her new acquaintance grew with every moment as he talked of himself. What would pa say now! Revenue man indeed! This was a successful young author, already known to the literary world, and she was proud to know him, and to find favor in his eyes.

"Yes," continued Mr. Barnett, writing for publication is a most fascinating, absorbing thing, and this is a field of wide range for material. I have already jotted down plots for several different stories to be finished up at my leisure. These mountain people interest me greatly, and I am depicting them with a partial pen, but there is one subject of which I have been able to learn nothing since I came here, and I had hoped to gather material for a very thrilling story about 'Moonshiners' and their mysterious manufacture of 'wild-cat' whisky. You, of course, can tell me nothing from your own experience, but did you ever hear of any arrests being made by Uncle Sam's officers, among these mountain people?"

Nancy's heart went thumping loudly when Mr. Barnett got upon that subject, and for a moment she remembered her father's suspicions, but she put the thought aside. If Mr. Barnett wanted information of that kind as an officer of the law, he would

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hardly come to her, but as a writer of stories, it was only natural he should seek it from any and every source, and if there was any assistance that she could give him, she would be only too glad to do so.

"Well, no," she replied. "I have heard of no arrests, nor do I believe there have been any in this part of the country for many years, but 'wild-cat' whisky is being made on this mountain, and not very far from us."

"You don't say so," exclaimed her companion eagerly. "It must be carried on in a very secret manner as I have been tramping over a large territory here, and never once suspected such a thing."

"Because," said Nancy, "it is manufactured in a cave under a house, the kitchen chimney being used for the still, and as it is never run full blast except at night, the extra smoke don't show."

"That is certainly very interesting," said Mr. Barnett, "and you are giving me material for a story that promises to be the best I have ever written. But you must tell me all about it, where the house is situated, how the cave is entered, and the name of the man. Of course, I will substitute a different name for my story, as you would hardly care to see your friend's in print, which might lead to his detection. The plot comes to me as I listen to you, and this is what I will make of it. There is to be a lovely young girl for my heroine, she will have brown eyes and hair, a graceful figure, and her name will be—well,—Nannie! Do you recognize my picture?"

He laughed, a refined, cultivated laugh, not the loud guffaw of the mountain men, and his look was full of admiration as he turned his face to Nancy.

"Yes, I want you for my heroine," he said. "You will not mind, will you? No other girl of my acquaintance would make so charming a one, or be such an inspiration to me in writing about her."

No, Nancy wouldn't mind. To be the heroine of a thrilling tale, was an honor that did not come to every girl. least of all, a mountain girl, who had so few opportunities to meet authors, and under the lure of his flattering tongue, she was ready to give him all the information he wanted. She pointed out the house where the still was to be found, which was so hidden by the foliage of the trees around it, that only a chimney and a portion of the roof was to be seen from the public road along which they were passing.

The man who lived there was her cousin, she explained, and he had made a good deal of money by selling whisky without a license. The cave was entered through a trap door in the floor of a barn, behind the house, and no one would ever suspect its being there. But her father had often warned Cousin George of the risk he was running, and predicted that he would certainly be caught up with some day.

"But Cousin George laughed, and said there was no one to tell on him except ourselves, because nobody else knew about his business—and here I am telling you all about it! Mr. Barnett, my father would feel like killin' me, if he knew it," said Nancy, smitten with sudden compunction for her imprudence.

"He will never hear of it, Miss Nannie, you may depend, and besides, I don't live here, you know, and have no interest in any one's business except my own. But I am a thousand times obliged to you for material for a story that will be worth the reading when I have finished it." He then proceeded to give her the outlines of his plot, that promised to be interesting and thrilling. He would write it out that night, and bring it over in the morning to read it to her, before sending it off for publication. Perhaps she might suggest something that he had overlooked in the narration, that would add to its interest.

"Good-by, and au revoir," he said, as they alighted at Nancy's gate, "what a charming helpmate you would make to the struggling author!"

Nancy's dreams that night were all *couleur de rose,* and she awoke in the morning with the delightful anticipation of a visit from Mr. Barnett, and

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the reading of the story, in which she was to appear as the heroine. But the morning wore away without bringing the young man, and the becoming pink dress which had been donned for his benefit, was kept on with a hope of his coming in the afternoon.

At two o'clock, however, disappointment came to her through a note from Mr. Barnett to say that he was called off to town, but hoped to be back on the following day. He regretted disappointing her about the manuscript, and losing the pleasure of being with her, which had now become the chief pleasure of his life.

In the early twilight a horseback rider coming their way, set her foolish little heart throbbing with expectation, till a nearer view showed that rider to be Bert Wilkins instead. She felt as if she could hardly be civil to him, but Bert, accustomed to lack of welcome on Nancy's part, scarcely knew it for unusual coldness.

"Where's the old man, Nancy?" he asked. "I've brought him the money for the filly. He wouldn't take a cent less than a hundred and fifty dollars, and as I didn't have that much money in the house, I had to go to town for it, and have just got back."

"Pa has gone to help Mr. Scales to hive his bees, and ain't home yet," Nancy explained.

"Well," said Bert, "I reckon I can hand over the money to you, Nancy—the filly's yours anyhow."

"Goodness, no, Bert! I never had that much money in my hands at one time in all my life, and I wouldn't touch it for the world! But ma, she'll take care of it for you, and give it to pa when he comes. Ma," she called out, "come here a minute—Bert's got something for you."

Mrs. Rodgers came quickly in answer to the call, wiping wet hands on the blue checked housekeeper's apron she wore.

"Here's that money for the filly, Mrs. Rodgers—a hundred and fifty dollars, and Nancy won't touch it, so I'll have to hand it over to you," said Bert.

"Fer the lan's sake, Bert, but that's a mighty big sum of money for a lone woman to be keepin! But I reckon no robbers'll get here b'fo' pa does—'t any rate, you stay to supper, an' I won't have no uneasiness."

"Well, I don't care if I do, Mrs. Rodgers, but it does look like you had me for a regular boarder. However, if it's all the same to you, I'll just put in my time tryin' to get in Nancy's good graces. She looks so pretty in that pink dress, I could eat her up, but she won't let me come near enough for that. I tell you, Mrs. Rodgers, Nancy treats me mighty bad, and nobody in the world thinks as much of her as I do. I've got to do a lot of courtin', before I ever get her."

Nancy looked defiant, but her mother laughed, as she said, "Keep on with your courtin', Bert. Maybe Nancy'll come round some day, and change her mind."

"Now, ma," said the girl, fairly driven to bay, "what you want to say that for? You are as bad as pa. I don't *have* to take Bert Wilkins, whether I want to or not, and I *don't* want to—so there!" and her flashing eyes, and defiant manner were not encouraging to her lover but Bert had brought a stout heart to his wooing.

"Well, no, sweetheart," he said, "you don't have to take me without your own consent, but that'll come in time, I hope. I wouldn't have any heart to live, if I didn't believe *that*. But here comes the old man—I reckon I'd better get my filly an' go home. She'll be well broke for you, by the time you're ready for her."

"You'll be gray headed before that time comes, Bert Wilkins," she called out sharply after him, his self-confidence nettling her as it always did, but he only laughed as he went out of the gate.

In the early morning, two days later, as Nancy came out on the porch, she saw her father and a neighbor in such earnest conversation at the gate, she suspected at once that something unusual had taken place, and that her mother had some curiosity on the same subject also, was shown by her appearance upon the scene as the husband and father came up the steps.

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"What did Jim Ramsey have to say?" she asked.

"Mo'n a plenty," was his answer, "for the very devil has been to pay over at George Malone's. The Revenoo officers got on his track somehow, and made a raid on him last night. They seized all his whisky (ten full barrels), and marched poor George off to jail. Gimme my breakfast as quick as you can—I must ride over there and see 'bout pore Mandy and her young 'uns. I don't know what that helpless critter'll do with her husband in the pen, and no man about the house. The Lord only knows who informed on pore George. I suspected that fellow Barnett had a han' in it, time I heard about it; but Jim Ramsey couldn't tell me nothin' 'cep'n Mandy called to him as he was ridin' by, an' tole 'bout her troubles, an' begged him to let me know arbout it."

But Nancy *knew*. She stood rooted to the spot, while her father was talking, the enormity of her imprudence striking her as a blow. *She* was the one who had informed on poor Cousin George—*she* had been the dupe of a designing man, who was really the Revenue officer her father had suspected from the first, and he had flattered her only for a purpose, when she had believed him to be a lover. To-day she knew him for the villain that he was, for she could not doubt that he had made use of the information she had given him to arrest her cousin and tear him from the bosom of his family, to serve out a term in prison.

She followed her parents into the house, and listened to all they had to say on the subject, while breakfast was being eaten. She ate scarcely anything herself, but neither that, nor her unusual silence attracted notice under the excitement of the moment. She longed to get off to herself and have a good cry, to relieve the pent-up misery she could share with no one in all the world. But there were the household duties to go through with, her mother always around, and mountain people put a restraint upon themselves which is unknown to the denizens of the more emotional world.

When her father returned at noon, however, there was no restraint upon his tongue. For he had learned from his visit, what Nancy could have told him at home, that Mr. Barnett had indeed been the man to ferret out George Malone's hidden still, and he denounced him in strongest language.

"I know'd I couldn't be mistaken in that man," he went on, "an' there's nothin' I hate like a sneak. Why didn't he come out like a man in his search? But he made out like he was somethin' else, the lyin' rascal. An' the man that gave George away, was as mean as the one that arrested him, for Mandy said Barnett let it out that he got his information from a neighbor man."

And that saved Nancy from the suspicion that might have fallen upon her, from having seen a good deal of Mr. Barnett in a social way, and she was too great a coward, poor child, to acknowledge her share in the tragedy. She carried a heart like lead in her bosom all day, and when her mother put on her bonnet after dinner, to go to see "pore Mandy an' her helpless children," Nancy begged to be allowed to stay at home and look after the house.

"Waal, I don't keer if you do, Nancy," Mrs. Rodgers said. "I kinder hate to leave them young chickens I took off this mornin', the hawks is so bad this year."

"Oh, yes, let me stay an' look after 'em," replied Nancy. "I feel awful sorry for Cousin Mandy and her children, but I don't want to see them to-day, if I can help it."

"All right," said her mother, tying on her bonnet. "An' I'll be back by an hour of sun."

For the first time in her life, Nancy found comfort in being alone. She was so unhappy, she hardly knew what she did want, but it was a relief to have no one to talk to, for that afternoon, at least. She seated herself by a window in their living room, and gave herself up to mortification and distress. Every feeling of kindness and admiration she had felt for young Barnett, had turned to bitterness and contempt. She had listened to his

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flattering tongue, only to be deceived by it, and she had been so happy while the delusion lasted. And she had loved him, yes, she had loved him, though she now blushed to recall that fact, even to herself. But he was so different, outwardly, from the mountain men of her acquaintance, and her love had demanded something different. Oh, if he had only been what she believed him to be—but he was a villain, and Nancy's regret and distress dissolved themselves in wholesome tears that would relieve her surcharged heart and brain, when the torrent ended.

But a sudden commotion among the fowls in the yard warned the damsel in distress, that their enemy, the hawk, must be near at hand, and rushing out, she was just in time to see one circling above her mother's young brood of chickens, which were wildly scattered by the old hen's frantic efforts to save them from impending danger.

Nancy's presence routed the robber bird, and restored peace and order to the ruffled feathered tribe, and she sat down upon the front steps to be near at hand, should he make his appearance there again.

The sound of a horse's feet fell upon her ear, and from a turn in the road, Bert Wilkins came into view.

Nancy took one look, and fled indoors to hide her tear-marked face, hoping he would call out from the gate, and when he learned her father was not at home, ride off again and leave her in peace.

But no, Bert's foot was on the step, and he was not to be discouraged because Nancy should be running away from him.

"Hello, Nancy!" he called, "come out here, I've got something to tell you."

But Nancy gave no answer. She had begun her weeping again. Something in the coming of Bert just then, and the tone of his voice, appealed to her as never before.

"Say, Nancy," he called again, "what you running away from me for? Come out here—I haven't a minute to spare. I was just ridin' by, and stopped to tell you about the picnic at Simpson's Grove Friday week, and I'm going to take the prettiest girl in the county with me. Do you hear that, Nancy? Come on, come on," he urged.

"I say, Nancy, if you don't come out here, I'm comin' in there after you," he finally threatened, in his masterful way, which usually fired Nancy with resistance. But this time it did not nettle her. Wiping away her tears, she walked slowly to the door and stood in view of her lover's devouring eyes.

"Why, Nancy—" he began, but stopped, amazed at the unexpected sight of her recent weeping. But Bert was not to be balked, even by a maiden's tears. Sympathy flooded his big heart at once. The girl he loved was in trouble, and stepping quickly over the space between them, he boldly took her in his arms, and drew her close to his loving heart. And Nancy, yielding, with no heart for battle to-day, somehow felt a comfort in the arms encircling her, though she fell to weeping bitterly again.

"What is it, sweetheart?" the big fellow asked in his kindest voice, as he kissed the soft brown head pressed against his breast. Tell me what your trouble is—I'll do anything in the world to help you."

But Nancy still wept, and still submitted to the encircling arms. Bert began to feel uneasy. He had at first thought it only some girlish trouble over home affairs, but such tears were now alarming, and though the bliss of holding Nancy in his arms was to be desired above all things, he must know the cause of her weeping.

"Tell me what it is, darling," he urged, "I can't do you any good, till you tell me what you are cryin' about."

"Oh, Bert," she sobbed out, "have you heard about poor Cousin George?"

"Yes, I have," he replied, wondering that her sympathy for a cousin in distress should take so violent a form.

"Oh, Bert," she said between her

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sobbing, "*I* am the one who sent him to the pen."

"*You*, Nancy," he cried, "what on earth did you have to do with it?"

"Oh, Bert, I *told* on him—that man got it all out of me before I knew it," and in the interval of tears, she made her confession.

"And, oh, Bert, must I tell on myself?" she wailed.

"Tell nothing," he maintained stoutly. "Let them think it was some neighbor told on him, as your father heard. For tellin' would do no good now, and you never meant any harm. That rascally Barnett was just using you as a tool, and you were too innocent to see through him. And—did he ask you to marry him, Nancy?"

"No, Bert, I don't believe he did, but—he made me think he was goin' to."

"The scoundrel!" said Bert, with emphasis. "I'd like to break every bone in his body! And you thought you loved him, Nancy?"

"Yes, Bert, I thought so then, but—"

"But now you *know* you love me, don't you, honey? And you know I love you, and mean to stand between you and every trouble in this world, as long as I live. And say, Nancy—what's the use of waitin' six months, just to make a bet good—let's get married right away, and you can go to town and select your own watch and chain!"

HIS WIFE

[This poem was written on the day that President McKinley was buried. Now that his wife has followed, it is published for the first time. "'Tis God's Way" were the last words of the President.]

Belovéd, O Belovéd, that you should go before,
That you, the strength of my frail life, shall lift my hands no more!
The arms that held me folded lie; the heart that was my own
'Mid plume and splendor carried by to rest beneath a stone.
I hear the moaning of their drums; I see the dark lines wave,
And kings bow low and nations weep above a statesman's grave.
What care I for this pageantry? My sun is set above—
Here is our home, our own sweet home, oh, give me back my love!

Belovéd, my Belovéd! "God's will, not ours, be done."
O patient lips—forgiving heart—teach us your benison!
Thy life was all my sunlight, which, setting sweet and free,
Shall now the nation's heaven gild in stars of memory.
I hear their guns—and banners droop above a soldier's bier—
(Be calm, my soul, be brave, my heart, as he would have you here!)
I see the troops of power march with steel and stately tread—
But what to me are name and fame? Oh, give me back my dead!

Belovéd—dear Belovéd, good night—no, not good-bye—
Good night—for yet in sweeter morn we'll waken, you and I.
God's purposes we'll know then—God's plans—and, face to face,
He'll lead us by still waters in the sunshine of His grace.
I hear the sob of millions, but, oh, heart of mine, rejoice!
"'Tis God's way," that the centuries might follow that sweet voice,
"'Tis God's way," that the nation might grow yet to grander things—
Heart of my heart—my husband! Dear Lord, keep Thou my King!

John Trotwood Moore.

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THE NIGHT RIDERS

By

HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD

CHAPTER XXII—Continued

On one point her mind was fully set—harm should not befall the innocent victim of this foul conspiracy, while she could raise a voice or hand to prevent it. A plan of succor must be speedily decided upon. Persuasion seemed the only feasible one in her present strait. Might she not state the whole case calmly and dispassionately to them? Surely they would not be deaf to reason or entreaty. When they were brought to realize the fact that it was through her the band had been warned of the gate being under guard the night of the attack, their gratitude alone should insure her both justice and mercy for the one whose cause she pleaded.

Among these lawless men there were two who stood in the way of Milt's liberty, the others were negative save as their own personal safety was concerned, and of these two active enemies, the captain was by far the most dangerous. With his evil influence removed, Steve would no longer be an enemy to the prisoner. Yet how could that influence be taken away in time to be of benefit to Milt? A sudden thought came to the girl that startled and terrified her with its meaning.

There was a solution to the problem. The means for removing this baneful influence was close at hand—within her very grasp. But could she do this deed? Had she the courage to attempt it? She resolutely nerved herself to the effort.

Slowly drawing the pistol from her belt, and noiselessly sinking on one knee, that she might the better rest her arm and take a more accurate aim, the girl carefully sighted the captain's dark form, while her finger trembled nervously on the hammer of the weapon.

Just a slight pressure—the mere movement of a finger—and a soul would be sent quickly into eternity. Yet what an evil soul it was and to what lasting punishment! As she thought of it, in all its terrible import, her own soul turned faint, and her fingers grew limp and purposeless. Oh! it was a fearful thing to do, to shoot one down like a wild beast, and far worse to hurry one so deeply charged with wickedness into eternity, without a moment's time in which to cry out for forgiveness for his evil life.

Were she to commit this deed, would not its terror abide with her for all time—a hideous ever-present spectre, that would follow her through life? She recalled to mind a sermon she had once heard in Alder Creek glen, in which had been pictured in powerful intensity the wrong of taking human life, and the murderer's unrest and troubled conscience forever after. Must she be a taker of human life?

Then would her own soul be stained

Note.—"The Night Riders" commenced in August issue.

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with crime, her own hand prove the fatal instrument for sending a lost soul to a judgment in which there could be no hope, from which there was no appeal. The word of God himself was against such an act, for in letters of flame the sentence seemed to flash into her brain—"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay."

No! no! she must not blot her soul with this awful act, there was surely some other means to employ, some method less dreadful by which she could save the one in peril. She would wait a little longer, hoping without hope as it were.

Her arm rested idly on her knee, her finger fell away from the trigger she had come so near to pressing, while a half exultant joy leaped in her soul that she had not obeyed the first savage impulse to which her troubled mind gave birth. Not yet had she usurped God's prerogative.

"Am I to be shot down like a dog?" cried the prisoner sharply.

"A traitor may meet his death by rope, bullet, or knife. He deserves to suffer by each separate means," said the leader with a significant glance rather at Steve than at the prisoner.

"See that the prisoner is safely bound." At his command Steve stepped forward and closely examined the cords with which Milt's ankles and wrists were bound. His hands were tied behind him, and with his feet in the shadow the watcher on the rocky ledge above had not noticed until this moment how utterly helpless he was.

Once more she grasped the pistol with a determined grip, and breathlessly looked down on the group beneath her. A crisis was surely approaching.

The captain gave a brief command.

Two of his henchmen—men as unscrupulous and callous as he—began to remove some flat stones that were laid on a pile of cedar logs near the rocky sides of the quarry just beyond the prisoner. This spot was partly in the shadow, and Sally had not noticed it until her attention was directed thither.

She leaned forward cautiously, and looked down in wonder and perplexity while the stones were lifted off, then two of the logs were shifted to one side, while a dark, irregular opening was revealed in the rock floor, as if the mouth of a small cave had been uncovered.

Indeed, such was the case, for on blasting away the rock, some years before, this aperture had been discovered, and as it was a dangerous opening, descending far downward into the very heart of the hill, it had been closed by means of the cedar logs, and the large flat stones laid on top of them.

As the logs were lifted to one side, a member of the band standing near, dropped a loose stone into the opening, while the girl anxiously listening, quickly caught her breath as she heard the object falling down and down, striking against the uneven sides of the pit in its descent until it seemed to have penetrated the very bowels of the earth.

The man who had dropped the stone shuddered and turned away.

"The devil take me! if I believe that hole has any bottom to it," he said in an awed voice, and quickly the thought flashed into Sally's brain as to the purpose for which the pit had been uncovered, and why the abandoned quarry had been selected for a meeting-place this night.

Was a human body to be sacrificed to the fearsome depths of that dark cavern? The thought appalled her more than all else that had gone before, and she grew faint with terror. Even the prisoner seemed to look in speechless horror toward the black opening as if he, also, guessed the peril that threatened him.

The very members of the secret conclave gazed with awe-stricken faces on the yawning, ominous hole, as though they were beginning to weaken at so dire a punishment. Even the act of a traitor seemed scarcely

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to merit a fate this terrible. Only the captain and his ally appeared unmoved and unrelenting. On the former's face a look of fiendish triumph slowly settled, as he gazed steadfastly into the awesome blackness of the cave-like opening—a hard, evil face it was, that held neither pity nor regret.

"To your horses, boys!" The leader spoke quickly, commandingly, for his keen eyes saw signs of weakening among his followers. "Remember your oath! Remember your safety!" he called out warningly.

"And remember the blood of an innocent man is on your hands!" cried the doomed man despairingly. "I sought to save your lives—you are wrongfully taking mine!"

"He lies!" thundered the captain. "He sold himself to the officers of the law, an' but for a premature shot we might all now be dead, or in prison. They did not fire on him, bear in mind, but waited until he had passed on, an' given the signal that all was safe, an' we come near ridin' into the trap that was laid for us. He is a traitor to us, an' to our cause, an' deserves a traitor's death!"

The accused began again to speak, but the captain cut short his words, fearful of their effect on the hearers.

"Gag the prisoner!" he commanded, and despite Milt's protests, the order was speedily carried out, and soon the prisoner was lying bound and gagged, close to the dark opening piercing the very earth. "To your horses!" the leader cried savagely, "and to hell with all traitors."

For a moment the members of the little band appeared to hesitate, moved by conflicting impulses, but the instinct of self-preservation is strongly implanted in the human breast, and will crowd out many noble qualities. The vacillation was but momentary; slowly and silently the men began to move away, each one eying his neighbor askance, as if to discover who held the fatal red bean within his keeping.

Thus they melted into the night, stealing like dissolving shadows down to the thicket below where the horses were hitched.

Soon after the tread of many horses' feet broke into the hush of the lonely scene. Some seemed going in one direction, some in another, and on the sleeping hills a darkness lay heavily —a darkness such as hides many a ghastly crime.

CHAPTER XXIII

The cheering light of hope began to break upon the crouching figure on the ragged edge of rock above the quarry, as she watched the men disappear, one by one, into the darkness on their way to their horses.

It suddenly dawned upon her that the hapless prisoner was to be left, bound and gagged, in this lonely spot until the return of that member of the band who had drawn the red bean. Some subtle intuition warned the alert onlooker that this one was either the Captain or Steve. Possibly both might return on the murderous mission, and, but for her, only the few faint pitying stars of heaven would be witnesses of a dastardly crime, darker than the night itself.

Supremely glad the girl felt at this moment that she had not been unduly hasty in her actions, for, by waiting, she would now have but one, or two at furthest, to overcome in order that Milt Derr might go free.

Swift upon the thought came another—that by acting quickly she might be able to liberate the hapless prisoner before even these two should return.

If she were but swift enough in her movements to reach the quarry and give her sweetheart the pistol she carried, then would it bode evil to the one who should come to wreak the oath of vengeance against the victim.

She waited impatiently yet a little longer until the spot should be utterly deserted, and when her ears at last caught the sound of retreating hoofs descending the rocky hill, she tightly grasped one of the cedar bushes and leaning over the edge of the jutting rocks called softly:

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"Milt! Milt! I'm here. I'll soon set you free. Don't lose heart!"

She understood that he could make no response, that the cruel gag prevented it, but as she listened intently, after her low-uttered words of encouragement, she heard him raise his fettered feet and strike them on the rock floor, one—twice—as if in response to her words of cheer.

The light from the smouldering fire had grown too dim for her to see the movement, or note the look of bewilderment and incredulous surprise that swept over the prisoner's face, as he turned his body slightly, and looked up in the direction from which the voice had seemed to come.

"I'm on the ledge of rock above the quarry," Sally continued, hurriedly. "It's too steep to climb down, but I'll go around, and come to you."

Quick upon her words, she sprang to her feet, eager to skirt the edge of the quarry, the light of love, which is stronger than sun or moon, guiding her steps through the night's labyrinth. Had not her thoughts been entirely absorbed by the great eagerness in her heart to reach her lover and set him free before the return of his enemies, she would have marveled at the ease and speed with which she moved in making her way down the rugged hill toward its entrance.

And still it seemed an interminable journey, each step haunted by the fear that the one on whom the fatal choice of executioner had fallen might return and wreak his vengeful mission before she could reach the spot by the circuitous route she had to take.

This fear, while it startled her, also urged her footsteps to greater haste, and at times she almost ran. Suddenly her feet became entangled in one of the many creeping wild vines that spread a tangled network in her path, and unable to recover her poise, she fell headlong to the ground, striking heavily.

In a wilted heap she lay there for some minutes, stunned by the fall, seemingly not caring to move; then, on slowly regaining her scattered wits, and recalling the haste and importance of her mission, she made an effort to regain her feet.

Along with the effort a sharp pain darted through her ankle—so sharp and severe that she came near crying out, and after making a step or two forward, she sank, with a little moan, down on the ground again, clasping her spent ankle with both hands.

A swarm of terrifying thoughts came crowding swiftly upon her. Had she broken it? If so, what should she do in her utter helplessness? A most unenviable situation it was—alone and crippled, far from human aid, a solitary object for pity, lying helpless amid those silent, gloomy hills, while the only person on whom she might have called in her dire extremity, was even more helpless than she, and urgently needed her assistance even now to avert the terrible fate that was drawing very near to him.

As she sat thus in her abject misery, aloof from succor or sympathy, rubbing her sprained ankle aimlessly the while, and bemoaning by turns her misfortune and suffering, and the cruel situation of the bound and helpless prisoner within the stone quarry, she finally attempted to move her foot gently to and fro, and found to her surprise that the accident was only a sudden wrench, painful but not lasting. Hope once more buoyed her up, yet all this delay was a waste of precious time she could ill afford to lose.

After a little prudent waiting she once more gained her feet and carefully took a step or two forward, and though the effort cost her some agony, it was not so intense as before, and seemed gradually wearing away, so with renewed determination she struggled bravely on, at times compelled to sit down on the ground and tightly clasp her ankle with both hands to deaden the pain.

As she sat thus, rocking to and fro in her suffering, her ear caught the sound of a horse coming up the hill in the direction of the quarry. Up she again started, in a fresh frenzy of terror, her physical pain giving way to the greater mental agony that beset her. Forgetful of her recent accident,

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only remembering that the thing she had most dreaded might speedily come to pass, despite her efforts to prevent it, she struggled on.

The pain seemed suddenly to go as quickly as it had come, and she pushed resolutely onward, unmindful of her weak ankle or of the darkness, praying fervently the while that strength might remain to her, and enable her to reach the quarry before the horseman did.

The sound of the hoofbeats ceased. It was probable the rider had dismounted and was making his way on foot to where his victim lay. She was tempted to scream out—to rend the very silence with frantic cries for help, yet to what purpose? It might only serve to hasten the dastardly work. Oh, that she had waited at the edge of the quarry, and sought to defend her loved from that secure vantage ground!

She gasped a prayer for aid, for strength, and redoubled her speed. At last the quarry's entrance was reached, and she had to pause a brief moment to catch her spent breath. Then, in an agony of suspense, she peered anxiously forward into the darkness and silence of the place.

From out the gloom she heard the sound of approaching footsteps. Her heart stood still. Was she, indeed, too late? Had the cruel messenger already accomplished his bloody mission, and was he now returning from the scene of his dark crime?

As these questions flew to her troubled brain, there came the perplexing knowledge that the sounds she heard were those of two men coming toward her, not one, and she felt, rather than saw, the presence of two dark forms rapidly approaching. Had Jade Beddow come back with Steve? They must both have ridden one horse.

She would soon be discovered. Her life would surely pay the penalty of her presence there. But at least Milt's death should be avenged. She cared for naught else that might happen. She drew the pistol from its holder and leveled it at the two shadowy forms looming up before her.

Suddenly from out the darkness and gloom there came the sound of a voice, low and guarded, yet the voice she most cared to hear in all the world—the voice of Milton Derr. It seemed as if the very dead had spoken.

"Did you come back alone?" the voice asked of the companion shadow.

"Yes, but the Captain may also soon return. Why do you ask?"

"As I lay in yonder place, another voice than yours spoke to me out of the gloom, and bade me have courage."

"You must have dreamed it," insisted Steve, for it was he. "We two must be the only livin' bein's on this hill, unless some other member of the band came back to set you free, as I have done. Whose voice was it?"

"A woman's."

"Then I know you dreamed it. What woman would be in this lonely spot at such an hour of the night? But let's not waste time in idle talk. You must get away from here, an' that quickly. Put as many miles as you can between this place an' daybreak. They turned your horse loose, but perhaps it would be better for you to make your way on foot. You must not be seen in this part of the country again, for if the Captain finds out I have not kept my oath, I will have to suffer in your place."

"How can I get away, where can I go?" Milt anxiously asked.

"Go up into the mountains—out West, anywhere except near this spot," urged his companion. "Here's a little money to take along with you."

The two men were now close upon Sally, as she crouched in a dark angle of the rocky wall, and, although they spoke in low tones, she heard each word. So near were they, in fact, she could have touched them by stretching forth her hand.

"You have done me a good turn, Steve. I shall never forget it!" cried Milton Derr, gratefully.

"You don't owe me any favors," answered Steve, hastily, almost roughly. "The Captain had me in a tight fix, an' I had to say what I did, an' do what he told me to do, but I never

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meant to harm you. I haven't forgot the other night. Good-by, Milt, take good care of yourself!"

CHAPTER XXIV

After Steve Judson had gone rapidly down the hill to where his horse was hitched and his companion was about to follow, Sally quickly put forth a detaining hand, and lightly touched him. "Milt!" she whispered.

Twice before, on this same night, he had heard that familiar voice calling to him through the darkness, and there seemed something strange and uncanny in its mysterious repetition. Was it a trick of his lively imagination, or could there be something at fault with his brain? Yet the touch reassured him. The presence must be something tangible.

"Sally!" he breathed in a low tone, filled with wonder.

"Yes, I'm here," she hastened to reply, at the same moment emerging from the dark angle of the wall and stepping to his side, while he stood rooted to the path in utter amazement at her presence.

"Sally," he again said, taking her into his arms and softly kissing her lips. "Is it really you? What brought you to this lonely spot?"

"The fear that harm might come to you," she answered, simply.

"But how did you know I was here? How came you to find this secret place?" he asked, still sorely puzzled.

"I'll tell you as you go back," she answered hurriedly. "There's no time now. It's a long story. Let's leave this place as quickly as possible. It is a dangerous spot, and each moment we tarry increases the danger."

"But how in the world did you get here?" he persisted, as they started down the hill.

"I rode old Joe. He's hidden in the willow thicket down by the branch. He will carry double," she continued. "Let's go to where he's hitched, an' I'll take you as far as the New Pike Gate, then you can ride him to the station, and take the first early train. Just turn Joe loose. He'll find his way back home."

"Then it was you who called to me as I lay in the quarry, gagged and bound," said Milton, as they hurried onward through the darkness, Sally directing the way to the clump of willows, and as they went along she told him something of what had transpired during the eventful day.

"I was half tempted to believe I had heard a spirit voice," continued her companion, tenderly, speaking of his own unhappy experiences at the quarry. "It seemed as if you had really spoken, yet, as I lay and listened, I could not imagine how you could be so near me at that hour and place. It must be a dream, I reasoned, a blessed dream, born of the darkness to cheer and comfort me in my last moments on earth, for such I believed them to be. You cannot understand what a solace it was to me, even to feel that your spirit was near me."

"I did not intend that harm should come to you if I could prevent it," said the girl, earnestly. "If worse had come to worst, I had a bullet for Jade Beddow's heart, and one for Steve's, too," she added, with emphasis.

"Then you heard them go through the farce of trying me?"

"Every word of it. I was looking down into the quarry all the while. Once I drew a bead on that villain, Jade Beddow, but something prompted me to wait yet a little longer. How glad I am that I did so. For you are now free, and, thank heaven! there's no bloodstain upon my hands."

Soon Joe was gratefully turning his head toward home, though his burden was a double one.

"And so Steve is the real traitor?" said Milt, as Sally gave an account of the interview she had overheard between the Captain and Steve in the ravine near the latter's home.

"Yes, Jade Beddow worked on Steve's fears in order to make him lay the deed at your door."

"It seems that Steve is not altogether bad. He still has a spark of gratitude in his bosom, but was forced to make charges against me in order to shield himself."

"Jade Beddow is at the bottom of

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it all," insisted Sally, "either he or your uncle. They both want you out of the way, and will stop at nothing to carry out their plans. I don't know which is the greater villain of the two."

"Perhaps I'd better stay around here a day or two longer, and settle some old scores before I go," said Milt, thoughtfully.

"No! no!" the girl interposed, hastily. "You must leave here to-night. There are far too many dangers threatening you here, besides, your staying would bring speedy vengeance on Steve Judson. Both his safety and yours depends on your getting away as quickly and secretly as possible. No one must see you go, no one must suspect you have gone."

"And if I go far away?" questioned Milton, with a deep touch of tenderness creeping into his voice, "if I find a home elsewhere, and can get steady employment, will you come to me when I shall send for you?"

"Yes," was the exultant answer that quickly arose to her lips, but suddenly she remembered her promise to the Squire, and this bitter recollection brought with it a sickening sense of the binding obligation she was under for the sake of another's safety, and the unhappy knowledge stifled the one small word that was trembling for eager utterance on her very lips.

"Will you come, sweetheart?" persisted the young man, in tones of persuasive tenderness, mistaking her silence for maidenly reserve, "or shall I come back for you when the time is at hand to claim you for my own?"

"No! no! Milt, you must not think of coming back, when once you are safely away!" she cried impetuously.

"Then you will come to me?"

"Wait until you see what the future has in store," she answered evasively.

"There's only one thing I care for it to have in store for me, and that is *you*. You will come to me?" he persisted.

"If nothing prevents, I will come," she stammered. "But one cannot always tell what lies before."

"What is there to prevent?" he demanded, sharply, a ring of jealousy creeping into his tones. "What could there be?"

"A hundred things might arise that we know nothing of now," she answered hurriedly, understanding full well that she stood on most dangerous ground, that to confess to her lover the one thing that stood in the way of her going, would be to shatter all the plans she had laid for his own safety.

She knew that rather than have her keep faith with the Squire, the nephew would deliberately give himself up to the officers of the law, and loudly proclaim the ownership of the hat which was about to cost Sally so great a price. No hope could she have to get her sweetheart away did he but suspect the sacrifice she was about to make for his sake. Neither prayers nor entreaties could avail in the face of such knowledge.

For one brief moment a thought of escape came to her. She was sorely tempted to break her promise with the Squire, to delay her marriage with him, finding one excuse and another until she could hear from the absent one, and make her preparations to join him. Then all might yet end well.

But there was her mother to be considered. She was about to forget this very important item in such an arrangement. What would become of her mother, should Sally do such a thing? She could not be left to the Squire's wrath, nor could she go along with her daughter. It seemed the meshes of fate were drawing tighter and tighter around the girl. All avenues of escape appeared closed to her.

"To-day and to-night have been too trying for me!" cried Sally, wearily. "We both know what the past has been, we neither can tell about the future, so let us talk only of the present. That concerns us most."

"But I don't understand," began Milton. "This seems a new mood. It isn't like you, Sally. You don't mean that you are beginning to care less for me?"

"Have I acted to-night as if I was?" she asked sharply; his words had stung her into sudden resentment.

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"Did my going to the old deserted quarry for your sake, look as if I was caring less?"

"No! no! forgive me!" he cried, humbly, abashed by the reproof of her words. "I did not mean that. I know your heart is mine, else you would not have been the brave and fearless girl you were to-night. God bless you!"

CHAPTER XXV

To Sally the next few days were more full of disturbing thoughts than events.

So far as Milton Derr's safety was concerned, her mind was at ease, for he had succeeded in getting away, and no one was the wiser regarding his going—no one but herself and Steve.

The horse that Milt had ridden on the night of his mysterious disappearance, and which had been turned loose by the raiders, had gone back to Mr. Peppers', and the general impression seemed to be that its rider had left that part of the country on account of the toll-gate troubles, with which his name was now being connected.

Sally had arisen even earlier than usual the morning following her night journey to the old quarry, and, as she had expected, she found Joe waiting patiently at the lot gate to be let in. This she managed to do before her mother was up; therefore, no explanations were necessary, save to explain that she had not stayed overnight with Sophronia, and had quietly let herself in by means of the back door, so as not to disturb her mother, who had gone to bed.

With each day slipping stealthily by, like the waters of a deep stream, whose surface seems almost stagnant, the time was drawing near to hand when the girl had promised to purchase her sweetheart's liberty with her own bondage.

Now that Milton Derr was spirited safely away, quite beyond the reach of the Squire's hatred and vengeance, the temptation fell heavily upon the pretty toll-taker to repudiate her part of the bargain, given under such stress of anxiety. Such a promise should not be held inviolable. The Squire had deliberately forced her into it by his threats against his nephew.

Yet the promise had been given in good earnest at the time, and accepted in good faith. The Squire had abided by his promise, she must now do likewise.

Apart from all this—independent of the right or wrong, justice or injustice of the matter, the fact was self-evident, that though the nephew might be beyond the reach of the Squire's anger, she and her mother were not.

His rage must of necessity fall on the defenceless heads of both, and the girl felt far more helpless now than before her champion had gone, for, in losing him, she had lost the only knight who might valiantly fight her battles.

Looking at her helpless situation, there seemed but one thing left her—a marriage to the Squire. What though it should be a loveless one? Such marriages took place day after day, and some of them appeared to even bear the seal of contentment, if not of happiness. Not that this could ever prove true in her case. It were a thing impossible, with the memory of one she really loved ever enshrined in her heart.

Fate, however, seemed determined to require a sacrifice of her, so why not make it and end the unequal struggle?

Milton Derr was now not only a fugitive from justice, but debarred from ever returning, by the edict of the band, which had believed itself betrayed by him. To its members he was literally dead. For his own sake, as well as for Judson's safety, he could not hope to come back. There was still less hope that she could ever go to him, with her mother also to be provided for, and so—what did it matter if she paid the debt she had incurred? There was no one to suffer but herself.

The Squire had confided to her mother the girl's promise to marry him, and Mrs. Brown was diligently spreading the news daily, despite her daughter's wishes to the contrary. Soon the announcement of the wed-

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ding was made in the town paper, to the girl's great disgust and indignation. Both the Squire and Mrs. Brown had conspired in this public notice of the approaching marriage, and the hapless girl began to feel, as they had intended, that matters had gone too far for her to rue the bargain.

Every allusion to the affair made her heart-sick and miserable. Mrs. Brown, who was filled with plans regarding the event, strongly urged a church wedding in town—it would have proven a morsel of supreme delight to her, but Sally steadfastly refused to consider the matter even for a single moment. She would be married at the toll-house, and at no other place. No one should witness the marriage but her mother, not even Sophronia was to be invited.

This decision was a great grief to the mother. She had hoped and planned for far more elaborate things. In vain she reasoned and expostulated. It was all to little purpose—the girl was determined and obdurate. Arguments and entreaties were of no avail, not even inducements, for the Squire had given Mrs. Brown a sum of money quite sufficient to purchase the prospective bride a handsome wedding outfit.

Sally was also firm and immovable in her rejection of this proposed expenditure. She would not receive any wedding finery from the Squire, nor would she marry in any that his money had purchased.

"He must take me as I am, or not at all," she said.

"Sally, I don't know what to make of you!" cried her mother, in dismay. "Refusin' a bran'-new weddin' dress that's offered you."

"He can buy me dresses after he's bought me," answered Sally, bitterly. "I won't accept them now."

The moments sped like birds of evil passage. Nearer and nearer drew the hour of sacrifice. Each day that might have been so full of joy, under other circumstances, was one of prolonged unhappiness, and she scarcely knew whether to rejoice or grieve when it was ended, for the morrow would be but a repetition of the day that had passed, and one day nearer the goal of her misery.

The Squire would have proven a most ardent suitor had Sally consented, but she would have none of it. He hovered about the toll house, with the persistency of a youthful swain, fired by his first grand passion; but the bride elect very promptly sent him about his business, whenever he came spooning around, and curtly announced that she was busy getting ready to marry him, and, therefore, had no time for sentimental dallying.

If, notwithstanding these repeated rebuffs, he chose to linger, it fell to Mrs. Brown to entertain him, which she generally did by finding excuses for Sally's brusque manners and strange words. "Skittish colts make the tamest ones in harness," said she.

"When they're properly broke," thought the Squire, with a quiet chuckle of satisfaction.

On the evening before the wedding the prospective groom presented himself at the New Pike Gate. His efforts at rejuvenation, in dress and manner, would have struck Sally as comically grotesque but for the part she was to play in the tragic comedy.

"I thought I'd drop in to see if there's anything you wished done before to-morrow," said he, in a half apologetic way, as he readily interpreted the look on Sally's face to mean disapproval of his presence.

The girl's heart gave a sudden leap of terror. To-morrow! Was it possible that her marriage was this near? She had tried to put away the thought of it, day by day, as if this could lengthen time, or stay the unhappy event, and now the hour was almost at hand. She might no longer forget, or put the fact aside. The shadow of its actual presence overshadowed her and chilled her very heart.

[*To be continued.*]

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THE PROGRESS OF PROHIBITION IN GEORGIA

By Mrs. J. J. Ansley

HE who looks through history for the source of the recent great prohibition victory achieved in Georgia, will find its origin dates beyond the early settlement to the English forefathers, who came through blood to find rest on the soil of a free country. Like a mighty army of giant spirits, overcome but not defeated, they crossed the sea to establish homes so fortified by peace and purity that no foe, however mighty, could invade. At the head of this noble company, towering above his fellows, stood the wise statesman, illustrious patriot and stainless Christian, James Edward Oglethorpe; whose exalted conception of human liberty and rare spirit of unselfish philanthropy, blessed the persecuted and protected the weak of two continents. Not only the State of Georgia, but the entire Union is brought under tribute to his munificence and untiring devotion to the cause of right. With pen, voice and sword he fought every enemy to civic righteousness. From the first morning of February 2, 1733, when he, with his heroic compatriots, gathered about the camp-fires on the shores of the Savannah and dedicated the soil whereon they stood to Almighty God, until the day he left, never to return, he was a flaming evangel of truth, mightily defending the colonists against the greatest oppressor known to the human race—the legalized liquor traffic.

Under his matchless leadership, Georgia's charter was baptized with mercy, opening her gates to the friendless, granting liberty of conscience to all persecuted Protestants, even receiving outcast Jews as brethren, there is little wonder, therefore, that drastic laws were enacted forbidding the importation of rum. General Oglethorpe recognized the fact that the rule of rum would institute a tyranny of fiercer cruelty than that of kings or popes. In his memorable address on the first day of the colony's history, in uttering an emphatic warning against the sin of intemperance, he said:

"It is my hope that through your good example Georgia's settlement will prove a blessing and not a curse to our Indian neighbors."

He influenced the colonists to enact the most stringent prohibitory measures against the importation of rum, which was rigidly enforced during the first nine years of the colony's existence. Then, through the demoralizing agencies of war and the enforced absence of Oglethorpe, the officials became lax in their administration, the free use of intoxicants was allowed, the law against the importation of spirituous liquors was violated, and, finally, repealed. Overridden by the majority, Oglethorpe yet plead to the last for the enforcement, rather than the annulling of the law. While the English Parliament was urging the grant of the right to import rum, on the ground that prohibition did not prohibit, in a letter to the trustees of the colony, February, 1743, he says:

"As for the magistrates (of Savannah) being unable to enforce the law, it is the fault of such magistrates. I am sure here (at Frederica) the laws are strictly put in execution."

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Thus we see that James Edward Oglethorpe was championing this great principle of human rights long before the birth of its modern advocates. His broad humanitarianism and sturdy Christianity were the source of the first single stream in Georgia which has flowed down through the years and to-day goes to swell the great gulf stream of prohibitory law. It is claimed that General Oglethorpe advocated beer drinking. So he did; but an analysis of his character forces the conclusion, that he would not have allowed the shipment of beer had he known what science has since demonstrated touching the nature and effect of beer upon the human system. He lived one hundred and twenty-four years before scientific research proved that alcohol was a poison instead of a food. He dealt beer and other spirituous liquors to his soldiers for the same reason that the Japanese government issued sugar and candy to their army. He, with all men of his generation, believed beer to contain nourishing food elements. He is to be judged by his and not our light.

Next to promulgate temperance in Georgia were the Salzburgers, those Christian martyrs of the Alps, whose story of persecution has stirred the heart of every civilized nation. They came with the fires of heroism burning in their breasts. They were inspired by the majesty of Georgia's twofold mission, viz., to make a home for the weak and oppressed, and form a bulwark of defense to all the American colonies against the encroachment of the Spaniards. Their sobriety, industry, frugality and piety made their settlement, Ebenezer, a synonym for purity, peace and vigor. At one time when England began to lose hope of the colony's development, and threatened to withdraw support, the consideration of the unremitting labor, temperate and pious habits of the Salzburgers led to renewed confidence and fostering care. These progenitors of great principles sowed the seed broadcast for wholesome prohibitory law in the years to come. A little later they were re-enforced by those gracious singers of psalms—the Moravians—who blessed the world by impressions made upon the great founder of Methodism, the Reverend John Wesley. The eloquent Whitefield, with his wondrous power of molding the masses, gave also a widespread impetus to the temperance cause. His terrific denunciation of drinking and drunkenness in the church at Savannah is thrilling reading even to-day, after more than a hundred years.

After General Oglethorpe retired from the governor-generalship, and his less worthy successors granted the right to import and manufacture spiritous liquors, the colonists became corrupted, their health impaired and many died from the excessive use of intoxicants. Thousands of Indians and African slaves fell by the drink habit in a single year. De Braham says that so great was the slaughter among the negroes, that "in 1761 there were scarce above three dozen negroes in the colony." The rapid growth of debauchery and idleness under the license system, threatened the life of the colony. In June of 1752, when the charter was surrendered to the trustees, the whole annual exports of Georgia did not amount to ten thousand pounds sterling. Wars were precipitated with the Indians through the inflammatory effects of alcoholic liquors. Realizing the utter failure of the license system to regulate and control the drink evil, Governor Ellis, on the 27th of July, 1757, signed a law forbidding the sale of "wine, beer, cyder, brandy, punch or other strong drinks whatsoever, in less quantities than three gallons at one time, to one person." This law also forbade the sale of intoxicants to Indians. It had been demonstrated that the use of intoxicants not only made them a prey to disease, and destroyed their lives, but kept them in a constant state of rebellion against the colonists. Prior to the Revolution, all spirituous liquors were imported, save a small quantity of domestic brandy made from molasses. The war, cutting off foreign importation, caused the establishment of distilleries at home, for at that time

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alcoholic liquors were regarded as an absolute necessity to the army, not only because it was thought that they contained nourishing food properties, but because it was believed that their inflaming effects incited the soldiers to physical bravery. With the introduction of distilleries, the demoralizing effect of war and the inebriety of the British soldiery, wholesale debauchery was practiced by a great mass of the people. Moral standards became so low that many preachers and school teachers were habitual drunkards. Of this period, Sidney Lanier writes:

Priest and soldier trilled good songs for mass,
And all the prayers the priests said were "Pray, Drink!"
And all the soldiers swore was, "Drink!"
Till mirth sat like a jaunty postilion
Upon the back of Time and urged him on.

The laws forbade swearing, gambling, fighting, Sabbath-breaking, galloping horses through the streets. But drinking and drunkenness, which provoked these violations, were allowed.

In 1788 Dr. Benjamin Rush, the celebrated temperance advocate, traveled through Georgia, appealing with burning fervor to all the churches to make abstinence from the use of alcoholic liquors obligatory on the part of their adherents. At that period only the Methodists and the Society of Friends had any such law.

Bishop Asbury, of the Methodist Church, whose circuit extended from Maine to Georgia, was a most powerful promulgator of temperance principles. He not only preached and practiced total abstinence, but saw that the law of his church was enforced, forbidding the manufacture, sale and use of intoxicants. Many references in his journal reveal an agony of spirit over the blighting and destroying power of alcohol. Writing from North Carolina July 25, 1780, he says:

"I dwell as among thorns and scorpions; the people are poor and cruel to one another. Some families are ready to starve for want of bread, while others have corn and rye distilled into poisonous whisky."

The rules of the Methodist Church, written by John and Charles Wesley, forbidding the sale, manufacture and use of ardent spirits as a beverage, did more to bring the great masses of the people to see the evil of intemperance and legislate against it in the early days of Georgia history, than all other agencies combined. Reverend James Axley, Major Hope-Hill, Humphries, and other Methodist preachers of that period, exhibited a zeal and untiring devotion worthy of the apostles. In 1766 Dr. Rush's powerful treatise on, "The Effects of Ardent Spirits upon the Human Body and Mind," stirred his, the Presbyterian, church to action, and aroused all of the churches to duty along temperance lines. Although the Baptist Church at that time contained no law against its members using alcohol as a beverage, it was the first church in Georgia to organize a society to create temperance sentiment. At Eatonton, Georgia, in July of 1827, Dr. J. H. Campbell, of the Columbus (Georgia) Baptist church, and Dr. Adiel Sherwood, of the Eatonton Baptist church, organized the first temperance society in the state. Rev. Abner N. Clopton drafted the constitution, Dr. Lovial Peirce, of the Methodist Church, joined hands with his Baptist brethren, and a temperance organization developed which sowed the seed for the great "Moderation Era." Temperance societies were formed in well-nigh every county. After several years of earnest endeavor, the temperance forces began to realize the necessity of legislation, and 1838 became known in temperance annals as "Petition Year." Various states, Georgia among them, began to petition the legislatures to repeal the liquor license law. In this petition work Georgia was led by that sterling Christian, Josiah Flournoy. He canvassed the state, speaking day and night with all the fervor of his great powers. Owing to the opposition of the press and the politicians, his efforts failed to secure the repeal of Georgia's liquor license law, but he succeeded in caus-

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ing an arrest of thought which resulted in higher standards being set up. This movement was closely followed by the "Moral Suasion Era," as instituted by the "Washingtonians," the fundamental law of whose organization was the reformation of the drunkard. It swept over the state and nation like a prairie fire, thousands of drunkards gave up their drink, and for a time it was believed to be a complete solution of the drink problem. But before the movement had thoroughly entrenched itself, some of its own leaders fell by drink, and it soon lost its hold upon the public mind. It was an appeal to the emotions exclusively, and therefore failed in its purpose.

This organization was followed by the "Sons and Daughters of Temperance," and by that peerless man of Ireland, Father Mathew, whose Christly service in the temperance cause has made him the benefactor of the wide world. Thousands gave up drink under his mighty appeals. In a single day he secured the pledge of six hundred to total abstinence.

In 1855 the work of the various temperance organizations in the churches had created sufficient sentiment to give hope of obtaining state prohibition. The temperance forces nominated Rev B. H. Overby as their candidate for governor. A strong prohibition platform was adopted, and a heated campaign was entered upon, resulting in Mr. Overby's defeat by 48,398 votes, he receiving only 6,244. The prohibition candidate was defeated, but the temperance cause was given a powerful impetus by the agitation. In 1867 to 1872 "The Good Templars" waged a mighty warfare against the liquor traffic. They were followed by "The United Friends of Temperance," who rendered valuable aid in educating the people along temperance lines.

All organizations in Georgia prior to 1880, while accomplishing great good for the temperance movement, were only reformatory. It was not until Frances E. Willard's first visit to Georgia in 1880 that any preventive measures were taken by the temperance advocates. She came as the mightiest foe to the liquor traffic, turning on the light, revealing its danger and iniquity under a "Plan of Work" having sixteen sub-divisions: (1) Organization; (2) Making Public Sentiment; (3) Juvenile Temperance Societies; (4) The Pledge; (5) Sacramental Wine; (6) Anti-Treat Leagues; (7) Temperance Coffee Rooms; (8) Homes for Inebriate Women; (9) Reformed Men's Club; (10) Bureau of Information; (11) Counter Attractions of Home; (12) Home Missionary Work; (13) Gospel Temperance Meetings; (14) Fountains; (15) Money; (16) Trysting-Time with God.

Through the Bureau of Information millions of pages of literature were annually sent out, showing from a scientific point of view the nature and effect of alcohol upon the human system. Miss Willard, after seven consecutive years of pleading before the International Sunday School Committee, succeeded in securing the introduction of a quarterly temperance lesson. On Temperance Sunday in the Sunday school, literature was distributed demonstrating the truths of science touching the danger of alcohol as a poison, and teachers were urged to teach in an earnest, thorough manner. Loyal Temperance Legions were organized in which the children were taught the same lessons, and by appealing to the state legislature, a law was enacted requiring the physiological action of alcohol and other narcotics upon the human system to be taught in the public schools. Mothers' meetings were held, giving out the same information, all evangelical preachers were requested to preach at least one sermon annually on the subject, public mass meetings were held at regular intervals, at which able, scientific lecturers were employed to give the discovery of science touching alcohol. The press of the state was induced to give space to the cause. In the meanwhile, at noon daily, every W. C. T. U. woman went before the Giver of all good, beseeching His blessings upon the work. For twenty-five

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years this systematic, patient, persistent, unceasing labor has been going on in Georgia and other states. The voters of to-day have been indoctrinated in these principles, and have been made free by a perfect knowledge of the truth as set forth by science touching the nature and effect of alcohol upon the human body.

While accrediting to multiform sources the cause of the rising temperance tide which culminated in statutory prohibition in Georgia; while recognizing all of the manifold agencies of church and state since the days of Oglethorpe, we are yet led to conclude, from the evidence before us, that the Georgia Woman's Christian Temperance Union figured more largely under God in laying the foundation for final victory than any other single force or organization. The Anti-Saloon League, which so valiantly championed the cause and heroically led the way, is the child of the W. C. T. U. It has been in rearing twenty-five years.

The honored Fred L. Seely, of the *Atlanta Georgian,* which came out in all of its stalwart strength on the side of the home, and made more friends for the cause than all the other state dailies taken together, was the loyal son of a loyal white ribbon mother. But the crowning glory of the crowning victory was centered in the person of the President of the Georgia Woman's Christian Temperance Union —Mrs. Mary Harris Armor. She is the daughter of a new chivalry, a chivalry that will lay down its life to protect the weak, and let the oppressed go free. Before the legislature, before the governor, in the corridors of the capitol, in the churches, on the platform, *everywhere,* she proclaimed the fact, like Deborah, of old, that the Lord had given the victory. With all the fervor of her impassioned soul, she urged the prohibition forces to strike for their altars, and like Deborah, she did not say, Go up and claim the victory; but said, *Come, and we shall have the victory!* As she led all followed, and on the memorable day of the battle, when it was announced that the bill had passed, amid shouts and tears, far above the tumultuous roar of the victor's song, was heard from the house a call for Mrs. Mary Harris Armor, the President of the Georgia Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The officers ordered a mounted escort to attend her as she led the great procession of jubilant men, women and children on to Grady Monument.

From the North and the South, the East and the West, are coming thick and fast urgent, pleading calls for her help in delivering the nation from the thraldom of the liquor traffic. A woman of more fiery zeal, impassioned eloquence and heroic courage, the world has not produced. Given the prophetic eye, the ability to discern the signs of the times, she is a conqueror in the greatest moral battle in history —the overthrow of the legalized liquor traffic. The victory achieved by Georgia will soon be achieved by every Southern state—reforms do not move backward. From every hilltop, valley and plain throughout our sunny Southland is heard the note of triumph. The daily mails bring news of victory in such rapid succession that a summary of prohibition's progress taken to-day, is old to-morrow. The cause is marching on, and, we venture to prophesy, will sweep over the nation, and be enthroned at Washington, in less than a decade.

Not only Georgia and other prohibition states, but the entire nation, is being swept by the great prohibition wave.

The following summary gives prohibition territory as recently tabulated —Maine, North Dakota, Kansas and Georgia having statutory prohibition:

Alabama—Majority of the counties dry; part of others also. A county option law has just been passed, moving for state prohibition in the next two or three years.

Arkansas—Sixty out of seventy-eight counties dry. Much dry territory in other counties.

California—Four dry counties and much dry territory in other counties.

Colorado—Local option law, 1907.

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Connecticut—Town local option; 96 no-license to 72 license towns.

Delaware—Half dozen dry towns. State no-license campaign; vote on November 5, 1907.

Florida—Thirty dry counties out of forty-five. Few saloons in the state. Move for state prohibition led by Governor Broward.

Idaho—License, Sunday law only, passed in 1905.

Illinois—Probably 200 dry towns. Local option law, recently passed. Two dry counties.

Indiana—Three dry counties; 710 dry townships out of 1,016. Half of population in dry territory.

Iowa—Sixty-five out of ninety-nine counties dry; 11 other counties have only one saloon town. Move for state prohibition again under way.

Kentucky—Ninety-seven out of one hundred and ten counties dry; only four counties entirely wet. Saloons close on Sundays.

Louisiana—Seven-eighths of state dry. Orders may not be solicited or received in dry territory.

Maryland—Ten out of twenty-three counties dry, two nearly dry and two others where liquor is sold in only one place.

Massachusetts—Local option by cities and towns, 250 being dry and 100 wet. Laws strict and well enforced.

Michigan—County option, with a few dry counties. If county votes wet it reverses dry vote in small unit.

Minnesota—License, with village local option; 1,123 dry municipalities. Sunday closing in entire state.

Mississippi—Sixty-eight out of seventy-five counties dry. State prohibition campaign actively under way.

Missouri—Forty counties dry. Sunday closing rigidly enforced by Governor Folk.

Montana—License.

Nebraska—Village and city option; 400 dry and 600 wet towns.

Nevada—License with little restriction. No chance to vote on question of prohibition.

New Hampshire—Nominally prohibition, modified by local sentiment. Trend toward prohibition; 62 per cent of population in dry territory.

New Jersey—Local option law.

New York—Town and township option; 300 dry towns.

North Carolina—Few saloons; campaign for state prohibition, with the governor leading the fight.

Ohio—Out of 1,376 townships 1,140 are dry, 60 per cent of municipalities dry and 350,000 people living in dry residence districts in wet cities. County prohibition assured—probably at next session.

Oregon—Twelve dry counties and 170 dry municipalities in other counties.

Oklahoma—Five hundred and thirty-five saloons in the state. Part formerly in Indian Territory has had prohibition 21 years and the constitutional convention adopted similar provision to apply to entire state if so declared by popular vote.

Pennsylvania—License, with privilege of remonstrance.

Rhode Island—Sixteen dry municipalities out of thirty-eight.

South Carolina—Recently passed a county local option and repealed dispensary law; move for state prohibition following Georgia's victory.

South Dakota—Large section of the state dry.

Tennessee—Saloons excluded from all but three municipalities in the state; state prohibition predicted in three years.

Texas—Two-thirds of state dry by local option; state prohibition campaign under way.

Utah—License.

Vermont—Dry, save 24 municipalities; entire state and every county in state show majority against license; state prohibition expected shortly.

Virginia—Much dry territory.

West Virginia—Thirty dry counties out of fifty-five; governor publicly opposes liquor traffic.

Wisconsin—Local option, with 650 dry communities.

Arizona—License.

District of Columbia—Ratio of saloon to population reduced more than half during the last 15 years.

New Mexico—License.

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Laugh and the World Laughs With You

A Department of Original Humor

By Walter Pulitzer

Author of "Cupid's Pack of Cards," "A Cynic's Meditations," etc.

A THOUGHT FOR THE NEW YEAR

Just con this o'er before the fray,
  And the rule will give you grit:
The bitter-sweet of yesterday
  Is to-day's own sweeter-bit!

Take life easy,
Take life breezy;
  Live the hour you live!
Joys and troubles
Alike are bubbles,
  Nor lasting measure give.

This morn's pet sorrow
Will hold to-morrow
  Her sides in mocking glee;
Hence, please her never—
Live smiling ever,
  And a doleful jade is she.

To-day's *the* day,
Blue skies or gray;
  Anew you're born each dawn.
The tears best worth
Are the tears of mirth
  You'll shed when you are gone!

So con this o'er before the fray,
  And the rule will give you grit:
The bitter-sweet of yesterday
  Is to-day's own sweeter-bit!

* * *

He—You treat me as if I were of no account!

She—Not at all. I like you personally all right. I merely treat you as if you were of no *bank* account!

* * *

"How can I prevent my chauffeur from smelling?"

"Cut his nose off!"

* * *

A PEACH

Jack Welby was briskly wending his way up the avenue, a serenely happy expression on his face.

At last his efforts had been crowned with success. And yet this jewel he had finally possessed himself of was well worth waiting for. No wonder he was hurrying forth to acquaint them at home of his great good luck.

"She is mine," he cried exultantly, "mine, mine, mine!"

"Hello!" exclaimed a cheery voice from behind. "Has Dan Cupid landed another victim?"

Jack Welby turned about and faced his friend Stubbs.

"It's you, is it?" he said.

"Lucky thing, too," replied Stubbs. "I say, you shouldn't talk to yourself so loud, old man. Well, since the secret's out, what's her name?"

"Name?" echoed Welby, with a twinkle in his eye. "Wait until this evening; come up and I'll introduce you."

Stubbs knitted his brows. "Then I don't know her?"

"No; but you will. Don't forget to come up. She's a peach—"

"You mean your prospective—"

"Quite so," broke in Welby, as he hurried off. "My prospective—*cook!*"

* * *

ALAS!

Drink and the world drinks with you,
  But it's enough to make you groan;
When you come to settle the bill—
  You settle the bill alone!

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MAKING USE OF HIM TO THE LAST

Mrs. A—I hear you're going to South Dakota.
Mrs. B—So I am.
Mrs. A—Divorce, I suppose?
Mrs. B—Yes.
Mrs. A—I wonder what your husband will do?
Mrs. B—Oh, I'm taking him along to look after the baggage and things.

* * *

"Did you see that gentleman walk out in the middle of the sermon on Sunday?"

"Yes; you know, he walks in his sleep!"

* * *

EVEN FOR THE CIRCUS

A society chap named Brown,
Whose vests were the talk of the town,
Aspired (which was queer)
To nightly appear
At the Circus cast as a clown!

But when this eccentric young cuss
Applied to the Manager, thus
Was he turned down:
It's true *you're a clown*—
But you're even *too-too* for us!"

* * *

HOW TO LAND HIM IN A WEEK

Monday..... Be pretty; smile *once*.
Tuesday..... Be prettier; frown at him.
Wednesday..... Be pensive; sigh *once*.
Thursday..... Laugh at him.
Friday..... Confess a "deep regard" for him.
Saturday..... Be "out."
Sunday..... Name the wedding-day!

* * *

"Would you call her a strong, athletic girl?"

"I should say so. When she throws a fellow a kiss it knocks him down!"

* * *

PEPPER-GRAMS

A man's "affinity" is the woman who doesn't cook his dinner but does cook his goose!

In the Hotel of Love, woman is the caterer. But the man still pays the tips.

Some women marry to mend a man's ways; but all they ever mend is his clothes!

A girl needs no other *chaperon* than—homeliness.

What woman wants to be bothered with a husband anyway—unless he be some other woman's?

Let us at least be thankful that heaven will not be as exclusive as New York society.

Politicians are not what they *scream!*

Whenever we hear an ugly man say, "God made man in his own image," we wonder what God thinks about it.

* * *

MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

The other day a friend asked me, "What's your New Year's resolution?"

Almost as I spoke, a handsome widow whom I knew quite well, passed in front of us. "Did you notice her?" I asked.

"Yes," replied my friend, "but what has that to do with my question?"

"Everything. She looked well enough, didn't she?"

"She certainly did."

"Well, I believe in letting *well* enough alone. That's *my* resolution!" quoth I.

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Sentiment and Story

By Robert L. Taylor

TEMPTATION

Temptation is the great disturber of the universe. It is the only evil that ever entered the kingdom of heaven. We are told in Holy Writ that it kindled the spirit of Lucifer into flame, and he drew about him a countless host of immortal spirits, cherubim and seraphim—the tallest angel of light, and with his burning eloquence persuaded them to throw off allegiance to almighty God and rally around the standard of rebellion against his throne. But scarcely had they drawn their flaming swords and uncovered their awful batteries, when the live thunders of God's infinite wrath smote and shattered their shining ranks and hurled them headlong over the battlements of heaven into the black vault of outer darkness, where life forever dies and death lives forever.

And then we are told that when this beautiful planet of ours had rolled out from chaos and the hand of almighty power had stamped it with ineffable beauty and Paradise first blushed in the presence of its admiring God, the fallen archangel, distraught with the dream of revenge, mounted upward through the gloom in search of the new born world, bent on the destruction of Paradise and on the accomplishment of the fall of man with the subtle tongue of temptation.

But he could not reach the heart of man until the woman intervened. There she stood, the fairest, loveliest, purest thing that God ever made, with the light of beauty in her face that charmed the very angels—and how easily she led him to his fall! Perhaps it was only a languishing look and the nod of a sweet poised head—perhaps it was only the slightest beckon of a dimpled hand that led him obedient to the tree ready to barter for a love sigh the happiness of a coming world; the mere suggestion of a smile, the scarce seen pouting of the lips, a soft appeal from love-lit eyes so tender and yet so terrible with persuasive eloquence, that a single glance was enough to slay a race of men. What wonder, then, that Adam fell! What wonder that men have been falling ever since and will be to the end!

When his dreadful work was done, the tempter laughed with derision as the weeping exiles from the smile of God looked back on the flame that laid in ashes earth's first and only habitation of perfect peace and happiness. I think he laughed in triumph at the youth and beauty he had destroyed and the ruin he had wrought. For, looking down through the coming centuries, he knew that the fountain he had corrupted would pour out millions of tainted souls into the world, to be subject to his temptations, and when he saw the shadow of death dancing on the horizon of the future, he took wing and dropped like a falling star into the abyss of eternal night.

Ever since that awful day he has been in perpetual warfare with the angels of light for supremacy over man, arguing with reason till reason staggers from her throne, and with virtue till virtue hesitates and falls. Like some malevolent spider of the spirit world he weaves his shining webs of temptation and spreads them across every pathway of human life.

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Like the siren, he sings a song in every human heart.

He is the very divinity of evil, veiling himself in everything that charms the intellect and fascinates the soul. To nations he is no less a menace and destroyer. Like some invisible cobra he twines himself in every capital and lies in wait to flesh his fang in every government. He is the most eloquent sophist that ever beguiled a senate or a house of lords, concealing his poison in the very lilies of sweet speech and clothing corruption in the livery of heaven, he is the chief procurer in the commerce of shame. He is the ambassador of hell in the court of humanity.

There is your history. Go and read it. Every volume is a story of temptation—every page is a picture of the fall of man. There in the shadows of a somber past is Alexander the Great riding like death on the pale horse, over the necks of fallen nations, and compelling the world to pay tribute to his sword—there he is sheathing that sword in tears because there are no more worlds to conquer—and there is Satan filling the goblet to the brim and pressing it to his imperial lips, and the greatest warrior of all history yielding at last to the temptation of a draught of wine and staggering off the planet.

Now look again and there is Julius Caesar turning away from love and the sweet allurements of pleasure to climb the rugged steeps of glory; there is no boundary line to his empire; the whole world is at his feet, but there is the tempter holding up a crown and beckoning to him from the forum, and just as he proudly walks down the marble hall to seize it, there is the flash of daggers around him, a gasp, a sigh and a bloody mantle, and amid the tumult and consternation of the Roman Senate, temptation snatches the laurels from Caesar's brow and robs him of his crown.

There he lies—a fallen god
Two thousand years beneath the sod.
The lizards creep where once he bled;
The ravens croak above his head.
Old Rome is dust—her glory gone!
Temptation still goes marching on.

Now turn another blood-stained leaf and there is the tempter firing the heart of the Corsican lieutenant and urging him on in that meteoric career of splendid conquest which sweeps the flower of the world into the grave and blanches the cheeks of kings. But when the clouds have lifted from Waterloo and the roar of battle is hushed, there is nothing left but a broken scepter and a shattered throne, and the great Napoleon, like an eagle chained to a rock in a distant sea, looking back towards France o'er a waste of waters and dreaming of an empire that is lost to him forever.

There is your history, go and read it page by page and what is it all but a vast shattered dream—a few echoes of music from harp strings that are broken—a few bursts of eloquence from lips that now are dust—a few lines and curves of beauty traced on dismantled walls and fallen columns—a sound of imperial swords being drawn—a blinding flash—a puff of smoke—a stream of blood and the tempter standing there in the dusk of vanished years, writing his name on the tombstones of fallen nations!

Thus he flies from age to age, sleepless as the stars of night hovering over every pillow, awaiting the exit of the angel of dreams and then slipping in through the opening portals of consciousness to whisper sweet promises of the coming day; and the waking world rises from two billion couches and rushes through all the myriad gates of enchantment in pursuit of the angels of happiness. But when the shadows of evening fall, there is nothing left but wrecked hopes and shattered dreams, and the world stands looking into empty space with nothing but the tail feathers of happiness dangling in its hand.

There is no armor of the human will that is proof against the tempter; there is no citadel of innocence that can withstand his deadly assaults. There is only one refuge to which we may fly in this world and that is the prayer forever on the lips:

Lead us not into temptation.

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DISAPPOINTMENT

Did you ever go a-fishin' and hang a game trout,
And he tightened your line in the stream?
But he flounced from your hook as you fumbled him out
And fluttered away like a dream.

Did you ever invest in the boom of a town
And spend all your wealth in the scheme?
But you felt like a fool when prices went down
And your wealth disappeared like a dream.

Did you ever play poker and win with a rush
Till fortune seemed peaches and cream?
But you put it all up on a bob-tail flush
And two deuces exploded your dream.

✣ ✣ ✣

Just at this juncture, when finances are in the vaults and stocking legs, when we have six hundred millions worth of cotton to sell and millions of bushels of wheat and millions of bushels of corn and cattle on a thousand hills and hogs without number in the hands of the producers, and when the consumers are powerless to buy, the speech of the old politician away up at the head of the creek in the mountains of Tennessee, would be very popular among all classes. Rising to his full length he said:

"Fellow Citizens: On the money question I am in favor of gold and silver and greenbacks and national bank notes and nickel and copper and, if necessary, a *leetle more counterfeit.*" But that was in '96 and the old man went down in defeat, and in his despair for the safety and prosperity of his country he determined to commit suicide, and he went to the store and bought a rope, a can of coal oil, a box of matches, a dose of arsenic and a revolver. He went down the river and pushed his boat from the shore and waded down to where a limb hung over, and he got up in the bow of the boat and tied one end of the rope around the limb and the other around his neck, saturated his clothing with the coal oil, lighted a match and set his clothing afire, took the dose of arsenic, put the muzzle of the revolver to his temple, pushed the boat from under him and pulled the trigger. But the bullet glanced and cut the rope above him and he fell kerwallup into the river and the water put out the fire, and he got strangled and coughed up the arsenic, and rose up and waded out and declared himself a candidate for the legislature on the reform ticket.

✣ ✣ ✣

DEFEAT

Look yonder at that downy-lipped young lawyer emerging from the college campus, wearing a pan-cake hat with a morning glory ribbon around it—

With a bob-tailed coat that sags in the back,
And a red necktie with a streak of black;
And a pair of brand-new pantaloons
That taper and bulge like twin balloons;
With a striped shirt and turn-down collar
And a diamond pin that cost him a dollar.

What glorious dreams of happiness quicken his pulse as he goes hither to prosecute his first law suit in the court of love in the shade of the old apple tree—

In the shade of the old apple tree
Where none but the angels can see
He steals his first kiss
From the shy little miss
And calls her his darling Marie.

But just in the midst of the fun
Her papa appears with a gun!
Like a bird he has flown
She sits there alone
In the shade of the old apple tree.

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With Our Editors

Dissatisfied with Good Times

One of the odd things about human life is the inability of the average man to be satisfied with his prosperity. For the last ten years this country has been enjoying the most magnificent development of its history. Business has piled upon business until there was not enough capital to handle it. Great crops have succeeded great crops until there were not enough cars on all of the railroads to carry them. Tons of peaches rotted by the rails, thousands of bales of cotton were piled in the streets of the cities waiting for transportation. Wheat, corn, lumber, iron, phosphate rock and a thousand manufactured products pleaded with traffic managers to give them cars for their journey. Hundreds of thousands of small fortunes were founded and scores of tremendous ones. Then, *mirabile dictu,* discontent grew apace as if hard times were upon us. In so rapid a growth some faulty structure necessarily developed. In correcting this the growth itself was condemned and the sick patient attacked. Then came the inevitable reaction, business began to feel the depression. Then somebody got frightened. Hundreds saw him and became terror-stricken. Followed a panic. Afterwards the hill-billy, who hated the railroad, found that he could not get cash for his cotton. He discovered that after all, even prosperity has its advantages and the rich man is more useful than the dengue fever. Then came telegrams to governors and demagogues, asking that they refrain from further persecution of corporations. In the meantime the country has lost its billions, but it has gained contentment with its own prosperity. After a little while we will be willing to be crowded with business, rushed with orders, burdened with large crops, then more folly and hard times.

When the Trees Forsake Us

In twenty years, says Mr. Pinchot, our forests will have vanished. That is another way of saying that calamity will be upon us. The forests furnish the trees and the trees furnish the lumber and the lumber furnishes a thousand things that men must have, chief among which are houses and factories. Also forests furnish the great reservoir for the rain that descends from the heavens and hastens to the sea by the way of its waterfalls, turning millions of spindles as it goes. To destroy the forest means something more than to increase the price of lumber. It means something more than to wash the rich surface soil from a thousand farms into the oceans each month. It means something more than the tremendous increase of floods destroying milldams and power plants. But if it meant these things only, that would be enough to make every intelligent citizen back a movement for their preservation. Our government is doing its best to hold its own reserves and to reforest the denuded timber lands. In the meantime the private citizen whose chief characteristic to-day is abnormally developed selfishness, is hewing away the forests as fast as he can. This is what is sometimes called discounting the future and at other times foolhardiness. There are others among us who know that wood is becoming scarce and scarcer and they are beginning to plant trees for profit. As a nation, we are actually consuming three or four times as much wood as we are raising. Luckily, the Ameri-

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can, as a rule, has a sharp wit about him, and so we find that the Forest Service, backed by other forces of conservatism, is beginning its saving work. We are beginning to see that it is just about as profitable to grow trees as it is to grow cotton. Railroads pay high for cross-ties, and everybody must buy posts. Old fields planted in red cedar have increased in value from $5.00 to $200.00 per acre in twenty years. White pines do equally as well. There can be no doubt but that one of the greatest tasks before the nation to-day is to plant trees. Especially is this necessary in the rainfall area. Its benefit to the rivers will be tremendous, replenishing and regulating their flow. Perhaps in some cases it will almost create new rivers. This is a work in which the South, particularly, should press forward. Her water power demands it, her magnificent lumber business makes it necessary, her climate renders its importance paramount. The Appalachian forest reserve will be the greatest single step towards the goal. As an illustration of things that help: the Pennsylvania legislature has passed a law rebating ninety-five per cent of the taxes on woodland for a period of thirty-five years. An owner may hold old, worn-out fields, and reforest them and he will not have to pay taxes until the trees are grown. This is one of the best laws ever passed by a commonwealth. It is good to know that at last great interest has been created in the preservation of the forests, especially in the North and West. Luckily, for the South, their destruction has not proceeded so far as elsewhere. We have the time to see the danger in advance, and thus be thrice armed.

Your Price and Your Choice

It will be quite a little while before the American people devise the best way of dealing with the railroad rate question That they are on the right track, at least in New York City, is abundantly evidenced by the results of the work of the Public Utilities Commission appointed by Governor Hughes to take the Public Service problems of that point in hand and endeavor to bring some order out of an exasperating chaos. For a while at least the atmosphere has failed to clear, for the investigations have led to some of the most astounding revelations of looseness in corporation management that have ever been served up to an interested public. The wonderful maze of ownerships, holding companies, subsidiary corporations and so on, combined with their execrable management and outrageous capitalization, has disgusted the citizenry and frightened the stockholders. Incidentally, some of the companies are now in the hands of a receiver. The work of the Commission of which Mr. Willcox is chairman, will be watched with great interest as it seems to be the first really comprehensive attempt to deal with the problem. In the meantime, the question of the proper transportation rate for the nation at large remains unsettled. Two cents per mile seems to be the favorite, with two and a half a close second. It is especially urged that European rates per mile are at such a rate, and their service at least equal to ours. Few stop to ask whether there is any difference in the cost of operation there and here, especially in salaries of trainmen, laborers, etc. Since the panic there seems to be an enlarged disposition to make no more stringent anti-railroad laws until those already passed have had a chance to approve or disapprove themselves. Also, even if the Southern roads can live on a two-cent rate, can the people live with a two-cent service? Putting it another way, even if the service is kept up, what about the improvements and the double-tracking and the much-needed new lines?

One Hundred and Twenty Fast Trains

We are accustomed, in this country, to think of our railroads as making the fastest time and offering the most luxurious service in the world. In fact, American development has been so rapid, and for the most part so excellent, that the normal attitude of the American's mind toward Europe is one of conde-

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scension. It rather takes our breath away to find that even our boasted railway service is inferior in speed to that of the leading European states. For example, the thirty fastest trains out of New York have a speed of 45.23 miles per hour. Of course, this means the thirty fastest trains in America. Comparing these figures with those of European trains, we see that American railroading, speaking broadly, is not up to the average of that in the old country; for, while the thirty fastest trains out of New York average 45.23 miles per hour, the thirty fastest trains out of Berlin average 45.77 miles per hour; while the fastest thirty out of Paris average 47.70 miles per hour. All of these records are broken by the thirty fastest English trains out of London, which average 52.82 miles per hour. Perhaps the time will come when our trunk lines will approximate the above figures. In the meantime, we will have to be content with our "Dixie Flyers" and their twenty-eight miles per hour.

Another New World

Few things have happened of more general interest than the way in which Latin America has been discovered by the rest of the world during the last few years. This magazine has taken occasion more than once to refer to the splendid development of the republics south of us, and to call attention to more than one way in which they surpass their great northern neighbor. It seems that of late a spirit of good fellowship has sprung up between all the American Republics. Even the bickering jars of discord forever sounding in Central America seem in a fair way to be quieted. Also, great republics with stable governments are being developed in the continent south of us, and interests which are incompatible with revolutions have had their word to say against the eternal warfare of nation against nation. In this connection the report of Dr. Rowe, of the University of Pennsylvania, who was one of the delegates to the Pan-American Conference last summer, is of interest. Dr. Rowe says: "In all the countries that I visited the stability of government is an assured fact, and both person and property are well protected. Foreign capital need have no fear of discrimination or denial of justice. In fact, so strong is the desire to attract American capital that all the governments are willing to offer special inducements in order to encourage the movement. . . . In almost every town that I visited, I found a demand for American teachers, and I bring with me definite requests and offers from Argentina, Chile and Bolivia. The plan for closer university coöperation was received with much enthusiasm." This will give a new insight into many problems of interest in connection with the development of the South American people.

Life for an Idea

It is the supreme achievement of the man of power, says the Premier of France, to give his life for an idea. After all, it is remarkable how few men there are who have power, judged by this definition. The average life is a story which the author begins to write and before he has finished the first chapter finds that an unseen hand is guiding his pen, making his tale far different from the one he intended to write. It is true of men and of nations, that they are willing enough to give their lives for an idea but not for the same one all the time. Varying spirits, coming and going, sweep over the people. One year they want one thing, the next they seek earnestly for the opposite. In the eternal ebb and flow of human feeling the dominant passion holds its sway but little longer than does a monarch in the Balkans. With the human heart the diastole follows fast after the systole. Rare, indeed, are those men who can give all of their lives to the same idea.

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THE FAMILY SCRAP BOOK

We have begun this department expecting our readers to make it. It has been suggested by a number of our readers, and there is no department that should be more popular. There are few of us who have not in old scrap books, or elsewhere, something—in prose or poetry—that we cherish; that has become part of our souls. Send them in, thus preserving them and permitting others to enjoy them.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING

BY MARIE LA COSTE

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls
  Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
  Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! so young and so brave,
  Wearing still on his pale sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—
  The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
  Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mold—
  Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful, blue-veined face
  Brush every wandering, silken thread,
Cross his hands as a sign of grace—
  Somebody's darling is still and dead!

Kiss him once for somebody's sake;
  Murmur a prayer, soft and low,
One bright curl from the cluster take—
  They were somebody's pride, you know,
Somebody's hand hath rested there;
  Was it a mother's soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
  Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was somebody's love;
  Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
  Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
  Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
  Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
  Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
There he lies, with the blue eyes dim,
  And smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
  Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
  "Somebody's darling lies buried here!"

[Sent by Herbert L. Hughes, Lexington, Ky.]

TOAST TO JEFF DAVIS

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Here's to Jeff Davis! God bless his old soul!
May he live to be ten thousand years old;
And then, when he dies, may a monument rise,
'Till the top of it punches a hole through the skies.

May Liberty's goddess on top of it stand
With an old rebel banner unfurled in her hand;
May she flaunt it and wave it over Logan and Blaine,
With the scars of its battle, and the blood of its slain.

Let the war dogs of Maine continue to howl;
Let Blaine and his scullions continue to growl.
Still the old South, with her chivalrous fame,
Will forever pay tribute to Davis' name.

[Sent by R. W. Johnson, Dayton, Tenn.]

THE ARAB TO HIS FAVORITE STEED

CAROLINE NORTON

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye.
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged speed;
I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!
Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the breezy wind—
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind;
The stranger hath thy bridle rein—thy master hath his gold—
Fleet limbed and beautiful, farewell; thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold.

Farewell! those free, untired limbs full many a mile must roam.
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger's home;
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed prepare,
Thy silkly mane I braided once, must be another's care;
The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we were wont to be;
Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.

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Yes, thou must go! the wild, free breeze,
the brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's house—from all of these my
exiled one must fly;
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy
step become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy
master's hand to meet.
Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye
glancing bright;
Only in sleep shall I hear again that step so
firm and light;
And when I raise my dreaming arm to
check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I, starting, wake to feel—thou'rt
sold, my Arab steed!

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel
hand may chide,
'Till foam wreaths lie, like crested waves,
Along thy panting side;
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in
thy indignant pain,
'Till careless eyes which rest on thee may
count each starting vein.
Will they ill-use thee? If I thought—but
no, it cannot be—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle, yet so free;
And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone, my
lonely heart shall yearn—
Can the hand which casts thee from it now
command thee to return?

Return, alas! my Arab steed! what shall
thy master do,
When thou, who wast his all of joy, hast
vanished from his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and
through the gathering tears
Thy bright form, for a moment, like the
false mirage, appears;
Slow and unmounted shall I roam, with
weary step alone,
Where, with fleet step and joyous bound,
thou oft hast borne me on;
And, sitting down by that green well, I'll
pause and sadly think,
"It was here he bowed his glossy neck when
last I saw him drink"!

When last I saw thee drink—away! the
fevered dream is o'er—
I could not live a day and know that we
should meet no more!
They tempted me, my beautiful!—for hunger's power is strong—
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have
loved too long.
Who said that I had given thee up? Who
said that thou wast sold?
'Tis false, 'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling
them back their gold!
Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour
the distant plains;
Away! who overtakes us now shall claim
thee for his pains!

DEPARTING

These words were written by a stranger who came into a community ana stayed only a short while. Why can't such hospitality always be shown, then more words like the following would come from those who are inspired with friendship and welcome?

The writer's name is forgotten.

T. L. Etheridge, Jr.

Hallville, Texas.

There is a spot, a sacred spot that I shall
ne'er forget,
That memory oft will reproduce, till sorrow and regret
Will cause perchance a tear to start, perchance a throb of pain,
To think I never more shall see that sacred spot again.

Embowered in trees whose ofttime shade
has cooled my heated brow;
Methinks I feel their shadows dim come
stealing o'er me now:
There stands a venerable church, where
Christians meet to pray,
Where all come up with one accord each
solemn Sabbath day
To worship and commemorate the Savior's dying love
And cheer each other on the way to
realms of bliss above.

How well do I remember now, one pleasant sunny morn
That smiled upon the cottonfields and
glistened on the corn,
When through the waving treetops the
Southern breezes blew,
Shaking from off their trembling leaves
the glistening drops of dew;
I came a stranger to the spot and entered in alone,
Caught the first look from many an eye
long since familiar grown,
And listened to the tones that rose harmonious on the air,
And wondered if the Nymph of Song had
fixed her palace there.

Oh, these are reminiscences that ever
more will cling
Around my fondest heart and sweet reflections bring,
Of pleasures that I once enjoyed, that
now have passed away,
As fades the landscape when the night
glides o'er the scene of day.
O blest retreat, O cherished friends, in
fancy's mystic glass,
How oft I'll see before mine eyes your
forms successive pass,
And memories of happy scenes whose
curtain falls to-day,
Shall gild the turbid stream of life, till
life has passed away.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

LILLIAN KENDRICK BYRN

Labrador seems a very unpromising field for fiction, yet Mr. Duncan, in his short stories, has given us glimpses of the romance and pathos of the lives of its people. In "The Cruise of the Shining Light" he portrays the simple human nature of the fisher folk in a way that grips both the heart and the imagination. It is not a sea-story, but the sea dominates it—the sea, with its tragedy, its beauty and unfathomable mystery.

It is a difficult thing for a hero to paint with his own words his praiseworthy personal traits, yet the lad Dannie tells the story of his loyal affection to the wicked and abandoned old smuggler so manfully, that even the reader is drawn into sympathy with the drunken old chap. The love story, a very pretty one, is kept in the background, though the beautiful Judith of Whisper Cove, is frequently, a prominent figure in the exciting scenes which attend the gradual unfolding of the mystery of Dannie's birth and wealth.

• • •

Reading "The Fruit of the Tree" we are struck afresh with Mrs. Wharton's peculiar ability in handling questions of moral delicacy—questions which come up in everyday life, whose influence Mrs. Wharton depicts in a series of remarkable character studies. The question debated in her latest story is whether or not it is justifiable to shorten the agony of a dying patient. Bessie Arnherst, a rich young woman, having suffered a broken spine in a runaway accident, and being pronounced in a dying condition, is mercifully put out of her agony by the trained nurse. The fact that Justine, the nurse, knows that Bessie's marriage with the young social worker, John Arnherst, has not been happy, is no part of the motive for the deed but the further fact of her marriage with the widower presents a theme for character analysis which the author has developed with her usual power. "The Fruit of the Tree" is stronger than "The House of Mirth" and sustains fully Mrs. Wharton's place in the front rank of modern novelists.

• • •

The variety of O. Henry's stories is as amazing as their quantity, and neither quality is excelled by their human interest he puts into every one of them. "Cabbages and Kings" is, as the title indicates, a light novel and the reader pursues his way pleasantly through the delightful pages of light mystery surrounding the flight of President Miraflores with the actress only to be brought up in the last pages with the shock of finding that the admirable detective work of the brainy American consul resulting in the fugitive's suicide and the consul's marriage with the lady, was all a mistake. It is a shock to find that the whole plot must be readjusted to fit this revelation, but the story is so entertainingly interwoven with life in the tropic seas that the book will even bear a second reading.

• • •

To rest contentedly immured in a village inn on the edge of the desert while her husband goes off to the wilds to shoot rare game is a prospect not alluring to many women. Lady Wyverne, however, in a moment of romantic sacrifice to the tastes of her stolid husband, attempts to enter into his one enthusiasm—the desire to kill Barbary sheep—and as a result becomes entangled with a young Arab, who, with the aid of his Mephistophelean red flowing cloak, his imperious wooing and the fascination of the desert, changes her dull solitude to a glorious, impassioned dream. Mr. Hichens seems to have dedicated himself to the task of enamoring the reading world with the African desert and, choosing always an unusual theme, he spreads upon its somber background a picture which cannot fail to attract attention by its unusualness of theme and its glowing colors.

• • •

It was a happy and surely a most fitting coincidence which awarded a recent magazine prize for a poem on the historic Alamo to a daughter of Sam Houston. Mrs. Bringhurst has been writing since early childhood, having inherited a marked talent from her mother, who was Miss Lea, of Alabama. Mrs. Bringhurst also inherits much of her father's energy and ability and this gives to her writings a peculiarly forceful and clear style. The poem, "The Alamo" is a dainty example of the printer's art and is on sale in the old Alamo.

• • •

The reader catches the enthusiasm of Nimrod's wife for the camp, the chase and

"The Cruise of the Shining Light." By Norman Duncan. New York: Harper & Bros. Price, $1.50.

"The Fruit of the Tree." By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $1.50.

"Cabbages and Kings." By O. Henry. New York: The McClure Co. Price, $1.00.

"Barbary Sheep." By Robert Hichens. New York: Harper & Bros. Price, $1.50.

"The Alamo." By Nettie Houston Bringhurst. San Antonio, Texas. Price, 25 cents.

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the wild, free sport of life in the western mountains. Mrs. Seton follows successfully the vein of her former interesting hunting experiences as recorded in "A Woman Tenderfoot." Like its predecessor, too, it is handsomely embellished by Mr. Seton's drawings.

• • •

The loneliness of the wild Welsh hills is very different to that of a fashionable quarter of London, where no amount of suddenly-inherited wealth can thaw out the stiffness engendered by exhibitions of naturalness and country heartiness. Country-bred Jeanne, afraid of her servants, afraid of the dainty fare and afraid most of all of the loneliness of the long wait until her brother's arrival from a South African garrison, innocently sought to call on a neighbor and met with repulse and a young ducal relative who kept her thereafter from being lonely. Other pleasures there were, too, and some sorrows, but they rounded out the character of the little Welsh girl and prepared her for the high position which is ultimately hers.

• • •

Mrs. Burnett, after a few years' residence abroad, has returned to this country—to assume the editorship of a children's magazine, it is said, with "Little Lord Fauntleroy" as chief illustrator—and at the same time her new book appears. "The Shuttle," after attracting wide attention as a serial in *Century*, cannot fail to meet with a tremendous sale in book form. The idea conveyed by the title is that the inter-marriage of the English and American people is the shuttle which is weaving us again into one people. It is a happy thought but the experience of poor little Rosy Vanderpool is not calculated to encourage such weaving. Lord Anstenther is not only an impoverished nobleman but he is a brute in addition and his relatives are coarse and unfeeling. Bettina Vanderpool is the most convincing figure in the book. With her common sense, her ready wit and abundant vitality she works miracles in the restoration, not only of her sister and her sister's home, but in the whole conservative, indifferent county as well. It is undeniably a book of great strength.

• • •

One of the most charming of the new English novels deals with the experiences of an Australian girl come to London to seek her fortune in journalism. Betty's independent and advanced views are rather startling to her English relatives but her keen comments on their peculiarities make refreshing reading to Colonials and Americans. One is rather reminded of Mrs. Cotes' "An American Girl in London," but Betty has even more vivacity than her Yankee cousin and certainly a more exciting love story.

• • •

Not since the Van Bibber stories has Mr. Davis written such a collection of spontaneous, mirthful stories as these which deal with the adventures of a bubble wagon. Each chapter is a gem in itself and each exceeds its predecessor in interest and vivid charm.

• • •

Since the success of "Ben Hur" and "Quo Vadis" religious novels have been rather below par but Mrs. Gross' story of the conquest of the Vikings by a captive Christian maiden in the tenth century, has brought this class of story to the front rank of interest once more. The author is a Baltimorean and has long been a close student of history. She has to a noteworthy degree combined historical accuracy with literary art.

• • •

A far cry from the grim Norsemen of the early Christian era is Mrs. Wilson's "Devota." Thirty years ago, Augusta J. Evans' "Beulah" and "St. Elmo" were probably the most wept-over books of the day. Romantic love, unrequited passion and cross purposes led the characters through scene after scene, always ending, however, in happy understanding. Of late years her books have not appeared in very quick succession, but each one has maintained the standard of literary excellence which she set for herself originally.

Devota's is a case of misplaced and stubborn pride, which wrecks her girlhood and is only subdued after much suffering. Some of the social and civic problems of the day are brought into discussion and handled in a rarely intelligent way.

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OTHER NEW BOOKS.

A Sealed Book. By Alice Livingstone. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co. Price, $1.50.

Spain's Lost Jewels. By Thompson Rees. Springfield: The Illinois Register Co. Price, $1.00.

The Constitutional History of Tennessee. By Joshua H. Caldwell. Cincinnati: Robert Clark Co. Price, $2.00, net.

Foundations of Expression. By S. S. Curry. Boston: The Expression Co. Price, $1.00.

Rastus de Haid uv de Family. By Rosa Burwell Todd, Owensboro, Ky.

"Nimrod's Wife." By Grace Gallatin Thompson Seton. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, $2.00.

"The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square." By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, $1.50.

"The Shuttle." By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. Price, $1.50.

"Bachelor Betty." By Winifred James. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, $1.25.

"The Scarlet Car." By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $1.25.

"The Star of Valhalla." By Myra Gross. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. Price, $1.50.

"Devota." By Augusta Evans Wilson. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co. Price, $1.50.

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WITH OUR READERS

This department is open to our readers for the expression of their opinions on questions of public interest. The editors, while inviting contributions bearing on measures and events of general interest, reserve the right to exclude such matter as is not deemed suitable, and are not responsible for opinions expressed.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA"

In the September (1907) issue of "Historic Highways of the South" Mr. John Trotwood Moore stated that a Federal soldier told him that the poem, "Antony and Cleopatra," was written by Gen. William Haines Lytle on the eve of the battle of Chickamauga, and that on the following day its gifted author was killed in that fearful holocaust.

This statement called forth a number of protests, and one of the strongest and most lucid of these objections was the following editorial by Mr. W. H. Scanland, editor of *The Bossier Banner*, of Benton, Louisiana, appearing in his issue of September 19. He says:

"'ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA'

"The story that Gen. W. H. Lytle, who commanded a Federal brigade at the battle of Chickamauga, wrote the poem 'Antony and Cleopatra,' the night before he was killed at Chickamauga, is again doing duty, this time in TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE for September. Twenty years ago this assertion was made by one Colonel Realfe and the falsehood exposed.

"It is a pity to pierce this gushing fiction, but we owe more to literary truth than we do to the sensational and dramatic homage of a soldier, based as it is on a preposterous falsehood.

"In 1859 the beautiful and popular poem, 'Antony and Cleopatra,' went the rounds of the press. The writer of this article, who was then in his teens, and a compositor and a general assistant on the *Bossier Times*, clipped the poem from one of the *Times'* exchanges—according to our recollection either the New Orleans *Crescent* or *True Delta*—and put it in type. It appeared in the *Bossier Times* of May 27, 1859. The poem was printed under the head of 'Selected Poetry,' with two other poems in the same column. No credit as to authorship or paper was given by the *Times*, as none was given by the paper from which the *Times* copied the poem.

"The *Times* of May 27, 1859, containing 'Antony and Cleopatra,' word for word identical with the putative effusion of the romantic General Lytle at Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, 1863—four years and a half later—is on file in the *Banner* office.

"Who wrote 'Antony and Cleopatra' is a question we cannot answer. That General Lytle wrote it the night before his death at Chickamauga is a palpable falsehood, and it is astonishing that intelligent and well-read men like the very able editors of TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE are not better posted.

"Colonel Realf has done something that will terribly bother honest-minded literary men many years hence, unless his hoax is branded as false every time it makes its brazen rounds of the American press."

When this was called to our attention, the editors of this magazine wrote a personal letter to Mr. Scanland, as follows:

"DEAR MR. SCANLAND:

"Your clipping at hand and we are astonished at its tenor. We have always understood 'Antony and Cleopatra' was written by Gen. William Haines Lytle, and in this office we find 'American Poems' by Long, and 'The Ridpath Library of Universal Literature' both attributing the poem to Lytle. It is true that Ridpath mentions that the authorship was disputed, but, he says, 'unsuccessfully.'

"Personally, we want to know the truth. However, the statement you made in your editorial, admitted, would not prove that General Lytle did not write the poem, but merely that he did not write it immediately prior to the battle. The tradition about the battle may be—tradition. People are inclined to place a poem where the effect is most dramatic. If he did not write it just before Chickamauga, and you can prove it, we should appreciate the proof very much, as we want above all things to state facts in our magazine.

"If you could possibly send us a copy of the old newspaper you mention, we would take the greatest care of it and return it to you when we had copied the extract. If this is impossible, we would be glad to get the affidavits of which you speak.

"Thanking you for the interest you have shown in setting us straight, we await your answer.

"*Nashville, Tenn., September 27, 1907.*"

In response to this letter, the old file of the *Bossier Banner* published May 27, 1859, duly came to hand, containing the verse under consideration.

Therefore the contention of Mr. Scanland in his editorial is sustained beyond all controversy, just this far—the poem was not written immediately prior to the battle of Chickamauga. It does not prove, however, who did write it or that General Lytle did not write it.

This leaves us confronted by two questions: First, who wrote the poem? Sec-

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ond, is there any basis whatever for the report current that Lytle wrote it just before Chickamauga?

Fortunately, among the letters we received on the subject, there was one that offers a most rational explanation for the widespread fallacy. We take pleasure in presenting this discussion, as it is constructive at the very point where the editorial was destructive:

"EDITORS TAYLOR-TROTWOOD:

"In renewing my subscription to your valuable and entertaining magazine, on this, the anniversary of the Union disaster at Ball's Bluff, may I enter an objection to a statement in the September number of the monthly, anent the poem written by General Lytle the night before his death at Chickamauga? I am aware that the story is often told as to his writing 'Cleopatra' on that occasion, but the truth is that famous poem was written by him in 1857, and the first line of the same, pinned upon the pall over his body when it was returned to the Union forces, 'I am dying, Egypt, dying,' probably gave rise to the false impression.

"As a matter of fact, he did write a wonderfully significant bit of verse that night, and the same is equally applicable to the 'Blue and the Gray.' I quote the first stanza:

"'There's a cap in the closet,
Old, tattered and blue,
Of very slight value,
It may be to you;
But a crown, jewel-studded,
Could not buy it to-day,
With its letters of honor,
Brave Company K.'

"There are six stanzas in all, every one a brief picture of the soldier's career, closing with:

"'Though my darling is sleeping
To-day with the dead,
And daisies and clover
Bloom over his head,
I smile through my tears
As I lay it away,
That battle-worn cap
Lettered Company K.'

"I am told that he wrote the same by the light of a tallow dip, placed in the base of a bayonet, shielded from observation by a comrade's help; for on that momentous night no lights were allowed, and its significance as to time and place you must see at once. Its universality in application marks it as a masterpiece. In the first stanza, change *blue* to *gray* and the same may be recited at a Confederate campfire with all the effect long acquired before our Northern audiences. As a poet, you can readily supply the proper rhyme the change would necessitate. The poem, complete, may be found in the first volume of the sketches of 'War History' prepared by the Ohio Commander, Loyal Legion, page 35. No doubt your Nashville public library has the same.

"It was my privilege and pleasure to set General John B. Gordon right on this subject when he last appeared in our city to speak on the 'First Days of the Confederacy.' At that meeting I presided and the late Senator Hoar introduced his famous colleague. It was on our way to a reception at the Worcester Club that I told him the story of the writing and finding of the poem.

"Should you look up the matter in the volume designated, there should be added thereto the story of one of his staff-officers, which is not given in the sketch. Had I time to look it up, I would forward it for your consideration.

"I write thus at length, presuming that you would like to have the story as correct as possible. Should you care to alter or amend, I should like to see the poem arranged to suit the wearers of the Gray as well as it has fitted those who wore the Blue.

"In conclusion, permit me to state that I enjoy the MAGAZINE very much, particularly those parts that are distinctively Southern in word, tone and sentiment. It is for those features, largely, that I subscribe for the publication.

"Yours very truly,

"ALFRED S. ROE.

"Sen. Vice Com'der G. A. R., Department Massachusetts.

"*Worcester, Massachusetts.*"

So here the matter rests. We wish to express publicly our thanks to the gentlemen who have so kindly taken the trouble and pains to furnish us with valuable data showing this bit of romantic literary history in its true light.

THE EDITORS.

LINCOLN AND DAVIS AGAIN

EDITORS TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE:

In your October number Walter L. Flemming, of the Louisiana State University, takes me to task on account of my article in the August issue of your magaizne concerning whether or not Lincoln was sworn into the service of the United States Army by Jefferson Davis.

I stated that Abraham Lincoln was "sworn into the service of the United States in this county on the 8th day of May, 1832, but *at that time* Lieutenant Jefferson Davis was away on a furlough." So the inference could not be drawn that I meant that he was away on a furlough during the entire Black Hawk War.

Lieutenant Davis was absent on a furlough at the time Black Hawk crossed the Mississippi River into Illinois (April 6,

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1832), but he returned to his regiment in time to march up the Rock River (May 10, 1832), with General Atkinson.

When Mr. Lincoln's first enlistment expired he re-enlisted and was mustered in by Lieutenant Robert Anderson, and at the close of his second enlistment he returned home, as the war was practically at an end.

Mr. Flemming, I take it, infers from my article that I tried to show that Mr. Davis was not in the Black Hawk War. He certainly was and took a conspicuous part.

General Atkinson and his command, and the volunteers from Illinois, expected to have a clash with Black Hawk and his band in this county, but Black Hawk had been advised of the coming of the Regulars and the Volunteers, and when General Atkinson and his command reached the mouth of Rock River, Black Hawk and his band had been gone several days and were then with their Pottawatomie allies north of Dixon, Illinois.

The only point I desired to call attention to was to correct the impression which had been given by a former article in your magazine, that Mr. Lincoln was sworn into the service of the United States Army by Mr. Davis.

Black Hawk, in his autobiography written in 1833 while at Fort Armstrong, this county, states that after his capture in northern Illinois: "I was now given up by the agent to the commanding officer at Fort Crawford, the White Beaver (General Atkinson) having gone down the river. We remained here a short time and then started for Jefferson Barracks in a steamboat under the charge of a young war chief (Lieutenant Jefferson Davis), who treated us with much kindness. He is a good and brave young chief, with whose conduct I was much pleased."

It is not necessary to produce proof to show that Jefferson Davis was in the Black Hawk War, as it is an established fact that he was.

The famous village of the Sac and Fox Indians, at which Black Hawk had lived so many years, was located in this (Rock Island) county on the north bank of the Rock River near its mouth, and this county is rich in history and tradition concerning the famous Indian warrior, and any mention the newspapers or magazines make concerning Black Hawk attracts our attention. Therefore, you will pardon me for trespassing upon your domain.

Very respectfully,

Moline, Illinois. J. B. OAKLEAF.

EDITORS TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE:

MY DEAR SIRS: I was pleased to read in your November issue the poem, "Sam Davis," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. It recalls a pleasant incident of our Centennial Exposition.

During the Authors' Convention, I had the pleasure of entertaining at my home for some days Mrs. Wilcox and Miss Pickering, now the well-known writer, Theodosia Pickering Garrison.

Upon the occasion of our first visit to the Centennial Mrs. Wilcox saw Zolnay's bust of Sam Davis and heard, for the first time, the story of his heroic death. It impressed her far more than anything in the Exposition. His spirit seemed actually to possess and haunt her until she told his story to the world in the beautiful poem you have just published.

Yours sincerely,

MARY LOUISE BAXTER.

Nashville, Tennessee.

WHEN ETERNITY WAS YOUNG

O'er a streamlet, long ago, Love,
Bloomed and bent a rose of snow, Love;
I was snow upon the mountain, nestling dreamless on its peak,
But from those high crags above you,
There I saw and longed to love you,
And I melted to a billow just to pass and touch your cheek.

In some blue night, faint and far, Love,
I was cloud and you were star, Love,
And I searched the heavens for you, all the dim, dark arch I belted,
Just to wrap your soul of brightness
In my arms of formless whiteness
And to kiss you ere I vanished—ere my flying spirit melted.

Julius E. Berry.

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THE LAKES-TO-THE-GULF DEEP WATERWAY ASSOCIATION

By Hon. William T. Saunders
Secretary

THE shippers of the Mississippi Valley who are asking that the government shall build a deep waterway from Lake Michigan to the Gulf of Mexico, know that with this will come, not only permanent rate regulation, but also permanent good freight service by both railway and water carriers—fast service between terminal points and prompt service at terminal points, as well as relief from the present freight congestion, and absolute prevention in the future of such clogging of freight as there has been in the last ten years.

The building of the Lakes-to-the-Gulf deep waterway, while undoubtedly the most important project now before the country, must, of necessity, proceed simultaneously with the improvement into navigability of all the largest streams of the country, not only the Mississippi River from St. Paul to St. Louis, but also the Ohio River from Pittsburg to Cairo, the Missouri River from Ft. Benton to its mouth, the Cumberland and Tennessee, the Arkansas and the Red.

All of these rivers must be taken in hand as part of one broad, comprehensive plan for the improvement of the interior waterways of the country.

The Rivers are Needed to Help the Railways

Good freight service at reasonable rates means that the manufacturer and the merchant will do more business and that the producer will make more money. It is hardly necessary to argue that when the rivers of the country have been so improved by the government that tow-boat and barge lines are running regularly upon them, carrying freight, each tow-boat pulling as much as forty or fifty train loads, the transportation service will be greatly bettered. Mr. James J. Hill, who is the chairman of the Northern Pacific and the Burlington Railway, tells us that within the last ten years the volume of the railway business in the country has increased more than 110 per cent, the number of locomotives has increased thirty-five per cent, the number of freight cars forty-five per cent and the railroad mileage only twenty-one per cent. This difference between the growth of the traffic demands upon the railways and the growth of the railway mileage and the equipment shows why the freight congestion has arisen. Mr. Hill, in presenting these figures, says that to properly equip the railways of the United States so that they may handle the business of the country, five billion, five hundred million dollars would have to be spent, and he says that were it possible to obtain the material and the labor necessary to build the railway equipment and trackage, it would be impossible to get this money. That is, he shows what would be necessary for the railways to handle the freight of the country and says that it is utterly impossible for the railways to obtain the necessities. He then points out the absolute necessity for water transportation to divide the freight with the railways.

President W. W. Finley, of the Southern Railway, has said the same thing within a year.

President A. J. Davidson, of the Frisco, a few weeks ago told me that he was heartily in favor of improvement of the rivers, as this would

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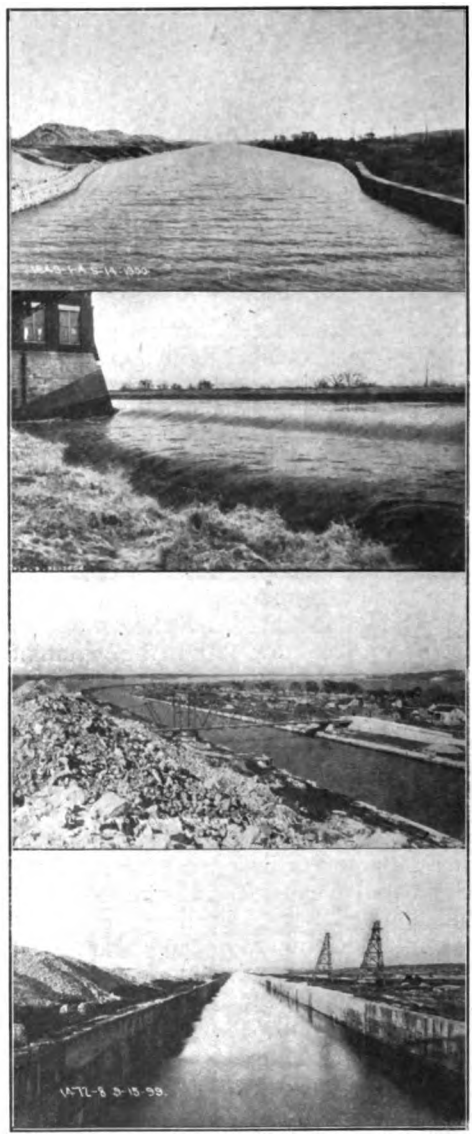
greatly relieve the railways and would increase their business.

President J. T. Harahan, in his speech at Memphis, made a strong argument for improvement of the rivers, and said that his road would assist in any movement leading to that.

How the Rivers Keep Down Freight Rates

I recently had a talk with Mr. M. C. Markham, who was formerly the freight traffic manager of the Illinois Central and who is now the freight traffic expert of the Missouri Pacific, in which Mr. Markham elaborated an argument made by him some time ago before the United States Industrial Commission. Mr. Markham talked to me about the influence of the river on railway rates, not only North and South, but East and West. He said in effect:

The river, as can be readily understood, makes the rates from St. Louis to Memphis or New Orleans. The railroads running between these points, to get a share of the traffic, must necessarily offer rates approximately those made by the river craft. Chicago is not situated on the river, and it would be placed at a disadvantage as regards the Memphis or New Orleans trade if it were not put upon a relatively fair rate plane with St. Louis. A railroad company having a line running from Chicago to Memphis, or from Chicago to New Orleans may have no interest whatever in St. Louis industries, and, for this reason, might be glad to give Chicago such rates as would enable it to compete with them. By so doing, the Chicago railroad builds up the enterprises of the town it is interested in and reaps the benefit of getting an increased traffic therefrom.



SCENES BETWEEN CHICAGO AND JOLIET

There are many outlying towns of importance contiguous to Chicago. These also have their merchants and manufacturers who are seeking markets for their wares. Demands will be made upon the railroads which serve these outlying towns for such favorable rates as will enable them to market their products as against Chicago or St. Louis. It may be to the best interest of one or more of the railroads that these demands be complied with. Rival industries and manufacturing cities farther removed, that would be affected in the sale of their products by the favorable rates given the others, would follow in making like de-

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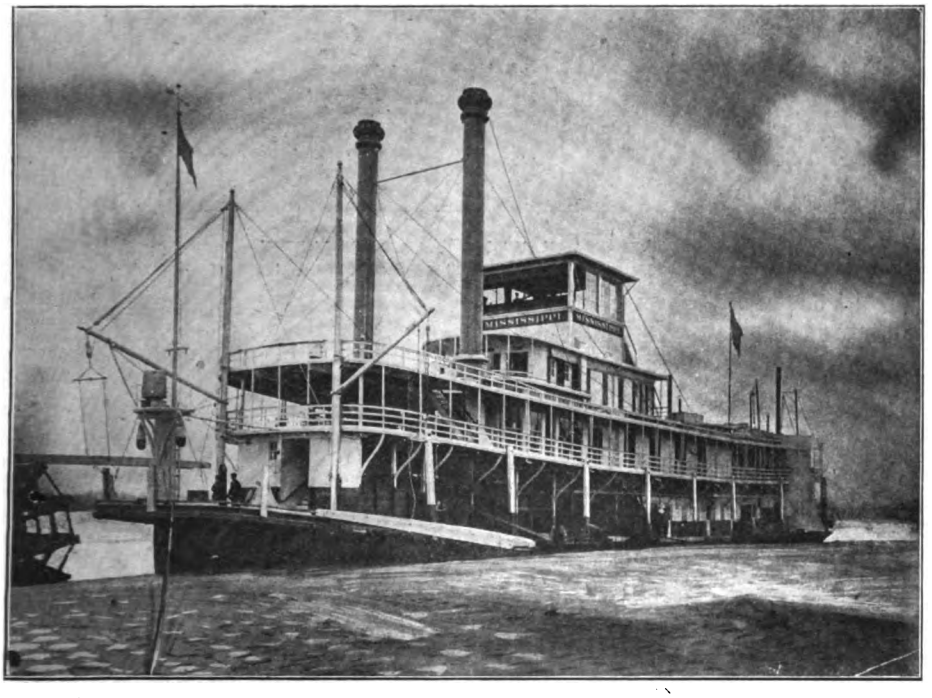
mands upon the particular railroads which they support, with the result that there would be relief.

Then, too, railroads running from other towns situated on the rivers, such as Cairo, Paducah, Evansville, Louisville and Cincinnati, are obliged to make rates to river points approximating those made by the boats; and inland towns, whose trade may be affected by these, make claims on the railroads which serve them, for such an adjustment of their rates as will equalize their disadvantages. Thus the demand would spread, step by step, until almost the entire northern country had partaken in a measure of the low rates made necessary in the first instance by the river influence.

Mobile is situated on the Gulf of Mexico, one hundred and forty miles east of the Mississippi River. It has railroads reaching it which have no interest in New Orleans or its commercial growth. Its merchants and manufacturers compete for trade with those of New Orleans at common markets. The representatives of the railroads running from St. Louis to Mobile say: "While we have not the competition of the river to force a reduction of the rates to Mobile, we have the fact before us that New Orleans gets low rates by river and by rail. Therefore, to enable our merchants and manufacturers to compete in common markets with the New Orleans merchants, and thereby give our roads traffic for transportation, we will be obliged to make the same rates from St. Louis to Mobile as are made by the river lines or the railroads from St. Louis to New Orleans."



STEAMBOAT "MISSISSIPPI"

Montgomery and Selma, trade centers on the Alabama River, 189 miles northeast of Mobile, compete for business in common territory with Mobile and New Orleans. They are favored with river transportation from Mobile many months in the year. Their rates, therefore, from the North can be no greater than the Mobile rates plus these low Alabama River rates. The railroads reaching Mont-

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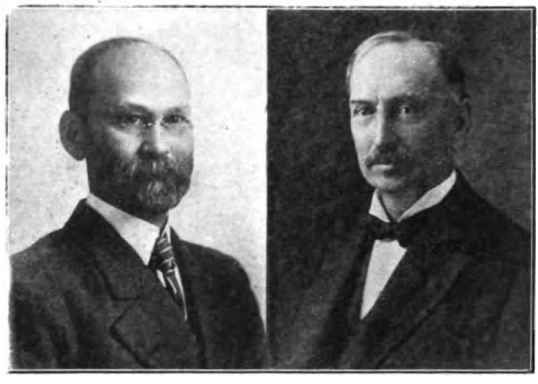
gomery and Selma, having no interest in Mobile or New Orleans, are desirous of getting all the traffic they possibly can, to and from Montgomery and Selma. This can only be done by putting them on a fair plane respecting rates with Mobile and New Orleans.

In the same way, Galveston, 360 miles west of New Orleans, has no river advantages, but the railroads serving that city, having no interest in New Orleans, deem it proper to put it on a plane whereby the Northern products can be exported therefrom and its merchants and manufacturers be enabled to compete in Northern common markets with those of New Orleans. This arrangement affects outlying and intermediate towns between Galveston and the Missouri River, and Galveston and the Mississippi River north of Vicksburg, all of which must have merited attention.



W. K. KAVANAUGH MR. BURTON
Mr. Kavanaugh is President of the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterway Association

It is in this way that specific rate differentials are established between trade centers interested in effecting sales of their products in common territory. By these means, industrial enterprises, remote from the river, are enabled to trade at business centers situated on the river in competition with those on the river; and, further, inland towns, remote from the river, are enabled to interchange trade between each other at much more favorable rates than the railroads would be justified in making if the river influence did not exist.

These river rates also affect the rail rates East and West, as well as those North and South. Take grain, for instance, from the Missouri River trade center, Kansas City, to New York; the rates that would apply on such traffic would have to approximate the rates from Kansas City to St. Louis plus the low barge rate from St. Louis to New Orleans. This latter was as low as four cents per bushel the past year. Whatever rate is made from Kansas City to the Atlantic seaboard must be made also from the Missouri River gateways, such as St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Nebraska City and Omaha, or else all of the grain west of the Missouri River would be funneled through Kansas City.

To my mind every other commercial matter of the United States is insignificant compared with this one of the improvement of the rivers, and every shipper of the Mississippi Valley will agree with me if he will think a little of the results to his business that will follow the development of the rivers into true, serviceable and sure freight carriers.

The Lakes-to-the-Gulf deep waterway has been built complete from Lake Michigan to Joliet, forty miles. Illinois has paid fifty million dollars to build it, and has offered it to the United States government if the government will build it the rest of the way to St. Louis, 203 miles down the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. United States engineers, acting under instructions of Congress, with an appropriation from the government, surveyed the way in 1904 between Joliet and St. Louis, decided that the plan was practicable, made estimates for the building of the canal and fixed the cost at thirty-one million dollars. But still there was no appropriation to begin the work. Instead, at the last Congress, one hundred and ninety thousand dollars was appropriated for a

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survey of the deep waterway from St. Louis to New Orleans and this survey is now proceeding very slowly. It will be a year before the conclusions of the engineers are reached, and these conclusions will be the conclusion that any river engineer, being consulted, would have come to in a week; that is, that given enough money a ship canal can be built from St. Louis to New Orleans. A survey of the Mississippi River, which has been for fifty years surveyed again and again thoroughly by the most thoughtful and progressive engineers, is in these days most tedious and unnecessary. If the government were to decide to build the deep waterway from the Lakes to the Gulf, the engineers would find the way to do it, and would speedily come to a decision between the plan of locks and dams and the plan of bank regulation, which is all that they are considering now.

Again, see the plans for the improvement of the Ohio River from Pittsburg to Cairo, the Missouri River from Omaha to its mouth, the upper Mississippi River from St. Paul to St. Louis, the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the many other rivers upon which work has been begun and is proceeding slowly. It would be utterly impossible under the present plan of appropriating money, even with fifty million dollars a year, to make either the Lakes-to-the-Gulf deep waterway or any of the other waterways whose improvement is being carried on thus slowly useful enough to relieve the country.

But, given five hundred million dollars, and given a department of public works which can plan for all these waterways as a whole, using the services of the United States engineers, I believe sincerely we should be able, within the next twenty years, to see all the rivers I have mentioned completely navigable and tow-boats and barge lines running on them between all the principal cities and relieving the railways of their heavier freight.

THE COMMERCE OF A GREAT CITY

By George H. Morgan
Secretary Merchants Exchange of St. Louis.

THE city of St. Louis is the metropolis of the Mississippi Valley and the largest and most important city in the Trans-Mississippi territory. It is an independent city—being separated by its charter from St. Louis County. It covers an area of sixty-two and one-half miles, and has a population of 750,000. It is the fourth city in the United States in population, as well as in its manufacturing output. It is in every respect a metropolitan city, with a happy combination of Eastern thrift, Northern energy, Western enterprise and Southern hospitality.

The commerce of a great city can never be fully reported, but there are certain lines of which the volume of traffic is an index. Statistics for 1907 are not yet available, but the figures of 1906 serve the purpose. No doubt the business of 1907 will show a considerable increase.

Transportation facilities are, perhaps, the most important factor in business life. In this respect St. Louis is admirably equipped. All the great trunk lines of the West have terminals here, which are met by connecting lines to all parts of the country. In addition, the Mississippi River and its tributaries afford water communication through the valley.

The great volume of traffic to St. Louis and through this gateway is in-

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dicated by the fact that during 1906, 27,620,287 tons of freight were received, and 17,761,191 tons forwarded, a total of 45,381,478 tons in twelve months. For the year 1907, there will be an increase of nine to ten per cent in tonnage.

Another indication of business activity is the record of the clearing house, the financial pulse of the city. The clearings in 1906 were $2,972,653,307, the highest of record. For the first ten months of 1907, the clearings were $2,686,241,517, an increase of $251,788,662 over the same months of the previous year. This city is also a great financial and reserve center, its banks and trust companies having a capital and surplus of $88,481,293.

C. P. CALHOUN
President of Ely-Walker Dry Goods Co.

The activity of a city is also evidenced by the business of the post office. In 1906, 25,000 tons of mail were handled, and receipts from all sources were $3,702,391. For the first ten months of 1907 the figures were 24,677 tons, and $2,954,964.

As a grain market, St. Louis holds third place among the primary markets. During 1906, the aggregate receipts were 80,000,000 bushels, while for 1907, the receipts to November 1 were 76,882,604 bushels, as compared with 66,792,468 bushels for the same months of the previous year.

This is also a large and growing market for live stock, and the largest horse and mule market in the West. During 1906, the total number of cattle, hogs, sheep, horses and mules sold in this market aggregated 4,550,132 head. For the ten months ending October 31, 1907, the receipts were 4,025,971 head.

In the manufacture of tobacco St. Louis leads the world, producing, in 1906, 71,715,288 pounds, valued at $31,500,000. This city sells more than fifty per cent of all the woodenware sold in the United States. The largest drug house, the largest hardware house and the most prominent brewery are located here. In many other lines St. Louis holds a prominent position.

As a jobbing center St. Louis has attained great prominence, and its commercial travelers are found in every state of the Union. It is especially prominent in boots and shoes, dry goods, millinery, hardware and woodenware lines.

The favorable position that St. Louis holds in the commercial world is known far and wide, and is evidenced by the number of new firms locating here. During 1906, 113 new manufacturing establishments were opened, with an operating capital of $5,279,750, and thirty-five increased their capital $5,769,400; 1,757 new mercantile houses opened business, with $11,915,415 capital, and established houses increased their capital $3,965,000.

During the first ten months of 1907, 134 manufacturing plants were opened, with an aggregate capital of $7,172,800, and thirty-eight others increased their capital $3,380,500. During the same period eighty-eight new mercantile houses commenced business with $5,195,600 capital, and thirty-five established houses increased their capital stock $6,623,000.

St. Louis is the natural gateway to the great Southwest, that wonderful land of promise, which has witnessed such marvelous growth since opened to settlement, and controls a very large proportion of the trade of that territory.

With superior advantages as to location, with unexcelled rail and river transportation, with cheap coal and raw material for manufacturing, with an abundance of financial capital, with

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a prestige for fair and honorable dealing, and above all, with energetic, capable and progressive business men, the city of St. Louis is now, and will ever continue to be, the commercial metropolis of the great Mississippi Valley, and invites all those who are seeking desirable homes or business opportunities to come and participate in its prosperity and enjoy the superior advantages of a metropolitan and rapidly growing city.

SOME NOTABLE ST. LOUIS ENTERPRISES

By Philip Laclede

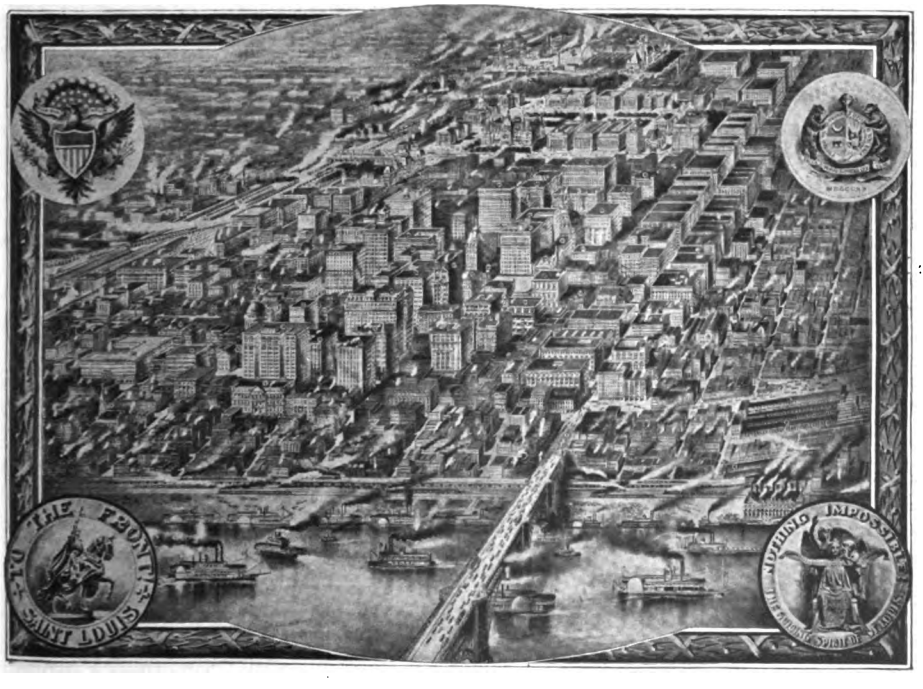
AMONG the big things that have developed in St. Louis, first and foremost are her shoe manufactories—the greatest in the world.

The two Browns are perhaps the leading shoe manufacturers of the city, and if so, then certainly of the world—The Hamilton, Brown Shoe Co. and The Brown Shoe Co.

The Hamilton, Brown Shoe Co. is controlled by the genius of Alanson David Brown, a New Yorker by birth, and a Missourian by adoption. Mr. Brown entered the shoe business in 1872. That first year he did a business of $225,000. Within seven years these sales had sprung to $1,500,000. Today it sells shoes by millions per annum.

The Brown Shoe Co. has also met with a swift and phenomenal growth, and is helping to uphold the name of St. Louis as a great shoe center.

As a wholesale dealer in cloths, a noteworthy concern is The Ely-Wal-



THE HEART OF ST. LOUIS

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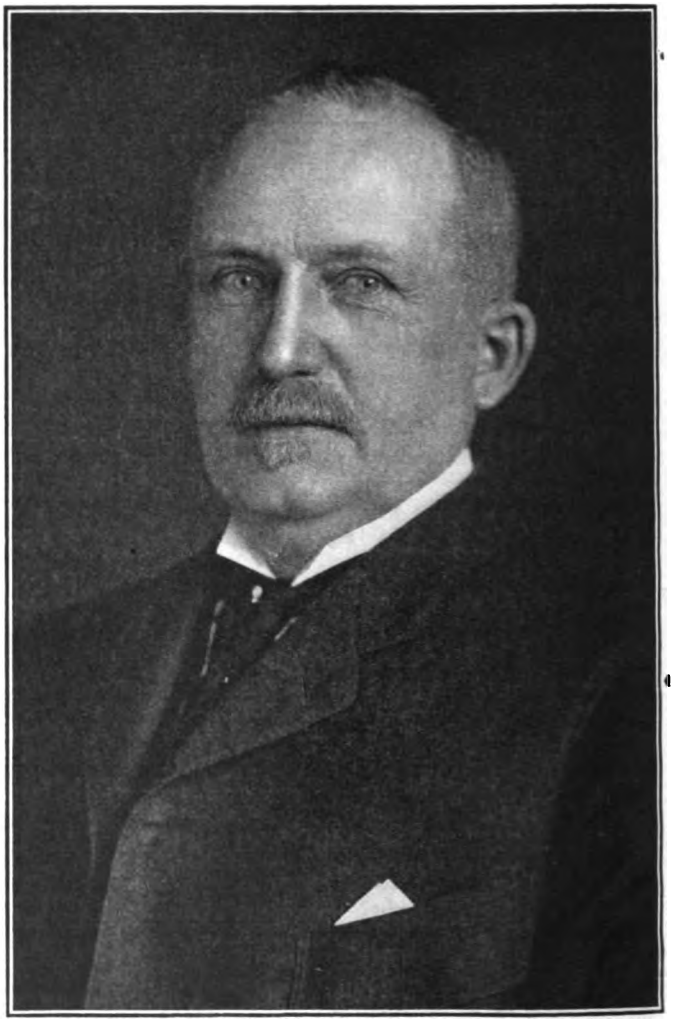
ker Dry Goods Co. This establishment does a large and increasing business, and is greatly aided in competing with all rivals in having the cheap river transportation to lessen freight rates.

David Randolph Calhoun, president of this company, fought his way from the ranks of salesmen and buyers. He loves horses, inclining to highstepping fine drivers, and lives in the country, just out of town, that he may cultivate them. He is interested in every movement for building up the city and other matters of public spirit and charity.

Another noteworthy establishment is the C. F. Blanke Tea & Coffee Co. This firm is one of the big advertisers of St. Louis. If any one should doubt the efficacy of the persistent ad, he need only ask Mr. C. F. Blanke. It is interesting to know that this public-spirited gentleman has bought the old log cabin which General Ulysses S. Grant constructed before the war, and purposes to preserve it as a historical relic.

Perhaps Mr. Blanke is one of the best equipped tea and coffee men in the United States to-day. His initial step in the business was to go all over Europe and make himself thoroughly acquainted with all the European methods of handling these staples.



A. D. BROWN
President Hamilton-Brown Shoe Company

C. F. BLANKE
(Photo by Strauss)

GEO. H. MORGAN
Sec. Merchants' Exchange

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Then, by careful experiment, he has developed delicious blends that no other firm can even approach.

When it comes to hostelries, St. Louis need not bow to any rival. Within her hotels one finds all the luxuries of the North and all the exquisite courtesy of the South. As one of these, the Windermere Hotel is a conspicuous example. It has at its head Mr. W. F. Williams, and within its hospitable doors are offered all the luxuries and comforts of home.

Within our limited space we can barely mention Mr. Simmons, who has made the city one of the foremost producers of hardware, or Mr. Cupples, whose woodenware is famous. Suffice it to say that St. Louis' strategic position commercially, has been appreciated by numberless manufacturers.

Russell E. Gardner, the Banner Buggy King, is one of the most active of St. Louis' younger business men, and an enthusiastic shouter and worker for "digging her deep through Dixie"—making a ship's channel of the Mississippi River. A son of Tennessee, and proud of it, he keeps up his old home ties while entering thoroughly into everything for the building up of St. Louis, his adopted city. He settled in St. Louis eighteen years ago and started the manufacture of buggies and other vehicles, and at the present time is the largest manufacturer of vehicles in the city.

Mr. Gardner probably does more entertaining of visitors to the city than any other St. Louisan, and his yacht, the *Annie Russell*, a large boat, luxuriously furnished, is nearly always in commission in the entertainment of large parties of visiting business men.

ST. LOUIS

THE COMMERCIAL METROPOLIS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

By Edward J. Troy
Secretary Missouri Manufacturers' Association

THE financial institutions of St. Louis, always strong in resources and doubly strengthened by conservative and strict business policies, are made a hundredfold more invulnerable by the intelligence and conservatism of our citizenship, which in times of financial flurries are cool-headed enough to realize that our banking institutions are always solvent. This city has never known the real panicky sentiment that pervaded New York City recently and resulted in the closing of several financial institutions. In times of stress, the St. Louis public, instead of withdrawing their accounts, rush to the assistance of the banks and increase their deposits, to show their confidence in their financiers. The bank clearings for the year 1906, which were $2,972,653,307, while the increase for the first six months of 1907 was $114,000,000 in excess of the same period for 1906.

The value of real estate in St. Louis has had a steady growth, subject to no violent booms or depressions. Property is readily purchased by the manufacturer, mercantile houses and by the army of business men, clerks and artisans that are proud to call St. Louis home, and who are desirous of owning their dwellings, whether it be palatial or humble. The real estate fraternity deserve and enjoy the unconditional confidence of their clientele. It is impossible to conceive of St. Louis as a "boom city."

Surest Test of City's Advantage

While the search for an analysis of the city's greatness may prove bewildering in the immense number of con-

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tributing factors, nevertheless there is one test—its advantage as a location for the manufacturer or merchant seeking to improve his business.

Trade follows the lines of least resistance, just as do other forces, and when the wholesale merchants and the manufacturers of this city offer the buyer from the Southwest goods as well made or better, at a price equal or lower and in quantities and assortment as large or larger, the merchant from the Southwest is bound to make the shorter journey, pay for a shorter haul, and buy his merchandise as cheap or cheaper than he can after a longer trip farther East. He will, and, as a matter of fact, does now, make St. Louis his market.

It is a well-known fact that many manufacturers in St. Louis are at the present time so situated that they cannot accept additional orders without making an addition to their plants necessary to turn out the additional amount of product.

This fact explains that the manufacturer here is always ready to extend the hand of fellowship to the new comer and the city is, and the commercial associations are, ever ready to assist the prospective manufacturer or merchant who is desirous of securing a location here.

The Missouri Manufacturers' Association, formerly the St. Louis Manufacturers' Association, is charged with the duty of promoting a campaign for bringing new manufactures to St. Louis.

There is one factor that is not now dreamed of by the mass of the citizens of the city and our state, that I think will be one of the greatest factors in St. Louis development, and that is in the adaptation of water power to the manufacturing and other industries of the city and state.

ST. LOUIS AS AN EDUCATIONAL CENTER

By Captain Harry L. Wells

SINCE 1818, when a classical school was opened in St. Louis, which soon became St. Louis College, and has since developed into the great St. Louis University, this city has been the point at which educational effort has centered in the vast Mississippi region, and from which it has radiated farther and farther as population, industry and wealth increased.

The fundamental basis of the high position St. Louis now occupies in the world of higher education, and of the size and prosperity of her many universities and secondary schools, is her splendid system of public schools, unexcelled in management and equipment in the country. During the past ten years, wonderful progress has been made. Politics has been completely eliminated from the Board of Education, large and architecturally beautiful school buildings have been erected and sites for others purchased. Two high schools, with manual training equipment, have been completed, and more than one-third of the school rooms of the city have been reconstructed.

Manual training, sewing and cooking have been introduced into the elementary schools. The work of the evening schools has been systematized and extended. Large school libraries have been purchased, also photographs and casts of the world's masterpieces of art. A compulsory education law has been adopted, and the plan of free text-books adopted. Salaries of teachers have been raised, and a system of annuities for retired teachers introduced.

These are only the salient features of the steps taken during ten years, but they are accompanied by a multi-

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tude of other things tending to the building up of a model public school system. A college for educating teachers for the public schools of the city is maintained, open only to graduates of some secondary school. Manual training has reached a high development. Boys in the seventh and eighth grades receive instructions in carpentry, and girls in the household arts. In the high school, a course of four years is given and the schools are equipped with fine shops for wood working, forging and machine work. The girls receive a course of four years in domestic arts and science.

A high place is also taken in kindergarten work. St. Louis was the first city in the country to add this feature to her regular public school system, the pioneers being graduates of the St. Louis Training School for Kindergarten Teachers, an institution of much merit and usefulness. An educational museum is maintained at a central point, whose collection of objects, lantern slides, etc., is at the command of any school at any time.

The enrollment in the elementary schools during the past school year was 38,378 boys and 38,120 girls, besides 2,783 boys and 3,196 girls in the special colored schools. The evening school enrollment was 3,688, and 1,268 respectively. In the high school 1,558 boys and 2,551 girls were enrolled, also 95 boys and 283 girls in the colored high school. The attendance at the Teachers' College was 109, all girls. The kindergartens had an enrollment of 5,264 and 5,380 respectively. In all, there are 97 schools maintained in 119 buildings, and 45 portable school houses of one room each, used for emergency purposes when any school overflows. There are four large and costly high school buildings, two of which have been constructed within the past three years. One of these is for colored pupils. The enrollment is so large that at least one more building must be constructed immediately. All this great system is under the superintendence of F. Louis Soldan, one of the leading educators of the country.

The leading educational institution is Washington University, located at the western limits of the city, and on the north border of the famous Forest Park. It is one of the greatest institutions of higher learning in the country, having about 1,200 students in its various departments, and 200 instructors. It was founded as a seminary in 1853, became a college in 1854 and in 1857 was chartered as a university. Its standard is high in all its varied activities. It is co-educational, its policy liberal and its courses flexible. It has departments of literature, science, technology, botany, architecture, law, medicine, dentistry and art. Marshall S. Snow is the Acting Chancellor, Dr. Winfield S. Chaplin, who guided its destinies for many years, having recently retired.

Another great educational institution is St. Louis University, under the management of the Jesuit Fathers, Rev. W. Banks Rogers, S. J., being the president. Its growth has kept pace with the country, until it now has an enrollment of 900 young men in its various departments. Its standing in the educational world is very high. It maintains schools of medicine, divinity, philosophy and science, academic and commercial departments in addition to its regular collegiate departments.

Another institution of high standing is Christian Brothers' College, of which Reverend Brother Justin, F.S.C., is president. Besides its college courses, it maintains academic and commercial courses. About 1,200 boys and young men are enrolled in its various departments.

Many large, prosperous and well attended institutions of art and music exist. Among these are Forest Park University, Hosmer Hall, Bishop Robertson Hall, Lenox Hall, Mary Institute, Academy of the Sacred Heart, Academy of the Visitation, Concordia Seminary, Loretto Academy, Smith Academy, Manual Training School, University School, Ursuline Academy, Walther College, Wright's College, a school of fine arts, a dozen conservatories of music, an equal number of

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commercial colleges, several schools of expression, trade schools, etc.

Forest Park University is a large institution for young ladies, with both college and preparatory courses, with music, art, domestic science, etc. Mrs. Anna Sneed Cairns, its present executive head, has guided its destinies for many years.

An institution of great influence and popularity is Hosmer Hall. It was established in 1884 by Miss M. H. Mathews, and she remained at its head until her death about a year ago, when control was assumed by Miss Louise McNair, who has been associated with it for seventeen years. It has an enrollment of nearly 200 young ladies in its various courses, which include all college preparatory work and art, music and domestic science. Its certificate admits to the leading women's colleges and universities.

Mary Institute is a preparatory branch of Washington University. It was founded in 1859, and has been associated with the university continuously. It maintains primary, preparatory and academic departments, and its certificate admits to the university and other advanced schools. Edmund Hamilton Sears is principal.

Lenox Hall, founded by Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, the principal, is a select school for girls and young ladies, where home life is a distinctive feature. Its educational standards are high, and individual instruction is given special attention. High ideals and refining and Christian influences develop true womanhood as well as the social graces.

Bishop Robertson Hall is a school for girls under the auspices of the Episcopal Church, and conducted by the Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd. It enjoys a high reputation as an educational institution, and for the care given its students by the Sister Superior and her assistants.

Smith Academy is a preparatory school for Washington University, of which Frank Hansher is principal. Its work is of the highest character, and its certificate is accepted by the university and other like institutions. About 350 students are enrolled.

Another institution of special importance is Manual Training School, of which Wilhelm R. Vickroy is principal. It is under the direction of Calvin M. Woodward. It has served as a model for similar schools elsewhere. This school is a department of Washington University, and is organized for general education, combining manual training with mental training, its graduates being admitted to the university.

Here has been developed one of the leading art schools of America, the St. Louis School and Museum of Fine Arts, occupying a large structure at Nineteenth and Locust Streets, and the large and beautiful building in Forest Park, which was the well known Fine Arts Building of the World's Fair. In the latter is gathered a fine collection of paintings, water colors, etchings, statuary, etc., which attracts visitors from great distances. The courses of instruction of the school cover the entire field of art, and draw students from widely separated localities. It is a department of Washington University, and is under the direction of Halsey C. Ives, who was Director of the Department of Fine Arts of the World's Fair, ably assisted in its practical management by Mr. F. E. A. Curley.

Many high class conservatories are engaged in the work of developing the musical talent of a large number of young men and women who have come to St. Louis for that purpose.

The largest, oldest and best-equipped of these are the Beethoven Conservatory, directed by M. I. and A. I. Epstein, Southern-born gentlemen, assisted by a large corps of vocal and instrumental instructors; the Strassberger Conservatories, two in number, under the direction of Clemens Strassberger, with a large corps of instructors; the Weltner Conservatory, under the direction of Frank B. Weltner, covering a large range of instructions; the Kroeger School of Music, directed by Ernest R. Kroeger, and enjoying a high reputation for the character of its work; the Missouri Conservatory, directed by J. C. Eisenberg, and having a boarding de-

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partment for young ladies; Conrath's Conservatories, two in number, under the direction of Louis Conrath; the Becker Brothers' Conservatory, and Boeddecker Conservatory.

Institutions for professional education in St. Louis include the medical departments of Washington University, St. Louis University and the University of Missouri; Dental Department of Washington University, St. Louis Dental College and Barnes University, St. Louis College of Pharmacy, Benton College of Law, St. Louis Law School, Academy of Architecture and Industrial Science and several schools for the training of nurses, expression, physical culture, etc. There are also a number of trade schools teaching plumbing, telegraphy, etc. Nearly every line of educational effort, both mental and industrial, has one or more homes of instruction.

Near St. Louis are a number of institutions which, because of proximity and being connected with electric lines and thus enjoying easy access to the city's advantages, should properly be classed as St. Louis schools. One of these is Lindenwood College, the oldest Protestant school for girls in the Mississippi Valley. It is under Presbyterian auspices, and Dr. George Frederick Ayers is president. Founded in a log cabin in 1830, it has grown with the country as one of its natal institutions. It occupies a beautiful site in the edge of St. Charles, on the Missouri River, with a campus covered with giant linden trees, making it a delightful home school. It has both preparatory and college courses. Another institution of St. Charles is the St. Charles Military College, superintended by Col. George W. Bruce. This is a school of high character, splendidly located. At Kirkwood, another near suburb connected by electric lines, is the Kirkwood Military Academy, under the superintendence of Col. Edward A. Haight, a home and military school of good accomplishment.

ST. LOUIS

A CITY OF LAW ENFORCEMENT

By Colin M. Selph
President of St. Louis Democratic Club

ST. LOUIS is a city of law enforcement—not so much from enforced law, as from a ready acquiescence on the part of its citizenship to heartily, cordially and readily conform with the law.

Cold facts prove that by virtue of law enforcement, St. Louis is the best governed municipality in the United States. Not what it was, nor what it may be, but what it is, to-day, becomes the sole standard of its measurement.

Crime can be eradicated, and is, by the general action of the people in discouraging crime. No city in the nation has been more politically maligned than has St. Louis, and yet none other has enjoyed more prominence and distinction in the achievement of commercial and financial successes.

In St. Louis, law enforcement prevails and is potential, partly because of the fact that the press preaches law enforcement to the people,—compliance and co-operation, rather than goading the public official to enforce the law—and the people readily respond.

The governor of the state, Joseph Wingate Folk, rejuvenated and revitalized the enforcement of the sumptuary laws, and directed the Board of Police Commissioners, his appointees,

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to enforce these laws; but; had not the people readily complied, his effort would have been almost useless. As it is, St. Louisians have accepted with good grace the new order of things, and as a result, an open saloon on the Sabbath is impossible in our city.

The Mayor of the city, Rolla Wells, promised the people an era of good government—and with the aid of the people, the ordinances providing for the regulation of municipal affairs meet with ready compliance upon their part.

The circuit attorney, Arthur N. Sager, pledged himself to enforce the law as he found it—and has steadfastly, with the aid of the people, menaced grafters and corruptionists, so as to minimize that species of crime.

The chief of police, Col. Edmund P. Creecy, has thoroughly reorganized the Metropolitan Police Force, and has driven therefrom the drones and weaklings, and with the assistance of the people has eradicated "the political pull."

Civic associations in St. Louis—and there are forty-two organizations—meet often, and declare their wishes for the betterment of municipal affairs, and for the conservative, sane enforcement of the law. If a grade crossing is to be removed, the people do it—by their demand. If a street is to be built and paved, the people do it—by their petition. If "a disturbing element" exists, the people are the first to point out the law that will empower the official to take action. If new municipal buildings are to be erected, the people initiate the movement for the necessary legislation.

The "affiliated association" idea wherein the people meet and voice their demands, through constituent delegates, is purely a St. Louis idea. There has just been consummated a project through a movement which was born some three years ago, for the erection and maintenance of a Free Municipal Bridge, to be erected across the Mississippi River.

"The Joint Committee on Free Bridge Bond Issue," of which L. D. Kingsland, president of the St. Louis Manufacturers' Association, is chairman, undertook the work of educating and informing the people regarding this project, and obtaining the needful legislation.

A special election was called, and the "joint committee" directed the campaign successfully—and whenever there appeared an attempt at temporization of affairs on the part of the Municipal Assembly, the "joint committee" would *"go after"* the city fathers—the conclusion was success, and St. Louis is to have its municipal law enforced by the people.

As in all metropolitan centers, there exists an element of retrogressionists.

COLIN M. SELPH

St. Louis is not free from political Pharisees and Philistines, but the people—who after all are supreme when they centralize their power—are the true enforcers of law.

If St. Louis became notorious because of the boodle investigations, it was only because her people were the pioneers in cleansing the Augean stables of its municipality—it was something new in municipal affairs for the people to take it upon themselves to enforce the law; the officials who prosecuted the cases were only their designated agents, and would have been powerless to effect remedies had not the people co-operated. The moral wave of reform was initiated in St.

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Louis by the people, who urged on to action the peoples of other municipalities. St. Louis, true to its motto, "To the front," showed others the way, and from a cloud of darkened notoriety emerged as the brilliant pioneer of law enforcement by and for the people.

ST. LOUIS

THE GOLDEN GATE TO THE GREAT SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST, AND THE FUTURE METROPOLIS OF THE WORLD

By Leo A. Landau.
Chairman of Committee on Publicity, Million Population Club, St. Louis

THE growth of St. Louis in population and manufacturing, in the last twenty years, is a most remarkable example of a city's expansion and prosperity. The thinking mind may well predict that such continued prosperity and growth, together with the conditions which will naturally be brought about by the deep waterway from the Lakes to the Gulf, will make St. Louis an inland seaport, and one of the leading commercial cities of the world.

The Million Population Club, an organization founded at the close of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, which was held in St. Louis in 1904, comprises all the social, labor and improvement associations and clubs in the city. Its purposes are to make known to the world the advantages of the city of St. Louis, and to labor incessantly towards increasing its population to a million persons or more. The results of the self-sacrificing labors of the club's members and officers are illustrated far better by facts than by words and theories.

The following facts and figures, which have been compiled very recently, will no doubt be interesting to all:

In the important items and in the totals of its business for the first half and the first three-quarters of the year 1907, St. Louis shows once more that "business that pays grows."

Its total receipts and shipments of merchandise in six months ending July 1, 1907, reached 23,533,733 tons against 16,405,733 tons for the entire year 1890 and 25,143,330 tons for the entire year 1900.

The increase in the city's population for the first ten years of this period, 1890-1900, as shown by the United States Census, was 27.3 per cent.

The city covers 62.5 square miles of territory within its present limits, and the great amount of this territory left still unoccupied as a result of the rapid movement of the residence section westward to and beyond the city limits, gives a range of choice for manufacturing sites in St. Louis such as no other large city of the country can offer.

The great area of building stone, fire and other clays inside and adjacent to the limits of the city, and the water connection of the city with the principal sources of still unexhausted lumber supply give St. Louis a greater probability of continued cheapness for building material than can be expected in Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Boston or in the Atlantic states generally.

St. Louis bank clearings for six months of 1907, ending July 1, amounted to $1,596,543,853, an increase of $114,157,220 over the same period in 1906, and an increase of $230,000,000 over the total for the entire year 1897.

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In their statements of August 22, 1907, the banks and trust companies reporting through the St. Louis Clearing House Association, showed combined resources of $302,015,661.94. The total resources of all St. Louis banks and clearing houses were reported at the same time as $389,000,000.

The 30,000,000 people within a radius of 500 miles of St. Louis are chiefly buyers of manufactured goods and producers of food stuffs and raw materials most necessary for the support of successful manufactures. The trade territory of St. Louis is thus an ideal "home market" for manufactured goods, offering first, the largest local demand with the least local competition, and second, the largest supply of food stuffs and raw material.

Residence property in the city and its immediate suburbs, with all advantages of sewer connection, electric lighting, gas, water, schools and street car service is always available, not only in single lots, but in areas which allow development on the plan characteristic of St. Louis residence growth, that of the parked city place or the still more extensive residence parks of the suburbs.

ST. LOUIS

THE CENTRAL SHOE MARKET IN THE UNITED STATES

By I. H. Sawyer
Advertising Manager and Director, The Brown Shoe Company

WHILE the East was, of course, the original home of shoe manufacture, today St. Louis made shoes are sold in all the Eastern states, including Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, etc., but the territory which is nearest to her and which she enters with lower freight rates than her competitors, and the territory in which she can easily undersell, is the great South and Southwest.

Shipments of shoes from St. Louis this year will amount to over sixty million dollars. This is a larger amount of shoes than is distributed to the retail trade from any other city in the United States and it is predicted that at a future day—not far distant—St. Louis will furnish at least one pair of shoes per year to every man, woman and child in the United States. It will be seen that this market alone sells over one-sixth of all the shoes sold in this country. The immense business has grown from a small beginning.

There are in the city at the present time, fourteen shoe manufacturing firms who operate between thirty-five and forty big modern factories, em-

I. H. SAWYER

ploying about twenty thousand operatives, paying out in wages over five million dollars per year. All the shoe operatives, shoe salesmen and wholesale employees, together with their

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families and those dependent upon them, would make a city of over seventy thousand population.

The basis of all commercial success is the stock of goods carried. Several St. Louis shoe houses carry a stock of manufactured goods to the amount of one million, five hundred thousand dollars each, and the value of the total amount of shoe stocks in St. Louis ready at once for shipment will amount to six to eight million dollars.

The leading feature with St. Louis shoe manufacturers has been quality. They have made honest, serviceable shoes which they have sold under their own name and trade-mark guarantees, until the value of St. Louis trade-marks on shoes runs into millions of dollars. There are about seven hundred traveling salesmen who cover the entire United States or an average of fifteen salesmen for every state.

Shoe manufacturing in St. Louis has been very free from strike and labor troubles up to September 18, 1907, when a strike of the members of the Independent Shoe Workers' Union took place.

The factories are now operating on the open shop plan, with all the help they require, and it is hoped and anticipated that the St. Louis shoe industry will be free from labor troubles in the future as it has been in the past.

BUSINESS NOTICES

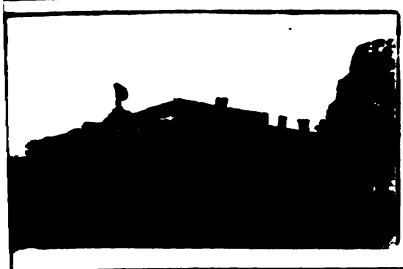
A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY

Kindly publish the following statement again, as since making my big hit in a Mexican gold mine, I cannot answer the letters I receive. I believe any man or woman can make big money by buying stock in any of the rich operating mines, because Mexico has the richest mines in the world, and Mexican laws will not permit fraudulent mining schemes.

Be sure to invest in a mine that is being actively operated, and whose officers are men of integrity and honesty; a few dollars invested with such a company now may bring you thousands in a year. The Pittsburg Oaxaca Mining Co., Block 1187, Pittsburg, Pa., is absolutely reliable, and by their assistance I made over $20,000 in less than a year, having only a few dollars to begin with. A friend of mine, from a $10 investment, is now getting a dividend of $5 a month. You do not have to go to Mexico. Write to the above address, and you can rely implicitly on the information you receive.

J. MARSTON.

The Peck-Williamson Company, 366 W. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, ask for an opportunity to prove to you that their Underfeed Furnace saves one-half to two-thirds on coal bills.



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cured in ten days by our painless method. Unconditional guarantee given to cure or no charge. Money can be placed in bank and payment made after a cure is realized. 85 rooms equipped as first-class hotel. Patients who cannot visit sanitarium can be cured at home. References: Any county or city official, any bank or citizen of Lebanod. Large booklet sent free. Address

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JEFFERSON'S ADMINISTRATION

An extract from our

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE WHITE HOUSE

The little people of Thomas Jefferson's family, Lucy, Martha and Mary, had almost the same surroundings as the Custis children. Their father's estate, "Monticello" (Little Mountain), was a domain of several thousand acres, and their mother, like Mrs. Washington, was a woman of considerable fortune. They were of the aristocracy of Virginia; their home was stately; they were accustomed to slaves, and to the generous hospitality offered and accepted by the Southern planters of those days.

These three children were left to their father's care when they were very small, their mother having lived but ten years after her marriage; but no man was better fitted by nature to rear a family of children without the mother's help than Thomas Jefferson. Martha, or "Patsy," as she was lovingly called, was her father's companion, and in later years, his counsellor. While in Philadelphia, we find her, like a great many grown people of those days, haunted with the superstitions of the time, and writing to her father her fears that the end of the world might be near. He replies:

"I hope you will have good sense enough to disregard those foolish predictions, that the world is to to be an end soon. The Almighty has never made known to anybody at what time he created it, nor will he tell anybody when he will put an end to it, if he ever means to do it."

MRS. THOMAS JEFFERSON

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Third President, 1801-1809. Democratic-Republican. Born 1743 at Shadwell, Albemarle County, Virginia. Died 1826 at Monticello, Virginia. Buried at Monticello. Vice President (first term), Aaron Burr. Vice President (second term), George Clinton. War with Tripoli. The Louisiana Purchase. The Embargo. First steamboat by Robert Fulton.

In 1801 Mr. Jefferson was declared elected President, and he then moved into the barren, draughty, barn-like White House at Washington, in whose unfinished rooms Mrs. Abigail Adams had spent the previous winter, subject to various hardships.

His election was celebrated in a unique way by his faithful New England friends. Elder Leland of Chester proposed to his flock that they should celebrate the victory by making for the new President the biggest cheese the world had ever seen.

Every man and woman who owned a cow was to give to this cheese all the milk yielded on a certain day, only no Federal cow must contribute a drop. A huge cider press was fitted up to make it in, and on the appointed day the whole country turned out with pails and tubs of curd—the girls and women in their best gowns and ribbons, and the men in their sunday coats and clean shirt collars. The cheese was put to press with prayer and hymn singing and great solemnity.

When it was dried, it weighed 1600 pounds. It was placed on the sleigh and Elder Leland drove with it all the way to Washington. It was a journey of three weeks. All the country had heard of the big cheese and came out to look at it as the Elder drove along. * * *

Dealers will furnish a sample volume FREE with each pair of White House Shoes for Men or Women

These books tell the story of the most famous residence in the United States. The home of its Chief Executive for over a century; the scene of the greatest entertainments and functions of our social and official life, fully illustrated with rare prints, portraits, paintings, etc. The scene of the successes of our most beautiful and brilliant women, showing portraits of same, especially featuring their personal characteristics. Containing many beautiful traditions not generally known to the public. A work that has never before been compiled, including pictures of all the Presidents, mentioning the leading events of each Administration from Washington's to Roosevelt's, and of interest to the entire population of the country.

The Brown Shoe Co.
ST. LOUIS. U. S. A.

Makers of
White House Shoes FOR MEN FOR WOMEN
Buster Brown Blue Ribbon **Shoes** For Boys For Girls

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"So it's true," he said at last, but his voice sounded strange and harsh

The Night Riders. (Page 545)

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THE TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE

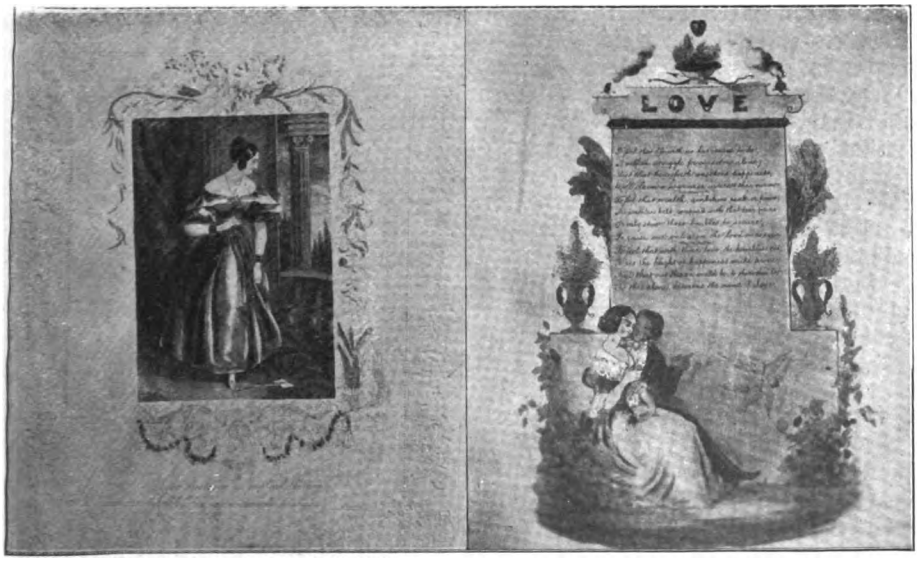
VOL. VI FEBRUARY, 1908 NO. 5

THE VALENTINES OF OUR GRANDMOTHERS

By Waldon Fawcett

IT is customary to think of the present age as quite superior in both luxuries and necessities to anything produced in a prior period; but in one sphere, at least, it is a question whether the progress that has been made should really be considered an advance. The realm in question is that of the valentine—comic and sentimental. Of late years, the more or less commonplace picture post card has well-nigh supplanted the lace-paper creations that were the joy of the young people of a generation ago; and to go still farther back, we find that in the days of our grandmothers there was in circulation as the currency of Cupid, a wealth of flowery tokens, which in sentiment, if not in artistic embellishment, far surpassed anything known to twentieth century youth.

Unfortunately, comparatively few present-day folk have an opportunity to compare valentines of the vintage of 1908 with the love tokens of our



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MISSIVES WHICH SET OUR GRANDMOTHERS' HEARTS A-FLUTTER.

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ancestors, for, oddly enough, almost none of these old-time missives have been preserved. The Library of Congress, at Washington, our great mu-

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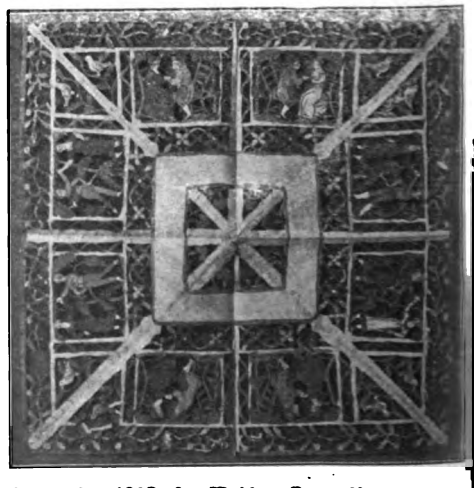
COMIC VALENTINE OF A CENTURY AGO

seums and other similar treasure-houses possess not so much as a single specimen of these interesting trophies, and so far as known, there is in the world but one collection of old valentines worthy of the name. This unique art gallery is in the possession of Mr. Frank H. Baer, a well-known Ohio man, who, after embracing the civilized world in his quest, has gathered together more than two thousand different specimens of early valentines.

An inspection of this collection of valentines of ye olden time discloses the fact that in the era of our grandparents there was extensive resort to the use of an adjunct to the happy festival quite obsolete to-day. This was the "Valentine Writer," a book of verses, adapted to the use of persons who desired to prepare home-made valentines of any description. Now the home-made valentines formed a very large proportion of the missives dispatched each fateful fourteenth of February a century or more ago, and so it was but natural that the volume of ready-prepared comic or sentimental verses was well-nigh indispensable to any person who was impelled, by romance or revenge, to put in circulation these anonymous remembrances.

Prior to 1830, these aids to devotees of St. Valentine were issued in almost as great variety as were almanacs. Something of their character and contents may be surmised from the titles, which included: "The Annual and Universal Valentine Writer," "Everybody's Valentine," "Hymen's Rhapsodies for Gentlemen Who Wish to Address Ladies in Sonnets," "The Quizzical or Satirical Valentine Writer," "Cupid's Festival," "Cupid's Budget," "Cupid's Cabinet and Court of Love," "Polite Valentine Writer," "Rhapsodies and Pastimes," "Select Verses for the Belles and Bucks Who Throng to Hymen's Court," and, finally, "Hymen's Revenge Against Old Maids, Old Bachelors and Impertinent Coxcombs, or a New Valentine Writer for the Present Year," which latter work is further described as "A choice collection of valentines, humorous and satirical, chiefly original, and written expressly for this work."

The manufactured valentine did not make its appearance until the year 1800, but there had been in circulation for many years prior to that date cut paper valentines that were quite as



Copyright, 1907, by Waldon Fawcett
ONE OF THE OLDEST VALENTINES IN EXISTENCE

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THE SAILOR'S RETURN CUPID DISARMED

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artistic and fully as remarkable examples of handicraft as any of the imitation lace effects evolved later. Most of the ancient cut paper valentines were of about the size of a lady's pocket handkerchief, and were delicately cut with saw-tooth edges and then folded in an intricate manner. In many instances, as the valentine was opened, the unfolding of each leaf or section disclosed a poem or felicitous sentiment. The following are representative specimens of the sentimental verses nestling among the folds of one of the oldest of this class of valentines:

When you hear this harte behold,
'Twill break as you these lines unfold.

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OF THE PERIOD OF 1830

The power of envy can not pretend
To say I have fals verses pend.

For in the inside, Sweet Turtle Dove,
I've wrote the morrals of my love.

Thou are the maid and only maid
That has my honest harte trapad.

Not a few of the old-time home-made valentines were embellished with more or less crude paintings in colors. One particularly elaborate valentine in the collection above mentioned is adorned with a view of the exterior of a church, with conspicuous spire, painted on a flap of cardboard which when raised disclosed a representation of the interior of the edifice with the proverbial happy

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couple at the altar rail. A further explanation of the sentiment meant to be conveyed are the lines:

Let Hymen's bands the happy knot entwine
And I will prove a faithful valentine.

Strangely enough, many of the earliest manufactured valentines were far more pretentious in every respect than the more recent products. For instance, there were in vogue a century ago valentines in the form of brilliantly-tinted posies, each flower being so slit into lattice-like meshes that when an attached thread was pulled the petals unfolded, each in succession disclosing to view some sentiment or the portrayal of a scene calculated to have amorous significance.

Prominent, also, among the early valentines was a class of ingenious conceits known as transformation pictures. A favorite subject for use by the fair sex was that wherein a lone bachelor was depicted sitting in gloomy solitude, presumably bemoaning his fate. The pulling of an attached string revealed a glimpse of the happiness and contentment that might be his in a home presided over by a devoted wife. The same scheme for "surprise valentines" was utilized in the early days in the case of comic subjects, and the head of a fashionably gowned woman might conceal the figure of a parrot.

In the days of long ago the various classes of tradesmen had valentines provided for their especial use. For instance, there follows a reproduction of the verses appearing on a valentine sent by a grocer to his lady-love:

Your breath is all-spice, I declare,
And you're so neat and handy,
That you're as sweet, I think, my fair,
As plums and sugar candy.

Be favourable, I emplore,
These verses kindly weigh
And if you will my heart restore,
I'll treat you to some tea.

That the members of the fair sex took full advantage of the privileges of the Feast of Love, would seem to be indicated by the following valentine dated February, 1846:

My much respected sir—I came very near forgetting that this was a very important day, but I shall never forget the first time I saw you. Your music inspired my heart with rapture, and your tones of affection went to the very inmost nerves of my soul. Now, I hope you will excuse the boldness with which I now address you, and let the warmth of my feelings be a sufficient apology.

Now is the time to choose your mate,
The day will be past and it will be too late;
And pray beware of flirting for this is love's
own day.

I am with great affection your sweet, beloved, precious

SALLIE CRUIKSHANKS.

Unfortunately, the sequel to this daring and naïve declaration is lacking.

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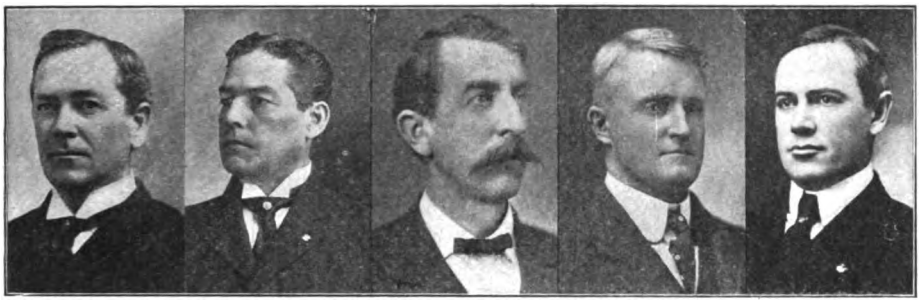

From left to right—Hon. Chas. N. Haskell, Governor of the new state; Col. Robt. L. Owen, United States Senator; Hon. William H. Murray, President of Oklahoma Constitutional Convention; Hon. Robt. L. Williams, one of the most important members of the Convention and Supreme Judge; Hon. Frank Frantz, Territorial Governor.

THE NEWEST AMERICAN STATE

By Baxter Taylor

ON Saturday, November 16, 1907, the forty-sixth state was admitted to the Union. And when, in obedience to the mandates of the law, the President issued his statehood proclamation, the last of the Louisiana Purchase was joined to the sisterhood of American states. Thus, after more than two generations the wisdom of Thomas Jefferson still bears fruit.

Oklahoma is the first state that at the time of its admission to the Union possessed a population of more than four hundred thousand, and too, in the making of which two territories were joined together.

Having an area of seventy thousand square miles, a population of more than one million four hundred thousand, and taxable property amounting to seven hundred million dollars, Oklahoma enters the Union the twenty-fourth state in point of wealth, and the sixteenth in the size of her territorial domain. She is just as intelligent as the great state of New York, her illiteracy being five and one-half per cent.

MRS. LEO E. BENNETT

Formerly Miss Nevermore Trainor, the highest type of cultured Indian womanhood. Mrs. Bennett enacted the part of the bride in the symbolical wedding of Indian and Paleface at the inauguration ceremonies.

In the Jacksonian era, during the thirties, this vast territory came into the possession of the Indians by virtue of treaties between them and the United States government. Subsequently the red men occupied the eastern half, until recently the Indian Territory. Down to the year 1906 these people maintained their tribal governments. In consequence, the Indian Territory comprised several petty nations, chief of which were the Choctaw, Chicka-

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GERONIMO
The famous Apache war chief

saw, Cherokee, Seminole and the Creek. When these tribal relations were dissolved, the Indians were declared citizens of the United States. They were no longer wards. But in a sense they are still wards. Their property rights are under restrictions, and the Indian can no more sell his land than can an Irish tenant in Ireland. He can dispose of it by sale in special cases only by consent of the Interior Department at Washington! Hence, to-day, we have the anomalous condition within our country of citizens of the United States not only clothed in their right minds, but many of them of superior intelligence, to whom is denied the sacred right of controlling their own personal affairs! The object of this most absurd law was, of course, to protect Poor Lo against the wiles of the unscrupulous land grafters—the hypothesis being that Lo hadn't intelligence enough to manage his own affairs. Yet he was at the same time deemed sufficiently intelligent to have extended to him the right of suffrage, giving him a voice in the affairs of government! But the extreme absurdity of the thing is rendered more glaring when we instance such men as Colonel Robt. L. Owen, one of the United States Senators from the new state, and one of the most accomplished and scholarly of men, who, being of Indian blood, is not permitted to sell so much of his land as to make even a potato patch.

Government restrictions have been removed, however, from town sites as well as a small per cent of farming lands, making such property alienable.

Colonel Owen's slogan in the recent campaign was "the restrictions must be removed." And this voices a well-nigh universal sentiment. This accomplished, as surely it will be in the near future (we hope during the coming session of Congress), hundreds of thousands of acres of as fertile lands as can be found on the continent will be purchasable and will be open for settlement and for homes.

The Territory of Oklahoma was or-

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A KIOWA BELLE
In buckskin costume, trimmed with elks' teeth, valued at $1,500.

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ganized in 1891. Its growth and development have been the wonder of this progressive age. No fiction can be more strange, no fancy more extravagant than the story of its building. The wand of magic seems to have touched the vast plains, and cities sprang forth as in a night. Industry wrought its miracles and lo! the uninhabited prairies of yesterday now teem with modern homes and blossom with a thousand fertile fields.

Oklahoma City, the first town of the new state, exemplifies the pluck, industry, intelligence and courage of this most modern American community.

Where nineteen years ago was an uninhabited prairie, to-day are paved streets and railways and marble business blocks and princely homes and schools and colleges and churches,—a great, white, young city of over forty thousand souls. It is the most remarkable city in the whole world for its age. And what is true of Oklahoma City with respect to growth, can be said of dozens of towns of more or less importance throughout the new state. The twin territories are peopled with town builders. Nature has done her part; these people are making the most of these superior natural advantages. Every town of any consequence has a wideawake and energetic Board of Trade or commercial club. When a good thing is to be had, through these organizations, they simply "go in after it," as the modern phrase has it. No expense is spared, no effort withheld. It is this spirit of enterprise that pervades the whole new state. It explains past achievements; it is the voice of prophecy of Oklahoma's future glory.

GOTEBO

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KIOWA CHIEF, GOTEBO

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SQUAW AND PAPOOSE

The first positive and definite step taken to obtain statehood was in 1905. The promoters of this movement advocated the single admission of the Indian Territory. A constitution was formed by duly chosen delegates, and was adopted by popular vote. This proposed state was called Sequoyah. But the Congress of the United States took no action on the matter and the movement failed. Not very long after

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this, however, as a result of persistent agitation, an act was passed in the spring of 1906, enabling the twin territories to form a constitution and come into the Union as one state.

Pursuant to the enabling act, the delegatorial election was held in November of last fall. As a result, one hundred and twelve delegates were chosen to frame the constitution. In political complexion, there were ninety-nine Democrats, twelve Republicans and one independent.

To gain a definite idea of the popular will, as to what the proposed fundamental law should contain, it should be observed here that the Democrats made certain specific promises. In brief, they told the voters just what they would insert in the constitution if intrusted with the writing of it. Hence, we may conclude that the new constitution is an expression of the sovereign will of the people.

Much criticised by some, the constitution of Oklahoma is nevertheless a true expression of the best there is of modern thought along civic lines. Profiting by the experiences of every other state, having their laws and their constitutions by which to be guided, the framers sought to apply to our needs such of these constitutional restraints and rules of conduct as had proved beneficial elsewhere. They have endeavored to so construct an organic law that absolute justice may be guaranteed to every individual of whatever rank or station. However, it restrains no honest hand, hampers no legitimate industry. It is simply an anti-monopoly constitution as nearly perfect as its framers could make it, and written in the interests of the common people. It will prove the model constitution. The important provisions of the Oklahoma constitution are these:

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CHIEF QUANAH PARKER'S HOME
The stars represent peace

The Initiative and Referendum, which is substantially the same as the Oregon law.

Taxes not to exceed thirty-one and one-half mills on the dollar.

A mandatory primary election law, for the nomination of all candidates from United States Senators down.

School taxes, seventeen mills on the dollar.

Compulsory education.

All property assessed at its actual cash value.

The right of women to vote on school matters.

Separate schools for whites and blacks.

The abrogation of the Fellow Servant law, as to employees of railroads and mines.

Any person charged with being in contempt shall be tried by jury, except where the offence committed was in the presence or hearing of the court.

Eight hours as a legal day.

The contracting of convict labor prohibited.

Prohibition of child labor in mines and other places injurious to health.

The right of action for personal injury shall never be abrogated and the amount recoverable shall not be subject to any statutory limitation.

No alien or person not a citizen of the United States shall own land in the state, present ownership excepted.

Homestead to consist of one hundred and sixty acres.

A corporation commission, taken largely from the constitutions and laws of the states of Texas and Virginia.

All rolling stock of transportation companies considered personal property.

The commission has full visitorial and inquisitorial powers.

Free passes forbidden, ex-

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cept to employees and their families, officers of the road, ministers and charitable workers.

Consolidation of parallel railway lines prohibited.

Franchises within municipal corporations granted only by a popular vote.

Two-cent fare, except where it is shown that the passenger earnings are not a just compensation for services rendered.

The prohibition of any corporation to own, hold or control the stock of any competitive corporation, engaged in the same kind of business, except such stock as may be pledged in good faith to secure bona fide indebtedness acquired upon foreclosure, sale or otherwise for satisfaction of debt.

No foreign corporation shall be authorized to carry on business from which a domestic corporation is prohibited.

The right of the state to engage in any occupation or business for public purpose shall not be denied.

In civil cases, and in criminal cases less than felonies, three-fourths of the jury has power to render a verdict.

The forbidding of railway companies from owning any productive agency of a natural commodity.

Fixing the legal rate of interest at six per cent and contract rate at ten per cent.

Constitution amendable by a majority vote of the people.

Besides the above provisions a prohibition clause was submitted separately in the form of an amendment. It carried by a large majority. Every county save two in the new state voted "dry."

The constitution and candidates for county, state and congressional offices were voted on September 17. The election marked the close of a campaign that was dramatic in its intensity. It was of national interest. Oklahoma became the Yalu Valley of the two great parties. For be it remembered that Oklahoma will have seven electoral votes in the next presidential election. It was a prize worth the contest. Secretary Taft came and thundered powerfully against the proposed organic law. His attack was strong. It was confidently expected that Rome would howl but it did not.

Swift on the trail of the war secretary came Bryan. If there is one place where the great commoner is more loved than another it is in the new state of Oklahoma. In a speech of over two hours, in the same hall, from the same rostrum he replied to Judge Taft. He spoke like a cyclone, for Bryan was terribly in earnest. Aside from the members of the constitutional convention, Bryan had more to do with the making of that basic law than any other man. He advised with the leaders, made suggestions, and the Oklahoma Constitution is in accord with the Bryan idea. When the votes were counted the result was one hundred and six thousand majority in favor of its adoption. Hon. Chas. N. Haskell, Democratic candidate for governor, and the entire Democratic ticket were elected by a handsome majority.

Five congressmen were elected, one of whom is a Republican.

Haskell is an Ohioan. He came to Indian Territory six years ago. He is a lawyer, financier, politician and an honest man all combined. On the same ticket with Mr. Haskell were men from almost every state from Massachusetts to Texas. The two Senators from Oklahoma are Robert L. Owen and Thomas P. Gore. Owen is a thirty-second part Cherokee, fathered by a Virginian. Gore is a native of Mississippi, and is the first blind man ever sent to the United states Senate.

With a school fund amounting approximately to $35,000,000, Oklahoma will at once take an advanced position as an educational state. She has five million in cash with which to begin. The necessity of education will be emphasized. It is destined, and in a brief while, too, to become a state of schools. Already almost every town has its high school; colleges are springing up in the more populous sections, and the State University at Norman is a thriving institution, with a student body of eight hundred. The

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two state normal schools have two thousand five hundred students. The natural resources of Oklahoma are, perhaps, more varied than those of any other state west of the Mississippi. It is already the sixth in the production of cotton. In the production of wheat and corn it grows as much per acre as Kansas. The peach flourishes there and it will soon outrival Georgia. The Choctaw country is the natural fruit belt, as well as the most heavily timbered. It is also a melon growing country. The oil wells of the Indian Territory section are among the most productive in the entire country. A pipe line now extends from Tulsa to the Gulf—a distance of six hundred miles. The southern part is the coal region and also produces asphalt, gypsum and granite. The coal interests are vast and the industry is not much more than in its infancy. There are 1,445,000 acres of segregated coal lands belonging collectively to the Indians. This property will probably be bought by the state and devoted to school purposes, while the purchase money for the same will be divided equally between all persons of Indian blood.

Our agricultural productions amounted to $120,000,000 last year, and minerals and oils in the aggregate exceeded $25,000,000. These figures convey some idea of the tremendous natural wealth of this new land. And when we consider that out of a possible eighty-five per cent of tillable land on the Indian Territory side, not more than fifteen per cent is under cultivation; that there are thousands of acres in the Big Pasture on the Oklahoma side yet to be tilled; that the coal and oil fields are not much more than touched—when we consider these facts we may look to the future and exclaim with Sheba's queen, "The half has not been told!"

Social conditions of the new state are among the many startling surprises to the new comer. He who comes from the cultured circles of the South, or the scholarly atmosphere of the North, lifts up his eyes in wonderment to find a country teeming with an educated and cultured citizenship. We have some of the best that there is in the North and in the South —also a little of the mean. You look for the Indian in the Indian Territory with his blanket and feathers; you find an educated gentleman from the Eastern college and university, with the mien and bearing of a Southern aristocrat and the shrewdness of the Northern Yankee. Instead of a squaw as pictured in the books your Minnehaha is a human butterfly, with eyes like jet and hair the hue of the raven; she sings like the oriole of her native woods. She is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, and she and each of her sisters has a great big farm.

We have the Southern sun and the Northern wind; the dew freshens the hills as in East Tennessee, while the moon beams on spreading field the same as up in old Kentucky. But of "moonshine" and "mountain dew" we have neither. It is the sought-for El Dorado, for, verily, it is the land of youth—it is pre-eminently the young man's country. It is the land of hope, because there is more to expect, to hope for, here than in any other place in Uncle Sam's realm. We who have come here to work out our destiny believe our lines are cast in pleasant places. Below us is rich earth, above us heavens that give forth plenteous blessings of rain and shine. We are all proud of our adopted state; and we believe the forty-sixth in the shining constellation is the fairest star.

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LITTLE CITIZENS OF THE SOUTH

ELISE MOORE
Nashville

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WALDO E. MCINTOSH
Checotah, Oklahoma

Digitized by Google

Photo by Turner, Nashville

CLAIRE MILLER
Guthrie, Kentucky

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LAURA WINSTEAD
Houston, Texas

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HISTORIC HIGHWAYS OF THE SOUTH

By John Trotwood Moore

THE BATTLE OF STONE RIVER

Photographs by the Author

IN the group of us who visited Stone River battlefield as the guests of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway, Thanksgiving week, 1907, was General Tully Brown, a scholarly lawyer of Tennessee, and the present head of the state troops. In a general conversation in the dining room of our car, he stated, in a flow of reminiscences, which went from one old soldier to another around the table, the following, which I think of great historic value in throwing sidelight on history—the little truths greater than history itself. A discussion of the characters of General Grant and Jefferson Davis was up, and General Brown said, among other things (the matter being brought up in discussing Mr. Davis' favoritism for General Bragg), that he was told by an ex-governor of Tennessee, that the late Senator Isham G. Harris told him that after the failure of Bragg's army, he (Senator Harris) was one of a committee of prominent Southerners who waited on President Davis and urged him to send General Stonewall Jackson to the Western army, believing that he alone, of all men, was qualified to take it and retrieve the blunders made from Donelson on. To their surprise Mr. Davis objected and told them that he would not do it, *that General Jackson was not fit to command an army*. Further on General Brown stated that after the war when Mr. Davis was asked on one occasion who he thought was his all-round best general, he promptly responded *Bragg*.

THE PIKE NEAR MURFREESBORO

This will throw light on Stone River, Chickamauga and Chattanooga.

The conversation drifted on. Captain Sheafe, of Murfreesboro, a Union veteran, stated, when asked his opinion of General Grant from personal contact with him in the war: "I never thought he was fit for anything but to fight."

There were other Forrest veterans present besides General Tully Brown, among them Captain John W. Morton and Major Chas. W. Anderson, chief of Forrest's staff, and perhaps the highest living authority on the sayings and doings of his beloved Wiz-

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ard of the Saddle. The major told a new war yarn of a Forrest raid that is too rich to be lost. I took it down as he told it:

A GROUP OF OLD CONFEDERATES ON THE BATTLEFIELD

"On the day of this fight here," said Major Anderson, "Forrest was fighting the battle of Parker's Cross Roads. So we were not here. But it was at Kenton Station, Tennessee, that I got the finest saddle that I ever saw. It was a beauty, and I used it during the rest of the war. I had forgotten about the saddle till the other day I was thinking of our raid into Middle Tennessee, and recalled that as we rode through Spring Hill, some ladies I knew were at the gate to see us go by. Forrest was ahead, riding such a common old saddle that one of the ladies said:

"Major, why do you ride a saddle so much finer than the general?"

I had to laugh and tell them. We had captured Humboldt, and just out of Kenton Station we met a little boy in the road. "Sonny, any Yankees in there?" asked Forrest.

"Yes, sir—lots of 'em."

"How many?"

"Oh, a hundred or two."

Forrest turned to me: "Major, take the first company that comes up and go in there on 'em, like hell beatin' tan-bark."

The first that came up were about thirty men of the 4th Alabama, and we charged it like yelling Yahoes and captured the colonel of the 122nd Illinois, his staff and seventy men. They were fine, gentlemanly fellows, and while I was paroling them, I spied under a cot in the colonel's tent a beautiful saddle:

"Colonel," I said, "I hate to take this from you, but really I am almost bareback."

"That," said he, "belongs to my chaplain, Reverend J. J. Carmichael, of Springfield, Illinois," and he turned and introduced me to the owner, a nice preacher fellow standing by.

MONUMENT ERECTED BY MAJOR J. W. THOMAS ON THE SPOT WHERE GENERAL CRITTENDEN MASSED FIFTY-EIGHT GUNS AND TURNED THE TIDE OF BATTLE

"Well, Parson," I said, "that settles it. I will not take anything from a preacher without his consent. But how in the world did you get such a fine saddle?"

"That saddle," he replied, "is a gift from my congregation. You see, nearly all these men were members of my church at Springfield, and when I found they were all going to war, I determined to go with them, and look after them. My flock gave me this sad-

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dle." It made me mad to think of a preacher leading his flock into our country to kill our people, and I said:

"Now look here, Parson, I never will take anything from a preacher or a child, but I need a saddle myself, bad, and by the laws of war this one is mine; but if I prove to you by the Bible, by the example of Christ himself, that I ought to have that saddle, will you turn it over and not think hard of me?"

"Most assuredly, sir," he said. "I don't want any better authority than that."

"Well, now," I said, "you are trying to follow the steps of the Savior, you believe in imitating his example, don't you?"

"Most assuredly."

"Well, Parson, in our old family Bible at home, on the front page is the picture of the Savior taking the only ride he ever took in his life; and he is riding an ass without saddle or martingales, and if you believe in following his example you have got no business in the world with this saddle."

He took it all right, and turned the saddle over to me and gave me a cordial invitation to visit him if I ever came to Illinois.

A battlefield is a big thing. The little map in the school book looks all right and so pretty and compact and so very plain that you almost feel that you could give the generals in command a few pointers yourself. Why, couldn't they see how easy it was? Just look—only from *this* little point to *that* little point! Too bad that he didn't see it! The trouble lies in the scale, and therein lies your vision. But go to the battlefield, as I went to Stone River a few weeks ago, and ride over it. Then you will see that a battlefield is a big thing; that two miles of mother earth, of dense cedar thickets, fences, creeks and marshes intervene between the critical points, and the human eye cannot carry that far, nor the human voice—only the minie and the cannon ball, and they go knowing not where they will land.

But now and then even a cannon ball goes with fatalistic unerringness over a mile of space, as this story will show:

In the middle of the battlefield, Colonel B. L. Ridley, of Murfreesboro, our most efficient guide, pointed to a little knoll toward the east where Stewart's fighters stood.

"Do you see that marker way across yonder?" he said, pointing to a headboard far down the Nashville pike near the spot now inclosed as a National cemetery. "That is the headboard which marks the spot where Colonel Gareshé, General Rosecrans' chief of staff, had his head taken off by a solid shot, as he rode rapidly down the pike with his commanding general. He was so close to Rosecrans that his life blood bespattered the general, making the soldiers think Rosecrans also was wounded. A few years ago General Stewart, standing here, showed me where Semple's battery stood that fired the shot, a mile or more away, at the two figures riding along the pike. He told me that it was Semple's battery that did it, and that a few years ago, in New Orleans, he met, at a reception, two Catholic priests, one named Gareshé, who told him he had a brother killed at Murfreesboro. A few moments afterwards he met another named Semple, who said his father commanded Semple's battery. They were brother priests, and they did not know that the father of one had killed the brother of the other. Such is war."

General Thomas L. Crittenden, U.S.A., commander of the left wing of Rosecrans' army—and if Thomas is to be called the Rock of Chickamauga, Crittenden might be called the Bluff of Stone River. For it was he alone of all Rosecrans' army, who stood his ground unmoved on the river bluff on December 31st and on January 2nd, in the second day's fight it was his division that corralled the fifty-eight murderous guns on the same bluff, and almost annihilated Breckenridge's brave troops. Crittenden, speaking of the Gareshé incident, in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," says of Rosecrans:

"When I met him on the field on the 31st . . . I saw the stream of

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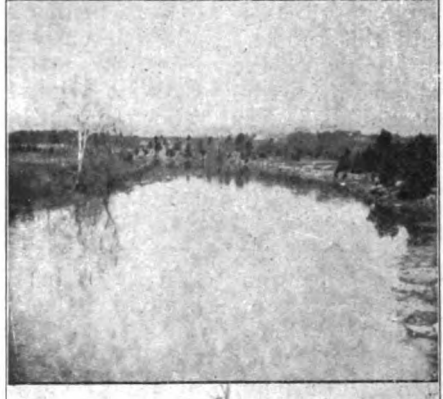
blood on his breast and exclaimed, 'Are you wounded, General?' 'Oh, no,' he said, 'that is the blood of poor Gareshé, who has just been killed.'"

Rutherford County, of which the thriving and cultivated town of Murfreesboro is the capital, is one of those dozen or so choice blue grass counties in Middle Tennessee, known as the Middle Basin. West of the little city and across is Stone River, a good, big, lime-bouldered creek, and running along it the tracks of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway. Of this railroad, which cut such an important part in the battle, authorities agree that it is the best-managed railroad in the Southern country, and certainly I never saw a road where the people along it have more respect for its officers, including admiration amounting to devotion for the memory of its late lamented president, Major J. W. Thomas. It was through the courtesy of Major E. C. Lewis, that our party was taken over the field. There is no road in the South that has taken so much interest in preserving the historic places along its route, or that has gathered in permanent form so many historic relics as this road. In our party were several distinguished veterans of the battle, one, Colonel W. D. Pickett, of Lexington, Kentucky, builder of the Memphis and Ohio Railroad, now past three score and ten, who had not seen the field since he fought there under Breckenridge nearly forty-five years ago. Imagine the memories that swept over a man, standing on that spot of life and death, nearly a half century afterwards. What a stride forward our reunited country has taken since then!



(1) RAILROAD BRIDGE ABOVE MURFREESBORO
(2) PART OF BATTLEFIELD AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY
(3) THE FORD AT STONE RIVER
(4) GRESHAM HOUSE WHERE GENERAL SILL WAS LAID OUT

Think of the gap that lies between slavery and wireless telegraphy!

It was also our good fortune to have with us Captain C. A. Sheafe, a Union veteran, of the staff of General Van Cleve, who settled in Murfreesboro after the war, and is universally esteemed. His recollections we found most accurate and interesting. And speaking of these fifty-eight guns massed on the river bluffs, and which on Janu-

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ary 2nd so completely stopped Breckenridge's advance, Captain Sheafe showed us where, near an old log house still standing across the river on the Matthies farm, the attack of Breckenridge came sweeping all before him. He was standing near the commanding general when they told him the attack was on that flank, "and without a word of explanation," said Captain Sheafe, "Rosecrans mounted his horse and galloped furiously across the river. Our troops were also swarming across, followed by the charging Confederates. Almost before I was across I was in danger of being captured, but following the river, I finally floundered across with the Confederates at my heels. Riding down the bluff, I soon saw the object of the general's hasty action. He had collected on the bluff fifty-eight guns, a terrible array of artillery. Our retreating troops poured across the river and lay like locusts around the guns. The unsuspecting Confederates, flushed with victory, came over that slope of hill yonder. Here, you notice they plunged down a natural hollow, and then everything opened on them. They rushed into the hollow plain for security, but it being below the bluffs, and a dead exposure, it enabled nearly every shot to take effect. Our combined guns fired one hundred times to the minute. It was a slaughter that would have stopped any army of men in the world."

We were standing then at that hollow across the creek. It was farther up the hill slope where Colonel Pickett pointed out to us that he remembered distinctly as they charged by, seeing General Breckenridge, dismounted from his horse, and standing over a wounded officer lying on the ground. It was the gallant Hanson, of Kentucky, who was killed in the charge.

And now as to the battle in brief:

Imagine an almost level, highly cultivated country split by three pikes running through it to the city on the little river. One of these, the Nashville pike, runs with the railroad, then crosses it and runs along on the other side. At that crossing place, with the sunken bed of the railroad for a trench, Rosecrans' veterans, corralled and cornered, kept Bragg from finishing the victory he had won on the last day of December, 1862.

But something was always keeping Bragg from completing his victory, and the bed of a railroad is as good as anything else. One of the cedar thickets would have done.

Crittenden on the bluff of Stone River was another.

Bragg was the Great Unfinisher.

And yet he gauged that battle like a genius, he fought it like a fiend, but he quit betwixt the flag and the wire. Let us see briefly how it was:

He was safely entrenched at Murfreesboro. Rosecrans came from Nashville to drive him out. Rosecrans had the better of it in troops and equipment—good authorities place the respective forces that fought, as follows: Rosecrans, 43,400; Bragg, 37,712.

It doesn't matter much one way or the other—it was the man that counted.

Rosecrans' force reached Stone River December 29th, and formed line of battle, mostly in the dark, and therefore inaccurately and hurriedly, as follows, from left to right, a distance of several miles, the extreme left under Crittenden being formed on the famous McFadden Ford, and the lines moving in the open in a southerly direction clear across the country nearly to Overall Creek, as follows: Crittenden, Sheridan, McCook. Bragg was in a better fix—had more time to do it right, and knew the field he was in. He faced them—overlapped them—from right to left, as follows: Breckenridge, Polk, Hardee.

The two armies lay in gunshot of each other all night of the 29th. Strange to state, both decided on the same plan of attack—a swing from the right to the left. To Rosecrans it meant turning the right wing of Bragg and driving him into the river.

But Bragg got there first at daylight of the last day of December, and never was anything more heroically, fiercely and beautifully done in the history of the war. Hardee's corps of Cleburne, McCown and Hood, and Polk's corps of Cheatham and Withers simply whipped McCook and Thomas' veterans till they fell back routed and

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rattled, stampeded in spots, and utterly demoralized.

Breckenridge alone fiddled that day or the tale might have been different.

And of the Federals, Crittenden alone stood firm, though he was not in the brunt of the fight that first day.

But he tells the straightest tale of the fight, and it seems to me he said all, as to Bragg's failure, when in "Battles and Leaders" he made the simple but unanswerable statement: "Every time the right was driven in I thought (and I now think) that nothing but a most extraordinary blunder on the part of a soldier of the experience of Bragg, hindered him from breaking Rosecrans' army in two, and leaving me standing with my troops looking at Murfreesboro. It is a pretty well established maxim in military tactics that you should always press your advantage. Bragg had the advantage; all he had to do (it seems to me) was to pursue it and leave me alone with my success. Instead of that he also attempted to drive the left; but he could not drive us, and meanwhile our right was reorganized."

And if you will go to that left, that historic and monumental spot on the bluff of Stone River, where, with patriotic foresight the late Major J. W. Thomas, of the N., C. & St. L. Ry., has, at his own expense, and just a few years before he died, erected a suitable shaft to preserve it, you will see why *"he could not move us."* Not from the direction the brave Breckenridge had come; but from the other direction, from Crittenden's rear, where everything had been driven before Polk and Hardee, and where, Crittenden says, as he watched the rout of Cook and Thomas as they floundered back on him, *I did not know on the 31st when they would come right up on my rear!* If Breckenridge on the 31st, I repeat, had been sent in there to reinforce and finish the blow, instead of the holocaust of January 2nd, when fifty-eight cannon, on a bluff with water in their front and the banks swarming with rifles, this tale had been different, as I said.

We drove to this spot first. The monument has on it, in effect, that at 3 o'clock, p.m., January 2, 1863, Rosecrans assembled there fifty-eight cannon, which in an hour completely staggered and stopped Breckenridge's sweeping charge and killed and wounded 1,800 of his men. It ended the battle.

It is a quiet and peaceful spot now —a bluff on the river, the ford and field below, across which Breckenridge drove the enemy, until swarming up the banks, under the guns, they all turned their mouths of hell with tongues of flame on him.

And he melted.

It would have stopped iron men, coming with gasoline motors in their stomachs, by sheer weight of metal.

From the monument site we drove the entire length of the battlefield and reviewed in detail the fields over which charged the various divisions of the Confederate army. We passed the spots on the pike where Bragg had his headquarters tent, and further on the same pike where Rosecrans had his. We passed stand after stand where had been enacted deeds of particular valor, and beyond all, in the quiet glory of rest and release lay the six thousand and more dead, who sleep under headstones, perpetuating their memory, from the hand of their country.

We went to the extreme left of the Confederate line to the Gresham house, which Colonel Pickett wished to see again, he saying it was there he parolled the Federal wounded, who filled the place after the first day's fight, and in the yard he showed us where he saw the body of the Federal General Sill lying on the grass.

A book might be written on this great battle and then not all of it be told, for the blunders and bravery, the brilliancy and blindness of first one side and then the other, follow in startling and rapid and unexpected procession.

Among the fatal Southern blunders, Breckenridge's failure to send two of his brigades to the left and reinforce General Polk, as ordered by Bragg at the psychological moment, when the Union right was doubled up, and needed only fresh troops to complete their rout, makes Breckenridge, more than Bragg, responsible for the fail-

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ure. Breckenridge was the Grouchy of Stone River.

In conclusion, I append the following very beautiful and patriotic poem sent me as I wrote the Stone River story, by a Union veteran and poet, and applicable alike to Blue and Gray.

HALT THE MARCHING YEARS

THE SILENT SALUTE

Attention, comrades; Halt the marching years,
Too swift their pace, and long has been the road;
Aweary of Life's battles—triumphs—tears,
We fain would see the Eternal Camp of God.

Beside this shining milestone rest a space,
Break ranks—draw close, clasp hand with clinging hand,
Ard bid sweet memory with reverent face,
Call back long vanished days, from youth's far land.

* * * * * * *

Behold, the years roll back! Around us falls
The golden light of childhood's perfect day:
The joy bells ring from dream-built castle walls,
And life is love; and love lights all the way.

Ah! Far and faint, and sweet as dreams of rest.
The echoes steal across the troubled years.
And sl.epirg memories waken in the breast,
Too dear for idle words, too sweet for tears.

* * * * * * *

But lo! A shadow falls—the bugle sings—
The bounding pulse of youth leaps at its breath,
Behold how springs a nation as on wings,
And sweeps to arms, to battle and to death.

Call back, sweet memory, that tramp of feet,
To drumbeats throbbing through the fife's fierce strain;
The tear-wet faces, lifted fair and sweet,
To loving lips they ne'er may press again.

Fair as the morn they march, while nations weep;
A nation's sore distress their rallying cry.
Into the fiery storm, behold they sweep,
While Faith stands halting where their banners fly.

Oh, glory of the world! Fair Freedom's flower!
How swift to follow where your sires had led.
Not vainly Duty called in that dark hour;
Hope smiled again, where Love wept o'er her dead.

Call back the storm-swept days; the camp fire's light.
The solemn stars that watch where sentries tread,
The sweet, sharp calls of bugles in the night,
The victor's shout, the tears for comrades shed.

Call back, sweet memory, those vanished days!
And call again from glory's fadeless shore,
The hosts that vanished in the battle's blaze.
Call back their valorous souls—our need is sore.

Yea, call the comrades who but yesterday
Beside us marching, sharing all our lot,
Heard unafraid, grim Death, God's angel say,
"He giveth rest;" for lo! they waken not!

Where'er they sleep, our constant love shall set
Their crown, in radiant glory of the flowers;
And memory speak their deeds, lest we forget
What heritage of faith and blood is ours.

* * * * * * *

Sand mute! They come! We call them not in vain
Who marched beside us in life's morning land.
From glory's morning land they march again.
Saluting, wave "All hail," and silent stand.

"Hail, comrades, o'er the border land, all hail."
Lo! Rank on rank they come with beckoning hands;
So near that border land, so thin the veil,
We catch the echo of celestial bands.

Immortal youth has touched each radiant form,
Abiding peace attends their shining way;
No scar of death remains. No stress of storm,
Nor starless night they know, nor clouded day.

"Hail, silent sentinels of Paradise!
To you beyond the veil, all peace be given!
We wait your call beneath life's sunset skies."
"Advance and give the countersign of Heaven."

* * * * * * *

Attention, comrades! Forward, march! The years
Stretch far and few, along the shortening road,
Behind them lie Life's battles, triumphs, tears,
Lo, just beyond, the eternal camp of God!

CHARLES R. WILD.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON AT THE SCHUYLER MANSION

By J. E. Boos

GEORGE WASHINGTON was a man of strong social instincts, and his whole training fostered this inclination. Naturally, during the long war, when his whole time was occupied in anxious planning and his presence and leadership constantly necessary to the success of the Continental army, his opportunities for social intercourse were very rare. Now and then, however, he would manage to take his devoted wife away from the hardships of camp life for a day or two, and in 1781, when encamped at White Plains, he made a visit to the home of Major-General Philip Schuyler at Albany, New York.

STAIR, SHOWING GASH CUT BY INDIAN TOMAHAWK

General Schuyler was one of Washington's closest friends, and his son-in-law, Alexander Hamilton, was an aid on the staff of the commander-in-chief. The visit was, then, in the nature of a conference and at the same time was the occasion of the christening of Hamilton's first child. This ceremony took place at the old Dutch church, Dominie Westerlo officiating, and General and Mrs. Washington standing as sponsors. The baptism was followed by an extensive celebration, in which Mrs. Washington was in her element, hospitality on a large scale filling the good lady's soul with the greatest pleasure.

SCHUYLER MANSION AT ALBANY

Early the following day,

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the commander-in-chief was forced to take leave of his friends and proceed to Newport, where the French army was encamped. A conference was held with Count Rochambeau, which terminated in the French and Continental forces combining for a campaign in the South. But owing to the French fleet being unable to coöperate with them, the project was given up, until early in the autumn, when the well-laid plans for a Southern campaign were carried out, ending at Yorktown, in the surrender of Cornwallis.

The Schuyler house, still standing, was built in 1761, and has always been famous for its hospitality. After the surrender at Saratoga, Lord Burgoyne and Baron and Baroness Riedesel visited here. Samuel Chase, Charles Carroll and Benjamin Franklin stopped here on their way to Canada, entertaining the highest hopes of the success of their efforts to persuade the Canadians to join in the revolution. General Gates, La Fayette, Baron Steuben, Aaron Burr, Count Rochambeau, Benedict Arnold, General Greene and Kosciusko were also visitors within the walls of this historic home.

The most exciting incident of its history occurred during the Revolution, when a party of British and Indians invaded the premises, searching for General Schuyler. The family retreated upstairs, and had safely bolted themselves into an upper room when it was discovered that an infant had been left downstairs in its cradle. A young daughter crept cautiously down and succeeded in reaching the child unnoticed, but was seen by an Indian as she started on her way up the stairs. The savage hurled his tomahawk at the brave girl, but it hit the stair rail and was imbedded there, the fleeing pair reaching the head of the stairs in safety.

ROSES

Glowing yet with the sunshine's kisses,
Fragrant, warm and wet with dew,
Nodding there in the moonlit garden,
Ah, were I but content like you!
  Drowsy with dreams I may not know,
  Sleepy roses, I love you so!

Bearing a message of forgiveness,
Many an aching heart you've thrilled;
Losing your grace on Beauty's bosom,
Nestling in hands that death has stilled.
  Mingling your sweets with life's bitter rue,
  Roses, roses, I envy you!

Crumbling in dust where love's hand placed you,
Mutely breathing of days long dead;
Fading symbol of life's brief summer,
Summer that went ere its blooms were shed.
  Mem'ries that burn you still impart,
  Dust of roses, you break my heart!

Beth Slater Whitson.

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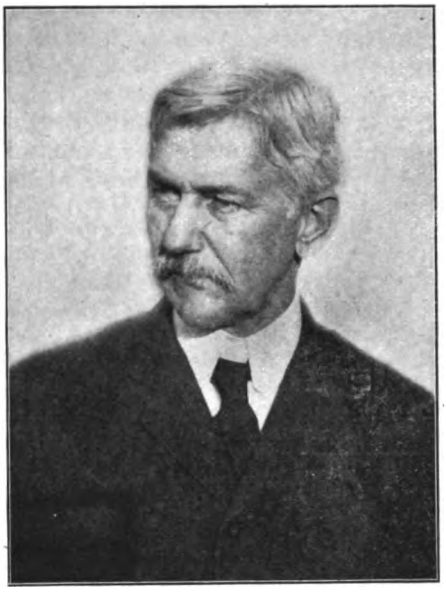
MEN OF AFFAIRS

A Yellow Fever Campaigner

A few years ago a group of students sitting in the library of the University of Alabama saw a portly old man walk in, and with all the fine chivalry of the old South, salute the white haired librarian.

"Ah, Mrs. Gorgas," he said, as he took off his spectacles and bent over her hand, "it is pleasant to see you again. I hear your boy is doing wonderfully well down on the Isthmus."



COLONEL W. C. GORGAS
Health Officer on the Isthmus of Panama

"And we think very highly of your son, here, Judge."

The students smiled. They had never before looked upon their dignified professor in law as "the Judge's son." And the "boy who was doing well on the Isthmus" is none other than Colonel W. C. Gorgas, chief sanitary officer of the Canal Zone.

Colonel Gorgas was born in Mobile, Alabama, in 1854. His mother, the white haired lady of the incident just recounted, was a daughter of Governor Gayle, of Alabama; his father, General J. Gorgas, graduate of West Point, afterward of the Confederate army.

Colonel Gorgas received a medical education at the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, and soon after finishing his course, entered the United States army.

During the Spanish-American War, he was transferred to Cuba, where he served as health officer at Havana—one of the yellow fever pest holes of the world.

It was here, when it was discovered that yellow fever is only transmitted through the bite of the mosquito, that Colonel Gorgas really won his present fame. Through his exertions, his fight against uncleanliness, mosquitoes, filth and all unsanitary conditions, he transformed reeking Havana into one of the most healthful cities in the tropics.

So satisfactory were the results here achieved, that when the United States determined on the Isthmian Canal, Gorgas was the man selected to render the swamps and miasmic jungles habitable for the Aryan canal builders. He has met with unbounded success. The fevers and agues which slaughtered DeLesseps' men have disappeared before the careful, scientific methods employed by our specialists, and Panama to-day is as desirable a place of residence as may be found in milder climates.

A Dreamer and His Dream

Blessed is the man who has found his work. No greater good can befall him, nothing can make him richer, nothing can make him happier. To most men, however, this is an empty saying, for most men have not found their work. The man who above all other men finds it hardest to really attain his life's work, is the follower of the fine arts. Art is a magnificent palace, bedecked by all the geniuses of

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the ages, but its portal is guarded by the most terrible dragons. And yet, once the art-call rings in mortal ears, that man finds no rest nor comfort nor satisfaction save in the pursuit of his *ignis fatuus*, Art.

Some fifty-three years ago, a boy was born in Richmond, Virginia, who was touched with that divine spark. When Moses Jacob Ezekiel was ten years old, he began cutting out figures for little shadow pictures. At fourteen, we find him devoting his hours after school to drawing, painting and writing poetry. Just what sort of poetry will never be known,—a kindly Providence attends the steps of embryonic genius and mercifully destroys all such incriminating evidence of the novice.

At that age, fourteen, he probably struck the first monster before the portal of Art, ridicule, for we find him turning away from color and line to follow a mercantile life. But as he measured off calico and drew jugs of molasses, young black-eyed Ezekiel would have dreams of longing. Not a peach-tree could put on its gown of pink, but that the lad's fingers tingled to put that color on canvas. Not a snow silvered the landscape, but the boy speculated on what colors would produce the soft, intangible blueness in its white depths. And the calico—the molasses—they were a bore.

That's why he gave up the mercantile life after about six months.

Along about then came 'sixty-one—secession, war. The soldier, the cavalier, the bravo, that lies a substratum in every artist, roused up in the boy, and to war he went. He entered the Virginia Military Institute, and participated in the cadet's defense of Newmarket. But even in those stormy 'sixties, the youth looked over fort and battlefield, and saw not wounded soldiers gasping in agony, but figures, splashed with crimson, and he noted the drawn pallor of the faces, the stiffening hands, the film over the staring eyes, and he made swift mental sketches of it all.

When the war, his great art lesson, was over, want drove him back to the counter, the molasses and the calico.

A few months of this and he renounced for ever the uncongenial life. He lived in Richmond, the conquered capital of a vanquished nation, and there amid such forbidding environs, he threw his all upon the bounty of the muses.

After he had executed some fairly creditable pictures, he suddenly turned to sculpture, carving a portrait bust of his father which caused much enthusiasm among his friends.

Then the artist found out what he must needs accomplish to really follow his call. He summoned what means he could command, and in 1869

SIR MOSES EZEKIEL

boldly launched forth to Germany, the Mecca of American artists.

In the fall of this year he passed the necessary examinations, and entered the lowest classes of The Royal Art Academy. In six months he was modeling from nature, a jump from the lower classes which usually requires three years. While there, American-like, he fell to and learned not only the artistic part of sculpture, but the mechanical work, from the use of the chisel to the making of plaster casts and bronze molds.

Living on two meals a day, and missing more of those than he hit, young Ezekiel was at length forced to work as Special Correspondent for the

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New York Herald, writing up the Franco-Prussian War from the coast of the Baltic Sea. Here he was arrested as a French spy, and his artistic training did him yeoman's service when it came to eating prison rations.

Soon after he was liberated, the war closed, and he came back to Berlin. From now on Ezekiel's life becomes a round of success. He was elected as a member of the Society of Artists in Berlin, he competed for a prize which yielded fifteen hundred thalers a year, an honor never before awarded to a foreigner. It also carried with it a two years' course in Rome. From then on, commissions flowed in on the sculptor. A mere catalog of his work would be as long and appalling as census statistics.

To-day, he has a magnificent studio in Rome in a portion of the ruins of the baths of Diocletian, which he has leased. He has been decorated by the King of Italy, and has made sculptures for all the noted patrons of art in Europe, including the Emperor of Germany.

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REAR ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS
In command of the Pacific fleet

Notwithstanding his successes abroad, this loyal Virginian never forgets his home, and unlike the proverbial artist, he meets with high favor in his own country. Among the many examples of his work in this country, are a bust of Washington, now in the Cincinnati Art Museum; "The Sailor Boy," "Grace Darling" and "Mercury," now owned by Mrs. Hannah E. Workum, of Cincinnati; a group, "Religious Liberty," in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, the statues of Phidias, Raphael, Dürer, Angelo, Titian, Murillo, Da Vinci, Correggio, Van Dyke, Canova and Thomas Crawford (the designer of the Washington monument at Richmond), which adorn the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington; bronze bust of R. E. Lee, now owned by his brother, H. C. Ezekiel, of Cincinnati; bas-reliefs of "Pan" and "Amor," owned by Mrs. Charles Fleischmann, Cincinnati; marble torso, "Judith," for Mrs. Bellamy Storer, Cincinnati; marble bust, "Christ," for J. N. McKay, Baltimore; bronze statuette, "Spinoza," A. G. Bofinger, Cincinnati; marble bust, "Judith," for Mrs. Haydock, Cincinnati; bronze bust of General Hotchkins, Navy Yard, Washington; marble figure, "Lee as a Boy," for the village of Westmoreland, Virginia; portrait relief of W. W. Corcoran, Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington; marble and bronze monument to Jesse Seligman, Jewish Orphan Asylum, New York; colossal bronze statue of Columbus, Columbus Memorial Building, Chicago; heroic bronze monument to Thomas Jefferson, Court House, Louisville; colossal bronze statue of "Eve," for

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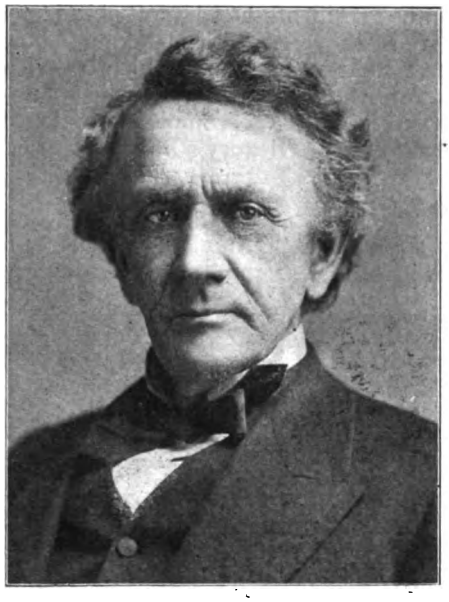
St. Louis Exposition; bronze groups, "Homer and Boy," University of Virginia; bronze statue, "The Outlook," for Confederate cemetery at Johnson's Island, Ohio; colossal bronze, "Virginia Mourning Her Dead," at Virginia Military Institute; marble bust, "David," for J. E. Friend, Milwaukee. This list is by no means complete, and does not include a number of portrait busts and relievos executed for Americans. Virginia, especially, delights to honor this gifted son.

Lawyer, Statesman, Author

Born on a farm on the Nolachucky River, June 23d, 1818, Arthur St. Clair Colyar had few educational advantages in his early years, but by improving every spare hour, he fitted himself not only for teaching, but later for the bar. He began the practice of law in Winchester, Tennessee, in 1846, and rose rapidly in his profession, taking a deep interest in all questions involving the wellfare of his native state. Previous to the outbreak of the Civil War, he was opposed to secession but, like Lee, he followed the action of his state. He was twice elected to the Confederate Congress, and identified himself with the conservative members of this body. Returning to his home, after Lee's surrender, he began at once the upbuilding of the ruined community. He organized the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, which has been one of the greatest direct factors of prosperity in the state's history. This field of activity led him to establish other branches of industry, and he was for many years a leading figure in the business upbuilding of the whole state. It was at his suggestion that the city of Nashville was placed in the hands of a receiver and its commercial integrity restored.



COL. A. S. COLYAR

In his eightieth year Colonel Colyar commenced the writing of a "Life of

SOME SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES IN RECENT ELECTIONS

From left to right—Dr. R. F. Taylor, Mayor of San Francisco; H. E. Blakeslee, Commissioner of Agriculture and Commerce, Jackson, Mississippi; Luther Manship, Lieutenant Governor of Mississippi; E. F. Noel, Governor of Mississippi.

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Andrew Jackson," a work for which his own acquaintance with Jackson and his exceptional opportunities for interviewing the intimates of our seventh President, fitted him peculiarly. After six years of painstaking labor, he completed the work, which contains many incidents not published elsewhere, and is a complete reference book of Old Hickory's life and work.*

Chiles Clifton Ferrell

There is a charm about the life of a college professor that can be found in

CHILES CLIFTON FERRELL

no other occupation. Nowhere else is life so buoyant, so hopeful, or comradeship so strong and so directive of character. The influence of a professor is broader and stronger than perhaps even he guesses.

The University of Mississippi is fortunate, amid these times of shifting theological grounds, especially amid men of science, to have in Chiles Clifton Ferrell a scholar and instructor, firm in the faith of his fathers, who will spread his own courage and faith amid the youth of our sister state.

Dr. Ferrell (for he has taken his Ph.D. in Leipzig) was born in South Carolina, in 1865, and was the son of a teacher, so perhaps his present work is hereditary. When he was twenty-one years of age, he took the degree of A.M. at Vanderbilt University, spent four years as fellow and instructor in this institution; then a three years' course in Germany gave him his doctor's degree, which he supplemented by a summer's work in Paris under Paul Passy, one of the greatest living authorities on phonetics.

Upon his return to his own country he was offered the chair of Modern Languages in the University of Mississippi, which position he has filled ever since.

Among the honors bestowed upon him, he was made a member of the State Historical Society of Mississippi, and of the Modern Language Association of America.

It is seldom that the instructor of a college has a pleasant, flowing literary style. It is too often stilted, didactic, Doctor Ferrell, however, is the charming exception to the rule. He is a contributor to a number of magazines, has written a number of text-books, edited Grillparzer's "Sappho," and has quite captured his readers with an appreciation of Winnie Davis, "The Daughter of the Confederacy." One of the incidents he mentions in this work is about the childhood of Miss Davis. It seems that little Winnie had heard that her pastor was in need of some money. This was not a particularly uncommon condition for pastors at that time, but little Winnie didn't know that. For two or three weeks she saved up her pennies, and finally one day, seeing the good man on the street, she tipped up behind him and thrust her store of pennies into his hand, saying: "Dear Doctor ———, buy everything you want—here is the money." Throughout the little pamphlet we find the same charming personal vein. Doctor Ferrell's pen is thoroughly versatile in every form of writing, from a playful anecdote to the ponderous tread of a scientific treatise.

*Colonel Colyar died at Nashville, December 12, 1907.

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THE BROTHERHOOD

By Margaret Busbee Shipp

RISCOM'S guests shared the natural sympathy one feels with a man who is frankly rejoicing in the red-letter day of his career. His wife, in a quite stunning gown, forgot how often she had bewailed the fact that he "was throwing good money after bad," when he first assumed control of the partially constructed and wholly bankrupt X. & Y. R. R. But he had foreseen, twelve years before the O. K. Flyer had seen, that this particular strip of road would some day be essential to its fast connections South—and foresight is a marketable commodity in railroading.

He had put all his money and energy into the building up of the independent road. The upshot of recent negotiations was that it had been leased to the older system, with Briscom retained as general manager. The thirty-two miles of track needed to connect the X. & Y. with the Flyer had just been completed. At Newton, the junction of the roads, there was to be a celebration, with both vocal and actual pyrotechnics, in honor of the first passenger train over the connecting link, and Briscom was taking up a number of guests in his private car.

All the nicest people were there, Mrs. Briscom thought, contentedly. Even Alethea Payne had telephoned in a friendly way to suggest that a young congressman, who happened to be in town, should be included among the guests. It was thoughtful in Alethea to realize that an important railroad official like Mr. Briscom should pay due attention to public men, even if they hailed from other states.

Mrs. Briscom heard Trent ask: "Is it not possible for me to see you a moment?" and Alethea replied, "Why, you can't possibly avoid seeing me any number of moments, since we are running on a nice, familiar railroad schedule and not on any airship rapid-transit. Let me take you over and introduce you to Ada Phillips."

The good lady passed on, delighted that Alethea was taking care of the stranger within the gates. She could see only those concrete things which have the three dimensions; she could never have observed that Alethea's eyes were inscrutable, her smile coldly bright and subtly disdainful.

Trent had met Miss Payne in the summer, when he chanced to go to a mountain resort during a lull in the campaign. For the rest of the season he spent every Sunday there, until his friends twitted him about his sudden passion for mineral waters. When September waned and Alethea returned home, Trent never suspected that, though in his speeches he was clearcut and concise as usual, his thoughts were tautological in declaring that he had found the one, only, unique, individual, unequalled, matchless, flawless woman! But he had old-fashioned notions of chivalry—he would not ask her to share his life until his career was settled in November. He was young enough to believe that his future would be made or marred by the result of the polls. When his district, the most doubtful and hotly-contested one in the state, elected him by a good majority, he wrote Alethea as soon as the returns were in, and asked her to marry him—in terms that even to his mascu-

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linity seemed somewhat bald and unadorned. Then, in his impatience, he followed his letter by the next train.

To Alethea, this well-regulated affection, of which the pulse was to rise or fall according to a political election, savored of the commercial, and as to a proposal of marriage by *letter*, she and her dearest girl friends had always considered it the acme of cowardice! The telegram made his conduct somewhat better; after all, he was coming to take his medicine in person. She had quite made up her mind to refuse him. She saw to it that he was included among the Briscom's guests, but she resolved that not a chance word should he have alone with her. After all the woodland walks, in which he had never betrayed whether or not he preferred eyes the color of hers, he should not demand his answer in a crowded car.

"I believe he is matter-of-fact enough to do it," she thought, glancing sidewise at the determined line of his chin. "And how impossible it would be to marry a man who always did the expected thing, who held no surprises"—

But the train did.

There was a sudden ominous lurch that spilt the champagne in the glasses, a long, vibrating jar, as the train came to a stop.

Briscom, surprise and vexation dimming the good-nature of his face, went forward to investigate. He was gone long enough for his guests to imagine all sorts of accidents, and when he returned, their first glimpse of his countenance told them that something serious had occurred.

"The engineer has had a seizure of some sort. He is conscious now, but dazed. There is nothing to do but to wire ahead to Newton and ask the O. K. to send us an engineer. I should prefer to get an X. & Y. man, as X. is so much nearer, but we are short with this new branch on, and there isn't a competent engineer laying off at X. to-night. I'm sorry."

Briscom's regrets stuck in his throat. To apply to the O. K. to help him out of the woods—like a lame dog in a ditch—was too bitter for coherent words.

The young congressman rose from his seat.

"Don't wire. I'm a locomotive engineer, and I shall be glad to take in the train."

The masculine interjections of relief were drowned in a chorus of feminine incredulity, but Trent hastened to relieve Briscom's anxiety.

"I was a locomotive engineer for four years. You see that this is the Brotherhood ring."

He held up a slim, sinewy hand, on the little finger of which was the emblem with its cabalistic "B. L. E."

"Thank heaven! Never did anything look so welcome. Well, this is amazing luck!"

"Have a glass of something before you go outside," suggested one of the men.

"Dutch courage?" said Trent, with his boyish smile. "The Brotherhood doesn't favor that brand. *Au revoir.*"

He was smiling and quite at ease, but he avoided Miss Payne's eyes.

It was natural for him to shrink from talking of himself—he had dreamed that some day Alethea would care to hear the story of the sharp struggle of his youth. An honest pride in it, rather than a false shame, had sealed his lips concerning it. The failure of his father's health had cut short his college course in his freshman year, and he was confronted with the necessity of earning a livelihood at once, and the odd fact that being "a preacher's son" served rather as a bar to employment. So he had turned to the profession of a locomotive engineer at a time when it was not accepted as a calling for a man of his class in the South. He had fired when he was the only white fireman on the road. Old Mrs. Mainwaring expressed the prevalent feeling that he had failed in pride of caste, when catching sight of him in his grimy overalls she exclaimed: "And to think that I saw that boy baptized!"

But he stuck it out in face of social ostracism—and after a year and a half, he was put in the machine shops.

He remembered his youthful pride

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in his first engine, an antiquated hook-motion engine on a lumber road. Four years followed at the School of the Locomotive. It is not an easy task-master—the pupil must be without fear as the master is without favor, but the lessons learned are of rectitude and self-restraint, of unselfishness, of high and silent courage.

Then it developed through the winning gift of speech which was his, that he could serve the Brotherhood best in other lines; he had been sent to the legislature and made his impress there, and had turned to a public career. In the late election it had been felt that he was the one man who could lead his party to victory.

Some time, if she ever learned to love him, he wanted to tell her of the inner struggle of those years where the outside world had only seen the successful end which crowned them, but fate had cast his story against an unexpected background. He felt a sense of impotent irritation at the course of things, but he resolutely turned his mind from it, as he swung himself into the cab and pulled out the throttle lever.

"Wish I could get Rodgers' overalls for you," said the fireman. "He's lying down in the baggage car, but here are his gauntlets."

So shifting are our standards that Trent drew them on quickly, ashamed for the man to see his well-kept hands.

"Soft as putty," he thought, scornfully. "Guess I'll be taking to pink nail-powder next!"

Then all sense of irritation swept away out somewhere on the shining ribbon of tracks, and there came to him the old sense of peace, of nobler power, as the pulsing giant obeyed his guiding.

He did not dream that inside the car, among lights and flowers and laughter, Alethea Payne was having the very worst hour of her life! Her heart was chilled with apprehension—every tiny lurch of the train meant to her overwrought imagination a misplaced switch, a burnt bridge, or a falling boulder. She felt as if she could never bear to travel again, since she had been brought face to face with the momentary danger to the engineer. And all the people were laughing and talking and quite forgetting that he was risking his life for them—and she must chatter, too, or they would notice her abstraction. In all her petted years she had never known such sharp and deepening anxiety. The stereotyped smile froze on her lips, her cheeks grew colorless. She felt as if she hated the woman who made the half-amused, half admiring comment:

"After running for Congress, I suppose he regards running an engine as a mere relaxation."

Alethea felt a quiver, a gradual slowing-up—her hands clenched, her throat grew dry—the train stopped dead short.

"I knew it," she cried in her heart. Would he be injured or—she could not form the words in her thoughts. She rose quickly, she must go to him.

"Well, we're here!" cried Briscom, cheerily. "Let me help you on with your wrap."

Alethea dazedly realized that trains are apt to stop when they reach their destinations—without signifying that the engineer is dead.

Now *he* joined them again, begrimed with oil and coal dust, and the blueness of his laughing eyes emphasized by the smut beneath them. Everybody crowded around him, praising and thanking him, while Alethea stood apart, held wordless and shy by the tumult of her relief.

He sought her as soon as he could disengage himself.

"I'm shockingly black to speak to you, Little White Lady."

"Oh, I'm glad you're so very, very dirty! It makes you look so human, so alive,—and I have been so afraid! The next time, take me with you on the engine, maybe I could help you with the wheel, or the rudder, or whatever it is you steer the engine by," her pretty mouth quivered, "but don't leave me in the car."

They had to follow the others, who were calling back to them, but outside the train, he found a moment in which to slip his ring into her hand. She silently drew her glove over it.

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And so it chanced that in sound of the locomotive's puffing, on the very rails of the double track, and with the ring which was an emblem of the Brotherhood, Alethea Payne plighted faith to her engineer.

The carriages were waiting to whirl them away to the hall, where the celebration went off with all the expected éclat. Briscom knew the value of advertisement; without acquainting Trent with his purpose, he stepped to the front of the rostrum and gave a graphic account of the accident and the congressman's opportune help, and then, as a token of the appreciation of the X. & Y., presented him with a ruby scarf pin.

There was nothing for Trent to do but to come forward and accept it as gracefully as he could, and the applause fairly shook the house when the crowd caught sight of his once-immaculate shirt front.

After it was all over, Briscom took him aside with an apologetic:

"Couldn't resist the opportunity of starring you, Mr. Trent, so I presented you with a pin my wife has just given me. It's an anniversary token, so I want you to keep it until Tiffany can send us the duplicate I shall order to-morrow."

Briscom was struck by a hesitancy in Trent's face. "You can't decline, you know—would make me feel too awkward. If you don't care for a pin, can get studs or ring, you know, anything you prefer. That was certainly the deuce of a box you helped me out of."

"Make it a check instead," Trent met the astonishment that leapt into Briscom's eyes with frank appeal, "payable to Rodgers. I had the jolly run, but Rodgers is not apt to have another, poor fellow!"

"I'll do it," declared Briscom heartily. "That plan's all to the good. We'll keep it just between us two, and I'll make Rodgers a check for five hundred."

A week later, the Paynes' automobile stood in front of Rodgers' cottage in a nearby village. Rodgers, still weak and shaken, was lying on a couch in the front room. He was somewhat embarrassed by the dainty apparition in the shimmering motor-coat, her face peeping from the voluminous veil like a rose in a snow-drift. But a word from Trent explained their coming, and his amazement and gratification at Briscom's gift touched Alethea until she turned aside that the sick man might not see the mist before her eyes.

"Briscom's all right. He's given me a square deal, sent me word that as soon as I was all right, he had a place for me as toolkeeper. The doctor says I can take it in a couple of weeks, but the engine, that's over! Twenty years I've had with her—I always call her 'the Missus,' havin' no other. Haven't I heard old Nathan Hines talk of you?"

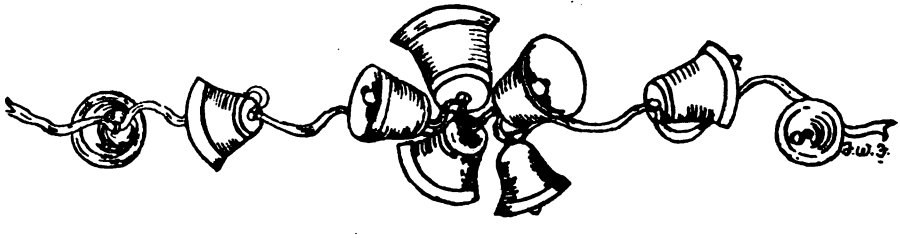
"Taught me everything I knew," declared Trent, "and rubbed most of it in with acid, too."

For half an hour or more the talk flowed steadily, reminiscent, sometimes technical, but of equal interest to both. Trent rose at last, and Rodgers bade him good-by reluctantly.

"I reckon if I could see clear to the bottom of Briscom's check, I'd find your picture," he said.

Alethea put her pretty hand in Rodgers', and pressed his cordially.

"Oh, you two have taught me. I understand now why we speak of a social 'set,' a bridge 'club,' a patriotic 'society,' a trade 'union,' a labor 'organization'—but the *Brotherhood* of Locomotive Engineers!"



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CONQUERORS OF THE WILDERNESS*

By Anna Erwin Woods

[Arranged from the papers and personal memoirs of Andrew Erwin]

CHAPTER XX—Continued

It was, indeed, the sound of the evening guns of the British at the fort of St. Vincent's.

We soon learned that we were within nine miles of the fort. But we were below the mouth of the Embarrass River, and the question was how to get across. We had hoped to find our galley here, but nothing was to be seen of it.

"Where on earth are we going to get canoes?" I asked Harrod. "We certainly can't build them in time to keep from starving."

"I'm glad that's Clark's business and not mine," Harrod replied, good humoredly. "He has started to go to St. Vincent's, and you know as well as I do, that he will make sure of getting there, though neither you nor I can see how it is to be done."

"Troth," said Paddy, "av we only had any ould boat that the Blessed Virgin would send us—if it's cracked it should be from stem to stern. 'Tis not the divil himself could prevint it that the Commander would be passing us over this river on dhry land."

Sure enough, though none of us but Paddy thought the Blessed Virgin was mindful of our difficulties, there did happen to come, just at the right time, a boat brought by the water-guard. We were not only passed over the river, but were given the cheering intelligence that the people of the town had the most friendly disposition toward us; and that the British garrison continued in ignorance of our movements.

You may imagine our dismay next morning when daylight revealed to us a great sheet of water before us, which we would have to cross. It was up to our armpits in depth. Alarm spread through the whole detachment, and we were ready to despair.

Quickly noticing this, the Commander whispered to an officer to imitate him in what he was going to do. Taking some powder in his hand and mixing it with water, he blackened his face, raised an Indian warwhoop, and dashed into the water. The officer did the same, and every one of us imitated him and followed. It seemed to give new impulse to all. We raised a favorite song and boldly marched along through the deep, icy water, singing loudly in chorus.

Soon after, there came a hearty burst of laughter when, happening to step into a place where the water was about to swallow him up head and ears, Paddy cried out: "Arrah, Donald, darlint, lind us a hand! The divil take me if I'll be drowned for your devarsion. By all the blessed saints in hiven, I do believe my legs have put thimselves into a hole which leads down into the place below—and the fire has gone out down there, too. By holy St. Pathrick, I would be glad if they would build it up again!"

"Ay, ay, Paddy, my man," said Donald, moving quickly to aid him; "yir at the deepest noo'. Steady, man, steady; haud tae the richt—weel done! Yir the man I counted ye. Ye'll gang the day through the water and it iss thinking I am that ye'll be living and laughing when the nicht comes on."

"By coorse, Donald, my boy," said Paddy, as soon as he once more got his feet on a firm basis; "divil a bit will I be hard-hearted if I'm livin'

*Begun in May, 1907.

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when the night comes on. But it's truth I'm tellin' that if the Commander doesn't dhrown us this day, he shurely will do it to-morrow."

While Paddy was speaking, some one called out, "Dry land," and in a moment all eyes were fastened upon a spot of high ground which seemed not to be submerged; and the sight gave us new strength. It was a place of about half an acre which was called Sugar Camp.

Upon reaching it, what was our surprise, in looking around, to see before us another great sheet of water! And, to heighten the difficulty of crossing, there was not one stick of timber visible which could afford us support.

At the sight of this great watery plain all hope left us. The object of our toils and sufferings was almost within our reach; but we had no strength to grasp it. Days and nights of hunger and struggling through deep, icy waters had overwhelmed us. Famine and exhaustion had done their work and conquered our strong bodies and daring spirits.

Light-hearted Irish Paddy, faithful Scotch Donald, our French allies who had so bravely and cheerfully shared our sufferings, and the resolute men of the Western wilderness inured to hardship, all felt that no more could be endured. We knew well that should a knowledge of our being there come to the British commander, he could send a body of soldiers, or even Indians against us, to whom we could offer but little resistance in our weakened condition.

Then it was that one man's dauntless spirit brought new life to all. It was Chenier who called out "Listen! Clark is speaking." And we heard the Commander's voice sounding loud and strong; his words were full of courage and hope.

I have heard words fall from eloquent lips; but never have I stood before a man who could bring back life to dead hearts as that man did to the poor, exhausted souls looking out upon the icy waters stretched before us and listening to him.

Again he threw around us the spell of his undaunted spirit, and when he ceased speaking he gave Captain Bowman the command: "Fall back with twenty-five men, and put to death any man who refuses to march. No coward shall disgrace this company of brave men!" With a loud huzza we greeted this command; and as our fearless leader stepped forward we plunged boldly after him into the icy cold and breast-high water.

Such a leader was George Rogers Clark. I have followed many other brave men; but never have I known one who could fill men's souls with the same unflinching resoluteness, through so long a time, and under such desperate circumstances. He was the most dauntless man that in all my life I have ever seen; and possessed, above all other men whom I have known, the gift of making his followers share his own characteristics.

It was, indeed, only the echo of his words which sustained us during those last dreadful hours. As we went on, some of the men were so greatly exhausted that they would have fallen and been drowned had their stronger companions not given them assistance. So we marched along, those who had more strength aiding the weaker; and all becoming more and more helpless and unable to make further effort. "Shure and well," said kind-hearted Paddy, lifting one of his comrades who had fallen and almost carrying him along in his arms. "It's thruth that I'm tellin' ye, my boy, a man's legs will not go straight when this ice is always among them. Tear and ages, if I only had a good stick to steady myself with, the divil himself could not prevint me from marching as bould as any other blackguard in the company. But, begorra, ye might as well ax for the Castle from Dublin town to walk down and bid ye good mornin', as to look for a slim stick in this wather."

"I wass thinking," said Donald, who also bore a fallen comrade in his arms, "that God iss fery good to us, Paddy, my man, to give us strength in our hearts to go through the deep waters this day."

"Ay, to be shure," replied Paddy.

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"The divil himself could not shake my heart when I just look at the Commander marching so bould afore me. Begorra and shurely, it's only my legs that give the throuble; every leg wants to walk its own way, and all the blessed saints in heaven could not make thim go straight. Troth and I'm believin' that not holy St. Pathrick himself could walk as steady as the Commander."

It required all Clark's skill to take us through this last wide expanse of water. He instructed those in advance to call out at times that the water was growing shallower; and, once or twice, we were cheered by the cry of "Land, land!"

By a great effort, we reached a spot of dry timbered ground, and while we were resting there, we saw some Indian squaws paddling a canoe. When they came nearer we discovered that they had on board a quarter of buffalo beef, some corn, some tallow, and some pots. This was indeed a desirable prize, which we immediately captured.

We cooked it at once into broth; and never did anything have a more delicious odor or taste to mortal man than did a cupful of this, which was given to each one of us. All things looked brighter after we had been refreshed in this acceptable manner; and our spirits soon began to rise. Our troubles were about to end. To face the British guns at the fort seemed as nothing to us after all we had undergone.

"Divil a less than a rale hearty surprise we'll be givin' the British before the night comes on," said Paddy, the savory broth having caused his buoyant Irish spirits to resume their usual happy state.

"I was thinking," said Donald, "it's na looking they'll be to see us come walking in through the water."

"Thrue for you," said Paddy; "and it's plazed I'd be to see the look on the face of the head man o' thim all when it comes to his notice, by the sound of our rifles, that the Commander is makin' a call on him this night, when begorra, he knows, by all the rules of good livin', we should all be snug and asleep in our beds at Kaskaskia."

Some of our men captured a gunner who was shooting ducks near the town, and Clark sent a letter by him to the inhabitants, giving notice to all who were friends to the king of England to repair to the fort and fight like men; otherwise, if discovered aiding the enemy, they would be severely punished.

This notice was sent in the hope that its imposing character would add to the confidence of our friends and increase the dismay of our enemies. So much did it operate in this way that it was believed that the expedition was from Kentucky. No one could think it possible that, in the condition of the waters, we could have come from the Illinois. In truth, as I now look back upon it all, I can scarcely believe that we ever did. The presence of Clark himself could not be credited until he was pointed out by those who knew him.

There was one thing which occasioned us surprise. It was, that, although we could perceive that there was a great deal of bustle in the streets of the town not a drum was heard and not a gun was fired from the fort. Afterwards, we learned that even the friends of the British were afraid to give the garrison notice of Clark's presence. Of course, this caused the surprise to be still more complete.

About sunset, on February 23d, we set out to take possession of the town. There was still no hostile demonstration from the fort; and we felt the greatest impatience to unravel the mystery. In order to do this, fourteen of our men were sent to commence an attack on the fort.

Captain Helm, who was Hamilton's prisoner, had been always well treated by him; and the story was told us afterwards that Helm and Hamilton were playing a game of picquet together—some said also comfortably brewing a hot toddy—when the firing began.

"I swear that is Clark!" exclaimed Helm, starting up at the sound of the firing. "By Jove! and he'll make the last ones prisoners."

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"No," replied Hamilton, "it's only some drunken Indians."

"By Jove!" cried Helm; "don't you suppose I know the crack of a Kentucky rifle?"

It was not until a man was shot down through a port-hole that the engagement began in good earnest on both sides. The firing continued almost without intermission until nine o'clock the next morning. Our men would lie within thirty yards of the fort, and as soon as a port-hole was opened or even darkened, a dozen rifles would be directed at it, cutting down everything in the way. On the other hand, the awkward elevation of the garrison guns caused the balls to do no damage but to the buildings of the town; on account of this, the garrison became discouraged and could not stand to their guns.

I was with our men throughout the night, and saw that they were firing quite at their ease, giving themselves no concern about the British guns.

"Are ye going to pass the night up there, shootin' off your cannon over our heads?" called Paddy, as he stretched himself comfortably on the ground a little nearer to the fort than most of the other men were lying; "ye're knockin' down all the houses in the town; and every time one of yez shows an eye we draw our musket on ye and there is one less to shpind a British sixpence."

"This is a little better than the water last night, is it not, Paddy?" I asked.

"Thrue for yez, Misther Ned," answered Paddy. "My legs are soaked sufficient; but I am therribly dhry in the mouth. A little dhrop would aise my heart, just now, while I'm waitin' for those men above us to show their eyes."

A moment after, I heard Paddy saying to Donald: "Faix and these British throops does not seem to understand their business. In the ould county of Galway my father driv a hearse; and sometimes, when I would be with him, we would pass by for a little devarsion and see the caperin', and paradin' about, and practicin' the goose-step, and all the other nonsense in the British army. Did yez ever go asodgerin', Donald, my boy, before ye 'listed with the Commander?"

"Never," answered Donald. "I always wass at my wark in the gairden for Maister Charlie's mither; and a fine gairden it iss this day. I left it to follow Maister Charlie and take him safe back hame."

"And now ye are an ould vitrin," continued Paddy. "Yis, ye will be called an ould vitrin after all this wadin' in the could water in the Illinois counthry—followin' after the Commander."

During the course of the morning, a fierce demand for capitulation was made by Clark; but firmly rejected by Hamilton, who declared: "We will not be awed into anything unbecoming British subjects." Our men were urgent to storm the fort, but Clark would not permit this.

After various negotiations, on February 25th, we took possession of the fort, and of our prisoners. The stars and stripes were again hoisted over the British fort of St. Vincent's, and thirteen guns were fired to celebrate the recovery of this most important stronghold upon the Indian border.

I am speaking to many of the sons of the men who followed this most heroic leader of that heroic age; and well I know that your fathers have taught you to honor their dauntless captain. We may be unmindful of the noble deeds of men of other ages and other lands; but may it please God, that our children never forget the debt of gratitude they owe to the conquerors of our western wilderness. Have I said these words to you before? Let me say them to you so often that they may be engraven upon your hearts.

The entire region north of the Ohio River, acquired by Clark's conquest, was claimed by Virginia; and her limits were at once extended to the Mississippi. The new territory was comprehended in a county under the name of Illinois. A regiment of infantry and a troop of cavalry was voted for its protection, the command of which was given to Colonel Clark.

At the conclusion of peace, in 1783, the principle of *uti possedetis* was adopted by the commissioners, em-

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powering Great Britain and the United States to remain in possession of all the territory which they held at the termination of the war. Under this provision, upon the grounds of its capture by Clark, all this country, known as the * Northwestern Territory, was claimed by the Americans and their claim allowed by the British.

Calling us around him, our leader addressed us with the warmest expressions of thanks for our unshaken courage and fidelity. He notified us that our time of service had expired; and we were at liberty to return to our homes. The greater number of the men, however, decided to remain with him through the winter.

CHAPTER XXI

WE FIGHT THE CHICKAMAUGAS

All too soon, came for me the day of farewell to the Illinois and my brave companions in deeds of daring and days of suffering. With deep emotion, I bade farewell to them and to him who had led us safely to the end. News came from Watauga which made me feel that I must go to aid those with whom I had first cast my lot.

Clark decided to send Hamilton, as a prisoner, to the governor of Virginia, in charge of an officer who would also be a bearer of dispatches; and Gordon received permission to accompany them. We all well understood the object of his mission—to secure the approval of his parents and solicit their aid in accomplishing his marriage with Adrienne. Donald went with Gordon, and had the happiness of taking "the laddie safe back hame to his mither.'

I left Paddy with the Commander, with the belief in my mind that if Clark should die about that time he would become, in Paddy's heart, one of "the blessed saints in heaven," and be seated close by "holy St. Pathrick."

Although by his capture of the British forts, and of Hamilton, Clark had broken up the coalition of the Northwestern tribes, thereby giving safety, at least for a time, to Kentucky and Virginia, the deadly work of the British was still to be dreaded among the Southern tribes. At the very least, fifteen thousand Southern Indians, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Cherokees, were ready to be mustered, every one of them brave, expert with the rifle, well armed, and the whole of them led by a British officer, a soldier of the British Highlanders. These were the tribes which were to devastate the settlements in Tennessee, or rather, I should say Washington District; for you must bear in mind that, in those days, there was no Tennessee; it was the same country, however, which now bears that name.

What could we oppose to these hordes of savages and their British leaders? Scattered over about two hundred miles of mountain country, we could muster nearly a thousand men led by Shelby and Sevier; and about as many more under Campbell and Cleveland. The news was brought that the savages were planning a sudden midnight raid upon every one of the settlements; and I, at once, made my way through the wilderness to King's Meadows. There I found Evan Shelby and his four sons, Isaac, Evan, James and Moses; and also John Sevier, who had come over forty miles from Watauga to consult as to what should be done. Isaac Shelby had been in Kentucky surveying land; but, like myself, had come immediately upon hearing of the threatened danger.

Sevier, who was captain of the scouts, had such a perfect system of transmitting intelligence, that within twenty-four hours of receiving the news, his fleet light-horsemen were patrolling every bypath in the territory. Of one thing he was certain. A great quantity of warlike supplies had been brought by the British over the mountains to be distributed among the savages. He knew these had been taken to Chickamauga to the chief, Dragging Canoe; because it was feared that, if they were taken to Oconostota, Robertson might receive news of it through our friend, the prophetess.

Shelby and Sevier decided that this

* Now the states of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan and part of Wisconsin.

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supply of arms and ammunition must be captured at once; or, soon the whole savage horde would be upon the warpath. None of us had ever been at Chickamauga, but all knew that it was located among inaccessible mountains, and was deemed impregnable to any land attack. Our hope was that if we could, with great celerity and secrecy, approach the place by water, we might successfully surprise the savages. It was decided that all should meet on the Holston; and Sevier rode back to Watauga to send his messengers throughout the settlements to give notice of the rendezvous.

There was quickly a gathering, and all set to work to cut down the great poplar trees which, even to this day, grow in such numbers in that region. Soon a fleet of a hundred boats was ready for our expedition; and Evan Shelby, being the senior, was made commander.

On April 10, 1779, our flotilla drew out from the shore, and we started down the river. A great many of the men with us had been enlisted to go as a reinforcement to Colonel George Rogers Clark; but they were allowed a short delay in order to assist us. We could only take half the militia from our region; because we were to leave Oconostota in our rear, and the settlements could not be left unguarded.

By the windings of the river, the distance was about three hundred miles, and only one man among us had ever visited the wilderness through which we would pass. He was our pilot, and he told us that part of the route would be very dangerous on account of the shoals and furious rapids which lay in our way. The current of the river was usually swift, and its velocity was at that time greatly increased on account of the spring freshet.

We pushed forward as secretly and silently as possible, watching closely the trees and undergrowth on the banks. With muffled oars, in the silence and darkness of night, we passed near where Oconostota and his warriors lay. Leaving them behind us, we soon pulled out of the narrow Holston into the broad Tennessee River.

It was early on the morning of the 13th that we rounded to at the mouth of Chickamauga Creek, near the stronghold of Dragging Canoe. Taken completely by surprise, the Indians made scarcely any resistance, but fled into the inaccessible recesses of the mountains, where we could not penetrate. A guard was placed over the magazine of British gunpowder, and, the torch being applied, every Indian dwelling was soon reduced to ashes. Detachments were sent to destroy all their towns along the river; and by nightfall, not a hut was left, nor a bushel of corn. We captured a great number of cattle and horses, and upon the latter we loaded the arms and ammunition, and quantities of stores intended by the British for distribution among the tribes. Our boats were broken up, and within a month from the time of our leaving them, we were back in the settlements with all this spoil, without the loss of a single life. We had secured peace for at least a year to come. Without corn, without arms or ammunition, and their homes destroyed, we had rendered powerless, for a time, those savage hordes which the British had hoped to send among us to torture our wives and children and to sweep our settlements out of existence.

CHAPTER XXII

ONCE MORE I MEET EMILY FORTESCUE

Upon our return from Chickamauga, I found awaiting me a letter from my mother which caused me to determine to return immediately to her. Robertson was absent from Watauga, being many hundred miles further in the wilderness, at a place called the French Lick, where the salt attracted the animals in such numbers that Robertson said that he had seen there greater droves of buffaloes and other animals than he had ever seen anywhere before; and two hunters, Mansker and Bledsoe, told me that the buffaloes were so thick that they came near being trampled to death by them. This place was on the Cumberland River, and Robertson founded there

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the town of Nashville, the present capital of the state of Tennessee.

I talked with Sevier and Isaac Shelby, and they both expressed the hope that, in consequence of Clark's campaign in the Illinois, and our own against Chickamauga, we had defeated the machinations of the British for the present; and might, at least for a year, feel safe from Indian depredations.

I will say nothing of my journey and happy meeting with my mother. My father and my brother were both absent, and I said to her: "I am going to stay with you a long while. Through the long, bright, summer days you shall have me all to yourself."

She laughingly replied: "Ah! Edward, I will not be so selfish; I have two charming friends who must share my pleasures, as they have shared my sorrows. Dear Emily Fortescue is once more at home; and sweet Amy Blount has been my companion and comfort in many hours of sadness. They know that, since receiving your letter, I have been hoping hourly for your coming. You will see them before the sun goes down; for no day passes that they are not with me. In fact, Amy has been with me almost constantly for some time past."

"I have not seen Amy since she was a little child about six years old; I presume I would not recognize her. And is Emily much changed?"

"Yes, she is somewhat changed. She is far more beautiful than she was. And you remember she was always so bright and happy. Now she is often sad. But I will tell you of that at another time; for the old saying is, 'Speak of angels, and you will hear their wings,' and I am sure I hear Emily's voice now."

Just at that moment, Emily Fortescue entered. Truly she was the most radiantly beautiful creature that could be looked upon. There was certainly no sadness in her face as she came forward with both hands extended, her cheeks flushed with the richest crimson, her magnificent dark eyes brilliant with excitement, and her whole manner one of the most charming, graceful, eager delight.

"Oh, Ned! Oh, Ned!" she exclaimed. "I did not know I could feel so happy as I did when they told me you had come. Without telling your mother, I had left orders here that the moment you arrived a messenger should be sent to me. So I hurried on at once, without even waiting to tell Amy."

Then this beautiful creature threw her arms around my mother, and kissing her tenderly, said: "I am so thankful that you have this happiness." Taking my hand again, with her arm still around my mother, she looked at me in the most critical manner from head to foot, and with an arch smile said: "What a great, splendid fellow, Ned, you have grown to be up there across the mountains, among the wild Indians! What a comfort it is to have you here once more with us; and how many thousand things we will have to tell each other of all we have seen and heard since we parted."

This was my meeting with Emily Fortescue. Upon her part there was frank, kind, earnest affection; upon mine, not a feeling which might not have been in my heart in meeting, after so long a separation, a dearly loved sister. The impetuous frankness with which this wondrously beautiful woman had expressed her delight, brought back to us both the days of our childhood, when we were joyous comrades, full of warm, earnest delight in the innocent pleasures we shared together.

After a short time, Emily said to my mother: "Now I am going to leave you, so that you can have Ned all to yourself, just for this one evening. After that we must all of us be happy together; and we will spoil him just as much as we can. He has had no one to scold him for so long a time that he may need us to do it. You will not see Amy to-day. She was looking and feeling quite ill this morning, and I advised her to remain all day at home. She does not even yet know the happy news."

As soon as Emily had left, I ex-

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claimed: "Indeed, mother, you spoke truly of her beauty. She is radiantly beautiful; but I did not observe the sadness of which your were speaking. Her eyes and face and movement all had the charm of absolute joy."

"Ah! Edward," replied my mother, looking fondly at me as she took my hand, "all that arose from the delight of meeting you, and the sympathy she feels in my happiness. She has ever the same warm, generous nature which has made her so dear to us all since her childhood. But, with so much to make life charming, her bright happiness is now often changed to sadness; for the dear girl's heart is filled with anxious forebodings. I will tell you at once, Edward, what I know will give you great pleasure. Dear Emily and your brother love each other tenderly and devotedlv, and we hope some day she may become his wife; although the dangers which now surround him fill her heart with the same dread which we all feel."

"Mother," I said, interrupting her and speaking quickly, "I am, indeed, thankful that my brother has won the heart of such a woman as Emily Fortescue. I recall that, even as a child, she seemed to honor and admire him above every one else. May God preserve him to make her happy!"

"May that blessing be accorded her," said my dear mother, earnestly. "Trouble and anxiety have come early in her young life. When we heard, after the battle at Saratoga, that your brother had been dangerously wounded, and we could not go to him, the suspense was terrible. Poor Emily's suffering was heart-rending; all the more so, because with her generous nature she tried to think only of me and control her own grief."

"Dear, impulsive Emily!" I exclaimed, speaking almost unconsciously. "I recall that, as a child, she was always full of tender sympathy for all suffering. I can well understand how true and good she was to you."

"She was, indeed, my comfort and support through all those miserable, miserable days of darkness. Your father was absent, as he must always be now, discharging his manifold duties. Ah! Edward, if only these days of sorrow could be ended, and our loved ones be once more around us! what gratitude would fill our hearts!"

Hoping to turn her thoughts to brighter things, I said: "Tell me, mother, something of Emily's life in England."

"Her life in England was indeed one of charming brightness for a young girl." She smiled sweetly as she spoke, as though pleasant thoughts were in her mind. "I know that those days of happiness will rest always in her memory as a bright, green spot in the dark picture of her youth. She was introduced at court by Amy's aunt, and no young girl ever received greater adulation. Her remarkable beauty and graceful charm of manner brought around her many friends and many suitors."

"Her beauty is indeed remarkable," I exclaimed with enthusiasm. "I only wonder that we have her safe at home once more."

"Her uncle strongly favored her marriage in England; but her father desired that she should be untrammeled in making her choice." And my mother smiled, speaking very gently as she continued: "There was engraved upon the heart of this young girl a talisman, bearing which, no allurements can win a true woman—she loved your brother. During the dark days of our trouble, when dread was in our hearts, and tears in our eyes, she poured forth to me all the deep feeling of her pure soul. She would say to me so often, 'In all my life to come, the memory of England will be to me simply as of the spot where first I knew that Henry loved me. As for me, I think I have loved him all my life; although it was he who taught me the sweet lesson of reading my own heart.' So she would try to cheer my sad heart by telling of her love for my dear son, and be silent as to the sorrow which filled her own."

"Mother," I said, the enthusiasm of strong, warm love filling my heart, "my noble brother is worthy of this true heart which he has won."

My last thought that night was of

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beautiful Emily Fortescue. I recognized how honestly I rejoiced that she should be my brother's wife; and for me, a sister from whom I would receive cordial, sincere affection. My heart was deeply touched with sympathy for the sorrowful anxiety which had come so soon into her bright, young life. Only too well I knew the dangers to which my brother was exposed, and how, at any moment, the blackness of despair might fill her soul. The next day as I met her in my mother's presence, I kissed her, and said: "Dear Emily, my mother has made me very happy by telling me of Hal's good fortune. He has secured this treasure not only for himself, but for us all; and we will show our appreciation by taking good care of you until the brave soldier shall come marching back to claim his own."

There were tears in her beautiful eyes as she replied: "Thank you, Ned; no one more than you can help me to keep hope in my heart."

[*To be continued.*]

THE SPIRIT WITHIN THE TEMPLE

By Kate Trimble Sharber

MISS ISABEL CARR, aged seventeen, author and Buddhist, dropped her book, a treatise on theosophy, and with an air of cheerful self-sacrifice selected a large, unripe banana from the table nearby laden with the delicacies her dyspeptic vagaries caused her to desire, and ate the fruit in brave, quick bites.

"It's the only thing I can do," she thought as she laid aside the peel and started toward her dressing room, "for I can wait no longer to see him. If I should tell mamma that I am ill and must seek his advice when in truth my body is free from pain, it would be a lie and out of keeping with my religion," here she looked fondly at the book she had just thrown aside, "so my eating this banana, which will cause me genuine suffering, proves my loyalty to my faith, as well as my devotion to him."

She arrayed herself in a gown of delicate purple, very becoming to her blonde prettiness, but selected with a higher view, for she fancied it was the exact color of the flower nursed by Rappaccini's Daughter, one of the morbid characters in fiction which she vastly admired. She was fond of imagining herself the reincarnation of her favorite heroines; she was Hypatia, Romola, Sappho by turns, but most of all she was sure that the mantle of George Eliot had fallen upon her shoulders; and since the dawn of her last love she was Mary Ann Evans more convincingly than ever. Her talent and personality were proof enough, but the recent developments of her life, the discovery that her twin flame was a brilliant, gifted man with a—an Obstacle, a physician who had snatched her from the jaws of nervous prostration, a man who was her ideal in every way—she needed no further evidence.

She mused on her last book as she made her way, powdered and perfumed, to the shrine of her idol. It was to be a book of the heart—her others were of the soul—a book of passion and roses, a volume of fire and dreams. She thought of the opening passage, a classic strain suggestive of Solomon's Song, but applicable to her hero's thin features: "Thy face is like a chiseled cameo."

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Her father, a stout Philistine who knew nothing of literature and could be taught nothing, had inquired about the book the evening before.

"You've spoken very little about it, Belle," he said, looking up from his paper, "is it too sacred for unregenerate ears? Is it about kings and queens getting their heads cut off so they could get to Nirvana—as your others were?"

She pitied him, for he had no soul; still she labored to enlighten him.

"It is a compilation of dissertations rather than a continuation of narration—" she began, but was interrupted.

"Good Lord, that's enough!" and the paper he held in front of him was shaking.

When she reached her destination the trim office girl asked her to wait in the outer temple, which to the common herd was Dr. Clarence Bruce's reception room, for at the moment of her arrival her idol was engaged with a patient in his private office, which Isabel designated in the diary to be buried with her as the "Holy Temple." As the patient came out Isabel arose meek and palpitating to respond to the rather blasé "next" she heard spoken in the other room. Dr. Bruce never troubled himself to glance into his reception room. His fees were too high for him to doubt the ever-present "next"—many fine ladies flocked to him. When he looked at Isabel as she entered, his face brightened and he held out his hand. Isabel's father's name looked very substantial at the bottom of a check.

"Why, little girl," he said gently, "again so soon? I'm always glad to see you though. Stomach or nerves this time?"

"Are you really glad to see me?" she asked, wiping her cold, perspiring hands. She was very much in earnest.

"Surely," he insisted. "Your conversation always amus—er entertains me, and your beauty always charms me. Pretty gown, too," he continued admiringly, "what does it represent?"

"I am Rappaccini's Daughter."

"Uh huh," he said hurriedly, for much reading was not his strong point. "She was the one who—let me see—what was it she did?"

"She was a lonely maiden whose breath was so bad that she poi—"

"Good Heavens! Your indigestion is not so bad as all that?" he exclaimed, but she hastened to set him straight. She was a little surprised at his earthiness.

"Oh, spiritually! I must poison the love around me for—for nobody cares for me." This was meant to be tragic, but sounded forlorn as she wound up.

Dr. Bruce had permitted his eyes to stray towards the clock, but as she spoke he looked at her quickly.

"By Jove!" he began, "that reminds me of what I was going to tell you." He wheeled his chair closer and laid his hand on hers.

"Isabel," he said, "I'm going to call you Isabel because I'm so many years older than you—"

"Girls in books always call men older than themselves that are actors or artists, 'Master,'" she interpolated nervously.

"I'd rather have you call me something else," he answered, "and if my plans turn out well—"

"Plans!" she exclaimed, little thrills of ecstasy running up and down her backbone.

"Well, hardly plans, perhaps," he continued, "but some thoughts and hopes I've been indulging in lately." Then in a manner almost lawyerlike, so straightforward was it, he asked: "Isabel, have you a lover?"

Her throat tightened and she felt suffocated with joy. She struggled with her emotions before she could speak.

"Er, no—not one who would count against"— she could go no further.

"Against the *right* one, eh?" he said easily but earnestly. "Well, listen to me. I know a man who might prove to be the right one, if you would only let him. Do you think you could learn to love a fellow who is a great student, who hates society and cares more for the feel of the cold steel instruments he uses in his work than for the touch of a lovely woman's lips—a man who would be sure to go mad over your piquant beauty if you would

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only give him a chance? Do you?" He leaned back in his chair; he liked his speech.

She had read of the joy that hurts —she felt it now. Never had she experienced such a psychological moment. Her head was swimming so foolishly that she could not think of framing an answer. She wondered vaguely what he would do next and hoped it would be something entirely spiritual: a kiss would be sacrilege, an embrace a crime. The moment was too precious to be defiled with thoughts of the flesh—it was a fusion of souls. She knew not how long her trance had lasted when it was broken by a sharp ring of the telephone bell. Dr. Bruce was wanted at his infirmary immediately, the maid announced.

He sprang quickly to his feet.

"I'm sorry to have to leave," he said as he scrambled around for his hat, "but I must hurry, I have a very sick patient out there. Good-bye—think over what I've been saying," and he was off. In a moment she had forgotten her religion; she hated the patient, she hated the infirmary, she hated even the motor-car which was whirling him away from her. There was a faint "honk honk" far down the street. Already he was *blocks* away. She felt that that was the cruelest "honk, honk" she had ever heard!

Isabel thought over what he had been saying to such an extent that night that her mind could not contain her thinkings; they overflowed and the Heart Book grew two chapters in consequence. The next day she was walking on the proverbial air that persons of her age and state of mind sometimes tread. On the day after her pathway lay a trifle nearer the housetops than the clouds, for she had not seen him, he had sent no sealed note, there had been no box of roses, no bit of poetry wrapped around a pebble had been tossed into her window at night—she greatly desired this —in fact, nothing.

On the fourth day she came home from her club late in the afternoon, sad and dispirited, for she had seen her idol's chariot, otherwise Dr. Bruce's motor car, with another man occupying it,—a young man, very good-looking in a scholarly, ascetic way and bearing more than a slight resemblance to the idol—"the mockbird, but not the nightingale," she quoted dejectedly. As she entered the house she found to her consternation that the Obstacle, well-gowned and marcelled, was calling on her mother. There was nothing unusual in this as the two ladies were in the same social set, but Isabel regarded the plump figure with horror as she passed the door, which was slightly ajar. After a little mental debate she knew it was her duty to stand very close to the door and hear what the two were saying. They might be plotting to send her off to a convent.

"It *is* a disappointment to him," the Obstacle said as Isabel took her position, "and it's a pity, too, for a man who is such a devoted husband as Clarence is would make a splendid father. Sometimes he speaks of adopting one—"

"If he does," Mrs. Carr laughingly interrupted, "tell him to *please* adopt Isabel, for she's wild about him."

Ah! It was coming!

"All his nervous girls are," the Obstacle said with a smile. "Mrs. Carr, Clarence says that nervous girls are as sure to fancy themselves in love with their doctor as a measle-y child is to break out in splotches."

Isabel caught at the door for support. Her vinaigrette was in her shopping bag, but she had not the strength to open it.

"Clarence was telling me a plan of his about Isabel the other day, and it would be a fine thing for her, for the man in the case, Clarence's nephew, is heir to, oh, my dear, *oodles!*"

"And Dr. Bruce thought of Isabel —" Mrs. Carr said in an interested way.

"Yes, it's this way. James has studied himself *blind*. He does things with electricity, almost spooky things with steel and er—that, you know—he's *devoted* to it, and his health has gone to smash. His father has sent him here for Clarence to work on, but my husband says a love affair is the best tonic, and he says Isabel is

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the very prettiest girl he knows and as James is so *deep* he'll be sure to fall in love with his opposite, so Isabel will suit all round."

The reincarnation of Hypatia, Romola and Sappho ran up the stairs sobbing savagely, "I hate him, I hate him!" At the top step she paused a moment. "It must have been James I saw in that loathsome abomination's car this afternoon—he's a thousand times better looking than the villain himself—not that I can ever trust a man again, but—" She made for her writing desk, and with vandalism in her soul, she laid trembling hands on the Heart Book. She would burn it to ashes, then scatter the ashes. She strode to the grate, but it was stuffed with newspapers for summer was abroad in the land. It would be unsafe to tear it up. Finally she sat down on the side of the bed, the book still in her hand. She glanced at the opening passage: "Thy face is like a chiseled cameo."

"If that *was* James," she mused, "his face is like a chiseled cameo, too, only much more beautiful." This brought up quite a line of thought.

"I have called this book, 'The Spirit Within the Temple, A Heart Book,' but I don't know that such a title isn't better suited to an electrician than to a doctor. After all there's nothing *templish* about a place where people poke out their tongues and get their stomachs thumped! Now, there *is* something spiritual about a place where a man does things with electricity, and electricity may be a spirit for all we know. Nobody on earth knows *what* it is. I think the title would suit for an electrician *just fine!*"

She glanced through the pages. "No, the name 'Clarence' doesn't appear anywhere in the book—wasn't that clever of me? Indeed I shall not destroy it. Who can tell what may happen?"

She walked to the window and glanced at a little, young moon swung above the treetops. She quickly made a wish.

"*James,*" she said, throwing back her hair with one fair hand, a favorite gesture of hers, "what a *kingly* name!"

And she laid the book tenderly down.

* * * * *

Three weeks of well-directed effort had done the work so well in the cases of his two most interesting patients as to cause Dr. Bruce to wish he could calculate with as much certainty on the results of quinine and bromides as on the effects of youth and propinquity.

"Without doubt she is the most satisfactory young woman to talk with I have ever met," James volunteered in a burst of confidence one evening, just before starting out on his regular pilgrimage to the home of his ladylove. "Her understanding is something remarkable."

"Her *what?*" inquired his uncle, thinking his ears had deceived him. James had said eyes, perhaps, or hair, or complexion.

"Her understanding, mind, or whatever you care to call it; it's what other girls don't possess," James explained to him. "Why, the way she is interested in my work"—

"Do you mean she can grasp about currents, voltage, transmitters, etc?" Dr. Bruce asked, in surprise.

"Well," James said, slowly, "what she lacks in minute grasp she more than makes up for in—er—sympathy."

"Oh, sympathy!" said his uncle with quick comprehension.

"I scarcely know—er—exactly what to call this peculiar feeling which exists between us"— the youth faltered.

"*I* know what to call it, youngster," the elder man said kindly, laying his hand on James' shoulder with an expression of godspeed. "I find, moreover, that you have a very bad attack, as people always do when they have it for the first time. I apprehend fatal results."

James smiled rather foolishly as he left the room to make his way heavenward.

There had been many doubts in the young man's mind as to the propriety of declaring his love, for Isabel's guileless eyes had told him so often

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that she little suspected such a condition of affairs. He had a very firm notion that such a young, innocent girl should be prepared by degrees for a declaration of love. His mind was full of such thoughts as he entered her presence that evening, but they speedily took flight as he gazed with rapture on the dainty figure before him.

Isabel wore a simple little white gown with pale blue ribbons, and her childlike eyes made quick work of his resolutions. Everything was forgotten in a moment, and when he came to earth again he realized that he had proposed and had been accepted.

"And are you *sure* that you never loved any other man?" he found himself asking her, with all the jealous eagerness of a newly-declared lover.

"Any other man!" she repeated, running her hands caressingly over his face and thinking the while how perfectly fascinating is the "feel" of a thin man's face—so much more classic, devoid of earthy fat! "There *is* no other man in the world. Besides, a great soul cannot love twice."

"It is *such joy* to hear you say that!" he exclaimed rapturously.

"Instead of a second love, with a great soul," she continued to explain, "all one's life is spent in preparation for the *one* love."

He kissed her in answer to this, for he was a little out of his element in the discussion of souls.

"To prove to you that I have long known that such a man as you would some day come into my life," she continued after a slight pause, "I will show you a little book I've written—just at odd moments, you know—every page of which bears the impress of *your* personality as plainly as if I had had you before my eyes." She reached for the "Heart Book," which was lying near, and read portions of the choicest passages to him. She pointed out that his face was like a cameo, and that his figure was certainly like a young pine tree.

He admired her genius, kissed and complimented her to her heart's content for a while, then drew her very firmly earthward.

"We must talk about getting married," he said finally, during a little pause. "Do you think we shall encounter opposition from your parents? Are they going to step in now and spoil all our happiness by declaring that you are too young?" He felt considerable anxiety on the subject.

"Oh, never!" Isabel assured him. "Mamma will be delighted, for we can be married *right* after my debut—no other girl in my set has done *that!*"

"Uncle seems to approve, too," he remarked, smiling at her youthful enthusiasm and loving her all the more for it, "but he would approve of anything a fellow wanted to do. He's a genuine trump!"

"Dr. Bruce is — is — er — a fine physician," Isabel answered, glancing rather hastily around the room as if in search of a remark which would be both safe and satisfying.

"Is that the most you can say for him, when he is so soon to be your uncle, too?" her lover asked playfully, stroking back her hair and dwelling with silent happiness on the young honesty in her face.

She toyed with the leaves of the "Heart Book" for a moment.

"Oh, he's all right," she finally agreed, swallowing a trifle nervously; "he's *real* nice—and rather good-looking, too, for such an *old* man!"

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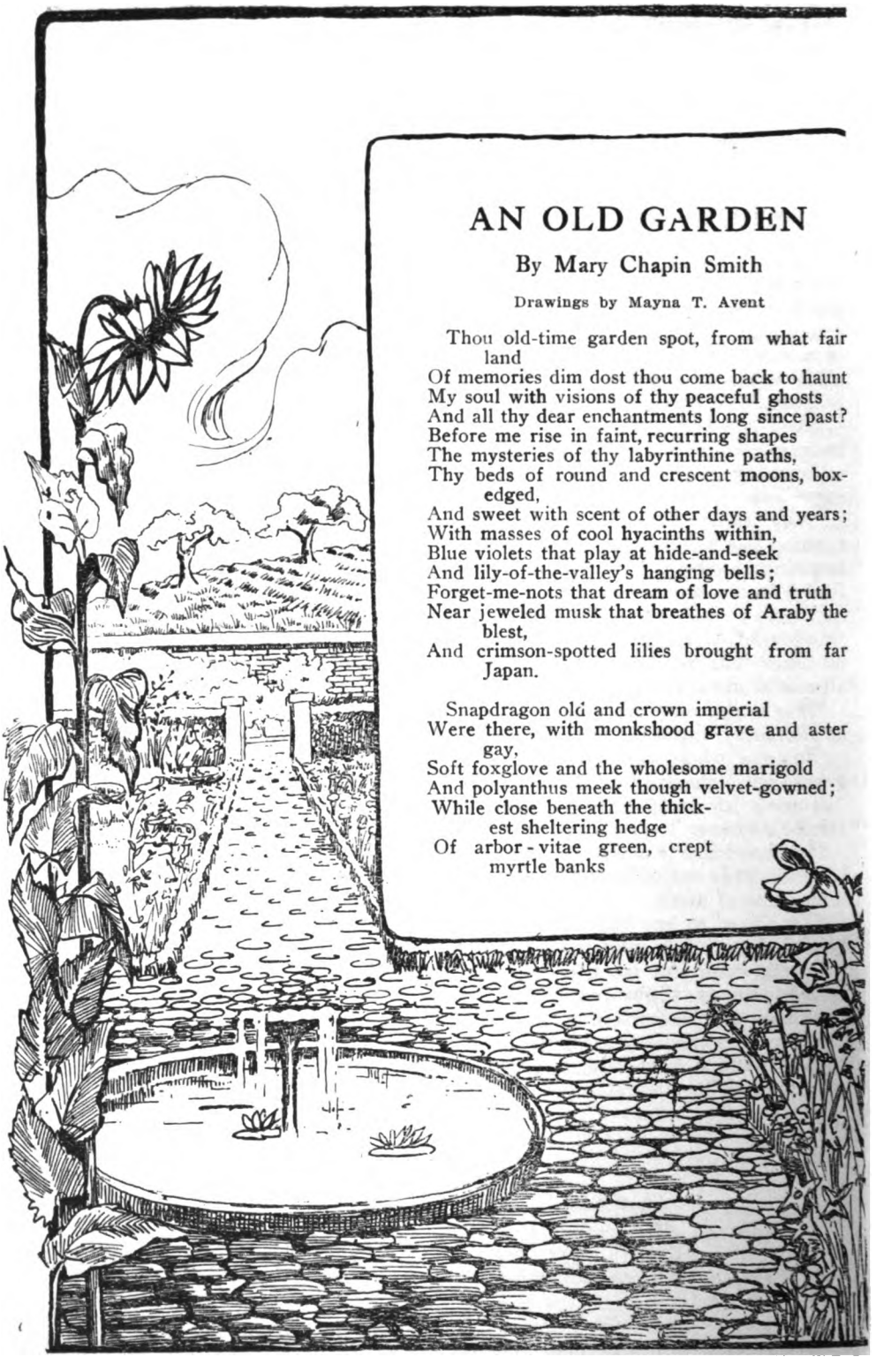

AN OLD GARDEN

By Mary Chapin Smith

Drawings by Mayna T. Avent

Thou old-time garden spot, from what fair land
Of memories dim dost thou come back to haunt
My soul with visions of thy peaceful ghosts
And all thy dear enchantments long since past?
Before me rise in faint, recurring shapes
The mysteries of thy labyrinthine paths,
Thy beds of round and crescent moons, box-edged,
And sweet with scent of other days and years;
With masses of cool hyacinths within,
Blue violets that play at hide-and-seek
And lily-of-the-valley's hanging bells;
Forget-me-nots that dream of love and truth
Near jeweled musk that breathes of Araby the blest,
And crimson-spotted lilies brought from far Japan.

Snapdragon old and crown imperial
Were there, with monkshood grave and aster gay,
Soft foxglove and the wholesome marigold
And polyanthus meek though velvet-gowned;
While close beneath the thickest sheltering hedge
Of arbor-vitae green, crept myrtle banks

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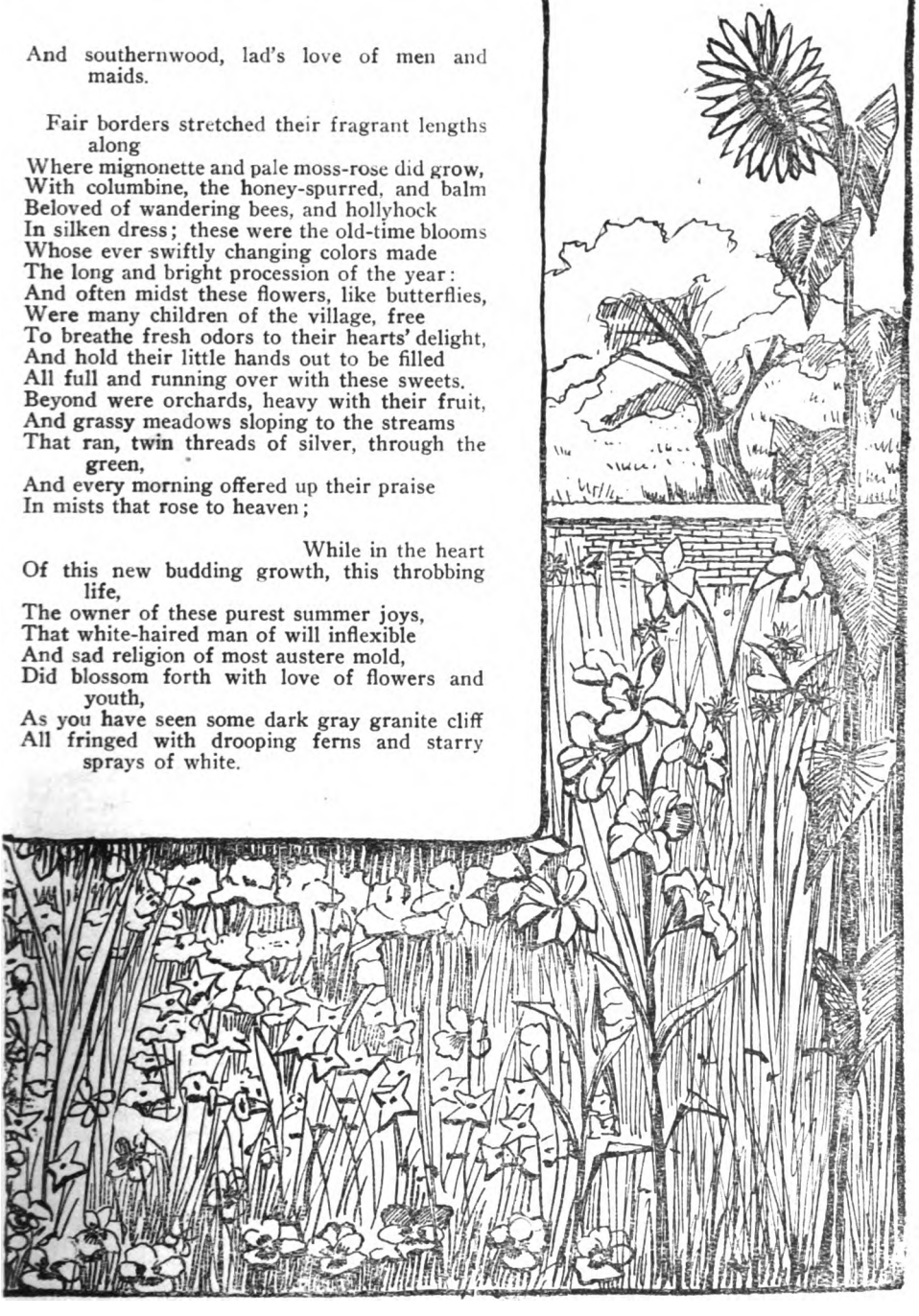
And southernwood, lad's love of men and maids.

Fair borders stretched their fragrant lengths along
Where mignonette and pale moss-rose did grow,
With columbine, the honey-spurred, and balm
Beloved of wandering bees, and hollyhock
In silken dress; these were the old-time blooms
Whose ever swiftly changing colors made
The long and bright procession of the year:
And often midst these flowers, like butterflies,
Were many children of the village, free
To breathe fresh odors to their hearts' delight,
And hold their little hands out to be filled
All full and running over with these sweets.
Beyond were orchards, heavy with their fruit,
And grassy meadows sloping to the streams
That ran, twin threads of silver, through the green,
And every morning offered up their praise
In mists that rose to heaven;

While in the heart
Of this new budding growth, this throbbing life,
The owner of these purest summer joys,
That white-haired man of will inflexible
And sad religion of most austere mold,
Did blossom forth with love of flowers and youth,
As you have seen some dark gray granite cliff
All fringed with drooping ferns and starry sprays of white.



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THE CAPTURE OF BLACKBEARD

By S. W. Niemeyer

EARLY in the eighteenth century pirates infested the American coast from New England to Florida, notwithstanding the fact that the British government and the Colonial authorities maintained vigilant and energetic measures for the extermination of these highwaymen of the seas. In addition to the ships of the English navy engaged in hunting the desperadoes, charters were granted to companies authorized to arm and equip ships for the purpose of capturing pirate vessels for profit, the terms being that one-tenth of all property captured was to be set aside for the king. Captain William Kidd, a Scotchman known for years in New York as a skilful and daring shipmaster, was appointed by one of the companies as commander of the *Adventure Galley*, a new ship of about three hundred tons, carrying thirty-four guns and a crew of one hundred and fifty-four men.

Kidd for a while rendered good service to his company by securing rich prizes, but the temptations and allurements of illicit gains overcoming his scruples, he turned pirate. This act was followed by a short but successful career, in which he accumulated considerable treasure. The Earl of Ballamont, who had promoted the company employing Kidd, lured the pirate to Boston and delivered him to the government. Kidd was sent to England, tried, convicted and executed at London on May 24, 1701. Ballamont had possessed himself of Kidd's secrets, and after the latter's execution secured treasure buried on Gardiner's Island near New York, in gold, silver, jewels and merchandise, valued at fifteen thousand pounds.

Captain Quelch, a notorious sea robber, sailed into Boston Harbor in 1704 under the guise of an honest trader. His identity was discovered and with a number of his companions he died by the hands of the executioners. In 1717 Captain Bellamy, a daring buccaneer, terrorized the New England coast, capturing a number of vessels and murdering their crews. His ship was wrecked on Cape Cod, the captain and nearly all of his men being drowned. Out of a crew of one hundred and thirty, only six were saved to be tried and executed at Boston. Through the efforts of Governor Johnson, of North Carolina, Captain Rhett, of Charleston, sailed on an expedition against a gang of pirates who had depredated the Carolina coast. This venture resulted in the capture of Steed Bonnett and Richard Worley. Bonnett was a man of high education and literary attainments, and had held the rank of major in the British army. Steed Bonnett and Richard Worley, with forty-one of their band, were executed at Charleston on January 1, 1718. During the term of Nicholson, the Colonial President of Virginia, a number of pirates were captured and executed. During Spottswood's term, a band of pirates disguised as merchants invaded Virginia, and being detected were hanged in chains on the shore of Hampton Roads, their bodies being allowed to remain, as an object lesson, to become food for the birds.

The rendezvous of many pirate gangs was in the Bahama Islands, and a regular colony was maintained by them at New Providence. In answer to the complaints of English ship own-

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ers, in 1718 George the First decided to try the experiment of offering pardon to all pirates who would surrender to any of his colonial governors within one year; at the same time dispatching a number of ships to the den of robbers at New Providence. Captain Wood Rogers, the commander of the expedition, took possession of the colony, and most of the pirates taking advantage of the king's proclamation, surrendered. The most notorious pirate of this period was John Theach, commonly known as "Blackbeard." Theach was known far and wide as a villainous ruffian who showed no mercy to his captives. An old history of the times says:

John Theach was the name of this barbarous miscreant, but he was more commonly designated by his favorite appellation of "Blackbeard," derived from his attempt to heighten the ferocious aspect of his countenance by suffering a beard of unusually dark hue to grow to an immoderate length and adjusting it with elaborate care in such an inhuman disposition as was calculated to excite surprise, aversion and horror. He had once been acknowledged supreme commander of the banded pirates at New Providence, but for some reason forsook that pre-eminence and, confining himself to the sway of a single crew, preferred to retire to the mouth of Pamlico River in North Carolina, whenever he desired to refit his vessel or refresh himself on shore. In battle he has been represented with the look and demeanor of a fury, carrying three brace of pistols in holsters slung over his shoulders and lighted matches under his hat, protruding over his ears.

The authority and admiration which the pirate chiefs obtained among their fellows was proportioned to the audacity and extravagances of their outrages on humanity; and none in this respect ever challenged a rivalship with Theach. The force of his pretentions may be conceived from the character of his jests and the style of his convivial humor. Having frequently undertaken to personify a demon for the entertainment of the crew, he proposed on one occasion to gratify them still further by an anticipated presentation of hell, and in this attempt he nearly stifled his whole crew with the fumes of brimstone under the hatches of his vessel. In one of his ecstasies, while heated with liquor and sitting in his cabin, he took a pistol in each hand and cocking them under the table blew out the lights, and then, with crossed hands, fired on each side of his companions, one of whom received a shot that maimed him for life. He kept fourteen women, whom he called his wives, and who were alternately the objects of his dalliance and the victims of his cruelty.

"BLACKBEARD"
From an old print, London, 1725

The county of Bath, adjacent to the scene of his retirement in Pamlico River, was thinly peopled, and Theach, protected by a strong guard, repaired frequently on shore and visited some of the inhabitants who did not disdain to associate with such a monster or who dreaded to provoke his vengeance by rejecting his advances. But his chief security was derived from the profligacy of Charles Eden, the

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governor, and Tobias Knight, the secretary of the province, who were corrupted by the pirate's gold and consented to protect him in return for a share of it. The notoriety of this league between the principal officers of the proprietary government and the most infamous ruffian of the age, discouraged and disgusted every honest man in North Carolina, relaxed the bonds of civil government, and promoted a general deterioration of morals.

Enriched with his guilty spoil and apprised of the operations of Woods Rogers, at New Providence, Theach judged it expedient to secure an indemnity for the past by accepting the benefit of the king's proclamation, and for this purpose surrendered himself, with twenty of his men, to his patron, Governor Eden, who administered the oath of allegiance "to wretches who, by oaths were habitually employed as the instruments of fraud, the expressions of rage and fury, and the concomitants of rapine and bloodshed." A few of the pirates betook themselves to honest pursuits, while the greater number, still at war with human welfare, insulted and contaminated by the spectacle of their wealthy impunity and the example of their vices, the society which they had plundered by their maritime robberies.

But it was impossible for a man like Theach, whose mind was loaded with such a weight of dark and horrible remembrance, "to exist without madness or compunction in a state that admitted even the shortest intervals of calm reflection; and, seeking a substitute for the vehement interest of battle and a refuge from the torments of his conscience in the excitement of gambling and the stupefaction of debauchery," he soon dissipated his riches and was reduced to want. Without a moment's scruple, he determined to return to his former occupation, and, having enlisted a suitable crew, fitted out a sloop which he entered at the Custom House as a common trader, embarking, as he said, for a commercial adventure. In a few weeks he returned to North Carolina, bringing with him a French ship in a perfect condition of soundness, and with a valuable cargo, which he deposed on oath that he had found deserted at sea, a statement which Eden and Knight accepted without hesitation, though it obtained credit from no one else—and some of the Carolinians who had formerly suffered from Theach's depredations, instead of vainly invoking the justice of a governor who openly connived at his villainy, dispatched information of the occurrence to the government at Virginia.

The capture of the French ship by Theach, as related by several of his crew, and his subsequent destruction, as told in the narrative of Captain John Maynard of the British navy, and now in the possession of that officer's descendants in Virginia, and from which this account is compiled, is an interesting story of Colonial days, when brave and resolute men were laying the foundation of our country's stability.

On the fourth of September, 1718, the French ship *Celeste* sailed from Havre with a cargo of merchandise for the West Indies. In addition to her cargo, the *Celeste* carried several passengers, among the number being Mr. Paul Morton, an English merchant, and his daughter, Miss Mary Morton. England and Spain were at war, and Mr. Morton had sailed in a French ship in order to avoid possible capture by the Spaniards. The passage was rendered pleasant by favorable winds and fair weather. Mr. Morton was visiting the West Indies for the purpose of looking after his business interests there, and Miss Morton was making a pleasure trip, expecting to meet, in the course of the visit, her fiancé, a lieutenant of the British navy whose ship was cruising in American waters. Miss Morton was twenty, a beautiful blonde, refined and cultivated, and had for some time been engaged to the young officer whom she hoped soon to see. The young lady was a favorite with the ship's company, and received much attention.

It was ten o'clock on the morning of October 14. Mr. Morton and his

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daughter were on deck, engaged in conversation with the French captain, who assured them that he would land them the following day at Bermuda. Mr. and Miss Morton were expressing their pleasure and assuring the captain of their appreciation of his many courtesies during the voyage, when the lookout cried, "A sail!" The captain, with the aid of his glass, observed a small ship some two miles distant in apparent distress. The vessel displayed the English flag upside down, as a sign that she was in need of assistance, and the ship was badly listed, while the crew of ten or twelve men were laboring at the pumps. The weather was fine, and the captain decided to run alongside of the distressed vessel. When within hailing distance, the Frenchman called in fairly good English, "What ship is that?" Instantly the answer was returned: "The Mermaid, of Boston, bound for Bermuda. We are leaking badly and wish to abandon the ship." The French captain politely responded: "We will take pleasure in receiving you on board." The two ships came together, a rope was passed from the distressed vessel to the French ship, and the crew began to climb to the deck of the Frenchman. At this moment the hatches of the newcomer were thrown open and a swarm of villainous pirates, headed by the fiendish Theach, sprang on deck and quickly reached the French vessel. The pirates were well armed. The Frenchmen made a determined resistance, killing a number of the invaders and wounding the pirate chief, but being taken entirely unawares were at a great disadvantage, and were soon put to death. Miss Morton was the only person spared, every other living soul of the French ship being murdered and their bodies thrown overboard. Blackbeard had purposely listed his ship by moving a portion of his cargo to one side, and the men were put at the pumps as a decoy.

Miss Morton was kept a prisoner in the cabin of the French vessel by Theach, who transferred his headquarters to the captured vessel, and the two ships, with crews divided from the pirate, sailed for Carolina. A number of women from Blackbeard's vessel were also transferred to the prize, and Miss Morton was placed in their custody. The horror of her situation and a wound from a pistol ball received in the attack of the pirates, rendered her desperately ill, but this proved to be her salvation.

Alexander Spottswood, the sturdy Scotchman whose brave deeds and splendid valor as the organizer and leader of "The Knights of the Golden Horse Shoe," had won the applause of two continents, was equally endeared to the Virginians by his wise and honorable career as governor of the colony. On the night of November 14, the beauty and chivalry of the Old Dominion were gathered at a ball given by the governor at his "palace" in Williamsburg, the colonial capital, in honor of the officers of the British navy whose ship lay at anchor in Hampton Roads. The beautiful maids and stately matrons of old Virginia, with native grace and stately charm vied with "The Golden Horse Shoe Knights," the officers, in the uniform of the colonial militia, the statesmen and planters of Virginia in tendering a royal welcome to the guests from the English ship.

The beautiful, quaint costumes of the ladies and the dignified bearing of the gentlemen, made picturesque by their style of dress, as they danced the minuet formed a scene of rare grace and beauty. In the gay throng Governor Spottswood was chatting with a bevy of pretty girls and graciously receiving his guests, when an aid approached to announce that a delegation of gentlemen from North Carolina had arrived in Williamsburg and desired a conference with his excellency. By the governor's direction, the visitors were invited to the ballroom and presented to the company. After salutations were exchanged, the leader of the Carolinians, Colonel John Small, said:

"Governor Spottswood, on behalf of the people of North Carolina, we are here to invoke your generosity and aid in the interest of justice and to help the honest people of North

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Carolina destroy the villainous pirate Blackbeard, who is, with the assistance of the cowardly and vicious governor of our colony, terrorizing and robbing the settlements, seizing ships on the high seas, and murdering their crews without restraint. It is not only for the reason that we are helpless to secure relief from the authorities of our colony that we are here, but because we feel that in appealing to your excellency and to the Virginia colony, we are seeking aid from a generous and gallant people, who have been ever ready to respond to a call for assistance, and to give knightly battle in every just cause. We request your excellency to send at once a ship of war to our coast to capture and destroy this pirate, who in fancied security is now boldly defying restraint. For this aid we shall be grateful and ever ready to respond to your call when needed in any time of danger."

During Colonel Small's speech, the entire company had gathered around the visitors, and at the close of his remarks they answered with quick and hearty applause. Governor Spottswood's reply was immediate:

" . . . It is well that you came to us for assistance at this time, for just now we are best able to render it. There are at this time three ships of war at anchor in Hampton Roads, acting under the orders of the governor of this colony. These ships are manned by brave crews and commanded by gallant and daring officers. I shall direct that one of these vessels be sent to bring me the pirate Theach, dead or alive."

At this juncture of the governor's remarks, the company again broke into applause, and the three commanders of the war ships stepped forward, each to request that his ship be given the order to capture the pirate. Continuing his speech, the governor said:

"It is difficult to decide which of the three ships to send on this expedition, for the reason that all of the commanding officers are brave men with excellent records, ever ready to serve their king or to fight in an honorable cause. Two of the commanders are officers of long service and splendid records. The other, a young lieutenant, has served a shorter period, but has never been found wanting in time of danger, and I shall give him this opportunity to distinguish himself. Lieutenant John Maynard, you are herewith directed to proceed at once with your ship *Bristol* to the Carolina coast to capture or destroy the pirate Blackbeard. Bring me here his body alive or bring me his head. When you have done this I shall commend you to the king for promotion."

Lieutenant Maynard was warmly congratulated, and the company soon dispersed, eagerly discussing the adventure. On the following day the *Bristol* sailed for the Carolina coast and, after cruising for several days, Maynard descried the pirate approaching Pamlico Sound, evidently in search of prey. Theach, much surprised by the presence of an enemy, avoided a fight in the beginning, but during the night prepared his ship for action. On the following morning he made no attempt to escape, but boldly challenged his antagonist to battle. From the difficult navigation of the inlet through which the assailants had to penetrate in order to approach him, and from his superior acquaintance with the soundings of the coast, Theach was able to manoeuver for a while with advantage, and maintained a running fight. At length, however, a close encounter ensued, in which, after great slaughter on both sides and considerable damage to the ships, the steady, deliberate valor of Maynard and his crew prevailed.

Anticipating defeat, Theach had posted one of his men with a lighted match over his powder magazine, that in the last extremity he might defraud justice of a part of its triumph. But some accident or mistake prevented the execution of this act. After a number of broadsides from both ships, the vessels came in close contact; grappling irons were thrown from the English ship, and a hand to hand fight followed. Lieutenant Maynard was the first to reach the pirate vessel. Pistol in hand, he shot down the first that opposed him and eagerly sought

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Theach. The pirate chief rushed forward to receive him, discharging his pistol as he came. The ball grazed Maynard's cheek but did not stop his progress. As he raised his cutlass to cut down his antagonist, Blackbeard attempted to cock another pistol, but was struck down by Maynard before he could carry out his design, and expired within a few minutes. The pirates fought stubbornly and both sides suffered severely, but the loss of Theach discouraged his followers and the few survivors of the piratical crew threw down their arms and, suing for life, were spared from the sword to be delivered over to a more suitable death at the hands of the executioner in Virginia. The dead of the pirate ship were thrown overboard, and the bodies of the English sailors were prepared for burial on shore. At the close of the battle, the women from the cabin of the pirate ship swarmed on deck, terror stricken by the death of their master. Lieutenant Maynard learning that there was an English lady ill and a captive in the cabin, at once went below, and received the greatest surprise of his life in recognizing in the prisoner his beautiful girl promised wife, Miss Mary Morton, whom he had expected to meet in Bermuda. The meeting was a joyous one, but both the young lady and the brave officer were overcome with emotion. The surgeon of the English ship immediately gave his attention to Miss Morton and she was soon on the way to recovery.

The Bristol, after making some badly needed repairs, proceeded to return to Virginia and sailed into Hampton Roads with the head of the villainous Blackbeard displayed at the masthead. Miss Morton was tenderly received by the family of Governor Spottswood, in Williamsburg. Lieutenant Maynard, on the recommendation of the governor of Virginia, was promoted by the king to the rank of captain. He was married at the governor's palace in Williamsburg, to Miss Morton, and from thenceforth made his home in Virginia. His descendants are numerous in the Old Dominion, and the record of their ancestor's gallant and romantic career is told to succeeding generations with great pride.

LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE MILL

For them no hope, no dream may be fulfilled.
  All thoughts of sunshine, birds, or bees, or flowers,
Or flowing streams: these, these must all be stilled
  And cruel labor mark the long-drawn hours.
For them no play, no games, no races on the sward,
  Or wrestling, rough and gay in happy health.
No glow of rounded cheek, no sweet reward,
  No boyish pranks, or daring wiles by stealth—
That tells of happy childhood, in woods or fruiting fields.
  The shout, the song, the march to martial strain
Have ceased to be: and wistful childhood yields,
  Its budding promise, and may never come again.
Bereft of these he grows bewildered, listless, pale
  And ties long threads that slip and slip again.
And vacant listens to the spindles' tiresome tale
  Of everlasting drowse and toiling strain.
Oh, brothers! sisters! is it negligence or heedless slight
  Of God's pure uncorrupted gift, a little child,
That we should take the surest, shortest way to blight
  A soul, and hope we ever can with Him be reconciled?

J. Kendrick Collins.

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THE NIGHT RIDERS

By HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD

CHAPTER XXV—Continued

A wild impulse flooded her brain, like a tidal wave from the sea of her despair. She would appeal to the Squire for a release from her promise—humbly petition his better self to spare her the misery of a marriage, loveless at least on her part. It could only bring sorrow to her, and doubtless unhappiness to him; since he could not wish to wed a wife, who brought him no love, and only deep aversion.

Yes, she would appeal to him—it was the one final hope left her. He must not, could not refuse to release her after such a confession. When at last he started to go, the girl quickly caught up her hat, and said, "I will ride with you along the road a little way."

"And after to-morrow, it will be all the way in life together, eh?" asked the old man jocosely, chucking her under the chin with one of his clumsy fingers. She instinctively shrank from his touch, but followed him into the night.

Without, the elements seemed as foreboding as the girl's own unhappy thoughts. An ominous sky brooded in gloom. In the north a huge pile of clouds, sullen and heavy, lay banked high above the horizon, threatening hills of blackness that seemed to hem in her little world of woe. Gusts of wind from time to time came sweeping by, boisterous heralds, precursors of threatening storm.

As the girl and the old man stood on the platform, after the door was shut behind them, he was the first to speak, as she unconsciously drew a little nearer to his side before a passing gust.

"I must have a kiss, my dear—one little kiss, on this, our marriage eve."

Her first impulse was to push him rudely from her, to deny him flatly such a request, though surely a lover's prerogative on the eve of marriage. Then, remembering the purpose for which she had followed him into the night, and the appeal she was about to make, she quickly realized that she must touch his compassion, not arouse his prejudice, if she would hope to win. Perhaps a submissive acquiescence on her part at this important moment might help to gain her cause.

She paused a brief moment, nerving herself for the trying ordeal, then resolutely putting aside her aversion, holding in check all mutinous thoughts, she hastily put up her lips and lightly touched his red, coarse cheek.

As she did so, a sudden flash from the muttering sky, like a reproof from heaven itself, for the act, made day of the night for one brief instant, and the clearly defined scene was enveloped in darkness again.

The Squire's back was partly turned toward the road, but Sally, looking out full upon it, saw in that brief flash of vivid light, clearly defined

Note.—"The Night Riders" commenced in August, 1907.

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against the white background of the pike, Milton Derr standing in the road not ten paces away.

CHAPTER XXVI

A pall of swiftly enveloping blackness closed about the toll-house and its surroundings, which had been revealed for one short space.

The girl started back with a sharp cry, wrung from her in surprise and consternation at the sudden apparition she had beheld, while the Squire, naturally mistook her perturbation for fear of the storm.

"Come! don't be afraid, my dear, you are quite safe," he said, soothingly, striving clumsily at the words to slip his arm about her waist. But she adroitly avoided the movement and retreated toward the door of the toll-house.

"Hurry home!" she cried anxiously, thinking rather of ridding herself of his presence, than of entertaining a fear for his safety. "The storm is near at hand."

"It's a good deal bluster," answered the Squire calmly, after a critical glance heavenward. "It may not rain at all. I hope it may not, as to-morrow's our wedding—only think of that, chickie, our wedding day!"

"Hurry home!" repeated Sally, faintly, scarcely knowing what she was saying, and only desirous of hastening his departure, and ridding herself of his hateful presence—doubly hateful at this moment. There was a touch of very entreaty in her voice.

"I thought you were going to ride with me a little way," remonstrated the Squire in disappointed tones. "You said you were."

"No! no!" answered the girl hastily, "it's dangerous—besides, it's growing late."

"That's scarcely treating me fair," protested the Squire, but he good-naturedly shambled along the platform, and went to get his buggy. "We won't begin to quarrel this early," he added with a laugh, "so—good night, my dear! and pleasant dreams to you!"

"Good night!" echoed Sally, mechanically. She stood motionless until the sound of the vehicle grew faint in the distance, then, with quaking frame, she hurriedly jumped off the platform into the road, and groped her way to the spot where she had seen the dark, solitary figure standing fully revealed in that brief, intense light.

She had heard no sound, save the Squire's clumsy movements, and later the rumble of his buggy along the pike, and as she eagerly started forward, the thought came to her that perhaps she was the dupe of her own vivid imagination—that the motionless figure imprinted on the retina of her eye, as it had been etched on the background of the night, was the creature of her excited brain, and had no part in the darkness without.

"Milt!" she called out softly, inquiringly.

She strained her ear attentively to the silence. The sound of labored breathing near at hand betrayed the presence she sought, and putting forth her hand fearlessly she touched the substance of the shadow she had seen.

"Milt!" she once more called aloud.

With a gesture of impatience, or anger, she knew not which, he roughly shook off the hand laid lightly upon him, with the impatient mumbling of a fierce oath.

"So, it's true," he said at last; but his voice sounded strange and harsh, and totally unlike the familiar caressing tones she had so longed to hear once more.

A deep silence fell between them, and in its strained quiet she could hear her heart beating loudly in her bosom, as if it were the pendulum of some muffled clock ticking off the dreary moments of a life.

"Yes," she answered, finally breaking the intense silence, her voice scarcely more than a faint whisper. It seemed that an age had passed since the question was asked.

"Sally!" he cried sharply, as if her reply had been a keen knife thrust. "You don't mean it!"

"It is true," she said, simply.

"And I would not believe it, even though I read it by chance in one of the papers from here. I said it was a lie. I really thought it was one—a

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wicked lie—a damnable one— I didn't know women," he added, with a bitter laugh.

"Don't blame me, Milt," she faltered. "I did it for the best."

"For the best?" he echoed, scornfully, swift anger following close upon his words. "Is it for the best to wreck my life—my faith in you?"

"It need not wreck your life, it must not," answered Sally, earnestly. "I'm not worth it. Oh! why did you come back?" she asked sorrowfully.

"I came back to convince myself that it was a lie. I was a fool for coming, I'll admit that; but women have made fools of men ever since the days of Eve."

The two walked on up the road, further away from the toll-house.

"You should not have come back," persisted the girl. "I hoped you never would. I beg you to go away again, this very night. It is best for us both. Some day you will find a true woman who is worthy your love," she added with a sob rising in her throat, but Milt in his anger and resentment failed to rightly interpret its meaning.

"Then you have been fooling me all the while!" he cried, hot with indignation. "You have made me believe that you cared nothing for him—that you loathed him, even—well, perhaps you did, but you loved his money—you've sold yourself for that."

"No! no! Milt, don't say that!" cried the girl imploringly. "I may have sold myself to him, but not for money—don't think that of me!"

"If not for money—for what?" demanded Derr, sternly. "For what else but his houses and lands?"

Once again the impulse was strong upon her to confess the truth, yet swift to follow the impulse came the unhappy knowledge that to do this would be to seal Milt's fate. If she would save him, she must sacrifice herself. For his sake her lips must remain mute now, and perhaps for ever.

"It *is* a sale, an outright sale!" persisted Derr. "You really don't care for him, you never did. It is only his money you are after—money, not love has won the day, it always will. I might have known as much, but I was simple, and had a simple faith. I didn't understand the falseness of women's hearts."

"Would I have risked my life, as I did, to get you out of the clutches of the raiders that night, if I had cared nothing for you?" asked Sally in sharp earnestness, unable longer to bear his reproaches in silence.

"And to what purpose?" demanded her companion. "Why didn't you let them kill me, as they proposed doing? It would have been kinder to have let them put me out of the way," he added bitterly.

"Oh, why didn't you stay away, when once you had gone?" she asked. "It would have been far kinder to me."

"I begin to understand now why you were so anxious to have me go," he said. "Probably you feared I would make trouble. Did you think I might attempt to harm your youthful, handsome lover?" he asked, sneeringly. "No wonder you only cared to talk of the present, not of the future that night we parted. No wonder you parried my questions when I asked if you would some day come to me. I marveled then at your strange silence, but the reason is now as clear as day. All the while you were urging me to go away, you were expecting to marry him after I had gone! Confess now—wasn't your word given to him before I went away?"

"Yes," acknowledged Sally, "but let me explain a few things you do not understand, I"—

"It is unnecessary," quickly interrupted Milt. "Those things I *do* understand are all-sufficient for me. You wanted me away from here, and you succeeded in getting me to go—you preferred the Squire's money to my poverty, and you are on the eve of getting his money, too. Perhaps you are in league with those rascals who may have meant only to frighten me, and cause me to run away, like a cowardly cur. They might not have harmed me—I doubt now if they intended to.

"It is not too late, though, to thwart your plans and his," continued the speaker with increasing anger. "You

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are not yet married to that brute, and, by heaven! you shall not be! I swear it! I will kill him first—the scoundrel! the hound!" he cried passionately, overswept by the rage that swayed him, like a tree twisted by the storm.

"Milt, Milt, don't talk that way! You mustn't harm him! You shall not!" cried the girl, terror-stricken by the passionate utterances of her companion.

Her words were but fuel to the flame. They goaded him into a sort of frenzy.

"So you beg for him, do you? You don't want him hurt—your lover, your husband that is soon to be. By heaven! I'll wring his wrinkled, villainous neck like I would a chicken's, d—n him. He's driven me from his roof, he's taken you from me, but I'll even up old scores at last."

As the maddened man started up the road, Sally frantically caught hold of him, striving to pacify his anger, to reason with him, to make him understand his unjustness toward her, but he roughly shook himself free, and moved the faster.

"Milt! Milt! come back!" she cried entreatingly, but he made no answer, and hurried on.

"Milt! listen to me! It's all my fault. I, alone, am to blame. Come back! For God's sake, don't do anything rash!"

Again she tried to overtake him, to lay hold of him, but he broke into a run, and left her far behind, crying entreatingly to him through the darkness.

CHAPER XXVII

The darkness enveloped the hurrying man as it had done once before this night, when he stood silent and motionless in the middle of the road, near the toll-house, yet the girl still followed his retreating figure persistently through the gloom, beseeching him to return, to relinquish his fell purpose.

She stopped at last, understanding that it was futile to follow further, that he was deaf to her entreaties to turn back, and that she could no longer hope to overtake him. As she stood still and listened, she heard his retreating footsteps growing fainter and fainter far up the road.

Some minutes later, a second vivid band of light revealed his tall, dark figure sharply silhouetted against the sky, from the brow of the hill he had climbed, then darkness came again, like a black curtain, and blotted him from sight.

The girl stood for some time in the middle of the road, with hands clasped tightly together, and tear-stained face, striving to think connectedly, to reason calmly in the face of a new trouble.

What must she do? Which way to turn?

She well knew Milt's disposition—a veritable powder magazine it was, readily ignited by an angry spark, yet soon over with, a flash in the pan, one might say, without a bullet behind to be sped on its mission of evil.

Such dire threats as he had just uttered, were but the violent outburst of a sudden passion, and signified no durability of purpose, no fixed resolve. Long before he could reach the Squire's place, his better judgment would surely prevail—the calm after a spent storm. Probably he was already beginning to repent his hot temper, and regret his hasty speech.

That it was without cause Sally could not aver. From Milton's standpoint, at least, he must feel that he had been most shamefully used, not so much at the hands of the Squire, in the present instance, as by the girl herself. How meanly he must think of her—heartless, mercenary, hypocritical! And yet she dared not defend her actions by telling him the truth.

As she stood thus, uncertain and confused, looking anxiously toward the hill where she had last seen the solitary figure crowning it, a reassuring thought came to her. Even should Milt go as far as the Squire's, he would not be able to gain entrance to the house, for his uncle had doubtless reached home before this, and he would be little likely to admit any one into his house at that hour of the night, especially an avowed enemy, such as he knew his nephew to be.

If Milt attempted to make any trou-

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ble at all, he would wait until the morrow—her wedding day. How hateful the thought of this event now seemed to her! She felt at the moment that if Milt would only come back and tempt her to flight, this unhappy marriage would never take place. She would risk anything, everything, and marry the younger man, despite all else. Why had she not thought of this sooner? Oh! yes, she remembered, it was on her mother's account. What would become of her?

As the unhappy girl recalled her lover's angry words, she felt that she deserved them all—each word of harsh reproach, of fierce anger, and just scorn. It was a very wonder he had not offered to strike her dead as she stood before him. To think he had even been a witness to her kiss, and had moreover heard from her very own lips the confession that she was about to wed his hated kinsman. It was little wonder that Milt was half crazed by jealousy and rage.

If he did but know the terrible sacrifice she was about to make for his sake, he must surely pity her, and no longer taunt her for her seeming perfidy and falseness of heart.

The girl found herself wondering that her lover's anger had not centered on herself rather than the Squire. She was the one on whom the younger man should have avenged himself. Perhaps it was a fortunate thing, after all, that she had not followed him further into the night. He might have been tempted, in his ungovernable rage, to wreak his vengence on her as well as on his hated kinsman. A strange, unusual timidity suddenly took possession of her—a feeling that was near akin to dread of the younger man, irresponsible in his jealous rage, though scarcely a fear of the man himself, so much as of the demon of jealousy she had aroused in him.

Beset with this new sensation, she peered cautiously into the night, as though one might be lurking in hiding near by, ready to spring forth upon her, then realizing that nothing but darkness lay around her, she abruptly turned her steps toward the toll-house.

Alas! the bitter disappointment of life. Thus had come to naught all the efforts in Milton Derr's behalf, her own sacrifice a useless thing, since, instead of averting the dangers that threatened him, she had unwittingly been the cause of involving him in yet greater perils.

Even though his threats against the Squire were but idle ones—blasted buds of evil without promise of fruition, as she believed them to be, still, if Milt persisted in tarrying longer in the locality, he was not only putting his own life in jeopardy, but would also bring on Steve Judson swift retribution as well.

She had tried to impress these facts on Milt's mind before he had gone away. Why had he not remained away as she had entreated him to do, on parting?

Then she remembered that he would not have returned—that he would probably have known nothing of her marriage until it was too late, if he had not read an announcement of it in the papers. Her mother was really at the bottom of it all, she was chiefly to blame for Milt's return; for many things, in fact, now bearing the bitter fruit of sorrow.

Mrs. Brown had caused the notice of the marriage to be put in the paper without her daughter's knowledge or consent. Sally had begged her mother to say as little about the wedding as possible, and if that obdurate person had only heeded the request, all this present trouble might easily have been avoided.

Beset with anxious doubts, intangible fears, disquieting thoughts, feeling the while most bitterly toward her mother for the officious part she had persistently played in all this unhappy affair, Sally retraced her steps slowly to the toll-house.

Poor girl! Truly her marriage eve was not a propitious one.

The first objects on which the girl's eyes rested the next morning, when she awoke after a troubled sleep, were the simple wedding garments spread out carefully on some chairs near her bed, and as she lay and looked at them, in bitterness of heart and spirit, she

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heard her mother astir in the kitchen preparing breakfast.

Sally half rose in bed. Her very heart seemed faint within her as she gazed on all this hateful reminder of what the day held in store, and with a quick sob she buried her face in her hands.

As she sat thus—a tearful, sobbing figure—surely a strange posture for a prospective bride on her bridal morn, she heard a horse galloping swiftly along the road, and as the sound came nearer, she found her attention gradually absorbed by it. There seemed something of undue haste in the rider's speed.

A moment later the winded animal stopped at the toll-house gate, while a loud knock quickly summoned Mrs. Brown to the door. Sally's alert ear caught the sound of a negro's voice without, speaking rapidly and excitedly, then a sharp exclamation from the toll-taker followed.

The listening bride-elect could not distinguish the negro's hurried words, nor guess the import of his message, but finally she caught one single word that her mother uttered, and that word was —"murdered."

Scarcely had it reached the girl's strained attention, when she sprang hurriedly out of bed, and catching up her wedding dress threw it hastily over her shoulders. Then her strength seemed suddenly to go, and she stood trembling and white, her eyes fixed on the door of her room in a vacant stare, her mind a blank to all surroundings.

Her mother found her thus when she came into the room a few moments later, visibly agitated.

"You heard it then?" she said huskily, looking into Sally's terror-stricken face.

"He could not have done it!" gasped Sally, brokenly. "It was only an idle threat," she added, her voice sinking to a whisper.

"Of course he didn't do it!" exclaimed her mother, catching only her daughter's first words. "He was murdered—murdered in cold blood!"

The girl opened her mouth as if to speak again, but the sound crumbled to unintelligible murmurs, as the fear of uttering words no ear must ever hear flashed through her bewildered mind, so she stood looking blankly at her mother, with wide-open eyes of horror, while the color fled from her face, leaving a ghastly pallor instead.

All the dreadful interval she was thinking of Milton Derr rather than his victim, and she started like a guilty thing at her mother's next words:

"There's but one person in the whole wide world who could have done this, to my thinkin', an' that's Milt Derr!"

CHAPTER XXVIII

Throughout the day there seemed an interminable passing the New Pike gate. Many stopped to condole with its inmates, a few through genuine sympathy, a greater number urged by a secret desire to see how the bride-elect bore up under the dire misfortune that had come almost with the suddenness of the lightning's stroke. The curiosity of these was baffled, for the girl shut herself closely in her own room, and denied herself to all.

When the news of the tragedy reached town, the coroner came out to the Squire's place to hold an inquest, while numerous others followed in his wake, drawn thither by the morbid interest that attracts many to the scene of similar crimes.

Mrs. Brown waited on the gate, eager to know all that was thought or said of the deplorable affair, and though her daughter asked not a single word, the mother, who plied with voluble questioning almost every soul that passed through the gate, told her from time to time of the rumors that were afloat. Thus the girl learned of the verdict on the coroner's return—that Squire Bixler had met his death in his own room the night before, by a knife-thrust at the hand of some person or persons unknown. The victim had evidently been dead several hours when his body was found by one of the servants who came to see why the Squire was so tardy on his wedding morn.

Robbery may have been a cause, for

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the Squire's pocket-book was found lying open and empty at his side, and a small drawer in the tall clock had been pulled out and searched, yet the victim's heavy gold watch had not been taken, and nothing else in the room seemed to have been disturbed or molested.

The murderer had not broken into the house, evidently, for the front door was found to be unlocked, and an entrance and exit had doubtless been effected through that. Considering this fact, it seemed a highly plausible theory that the murderer must have been admitted to the house by the Squire himself, and that it was doubtless some one whom the Squire well knew, else the door had not been unlocked to this one in the late hours of the night.

The Squire was dressed, with the exception of his coat and shoes, and had evidently not gone to bed, therefore the murder must have been committed along in the early part of the night, before his usual bedtime. The body lay on the floor near a candle-stand before the fire. The candle had burned entirely down in its socket, and the melted tallow had afterward hardened into a cake round the bowl of the stick. Amid the embers in the fireplace, under the charred end of a log that had burned in two and fallen to one side, was found the remnant of a gray felt hat.

From the position and range of the cut in the body, the blow had probably been given while the victim was standing up facing his assailant. His murderer had not stolen upon him unawares. The blow had been a true one, and had gone straight to the heart. The one thrust had been sufficient, and the victim had dropped at the feet of his slayer.

When all these various facts had been learned, active minds began to cast about for some clue as to the identity of the murderer, and for some motive besides robbery.

While the Squire had never been a very popular man, in a general way, he was not known to have a single enemy who would be likely to do so dastardly a deed. Neither was the Squire in the habit of keeping money about the house, so that if the murderer knew the ways of his victim, he could not hope to gain a rich reward, therefore some motive besides robbery must have actuated the crime. What this motive was, had yet to be discovered, provided the adage came true that "murder will out."

Of those who were unfriendly to the Squire, none was so prominent to mind as his nephew, Milton Derr, no one would be more profited by the Squire's death than he, for he was next of kin, and, his uncle being unmarried, the property would revert to him. This point was especially emphasized—the uncle being unmarried, and the fact was strongly commented upon, that it was on the very eve of the Squire's marriage that he was murdered. Could the motive have been jealousy? The cause of the open rupture between the two men was generally known—that a woman was at the bottom of it, and this woman was the one to whom the Squire was to have been wedded. The whole story was told and retold with many variations.

The neighbors spoke of these things in guarded undertones and with grave shakings of the head, and although no outspoken accusations were made, there was an undercurrent of suspicion, deepening into belief, and growing hourly, like a stream that rapidly swells beyond its banks when fed by countless minor tributaries. Public opinion was slowly and surely fastening the deed on the nephew's shoulders.

These vague rumors and surmises were conveyed from time to time by Mrs. Brown to her daughter's ears, and while the girl steadfastly and persistently asserted Milton Derr's innocence, there was, nevertheless, a horrible and slowly strengthening conviction at work in her own bosom which she could neither silence nor subdue—a conviction that warned her she was building on false hopes, which might at any moment crumble at the touch of circumstantial evidence, and reveal her lover not only to the world, but to her own prejudiced eyes, as a mur-

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derer whose soul was stained with a dark crime.

Closely allied to this harassing fear was a far different feeling that she could neither still nor repress, though it seemed a heartless and even cruel one—a feeling of great thankfulness that the Squire's untimely death had relieved her of a sacrifice that would have been but a living death to her.

How could she be sorry that he was no longer alive to claim this sacrifice? To pretend to a grief she did not feel was but base hypocrisy. Within her heart of hearts she was glad that she was free. Her only sorrow lay in the tragic manner of his death, and in the secret fear that Milton Derr, half crazed with a passionate jealousy, was responsible for it. Had it been possible to recall the Squire to life again, and so blot out the fearful act of the past night, she would most gladly have done so, and accepted her fate without a murmur, if its reward had been Milton's safety and innocence.

Possibly she was the only one who knew of Derr's presence in the neighborhood the night before. If such was the case, and he had succeeded in getting away without being seen by others, she would keep the dreadful secret securely locked in her own bosom, and no one should ever suspect its presence. She centered all hope of his safety on this supposition.

Along toward noon, some one passing the New Pike gate on the way from town, brought the latest news bearing on the tragedy.

As Mrs. Brown sought her daughter's presence, as soon as the informant had gone, her tone was almost jubilant, as she said:

"Well, they've caught the murderer."

The girl looked up at her mother mutely, almost piteously, as if she would be spared the unhappy tidings, of whose evil import some subtle intuition had already reached her brain.

"It's just as I expected," continued Mrs. Brown, full of the news she had brought. "They caught Milt Derr as he was gettin' on the cars at Grigg's Station, fifteen miles from here. The sheriff had telephoned to all the places around to be on the lookout for him. He had sold his watch, and was about to buy a ticket somewheres our West when they arrested him. They've brought him to town, an' he's safe in jail there now, thank goodness! There'll soon be a first-class hanging in this neighborhood, I hope," she added, with fervor.

[*To be concluded*]

THE ROSE AND THE LEAF

A fairy child, soul-deep amid the flowers,
Delicious with the morn and honey dew,
Bade me "Good morrow." Strangely, strangely, through
My being ran the burning secret of the hours:
"The bud of Life is blooming! Time embowers
No sweeter promise." Beauty bade me woo,
And Love, embrace; but Reason marked its hue
Of rainbows transient in light summer showers,
And said: "Beware, 'twill break thy heart at noon."
The hours passed, like bitter, hopeless tears;
And Love; and Beauty. Then that old buffoon,
Gray-bearded Reason, rose from out the years,
And moaned: "Alas! the bud hath blown instead!
Thy Leaf is sere; the Rose of life is red."

John Niendorff.

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THE HONEYMOON

By Almah Wickliffe Aiken

HEN John Henry reached up fer his specs on top of the clock, and read in the *Santuc Weekly* that there was goin' to be er Expersition, he laid the paper down of a suddin, and sez he, "Sally," sez he, "I'm er-goin' and you're er-goin' too, Sally. We've been married more than forty year now, and we ain't never been on no sight seein' journey tergether yit. We've raised our gal, and she married a good feller—Jim is—but she lef' us. An' there ain't nobody now but jes' us two; so you can git yerse'f ready, fer we're er-goin'."

I stopped churnin' fer a minit, and sez I, "Fer the land sakes, where is it I'm er-goin' to, John Henry? I'd hate ter git ter the end of my journey and not know where I was at."

With that he read a long verse out of the paper about the Expersition, and from that day on his head was plum sot on goin'. He went right over to see Jim an' Mary Ann the next week, an' engaged them ter look after the farm an' things around the house. An' ever' Sunday evening when Jim would hitch up an' bring Mary Ann an' the chillen ter set a spell, John Henry an' him would stan' out under the big tree, where they rolled the buggy fer fear of a shower, an' talk an' talk, so by the time we got ready ter go, Jim knew all the inside workings of our plantation from the river bottom ter the cotton patch on the red hill.

When the time come, which it did after a while, our minister, a powerful good man (tho' I can't say as I ever had any perticular likin's fer his wife), made all arrangements fer us ter ride in the Pullman sleeper. It was fust dark when we took the cyars at Santuc. After gittin' all my things tergether an' settin' down, I put on my specs an' looked aroun' a bit.

It was all powerful fine, but I nudged John Henry. Sez I, "John Henry, didn't you buy *sleepin'* cyar tickets? If there's airy bed in here ter sleep on, I'd like ter know where 'tis. The minister put us in the wrong car, an' his wife was at the back of his doin' it," sez I.

"Tut, tut," says he. "Maybe they'll fetch 'em in at some of the little towns we'll be more an' apt ter ride thro'."

About that time the nigger walked down the path an' sez I, "Where do you take on the beds?"

"Beg pardon, mum," sez he.

"Oh, you ain't dun nothin'," sez I; "but where 'bouts is them two beds we paid extry fer?"

He p'inted over t'wards the wall, an' started on, when a little woman on tother side of us motioned at him, an' she got up an' went off somewhere, an' he perceded ter simply tear up the wall an' the seat she was er settin' on. He done it all in sich a hurry, afore I knowed it, I see a bed all made up spick an' span 'fore my very eyes. An' the little woman with one o' them loose sacks on, was clim'in' in.

Fust one then another had their seats tore up, an' some of 'em never had no manners whatsumever.

John Henry sed ter me, sez he, "Sally, I ain't never slep' in my britches nairy night sence the war, but I'll be jo-daddled ef they don't stay where they're at ter-night.

Now I can't go inter no perticulars concernin' how John Henry climbed

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up the ladder inter the loft, an' how me an' my berlongin's crawled inter the trundle bed under John Henry. Fer the reason that folks do laugh and make so much fun these days, we concluded we wouldn't give no details when we got home about the goin' ter bed nor the gittin' up.

After everything was real quiet an' I knowed folks was asleep, 'cause I could hear 'em snorin', I unbuttoned the curtain and stuck my head outen the crack ter git a little fresh air. I hadn't no more'n took one good breath, when John Henry's head popped out above me. "Sally," sez he, kinder low and sad like, "ain't you got room enough down thar fer me?" "No," sez I, "there's me an' all my berlongin's, an' the basket and black satchel, beside our umbrils, an' my specs is in one hand, an' my tother one's loose so as ter grab my teeth an' tuckin' comb from outen under the pillar if a collishun should happen of a suddin; so I can't be scrouged up."

"I jes' as well lay in the top drawer a while longer, then," sez he. "It's been er gittin' daylight ever' mornin' fer the last sixty-two years o' my life, an' I reck'n she'll be here atter a while."

We was up two hours afore any other pusson next mornin', an' after the nigger tore up that thing an' fixed us a place ter set down we jes' leant back an' inclined our heads and took a reel good nap. Leastways, when we waked up ever'body had on ther' close an' faces washed an' hair slicked.

A man settin' on t'other side of us took out his timepiece and says, "We ort ter be thar now shortly." With that, I got all our things tergether an' told John Henry we'd better stan' so aster be ready, but he 'lowed, manlike, there was plenty o' time, so I set down again.

It's a powerful good feelin' when yer go anywheres, ter have folks glad ter see yer, ain't it? When we got off the train, them that couldn't come ter meet us their selves, sent their carryalls an' drivers. We told 'em we was sorry we couldn't go home with 'em this time, but we might come later on.

Then John Henry took out the little card with writin' on it the minister giv' us, an' asked a man which road we must take ter go ter where the writin' said go.

"Hurry there aroun' the corner," sez he, "an you'll ketch the boat, then yer git on the street car an' you'll be there direckly." The fust think I knowed we was hurryin' along like the rest of 'em (I jes' b'leeve it's ketchin'), and when we got ter the place where everybody was crowdin' up ter buy ther' tickets, I jes' turned roun' an' sez I to the woman who was treadin' on my best alpaca skirt, an sez I, "I've been ter the Sandy Springs camp meetin' down in Georgy many an' many a time, an' there's allers crowds an' gangs o' folks (lots of 'em from the Ca'lina side), but even on the biggest days when they have four sermons and the 'perience meetin', I never have saw folks scrouge up an' poke one 'nother like you folks do up here."

She dropped her hands an' smiled the sweetest. Says she, "I want very much ter git a ticket ter go on this boat, as I have frien's waitin' fer me; won't you please hurry a little?"

I was that shamed o' myself fer gittin' mad an' flyin' up, an' was jes' fixin' ter tell her that Mary Ann made me a powerful good fittin' basque, but she did make the skirt too long behind, when John Henry pulled me to one side and give me my ticket and we follered a crowd ter the boat. They called it a boat, but I never seen nothin' like it. The folks never used paddles at all like we do, but there was a great big engine down in the cellar and the whole thing was run by steam. After goin' up an' down stairs and meanderin' roun' a while, me an' John Henry took a seat on the back piazza. While John Henry was engaged in controversy with a Yank (I allers could tell 'em), I leant back in my cheer an' looked at the big waters.

We was jes' beginnin' ter move off. I thought our own Savannah windin' in an' out among the red hills seemed jes' like a little branch tricklin' along.

All the folks was talkin', but I didn't hear 'em, nor I didn't want to say nairy word myself. I never can explain it to nobody's satisfaction, but

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the sunshine er dancin' on the water and the pretty white doves flyin' 'long side of us, an' the little sailboats way off yonder, lookin' like angels' wings, —oh, it was all so poetry like! I know I am an old fool, but afore I knowed it, I was kinder dreamin' 'bout the time Mary Ann was a little thing, an' I took her in my arms with her little pink sack on, down ter the bars ever' evenin' ter wait till the cows come up. Then John Henry would come along from his work, an' we would make the little thing say, "Moo, cow," before daddy would take her up on old Molly's back ter ride home. I jes' seem ter hear the "clink, clink" of the plow gears, an' the little laughin' voice gittin' fu'ther off from me, an' then ter see John Henry, big an' handsum, wave his hand at me as old Molly took the nigh cut ter the waterin' trough; then—but what's the use er tellin'? Ever' one of you is laffin' at me, 'cause I can't make yer understan'.

By an' by all the folks was comin' down stairs an' out o' the steeple, an' I kinder cum ter myself, an' lookin' up I seen we was nearin' the gittin' off place.

Then John Henry come up holdin' a yaller envelope an' said the Yank had writ it all down in black an' white what street car we was ter git on an' where it must halt ter let us off close ter our bo'din' house. When we landed we seen the tracks ahead right in the middle of the big road. John Henry put on his specs an' stood out where he could read the sign boards on the street cars, both comin' an' goin'. He looked so hard his eyes was beginnin' ter have a set an' glassy stare, when all of a suddin he give a look at the envelop and says, "This is it, come on Sally."

I can't tell nairy thing 'bout that street car. All I know is, we set there an' rid an' nothin' pulled it, nor nothin' pushed it—it jes' went itself. John Henry said electricity run it, but I looked about at the elements an' if there was airy thunder an' light'in' cloud about, I never seen it.

We never had a mite a' trouble findin' our puttin' up place, an' the folks was settin' out on the piazza lookin' fer us.

After a considerable debate we concluded in favor of not goin' ter the Expersition 'till after dinner, as we was both somewhat tuckered out. We didn't mean ter take nothin' but a cat nap, but we slep' sound as a dollar 'til the gal waked us up fer dinner. After dinner, we inquired the way ter the Expersition. It was real handy ter us, so in a little o' no time we was inside the gates.

The brass band was er-playin', an' some folks was er-hollerin' over t'wards the right, an 'on the lef' a great commotion of some kind was carryin' on, an' all about I could see the big buildings settin' here an' there, 'til I was that mixed up, I set down on one o' the seats, an' asked John Henry if the feather in my bonnet was blowed crooked, my head didn't feel exactly balanced. After settin' a little spell, I felt peart ag'in, so we walked aroun' an' admired a while.

When we come ter the Government buildin' John Henry said he guess we'd better go in an' take a look. It would take a week ter tell about the things we seen in that house. They had ever'thing from the figger of Stonewall Jackson settin' on his war steed down to a stuffed bear. A young feller told us the President of the United States went er-huntin' onct, an' that very bear got after him. After he run an' run, an' couldn't run no longer, he clum' a tree an' shot the bear dead afore his very eyes. John Henry turned aroun', an' sez he, "Young man," sez he, "there ain't nairy word o' that so. The President's mother was born in Georgy, an' we don't breed no runnin' stock down our way. I advise yer ter git yer a rabbit tale ter tell, an' it won't take up so much o' your time."

We was jes' carried away with the Government buildin', an' would er stayed longer lookin', but we heard some folks talkin' about some more folks bein' on the war path, an' John Henry whispered ter me that he jes' thought somethin' was up fer he seen them soldiers gittin' in line when we

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fust come in the big gate, an' he wouldn't be satisfied no way 'til he inquired what the disturbance was about. We went out an' ast er fat perliceman. He laft 'til he cried an' said the soldiers was jes' drillin'. Then he told us there was a big, wide street over there named "The War Path," where they had lots of little shows with folks actin' in 'em, an' music an' rope walkin', an' told us not ter miss goin'.

John Henry said he felt so overjoyed that nobody was mad he didn't keer ef he did walk aroun' that away.

It was the liveliest meetin' I ever attended. I pulled John Henry back by the coat-tail, an' sez I, "I won't go nairy 'nother step; it's no place fer a Christian."

But he never heard me, he was lookin' at the folks on the "flyin' Jinny." I cast a sideways glance an' I read in his countenance when that Jinny halted he was goin' ter bounce on, an' I read right, fer no sooner 'an the whistle blowed, John Henry grabbed me by the han' an' sez, "Come on, Sally, don't pull back, I'm er-goin' ter ride on one o' them horses, hanged ef I don't! Set right in thar while I straddle this filly."

Afore I come ter myself good, we was goin' roun' an' gittin' faster an' faster. John Henry was jes' in front o' me, an' I seen she was gittin' too fast fer his time o' life, so I riz up an' grabbed the filly by the tail, and hollered "Whoa," but I wasn't noticed, fer John Henry throwed his head back and give the old rebel yell, an' the way he rode that filly was mirac'lus. I got out o' the buggy when the whistle blowed, but he rode fifty cents' wuth befo' I could git him ter light.

As we walked on, a man asked us ter come inter the Battle o' Manassy. He 'lowed it was jes' a sham battle, but gran' to set off an' look at. Bein' peaceable like, I didn't keer so awful much 'bout lookin' at it, but John Henry leant away over an' I could hear 'im while the battle was goin' on talkin' sof' like ter hisself.

"Go it boys! fight, fight! po' fellers, take 'em off quick! The victory's our'n, fight!"

I didn't disturb him, but when it was over, he turned roun' ter me an' sez, "Sally, I've been right thar!" I was glad to git out once more where the sun was shinin' and folks laffin', fer I felt like Mary Ann or some of the chillen was sick at home.

We went on a little fu'ther, an' another man asked us ter come inter his tent. After askin' an' satisfyin' myse'f there was no battle goin' on inside, we went in. It was real lively in there, an' we both felt a sight better.

Me an' John Henry concluded ter not make mention of all the places we went that evenin', fer as I sed before, folks do talk a sight an' John Henry is a deacon.

The fust thing we stopped at next mornin' was the nigger buildin'. White folks was comin' in an' goin' out, so we stepped in too, an', would you b'leeve it, ever'thing in that house was made by niggers. Spyin' a mulatto boy with his Sunday clothes on, standin' near me, sez I, "Where did yer git all these nice things ter go in yer house?"

"We made them, mum," sez he, as chipper as a lark.

"Well," sez I, "yer ain't the same variety o' niggers up here as we raise down in our parts."

In my lone bosum I can't help but have my doubts about where them things come from.

From there we sa'ntered over ter the Art buildin'. Never 'til my dyin' day will I fergit the sights I seen in that house. I was so shamed an' come over, I took my seat on one o' the settees an' kivered my face. When my breath was comin' an' goin' reg'lar ag'in, I looked aroun' fer John Henry, an' there he was standin' off a little ways with a broad grin on his face, strokin' his beard, an' lookin' at a woman what had her pictur' took in marble with not a rag o' close on ter her back! Jes' as I looked, he was puttin' on his specs an' tryin' ter read the name of the shameless critter, on the block. Sez I, walkin' up:

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"You want ter git her address, you do, do you?" sez I.

"Well, I don't know but what she needs a dress from her looks," sez he, kinder dry.

"Well, I'll jes' see who she is too," sez I, "an if she ever visits down in our parts, I'll see that she ain't noticed."

I walked up an' read "Venus of Milo." She might never take a notion to come, but if she does, I'd know her no sooner 'an I clapped my eyes on her.

So many folks was lookin' at the pretty picters hangin' on the walls, we started ter look, too. Jes' as I was admirin' a chromo of a woman with a little baby in her arms, I heard John Henry say, "Here's another."

I looked aroun'. It was a man this time, with no more close on than the woman. In course, I turned my back quick as I could. In a minute John Henry whispered ter me, "His name is Apollo."

Sez I, "Ain't they got no fig leaves up in this part o' the country?" Sez I, "Less walk straight ter that door an' git out o' here, fer I'm ashamed."

So I led the way, but I had ter wait good five minits afore John Henry come sneakin' out, an' sez he, "The name o' t'other one is Minervy."

We put in the rest of the day goin' fust one place then another. By the time night set in, I calkerlate we seen most ever'thing we keered ter see. The last day we rode on the street cars an' over ter see the big ships. They are jes' like the picters of 'em the chillen has roun' here summers. Then we stopped in some o' the big stores ter git Mary Ann an' the chillen an' Jim a little somethin', fer we knowed they'd be er lookin'.

When we got in ter the train next mornin' an' picked us out a good seat an' counted our bundles three times (fer John Henry left out the black satchel once) an' set down, the sun was jes' risin'. The Expersition beat anything ever come my road, an' I never specs ter see the likes ag'in, but as we come along down thro' Virginia and inter Carolina, I begun ter feel real young an' happy like. The fust think I knowed I took a little baby outer his mother's arms, so as ter rest her a spell, an' everybody was kinder quiet while I sung, "By O Baby Buntin'" ter git it ter sleep by.

John Henry thought the crops looked better the fu'ther on down we come. There wasn't nuthin' much fer us ter do all day but jes' ride an' git up some time ter git a drink o' water, an' at dinner time we e't our snack an' then we got the presents out o' the black satchel ter look at 'em ag'in, an' I was right sorry I didn't git little Sally a little red cup with "Expersition" on it like Jimmie's, instead of the string o' beads. I couldn't help but admire the butter mold I bought fer Mary Ann. It had a big sunflower blossom on it, an' I knowed in reason she would be proud. Then we unrolled the silk han'kerchief fer Jim. It's a powerful pretty one with a big J an' a dot over it, worked in the upper right hand corner.

Way long t'wards night we fixed ourselves as best we could an' concluded ter take a short nap. I think we must er slep' fer hours. It wasn't so sound tho', fer we changed ourselves roun' sum. But when I inclined my head over on John Henry's shoulder an' he took my hand in his'n ter steddy ourselves, we never stirred till I heard somebody say, "It's a pity ter wake 'em up; it must be their honeymoon," an' I opened my eyes ter see the conductor standin' there an' hear the nigger callin' out, *"Santuc!"*

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THE SOUTH AND THE PRESIDENCY

By J. M. Grantham

FOR the past twelve years the South, with the approach of each presidential campaign, has put in its plea for recognition on one or both of the tickets of the two great parties. This year the press of the North is giving great encouragement to the claims of Dixie, so far as the Democratic nomination is concerned. Indeed, it may be noted that Northern editors are even more persistent in pressing the claims of the South than are her own journalists. I have just read a strong editorial in the *Milwaukee Journal* in controversion of the declaration of the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal,* that the time for the South to make her demands "is not ripe." "A National Democrat," in the *North American Review,* for July 5, 1907, presumably a Northern Democrat, declares that the time is "over-ripe." This writer dwells feelingly upon the sufferings the South has experienced politically in expiation of her sin against the Union, and deplores the fact that she is still subjected to political ostracism because of her ancient offense.

Well, the South has been fully reconstructed, if the process did inflict a great wrong upon her. She is now free to send delegates to any national convention with instructions to do her bidding. I am of the opinion she knows her business and desires to be let alone in her partisan affairs, just as she does in the local settling of the race question. It seems to me to be something of a reflection on the Southern voters, statesmen and politicians, for Northern Democratic journalists and politicians to offer their services as "coaches" in the political game.

But, in a fair division of honors among the various sections of the republic, is the South really entitled to a president?

In considering this question, it is interesting to examine the records of presidential history for the one-hundred-and-twenty years ending with President Roosevelt's present term.

All our presidents, elected or succeeding to the presidency, have been from barely ten states. The number from each state, with the aggregate of their terms of incumbency, is:

Virginia,	5	presidents,	36	years.
New York,	5	"	26	"
Tennessee,	3	"	16	"
Illinois,	2	"	12	"
Ohio,	4	"	9	"
Massachusetts,	2	"	8	"
New Hampshire,	1	"	4	"
Pennsylvania,	1	"	4	"
Indiana,	1	"	4	"
Louisiana,	1	"	1	"
Total,	25	"	120	"

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Grouping them in sections, we have:

The South (Va., Tenn., La.),	9	presidents,	53	years.
The East (N. Y., Mass., N. H., Pa.),	9	"	42	"
The Center (Ill., Ohio, Ind.),	7	"	25	"
Total,	25	"	120	"

In the number of presidents and the aggregate term of their service, this showing indicates that, in our short history of one hundred and twenty years, the South has not been slighted.

It is of passing interest to show what would have been the terms of service from the different states and sections, had each president elected lived out his term. For both the South and East gained much in length of service by the death in office of presidents from the Western (now the Central) states. The showing would be:

Virginia,	4	presidents,	32	years.
Ohio,	4	"	20	"
New York,	3	"	16	"
Illinois,	2	"	16	"
Tennessee,	2	"	12	"
Massachusetts,	2	"	8	"
New Hampshire,	1	"	4	"
Pennsylvania,	1	"	4	"
Indiana,	1	"	4	"
Louisiana,	1	"	4	"
Total,	21	"	120	"

This is assuming, of course, President Roosevelt's election in 1904, independent of previous influences.

Grouping this last table in sections, we have:

The South,	7	presidents,	48	years.
The Center,	7	"	40	"
The East,	7	"	32	"
Total,	21	"	120	"

The comparison of the first two tables with the last two shows how much the Center lost and the East gained in time by death in office. Ohio was the greatest loser and New York gained most. Three of New York's five presidents came into office first by the death of a president. Of the five presidents dying in office, three were from Ohio; of the three assassinated, two were from Ohio. The East never suffered the loss of a president in office; the Central states mourned four and the South one.

But the disparity in years in favor of the South does not begin to tell the story of her supremacy in the presidency. Let us glance at the nation's growth in territory and prestige during the fifty-three years of her incumbency.

We need not be reminded of Washington's eight years of conservative administration, during which he set up in successful business the nation that called him father. Jefferson, the next Southerner, came into power to correct the reactionary influences of the first Adams' term. While his democracy was of the radical type, he was statesman enough to abandon his personal and partisan opinions to meet the demands of a great national and international crisis. The result was the increase of our domain by the Louisiana purchase to nearly double the area that Washington had won. Madison, by the suc-

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cessful war of 1812, extended our empire of liberty to the seas and Monroe established our prestige beyond the seas, even to half a hemisphere, by the famous policy that bears his name. Incidentally, Florida was acquired during Monroe's incumbency.

At the close of Monroe's last term the South (Virginia alone) had occupied the presidency for thirty-two years out of a total of thirty-six, and during those years every foot of our domain had been won and acquired and every progressive national policy proclaimed and established. The second Adams served acceptably for four years, when another Southerner, Jackson, was chosen twice, leaving a distinct mark in political history. Financial calamity followed the footsteps of Van Buren, and death claimed Harrison one month after his inauguration. This brought another Virginian to the office, and he, in direct opposition to the policy of the Whig party, which elected him vice president, favored the admission of Texas, the last important act of his official life being the signing of the bill for its admission. The result was the war with Mexico, during the term of the next Southern president, by which our continental domain was extended to its present limits, excepting Alaska; for the acquisition of the vast territory from Mexico forced the settlement of the Oregon dispute before the close of Polk's term. The little piece of desert, known as the Gadsden Purchase, was acquired simply as a detail in the adjustment with Mexico.

Taylor, of Louisiana, lived but little more than a year in office, and no other Southerner reached the presidency until Lincoln's assassination elevated Johnson. His position was scarcely less trying than that of Lincoln himself when he succeeded to office. History has in large measure justified his motives, if not his methods, in the reconstruction dispute. As an incident of his administration, Alaska was purchased and our continental expansion completed to date. Every foot of this great domain was acquired during the South's occupancy of the White House. Even our recent insular acquisitions and the building of the Panama Canal, are the results of a modified and expanded application of the Monroe doctrine.

In view of the record outlined, it is little wonder that the South hesitates to attempt to add to it. There do not seem to be, just at present, any large slices of the earth jolting loose from their political anchorages, which promise opportunities for legitimate expansion; so the South, in the words of the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal,* thinks "the time is not ripe" for a Southern president.

TO IMOGENE

(A birthday poem for a young friend)

If all the years of thy young life
  Were pearls upon a golden string,
And all thy months were diamonds bright
  Upon a wondrous golden ring,
These would I lay upon thy shrine
  Eternal beauty to be thine!

If all thy summers were a rose
  Each month a petal white and fair,
And all thy springs were violets
  With sweetness filling all the air,
These 'round thy maiden brow I'd twine
  Eternal sweetness to be thine!

John Trotwood Moore.

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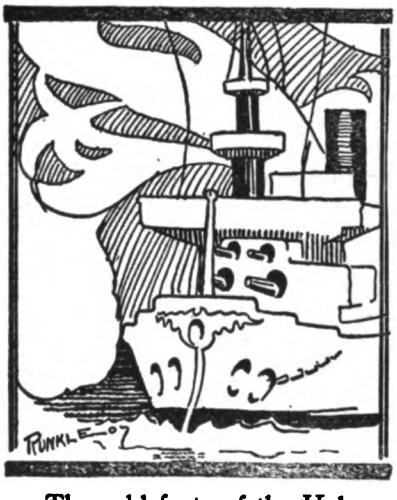
EDITORIAL ETCHINGS

The Earthquake

"We are sleeping over an earthquake," writes that brilliant Southerner, Richmond Pearson Hobson, in the graphically interesting series of articles he is writing on the Japanese question. Then he proves it. It is a way Hobson has.

There are many (among them the writer) who think he is the greatest young Southerner since Robert E. Lee. And so what he says comes home to us. His plain statement of facts, seen with the mind's eye of the military genius, and dove-tailed into the future as with the eye of a prophet, stirs to the depths the soul of the man who thinks. That Japan is preparing for war with us and preparing with all the subtle and secret cunning which goes with the little brown skin and the little meaningful, non-committal squint of the Asiatic eye, no sane man can doubt who reads these facts from the pen of the man who knows. "Two civilizations have overlapped," says Hobson, "and the Pacific and its islands are the prize."



One civilization has awakened after centuries of rest (and Robert Ingersoll, speaking of Shakespeare, says genius is the product of rest); has sprung armed and with all the centuries of rest stored into little, brown, virile bodies—awakened to learn that war is the greatest and the original get-rich-quick concern. Two successful wars have given them a continent, the control of a kingdom, the glory of greatness, the martyrdom of heroes, the blaze of the stars. It is a most profitable thing. We will fight again, they reason.

Besides, it is fate—it is destiny, it is the path of our stars that lie over the land our unborn must inhabit, or never be born.

The cold facts of the Hobson articles are so keen that they go through existing conditions like a surgeon's knife, laying bare the cause of disease, and bringing still greater pain afterward when we learn:

That Japan has 1,250,000 trained fighting men, a great increase over what she had before she treacherously destroyed the Russian fleet without waiting for the declaration of war.

That she has placed nearly 100,000 soldiers disguised as laborers and prospective citizens in Hawaii, the Philippines, Mexico, Canada and the United States.

That she is running her arsenals day and night.

That she has cornered for $5,000,000, all the White Head torpedoes available for years.

That she has secured every loan that she can, and has put the money into her vaults—money enough to carry her through any war.

That she has concealed from the other nations her naval expenditures and has a navy far more formidable than is supposed, part of it being captured Russian battleships, many of them renovated so that they are as good as new.

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That she has secured a base on Formosa, commanding a landing in the Philippines.

That she has renewed her alliance with Great Britain, who, with Japan, is our natural competitor for the commerce of the East.

That we are utterly powerless to keep her, in our present condition of unpreparedness, from holding the Pacific slope of our own country and all the Pacific.

These and much more too startling to leave one comfortable. Hobson's conclusions are that she will fight us before the Panama Canal is finished.

"In the meanwhile," says Mr. Hobson, "let us build ships and eat dirt"—that being the diet we sat down to in the California school incident.

Bryan and Roosevelt

It is hard to down a good man, even in politics, that game where goodness is often the last quality that counts—hence William J. Bryan and the next Democratic nomination.

No one else need apply.

The South loves him—loves him more than any living man—for his goodness, his purity and his greatness. And they love him the more because they sat still and permitted a plagiarism to be perpetrated upon them at the last Democratic National Convention—a perpetration saffron and backboneless—and the indignity of the offense still rankles them to action.

The Republican party behind Roosevelt to-day is not the same party that was behind McKinley. Ask Harriman, Morgan, Rockefeller, and the ghost of Mark Hanna. And let us be equally as frank and admit now (we of the South, I mean, who are white people and thin-skinned) that there is no Democratic party in the South—not Democratic under the old name of free silver, free trade, free whisky, free fights, and free hades. This also has passed. If you do not believe it, ask your neighbors, how they stand on any of the above questions and see how many of them are for protection, how many of them are for the gold standard, and how many of them are for improving our roads and public highways, and how many of them are "ag'in whisky an' the devil." The South to-day is a mixture of all parties going under the unnamed but none the less universal name of THE WHITE PEOPLE'S PARTY. It is not any more Democratic than it is Whig, Republican or Populist. Like a flock of sheep, goats, and asses—(pray do not think that the three nouns here are to be used respectively with the three above, for such was not my object) some one, in the night, has cried, "Black Wolf!" and stampeded us all into one corral!

I had a rare opportunity not long since. I stood by the grave of Andrew Jackson and heard Theodore Roosevelt deliver his matchless appreciation of the character and achievement of the First Great Hickory Big Stick. I could not help wondering if the speaker ever dreamed that history would hitch him to the other side of the pole as the only running mate of the Tennessean, WHO ALSO DID THINGS. For there, indeed, is his place.

In fact, I learned to admire the President from reading his books long

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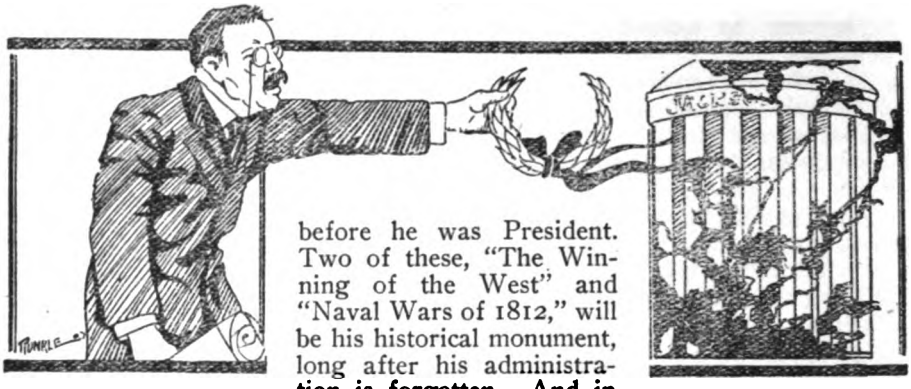

before he was President. Two of these, "The Winning of the West" and "Naval Wars of 1812," will be his historical monument, long after his administration is forgotten. And in these he says that Jackson was the only man that was worth while between the Revolution and the Great War. And I knew it was true.

The South would vote for Roosevelt, if it had a party chance, as strenuously as it did for Jackson.

The Southern Candidate

That was a patriotic body of gentlemen who met in Nashville recently and advocated the nomination of a Southern man for President. We honor their motives, their patriotism and their foresight. But like the blind men, each of whom described the elephant by the particular member of his anatomy he happened to get hold of, so did these distinguished and loyal citizens of the South fail to grasp the entire situation. And worse than that—they failed to look for the cause of the disease—the first step toward prescribing a remedy. It is not sections that make a candidate—it is *things*. The candidate is but the psychological instrument that fits into the lock of things that are happening around him, the *things* generated by the heat of his thought, the *things* he has put into motion, the *things* he has done, the *things* he and his people stand for. And what makes these *things?* The *thoughts* and *actions of men*. And why is not the South, which before the war produced the men that guided the thought and action of the nation,—why has she not produced them now? Therein lies the answer. With a few exceptions—and they are the more honorable because they stand between us and nothing—the business and brains of the South do not go into politics. The strongest and biggest men are developing our wonderful country, are leading in its schools, are delivering its laws, are upholding Southern morals from pulpits, are writing her history and her literature. The politics that were forced upon her after Reconstruction, the

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hopelessness of the cause, the bitterness of their humiliation made cowards of their finer natures, and the South can produce no candidate until the men of the South come again to their own in doing the *things* which make the *thoughts*, which build the *sentiment*, which calls for them. It is a kind of a house which Jack alone must build, and it is now too big to call for Jack just because he lives in the South, the North, the East, or the West.

It is the best man to build the house that the people want, let him come from where God sends him.

The South is Going Dry

People who do not know the South sit up in wonder when they read that it is driving whisky from its land. It gives them the same physical surprise as when they learned that the South, instead of siding with the Spaniards, was the first to fly to the standard of the country, and the first to die for it, as did Lieutenant Bagley, the son of a Confederate soldier.

These are those surprised people who know not the South. Nor will they ever know it. And the South is too busy these days to seek an introduction. But it is a fact that despite the anomaly, the seeming paradox, the strange incongruity of the Puritan in the North and the slaveholder in the South, the latter has always led in the moral movements of the country. Perhaps *Collier's Weekly* thought it had discovered a new thing when it lately announced in a recent editorial, in effect, that while the North was leading in material development, the South was leading in morals. There are now, I add by way of illustration, more bar-rooms in New York City than in the entire South.

The women of the South have done it. They have marched around the barkeeper's Jericho, blowing their horns, and his walls have crumbled around his head.

Colonel Colyar

Plato at eighty began to study Greek.

At ninety there died in Nashville, Tennessee, December 13th, one of the grand old men of the South—Colonel Arthur St. Clair Colyar, financier, lawyer, member of the Confederate Congress, journalist and author—distinguished in all. Some idea of the great versatility of his mind may be had when it is known that though a lawyer and journalist, he was the first who saw the possibilities of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, and was its first president; and, like Plato, at eighty-five he wrote two large volumes, "Life and Times of Andrew Jackson." This was a labor of love and will be his monument. The last finished article he wrote appears in the December number of TAYLOR-TROTWOOD, a scholarly, historical article on Jackson and his Indian treaties.

And now that he is gone, what a dearth of knowledge lies between the past which he knew and the present which loved to hear him tell of it! Ninety years —he lived to see the blossom of two thousand years of Christian civilization,

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and was himself, if I may truthfully say it without fear of hyperbole, one of the rarest petals of its bloom.

Pettus, Morgan, Colyar—all in a few months of each other. What civilization but Southern could have produced them? What goals for posterity to strive for!

Colonel Nat Jones, of Maury

There is one now living—a rare character and noted for his wit and wisdom—Colonel Nat Jones, of Maury County, Tennessee, whom mention of the late Colonel Colyar brings to mind. Almost as old as his late departed comrade, he is still active, with a mind as bright as a Jacksonian dollar, and when not entertaining a bunch of admiring friends with reminiscences of the old South, he is soliciting subscriptions for the TAYLOR-TROTWOOD in the beautiful blue grass section of Mount Pleasant.

His wit and repartee are wonderful—state wide—and his sayings live in his section like Solomon's proverbs. Not long ago, as usual when he arrives in town, he dropped into the editorial rooms. Senator Taylor was just in from a lecture tour, and a group of other well-known gentlemen sat around the desk.

"There," I said, as I saw Colonel Jones coming, "is the brightest mind for its age in the world. I'll wager what you wish that he will not be talking ten minutes before he will say something you will all remember as long as you live."

It was a witty, jolly, bright crowd he was in, but Colonel Jones soon had the center of the floor. Even "Our Bob" had to sit up and take notes. We were speaking of his age, with Colonel Colyar's, when he said, in his dry, inimitable way:

"Yes, Colyar and I are contemporaneous. He's a little older than I. We were both old-fashioned Whigs, but we had to turn Democrat or Nigger, and of the two evils took the lesser. It kinder riles me to know that Colyar took to worshiping Andrew Jackson, after we fought him all his life. I can stand lots that Colyar said in his book, about his honesty and courage, but I draw the line when he made him a saint. I met Colyar on the street the other day, and I said:

" 'Look here, Colyar, what are you going on so about Old Hickory? You knew him as well as I. We both fought him as long as he lived. Now you've gone back on all the old Whig principles, have set him up and gone to worshiping him.'

" 'Oh,' said Colyar, 'that's all right. We know he was as brave as Julius Cæsar, an incorruptible patriot'—

" 'O yes,' I said, 'but he wasn't any saint, Colyar, like you are trying to make him. You know as well as I that he gambled, cussed, drank, and ran race horses to beat the band.'

" 'Colonel,' he said, 'those little frailities, we should forget them. And as for his running horses, it was his love for the animal that improved the breed—his love of good stock.'

" 'Shucks,' I said, *'then I suppose you'd say he fought chickens because he loved eggs!'* "

I was with Colonel Jones when a bright lady met him not long ago, and greeted him with:

"So glad to meet you, Colonel Jones. I have heard my grandfather speak of you so often. He said he went to school with you. Do you remember him?"

"Slightly, madam, only slightly," said the Colonel in his dry, emphatic way; "it was a large school, all of us in one class, and the distance between us was too great for acquaintance. *He was always at the foot of the class and I was at the head!*"

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The Good Old Times

On the occasion in the editorial rooms referred to above, I drew from the Colonel his rich experience in voting a lot of Democrats in the Clay-Polk contest of forty-four. "I was a Whig," said the Colonel. "The Democrats were, as a rule, unlettered and ignorant. Ninety per cent of them could not write their names. I worked against James K. Polk, and helped to beat him in his own county—Maury. It was at Williamsport, a little town on Duck River, twelve miles from Columbia. I was the Whig judge at the polls, and there were others, one a Democrat, whom I shall call Bill.

"When we closed the polls for dinner we all had to cross a little creek to get to our eating house, and at the foot log we met a bunch of Democrats from up the creek coming in to vote.

" 'Boys,' said Bill, 'if they open the polls before I get back, be sure to vote the *yaller* ticket.'

"I knew none of them could read, so I hurried back before Bill finished eating. Now there was a fellow named Bivins, and he had an ass that had such a fine pedigree that Bivins was monstrous proud of it, and had it struck off in yellow posters and had it stuck up everywhere. I got some of these, cut them up in the same size as the regular tickets, opened the polls and shoved the yellow tickets out to the bunch of Democrats from up the creek, and every mother's son of them voted for Bivins' ass!—which was proper and natural," dryly added the Colonel.

Letters and the Shrine

He who writeth the songs of a country, verily his task is great. For not alone is he up against himself, but against every one else who has ever written. There are only so many ways in which songs may be written, and they were all preëmpted before the singer of to-day was born. Therefore, were there another Shakespeare to-day he would die unknown and unquoted. He would bombard magazines and be altogether a literary nuisance and a back number. His grand lines would never see the light. The world has only the one niche for the one statue in the one shrine. And though there is a modern era of much collaboration of letters, there is no such thing as twins, in literature. That there is a limit to the shrines is all too evident; and while the statues to fill them have been coming through the centuries even from Chaucer and Spenser to Browning and Kipling, these shrines have been limited to the heart throbs of humanity. And these have not increased since the first man loved the first maid, since the first sailor weathered the first storm, since the first man wondered at the first star, since the first parents buried their firstborn.

Therefore, in letters there is nothing new, only a new way of saying it.

The Literary Scavenger

In trying to discover a new way of late has come the literary scavenger. I am reminded of him by the press dispatch that the author of "The Jungle" has been ejected from the scullion quarters of the House of the Rich, where, disguised as a servant, he was preparing to dissect the contents of their garbage barrel for literary fame. He failed to get his just reward, I ween, since there is no mention that he went out on the toe of the negro butler's boot.

In Shakespeare's day the actor, the playwright, the author, was socially "a sturdy vagabond" (to use the phrase of that time) and his place was after the servants in the kitchen. It has taken three centuries of genius to bring it where it is—the private car, the laudation of the intellectual, the seat at the

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king's table. It was left to the literary scavenger, under the name of socialism —that queer cult which takes in everything from the cross of Christ and peace on earth to bombs and the murder of the innocent—to start it at the bottom again, in the kitchen after the scullions. Thus doth the vender of packing house literature reclaim his crows which have come home to roost.

Yellow Journalism

The yellow magazines of this country are responsible to a great extent for that. Beginning with that part faker, part crazy, and part honest exponent of frenzied finance, it has spread all over the yellow magazine world until now it is a rare magazine in the East that is not exposing something. The name magazine has for so many years carried such a strength of conservativeness and literary power, that the public has not yet awakened to the truth that there can be such a thing as a *yellow magazine;* or to express it more properly, a yellow Sunday journal masquerading under the cover of the monthly magazine. The consolation remains, however, that in time they will find it out, and there will be a very just appreciation for the few who have remained true to the tenets of their literary faith. The work of these yellow fellows I forgave until they corralled the author of the "Call of the Wild," and procured him for a consideration to turn his hobo soul inside out for the rubbering of the pit. For this fellow, unlike the packing house scavenger, had the real gift, and in time a chance for a niche among the Immortals. After that virile story, I staked my faith on him as I would on a Hal horse or on the blood of Old Hickory. I knew great literature comes from cleanliness, from honesty, from purity. I see Dickens forever big-hearted and pure, sitting in his great chair upstairs writing the heart of humanity. I see Thackeray aloof, great, laying bare the littleness of society, but untouched by their frailties, their veneering. I see Kipling, quiet, strong, writing Barrack Room Ballads, but drinking not the stuff that created their type. I hear "The Call of the Wild," and I say: *Behold, here is a new one!*

And then I pick up the yellow thing that bought him and read his brazen paid-so-much-a-line admission that he was once a hobo, a liar, a petty thief, a gutter-rat. Then I pitch all his books out in the back alley; for I know enough about horses to believe that what's in the blood will come out of the bone, and once a knave always a knave. Not the same kind of a knave, perhaps, but always a growing one!

In the meantime, it becomes plain that the yellow magazines, in destroying the traditions of the literary craft, are destroying the literature of the country with it.

John Trotwood Moore.

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SENTIMENT AND STORY

SENATOR TAYLOR'S SPEECH BEFORE THE TENNESSEE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, DECEMBER 7, 1907.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Tennessee Society:

Not since Thompson's colt swam the river to get a drink of water—not since Hezekiah Jones carried coals to Newcastle,—has superfluity been put to a severer strain than I am now about to put it. For I have left Tennessee to meet Tennesseans—I have jumped the Cumberland and swum North River to hold up a glass of cold water and drink a health to my old friends and companions who are entirely surrounded by water.

I am considerably embarrassed this evening because I am called upon to make an after-dinner speech in the city of Ford and Depew and Burke Cochran. I am embarrassed because I am expected to exhibit my smartness in the presence of the smartest people this side of Jordan.

I have wondered a thousand times what it is in the air of New York that stimulates men and makes them all brain, all nerve, all energy—and very often all cheek. I have wondered what it is in these environments which sets genius on fire and impels it to build deeper schemes of finance, broader systems of commerce, and higher mountains of wealth. I have wondered what it is that moves the unsophisticated pilgrim from the mountains of Tennessee to throw his cob pipe overboard and light a ten-cent cigar when he catches the first skyline of your skyscrapers, as he leaves the Jersey shore on the ferry. I myself am already beginning to feel that superlative spirit of speculation, that buoyant passion for gambling which every man feels when he first sniffs the air of Wall Street, and I am so intoxicated with the ecstasies and rapturous influences which pervade this opulent atmosphere, that my brain is swollen with wisdom and my heart is swollen with desire to such an extent that I can scarcely repress the impulse to steal a railroad or buy a silver mine in Mexico. I cannot fathom the secret of this intoxication unless it be that New York is the great dream center of the universe, where all the dreams of frenzied finance and all the schemes of frenzied politics receive their inspiration. But we are told that it is glorious to dream and to scheme, and to build castles in the air, unless they inspire us to blow out the light of hope and love and poison the springs of human happiness.

When I was a boy in the mountains of Tennessee, I used to hunt coons in the soft, silvery light of the moon, and while the dogs were on the trail, I used to sit on the logs in the gloomy woods and look up through the leafless treetops at the twinkling brightness of the stars, wondering if they were not peep-holes in the blue curtain of heaven, through which the angels looked down upon this beautiful world of ours; and then I dreamed that they were only sparks from the factories and furnaces of the North, and that the Milky Way was but the picture on the sky of the rice and cotton fields of Dixie.

I dreamed again that they were the symbols of human greatness and glory, but that the intellectual stars did not all rise in the North—that the brightest constellations that glorify the history of the republic rose in the South; and I could almost hear the praises of Washington and Jefferson and Stonewall Jackson and Lincoln and Lee and Forrest and Farragut sounded in the music of the spheres. And some of the dreams I dreamed there in the woods that skirted Happy Valley were turned into tangible realities when I saw a humble

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tailor shop in the beautiful town of Greeneville, and they told me that a great luminary had risen there, whose brightness was like the noonday sun, and on the base of a marble shaft standing on the summit of a hill just half a mile away, I read the name of Andrew Johnson, who rose from the tailor's bench to the presidential chair. My dreams came true again, when I stood at the tombs of John Sevier and Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk and John Bell and Felix Grundy, each one of them telling the story of vanished greatness, and as I looked upon them, my soul panted for glory "as the hart panteth after the water brooks."

In my enthusiasm, I first mounted the tripod and poured out the red lightnings of my budding intellectuality through the end of a two-cent pencil in a weekly newspaper, firmly believing that the world was only waiting to fall down at my feet and cry, "great is Diana of the Ephesians." But it was all sheet lightning that never struck, and the world refused to fall.

Then I read that "in the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail," and I threw the tripod at the printers' devil and rushed into the law. I dallied along the frazzled edges of the shining trail that Kent and Coke and Blackstone made until I got lost in the wilderness of legal lore. There I wandered in the dismal swamps of Latin maxims until I heard the wolf of poverty howling upon my trail, and I turned around and started to run. I ran and I ran, until I ran into politics, and I have been running ever since. I ran over the rocky hill of an adverse majority in my native state, and galloped into the lower house of Congress. I ran up the bristling slopes of every kind of opposition and loped into the gubernatorial chair. There I turned somersaults from peak to peak until I heard the music of the hinges, as the doors of the United States Senate swung wide, and lo! while I listened to the melody, the angels pushed me in!

But my soul was not yet satisfied. There was still an aching void within—mostly in my pocketbook—which sorely vexed me, and "while I pondered, weak and weary, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before," it suddenly dawned upon me that the golden summits of wealth and luxury lay still beyond, and that while I had been chasing rainbows among the barren crags of politics, my old friends and companions were climbing up the golden stairs. And so I packed my grip and here I am, to tell you what I think of frenzied finance and frenzied politics.

The two great, overshadowing passions that heave the human breast are thirst for gold and hunger for power. They are the supreme rulers of all mankind. They ride rough-shod over love and mercy and liberty and law and hang their banners over every capitol and in every mart of trade. Are we not their serfs and slaves to-day? There is the jingle of gold in the very laughter of modern society; the eyes of the church are jaundiced with it; it is the all in all of politics; and the ideal of happiness in the business world is measured alone by the circumference of a golden eagle. We have become a nation of gold worshipers, and I sometimes think that if the great republic could be lifted up and spread out in the kingdom of heaven, the American people would dig up the golden streets of the New Jerusalem in three hours and levy a tariff on the harps of the angels for the protection of American industry.

We boast that our free institutions have revolutionized the world and advanced civilization a thousand years in a single century; we boast that our wonderful wealth and power have made the young republic the Samson of all the ages; but has not Samson been shorn of his locks while yet he slumbered with the ballot in his hand? Is not republicanism lost in the Adirondacks of prosperity? Has he not drunk too deep from the jug of speculation, and will he not some day rise up from his trance to find the gunstock of liberty rotted from the barrel at his side, and nothing but the skeleton of national happiness lying at his feet?

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I want to see the government brought back to the pure and simple methods inaugurated by our fathers; I want to see the equilibrium of the three great coördinate branches of the government restored, so that each shall be absolute in its own sphere, without impinging on the powers of either of the others; I want to see the constitutional prerogatives of the representatives of the people once more guaranteed to them; I want to see the states retain their supremacy over their own domestic affairs, uninterrupted by the Federal government, or any other power under the sun; I want to see the railroads and all other corporations obey the laws of the land—and then I want to see the millennium.

This ever-increasing tendency towards the concentration of wealth and the centralization of power is the great impending danger that dances like the wild terror of the storm on the horizon of our future, and I come here to-night into the very citadel of riches and into the frowning presence of plutocracy, right here into this mighty gambling center of the Western hemisphere, where the irrepressible money kings are piling Ossas of gold on Pelions of silver—I come here to tell you that the American people are in open revolt; not for enmity's sake; not that they are ignorant of the value of organized capital nor that they oppose it; not that they are insensible to the immeasurable benefits of its investment for the development of the country and the advancement of civilization, but because they believe that it has been converted into a huge serpent which is tightening its coils around human rights and human happiness; because they believe that its corrupt manipulation, both in the political and business world, is threatening the destruction of the republic.

Cannot our industrial corporations find some safe plan of coöperation with labor, without trampling under foot the goose that lays the golden egg? Can they not be made to understand that all the American people ask is that they do right and obey the laws of their country? Look at the dark clouds of trouble that are continually hanging over our great railroad systems. Will any intelligent man deny that these corporations have made possible the wonderful development of wealth which we now enjoy? And would it not be a destructive calamity to the country to hinder or cripple them? But look how they are discriminating,—unjustly discriminating, in favor of one individual against another, of one business against another, and of one section against another. Look how they are seeking to control legislation, not only of states, but of the nation. Have they not brought their troubles upon their own heads? Let them discharge their lobbyists and sell or burn their newspapers, and deal fairly with the country, and the country will not only deal fairly with them, but it will protect them and see that they are not molested in their great work of developing its wealth and serving its people.

We boast of our great prosperity under the gold system of finance and the tariff system of protection, but what is gold worth to us if it is hoarded in the stocking leg or in the vault, and if its equivalents are withdrawn from circulation? What does protection avail if the factories are closed? Of what use are national banks if "the sugar's in the gourd and you can't get it out"? Can the wisest man in this metropolis tell me how long the streams of business and trade will run when the head gates are shut down? I looked upon your great city to-night and saw a million electric lights, as if the angels had spilt a basket of stars, but how long will they shine when the electric currents are shut off? Cannot our government give us a sufficient volume of money to meet the ever-increasing volume of business under our flag? And can it not guarantee to its people who deposit their money in the banks which it has created that their deposits are safe and that they shall withdraw them at will, without fear or hindrance?

I am asking these questions here because you are the money devils and will have to answer them. This great upheaval of public sentiment is beating upon the shores of business and commerce like a storm, but let us not forget that,

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although the winds may howl and the waves may run high, they will subside and the currents of business will return to their channels when the right shall prevail, and when justice shall be meted out to all alike, with special privileges to none.

But, gentlemen, I did not come here to discuss politics and public policies. They must be dealt with in another forum. And yet, let me say to the young men here to-night, that whoever enters the field of politics will find Jordan a hard road to travel, and that it is strewn with wrecked hopes and shattered dreams.

I once attended a school commencement in the mountains of Tennessee. They had no program of the exercises, but the old professor, with leather lungs, with a voice like a foghorn, supplied the deficiency by appearing on the stage and announcing the subject of each essay and the title of each musical number. There was an old politician in the audience who had a sore place on his veracity that was very sensitive. The leather-lunged professor darted out on the stage in the middle of the exercises and shouted: "Apollo, strike the lyre!" and the old politician jumped through the window and vanished like a dream.

But thus far, Mr. President, I have steered around the theme dearest to my heart, the most fascinating theme on this terrestrial sphere to me; it is Tennessee. When the Lord had banished the guilty pair from Paradise and closed the jasper gates behind them, loath to destroy its beauties, he transferred them all to Tennessee. The foot of man has never trod the sod of any spot of earth where purer fountains gem the hills and brighter streams, falling from loftier heights, wind their shining way through greener, sweeter, lovelier vales,—the sun of heaven never shone upon a fairer land or a nobler people! Tennesseans never grow weary of the tale of the Alamo, and of San Jacinto, and a hundred other glorious battlefields.

Tennesseans never tire of listening to the story of that unprecedented incident in history when men were drafted to stay at home on the Watauga, and stood there, sullen in their tears, as their comrades marched away to King's Mountain, to turn the tide of the Revolution. Tennesseans never tire of the story of 1846, when Marcy, the Secretary of War, wrote to the governor of Tennessee, protesting against Tennesseans filling the entire quota of volunteers for the War with Mexico, seeking to do all the fighting and all the dying; anxious to undergo all the suffering in a foreign land, to add a new empire to the territory to the American Union. That same martial spirit which warmed the hearts of John Sevier and Davy Crockett and all the long list of heroes who figured in the earlier days of the state, has been handed down from generation to generation, even unto the present day.

When I was elected governor of the state the first time, my first thought was to gather around me a military staff, and every man was selected for his warlike appearance and personal beauty, but not one of them had ever strutted in a "swallow-tailed" coat at a social function. On the contrary, every one of them tallowed his boots and drank water from the gourd, and bathed sparingly until the creek got warm in the joyous springtime. But time has wrought a wondrous change. Right here in this brilliant presence sits one of my colonels of long ago. I saw him in his first dress suit; I think he borrowed it from Noah before the flood, for it was without form and void. But look now how Colonel Martin Condon graces and adorns this social hour, as if he were born to patent leathers and the décolleté vest. We loved him away back down yonder in Tennessee for the pure gold that was in him. We love him now for the pure gold he is squeezing out of the Yankees, and we trust that he will keep the world snuffing and sneezing until the angels shall snuff him out and close down the lid of his snuff box some time in the latter part of the twentieth century.

I am talking to you about my colonels to-night because it is fashionable in

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Tennessee to be a colonel. It is the land of colonels. If you could have seen my colonels on dress parade, especially when we captured Dallas on Tennessee Day at the Texas Fair in the happy long ago, if you could have seen them with their profuse tangles of gilded aiguillettes, dangling in elegant abandon on their martial bosoms,—if you could have seen their stalwart shoulders gleaming under dazzling sheens of brass epaulettes, shimmering like golden frying-pans under flaming chandeliers as they wheeled and whirled in the mazes of the German at the grand ball in their honor, you would have thought that the days of chivalry had returned and that barons held their sway! But they long since doffed the gaudy uniforms to join the ranks of those who are building up our country.

Tennessee stands well up in the van of the great states that are now working out the problems of human progress. Emerging from the desolation of war, she did not sit down among the graves of her dead heroes in sullen despair; but turned her face towards the morning, and watched for the dawn of a better day. Her brave sons who wore the gray, stacked arms in defeat at Appomattox, and then went out into the world to win the victories of peace. How well they are winning them, let their rejuvenated country tell, and let their noble sons here to-night be my witnesses.

You gentlemen of the bourse may have your monetary "jim jams" over your ragtime banking system and speculative "wildcattery," but as for Tennessee, she stands pat.

With the corn in the crib
And the cotton in the bale,
With the woods full of squirrels
And the fields full of quail,

what do we care for financial panics away down in Tennessee? The only bulls we have down there are Jerseys. The only bears we had have been exterminated by the President.

Let me say in conclusion that the North has got to come to Dixie at last, not only for the balance to settle with Europe and for the stuff to appease the frenzy of your banking system, but you have got to come to us for the pure American blood, and for the conservatism to save this republic. We have sat at the side table for sixty years, without representation in the White House, with little voice in diplomacy and less in legislation, without clamoring for the loaves and fishes of political preferment, but we have been rewarded for our sacrifices by our immunity from the corrupting influences of concentrated wealth and centralized power. We are still poor, compared with the North, but not for all the gold that gorges the vaults of your millionaires, not for all the graft and pelf that are poured out into the troughs to grease the snouts of your office-holders, not for all the honors that hang on the brows of your statesmen, would we exchange the integrity of our people, and may God keep Tennessee and the South unspotted to the end!

Robert L. Taylor.

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TREND OF THE TIMES

The Steady South

The financial solidity of the Southern States was never better demonstrated than during the recent panic. It is commonly believed that millions of Southern money went to New York and there aided tremendously in staying the onset of fear. It is certain that during the whole trying period the Southern States were able to give a splendid account of themselves financially. The truth of the matter is that it would be very difficult to bring disaster upon a section which was marketing 12,000,000 bales of cotton at from ten to fifteen cents per pound, and in addition to this earning millions in other ways. More than one time this enormous export cotton crop has turned the balance of trade in our favor, and brought European gold to steady our finances.

A Yellow Monroe Doctrine

The Monroe Doctrine has always been thought of as a barrier against European aggression, but the time has now come, according to more than one writer of the western coast of South America, when its greatest use will be in defending the smaller republics south of us against the yellow hordes of Asia. The declaration of Count Okuma that he is henceforward in favor of directing the current of emigration from Japan toward Chile, Mexico and Peru, rather than toward Canada and the United States, as the former countries seemed to lie more properly within the sphere of influence of his country, has awakened considerable fear in the breasts of South American statesmen. So gradually has the center of political activity shifted westward, that it seems odd still for us to be suddenly faced with the fact that the Pacific Ocean seems destined to be the arena of twentieth century activities. Across its waters the yellow man and the white are to look keenly at one another, the white wanting the yellow's trade and the yellow wanting the white's land. As one looks back a few hundred years in history he sees with interest that it was only by a couple of centuries that the Americans became white instead of brown or yellow. Were the United States to-day no more thickly populated with white people than it was one hundred years ago, and were the Asiatics as well awakened as they are now, there seems to be little doubt but that a yellow empire would gain foothold upon our Western coast. As it is, to some people, neither of the Americas seems too thickly inhabited by Europeans to make their safety from such a fate a foregone conclusion. One-fourth of the humanity of the world is just awakening in China and seeking a place for her hordes to live. We are entering upon a new era in the life of our nation. The vanguard of the white race stands face to face with the columns of the brown and yellow peoples. That the Americas will continue to have the same complexion as formerly, none are found to doubt, but, if so, it will be through that very excellent and ancient and unwritten law known as the Monroe Doctrine.

Who Shall Possess the Land?

There is probably no one subject of so great international interest as that of the future migrations of the races of mankind. From the beginning of time, it has been true that the strength of a people was the measure of its land-lust. Race has crowded upon race and nation upon nation until the pressure was so great that the weaker must needs contract its territory. Particularly has

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this been a characteristic of the Aryan peoples. Wanderers they have been from the beginning and wanderers they are to-day. When Europe was filled to overflowing, the Atlantic became their highway toward new territories. The Americas have been added to their possessions. Australia and the island of the sea are their property, yet they number only about one-third of the total population of the earth. It really would not look fair to a yellow man who understood that the white race who constituted a comparatively small minority should possess the greater part of the earth. Therefore it is a question which is now beginning to agitate the council chambers of more than one nation, whether it will be possible during the coming years to maintain the balance of possessions. China, Japan, India—their very woods are filled with cities, while Canada, United States, Mexico, all South America are crying out for men and muscle. So long as the repose of the ages rested upon the Orient, there was no danger of a yellow flood or a black, but the restless energy of the white folk has awakened them and whispered marvelous stories into their ears, stories of high wages and happy homes and great rewards for little labor. That is why the Hindus are landing at Vancouver by the ship-load and the Japanese seeking America as a prize to be grasped after. That is why the Chinaman would make yellow our Pacific coast but for the laws that exclude him. That is why Australia and a score of other smaller countries are beginning to feel the meaning of the universal race problem. In this land, public sentiment has about crystallized into a sentence—"This shall be a white man's country." With a singular lack of foresight and almost criminal carelessness, our forefathers brought myriads of negroes among us and they are enough. We want no more race problem. We are determined that, from Horn to Nome, this hemisphere shall be possessed of white people. It is an interesting fact that practically all of the immigration to the Americas has, up to the present time, been from Europe. The reward of Aryan restlessness has been the giving to them of the richest lands of the earth wherein they may grow and increase in power and work out their destiny. Even Africa is feeling the pressure from the white masses. It is a very interesting question as to what will be the ultimate outcome of the situation in South Africa, which differs from that in our own South, mainly in the fact that the British government has not forgotten that it is a white man's government and that the black in South Africa is as the Indian in the United States, cared for but not coddled. We, of this country have assuredly been led by a solitary way so far as our race problem is concerned. The world saw a new thing in history when the white race divided and took up arms to destroy itself that the black might survive and flourish. This thing which was so anomalous and so contrary to every principle of nature, it has taken forty years to destroy and will take another forty to forget but that it has been destroyed, and that it will be forgotten, only the foolish doubt. We have entered upon an era where the unit in human history will become very largely the race instead of the nation. It is well, says the South, that others have come to understand. It lightens the burden of more than a century to know that one by one the hands of those who would press it down more heavily are being lifted.

Our Billboard Literature.

In these days of vermilion posters and jaundiced journals, when to catch the stunned eye, one must needs redden one's ink and fling in a goodly number of exclamation points, there is little wonder that not only newspapers, but even the most staid periodicals are infected by the *bacillus exclamatorii*, if such there be. All of this is doubtless primarily the result of our strenuous method of life, and yet we believe our literature suf-

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fers directly from the effects of the billboard. The billboard has solved the problem of placing the most unattractive matter in the most compelling guise. We almost said attractive guise, but it is not so attractive as a rule as it is shocking. The advertiser must place a new wonder in a world of wonders to compel jaded attention.

The result is that the fictionist, the editor, the humorist, the cartoonist, in fact, every purveyor of art or literature, is compelled to fall into line and whoop and yell with the procession.

Now, the one overweening characteristic of such productions is force. Force, spelled in capitals, gain it by what art or mechanical device you may, is the modern shibboleth. To it sacrifice the graces, the styles, the finish! Grab the reader's attention! Shout your message in his ear, make him look at you if you have to hurl chunks of white hot steel at him to do it!

For instance, take our modern popular story. If you read the first sentence you are a doomed man. That first sentence sets things going with a rush, and you stand with hypnotized gaze as a tumult of incidents rush by. Take the Sunday supplements (we mention them with hushed voice), that make no attempt at humor or anything kin to a smile, but are simply a flaring colored attempt to place a hurtling variety of situations before your eyes and tempt you from one to the other until you reach the last one. In other words, the Sunday supplement "funny pictures" are simply a modern short story done in drawings, and only from this can you get an idea how really bad our literature is. Now we are quite sure the gentlemen who do the Sunday "comics" and magazine stories could do something creditable in their lines. But what is the use of putting time, thought, skill on their work when time, thought, skill would be absolutely wasted on our billboard palates?

Filling an Educational Gap.

Gradually the hiatus between college life and the great swirling existence of every day is disappearing. Just what the humorist will do without his annual fling at the callow graduate and his new sheepskin remains to be seen. He will be forced back, we fear, on the kicking mule, the butting goat, the wailing twins, and such like reliable old canned staples. At any rate, the graduate is making connection with the present, the cloister is giving way to the mart.

The particular instance we have in mind is the action of Mr. Kay, Professor of Engineering of the University of Alabama, who has signed contracts with a number of big railway and iron and steel corporations of both Alabama and Tennessee to employ his students of civil engineering during their summer vacation.

This action will doubtless prove of the greatest utility and value. Only those who have experienced the cold douche one receives in transit from the smooth theories and cut-and-dried experiments of the class-room into the hit or miss, it-must-work-out-somehow realities of everyday hustle can really appreciate just what a boon this will mean. Mix cold facts with theory, the colder the facts, the better the mixture. Why cannot more of our universities take up this plan, and in other departments, too? For instance, the embryo chemist might be employed in washing bottles for some chemical manufacturing concern. He wouldn't break very many more bottles than the janitor, and would doubtless pick up hundreds of little odds and ends that otherwise he would be forced to learn later, and very probably in a more expensive fashion. And so on through the other technical departments.

The plea might be made, that the students would provide themselves with these positions if they desired them. Not so. Such a proposition coming from a college of standing would naturally carry more weight

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than a bald "hunting a job" by the student. Again, under such a contract, the employer would see to it that there were vacancies to be filled.

Then, again, the business men of this country owe such a co-operation as a duty to the student body in our colleges. These young fellows are going to work for the "old man" after a while, they are going to step into his shoes when he gets ready to take it easy, and so it is really the best thing for both of them to get acquainted as soon as possible, and let the youngster understand the ins and outs, for it is a complex proposition at best.

The Wane of the Patriot.

South Carolina has given up the dispensary.

Reasons alleged: Graft and Political Corruption. So the black flag flies again in Palmetto State.

It is a remarkable thing for any force, even the formidable force of American graft, to check the march of temperance in the South. This cause is the one thing about which the Southern people are thoroughly aroused, and aroused, not with an incipient and spasmodic enthusiasm, now fast, now loose, but with a tried, settled and thoroughgoing organization that performs a great work nobly and well.

So this particular Grafter victory over prohibition in a Southern state needs an explanation.

In our opinion the real reason for this corruptionist victory, and indeed, much of our present broad-spread rottenness in American politics is not from any dearth of honest men, but because the American person does not feel keenly enough that the powers of government reside in him, that he is the government. In other words, there is an unfortunate disassociation of the individual and the state, the Union. To our minds there should be a political as well as a religious maxim, "The kingdom of God is within you." But how do we feel?

To a great many of our citizens the government is a big, cumbersome, external thing, located at Washington, or Raleigh, or Nashville, a thing that interests us very remotely, a thing that grinds out a few moribund laws now and then, that insists on vaccinating us occasionally, and above all, a thing with which we never come into contact (it being represented by a certain rotund, blue-coated gentleman behind a silvery badge) if we can possibly avoid it.

Occasionally, it is true, we do grow excited about certain reforms, as driving whisky out of town, and so go to work to legislate this or that particular evil out of existence, but even then, we walk off thinking that *we* got the *government* to do certain and certain things for *us*. That is as near as we ever come to feeling our identity with the government, and that doesn't approach within leagues of it.

Now it must have been just this feeling of individual aloofness from the government that led to the undoing of our South Carolina friends. *They* got the *state* to institute the dispensary and then turned away, trusting this big external will-o'-the-wisp, the state, to do its bidding, and so quite forgot that the state lay within themselves, forgot that they must place honest dispensary men in the executive and judicial departments of government as well as the legislative. In brief, they forgot *they were the state,* and must operate all of it if they would have their will.

So the end came. The dispensary, that first step toward prohibition, is gone, and the black flag is advanced.

Yet we believe it is only for a time, a brief time. We believe in you, brother South Carolinians, because you are a part of our nation, part of the South. We believe in you stronger, perhaps, than you believe in yourselves, now in the hour of your discouragement, for you are working toward what is right and best, and what must win.

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EVERYDAY PHILOSOPHY

By William J. Burtscher

It is better to be happy in spots than not at all.

Poverty is not a vice, but often the result of vice.

Sing a song of sunshine—practice what you sing.

Boast not, nor boast of the fact that you do not boast.

Economy is spending a little for a little of what a man needs.

There is no blue Monday to the man who makes his Sunday white.

It takes from eight to ten explanations to straighten out one blunder.

No man ever gets so lazy that he hasn't energy enough to get into jail.

Much of the milk of human kindness in the world to-day is condensed.

That man is not apt to go wrong who goes right every time he goes at all.

The highest type of man is the self-made man. The lowest is the whisky-made man.

Character must be in the developing during the whole of a lifetime to wear for all time.

A man's meanness will leak out before he knows it. If he is morally lame he must limp.

When a man preaches the doctrine of "sunshine," he must practice the doctrine of "sweat."

When some men think they can sing and play there is no telling what their neighbors think.

Some people have a habit of telling everybody that which they declare is nobody's business.

About all an education does for a man is to enable him to use what little common-sense he has.

In the attempt to get something for nothing people have been known to get nothing for something.

A hobby is somewhat of a play horse, lacking horse-sense, which is often true of the rider, as well.

When a young man does not cultivate his brains the devil cultivates them for him—and raises weeds.

Follow the advice you give to others, and as much of the advice others give to you as they follow themselves.

Laziness affords a man time to meditate upon the various things he would like to have somebody do for him.

The happiness which has another's sorrow for a foundation must topple like the house built upon the sand.

It is generally the man who boasts that he descended from a monkey who continually makes a monkey of himself.

The only kind of lying some people approve of is the kind their neighbors indulge in when they compliment or flatter them.

Talk sunshine, act sunshine, give sunshine, and you shall hear others talk it, see others act it, and know that others give it.

Conscience does not say much to the man so long as the man insists on doing all the talking—so that conscience has no chance.

Some men who claim to be interested in reform movements instead of putting their shoulders to the wheel, try to hide behind the wheel.

There are many men who are like matches—they get bright when they scratch their head, and some get so bright that they lose their head.

For every fault that you point out to your friend tell him of at least three good traits. If you cannot find that many good traits for every fault it will not do much good to mention the faults.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

LILLIAN KENDRICK BYRN

"A new Jane Austen," is the title which has been applied to the author of "The Divine Fire," but a careful reading of "The Helpmate" will reveal a dramatic power not possessed by the earlier writer. This has been called the strongest story of the year and has provoked much discussion. It is an absorbing book but hardly a satisfactory one, for the author does not make clear whether the wife or the mistress is the true helpmate. One has the will without the ability and the other the ability without the will to help the hero to attain the moral heights of a clean man's ambition. Miss Sinclair is an Englishwoman, a hard worker and an ardent bicyclist. Her first literary work was in verse, and she also tried the drama before deciding on fiction.

* * *

"The Lone Star" is less a story than a section of real life, throbbing with the tragedies and comedies of those brave and adventurous spirits who wrested the richest of her settlements from Mexico's jealous grasp. Mr. Lyle passed his youth in Texas and Mexico and absorbed the true romantic spirit of history. This, with a natural gift for painting, in a few words, scenes, characters and conditions, has enabled him to write a great book. As might be expected, the tragedy of the Alamo is the most vivid incident in the story, but the dominating figure is that of Sam Houston. Crockett, Bowie, Travis, Deaf Smith and "old Ben Milam"—all the heroes of the monumental struggle live and breathe again in this epic of the Southwest.

* * *

Titles are frequently misleading. In a book bearing a Satanic patronymic one does not look for cheerful optimism, but that is what one finds in the Kentucky Miss Rives' new book. It is also full of swift action and the tumultuous rush of human passions, made all the more enthralling by the well-defined rumor that more than two or three of the characters are actual portraits. "Satan Sanderson" was finished just before Miss Rives' marriage to Post Wheeler, of our diplomatic service, and it is expected that her clever pen will soon find a new theme in her Japanese life.

"The Helpmate." By May Sinclair. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price, $1.50.
"The Lone Star." By Eugene P. Lyle. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, $1.50.
"Satan Sanderson." By Hallie Erminie Rives. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price, $1.50.

Clean, humorous and full of sentiment, "Susan" is one of the most refreshing books of the season. The artless lady's maid entangling her mistress in an amatory correspondence with their high-born neighbor and the satisfactory outcome furnishes a study of unusual interest.

* * *

Year by year the stock of nature stories for children increases and each Christmas finds an added effort to make the drawings and bindings truly sympathetic and suggestive. None of this season's books is more attractive than "Dorothy's Rabbit Stories." Dorothy is a little Southern girl who, instead of being told these stories in the time-honored fashion, herself relates them to her kitten, Kim. Captain Crow Major 'Possum, Colonel Coon and General Bear are all set forth in quaint and delightful style, Mr. Blaisdell's drawings aiding and stimulating the understanding of the text.

* * *

"The Stolen Throne" is one of those dashing, swift-moving novels whose incidents are so plausible as to make the reader almost able to locate the scenes geographically. Miss Fiske, whose fame hitherto has rested chiefly on her witty monologues, and Mr. Kaufman have displayed great ingenuity in entangling the actors in a kaleidoscopic jumble, only to show equal facility in straightening them out by a turn of the tube. A Christy frontispiece in color lends additional charm.

* * *

Tom Gallon is not one of those authors who, finding himself with two good scenes in his mind, makes two books of them. In "Tinman" he has crowded enough dash, action and high-spirited chivalry to furnish the whole set of the ordinary "six best sellers." It is a gloomy story of a man who serves a twenty-year sentence for the murder of his sweetheart's slanderer and on his release finds her daughter going through a similar crisis. Without weighing the unfaithfulness of the woman

"Susan." By Ernest Oldmeadow. Boston: Jno. W. Luce & Co. Price, $1.50.
"Dorothy's Rabbit Stories." By Mary E. Calhoun. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Price, $1.00.
"The Stolen Throne." By Herbert Kaufman and May Isabel Fisk. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. Price, $1.50.
"Tinman." By Tom Gallon. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Price, $1.50.

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for whom he had sacrificed so much he unhesitatingly goes to the daughter's rescue, and the scales of justice hang trembling in their balance until the end of the very last chapter.

* * *

Sidney Lanier, the only poet of purely Southern stock whose rank is universally admitted, is the subject of an admirable appreciation by George Herbert Clarke, who has, for some years, found a congenial home at Macon, Lanier's birthplace. This has given him an opportunity to study Lanier's work in connection with its environment—an opportunity which he has most liberally improved, having access to many personal effects. The brochure has an introduction by Harry Stillwell Edwards, for many years editor of the *Telegraph*, and is embellished with interesting portraits of Lanier and his home.

* * *

Mr. Dixon's expressed intention of preserving to history the trials of the Reconstruction period have brought him into the limelight of lurid publicity. To many of his readers the incidents he portrays, not only in "The Traitor" but in its predecessors, "The Leopard's Spots" and "The Clansman," are utterly impossible, both from the standpoint of history and art; to many others who suffered bitterly from the stress of the times the stories gloss over much of the indignity and hardship in an effort to make the introduction preserve the artistic standard. Conservative readers, however, will agree that there is no misrepresentation or exaggeration of concrete facts, basing their only objection to the use of the truth in a melodramatic and somewhat tawdry manner. Mr. Dixon has a vivid style, and his stories carry the reader through with a rush, and there is no doubt that this story of the mysterious "Ku-Klux Klan" will be widely read.

* * *

Mrs. Gilchrist, in writing "Katherine Somerville," has achieved a striking picture of life in the South prior to and following the Civil War. The book, though purely a romance, deals with several well-known historical events and personages, and the interest is further enhanced by the fact that the names used are of actual places and people. The characters are vividly portrayed and the interest well sustained throughout the volume.

* * *

When the hot, sultry days of midsummer come, the book worm turns to stories of the lighter sort for relaxation. Entertainment and mental rest will be found in the seven stories included in "Love's Way in Dixie." They are all clean, well-written bits of fiction, with ingenious plot and excellent character delineation.

* * *

The short biographical sketches of men who have contributed to our country's greatness are so admirably constructed as to hold the young readers' interest and to make the volume an eagerly sought reference book. The subjects are classified according to their various fields of achievement, and each sketch is accompanied by an excellent portrait. There are some errors in the dates and names of the Southern men mentioned, but these form a very small percentage of the famous characters.

* * *

In a most valuable series of monographs, Mr. Barber has prepared a number of essays invaluable to collectors and art students. The tin-enameled pottery includes the majolica ware of Italy, Spain and Mexico, the delft of Holland and England and the stamniferous faïence of France and Germany. The "Talavera" ware of Mexico, introduced by Spanish potters about 1600, is there treated for the first time and forms a valuable addition to ceramic literature.

* * *

Popular tradition peoples the settlement of Georgia with the felons from the English prisons, liberated by the efforts of Sir James Oglethorpe. As a matter of actual history, Miss Cooper clearly shows this colony permitted no one to enter her borders who was not deemed by competent authority worthy the rights of citizenship. Prisoners there were, it is true, but these were merely debtors and not criminals. These were required to secure the consent of their creditors. Also none could go who would leave wives or families without subsistence at home. It was a beautiful philanthropic dream. There were to be no slaves. Silk manufacturing was decided upon as a light and profitable general work. The mulberry is indigenous to Georgia, and experts from Italy were engaged to teach the best methods of feeding silk worms and making silk. The addition of the Salzburger colonists and the ultimate working out of the plan, not altogether as its founder dreamed, but resulting in the

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"Some Reminiscences and Early Letters of Sidney Lanier." By George Herbert Clarke. Macon: J. W. Burke Co. Price, 25 cents.

"The Traitor." By Thomas Dixon, Jr. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, $1.50.

"Katherine Somerville." By Annie Somers Gilchrist. Nashville: Marshall & Bruce. Price, $1.50.

"Love's Way in Dixie." By Katherine Hopkins Chapman. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Co. Price, $1.00.

"One Hundred Famous Americans." By Helen Ainslee Smith. Philadelphia: David McKay. Price, $1.75.

"Tin Enameled Pottery." By Edward Atlee Barber. Philadelphia: Pennsylvania Museum. Price, 60 cents.

"James Oglethorpe." By H. C. Cooper. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, $1.00, net.

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noble commonwealth of which he would today be proud, are well told and make this one of the most interesting of the Historic Lives series.

* * *

"Dusk and Dawn" is a small volume of verse which is highly creditable to the two young poets. The poems are divided into descriptive and romantic, and all show the true poetic quality. One of Mr. Sheppard's quatrains is particularly fine:

Life brewed for me a bitter draught of rue,
And bade me drink in token of defeat;
But love smiled in the cup and ere I knew
My lips were quaffing nectar, honey-sweet.

* * *

Mr. Bellamy has clothed the familiar everyday surroundings with the mystery of fairy land, and so charmingly has he done this that even grown-ups who read it are thrilled with the glamor and witchery of the magic wishes and their charming results.

* * *

Mrs. Gore was a very gifted musician whose musical studies were suddenly cut short in Paris by the accidental discharge of a pistol, resulting in her death. To refute the charge of suicide, her friends have gathered and published her letters written from the various conservatories where she pursued her studies. These letters show the writer's love of life, her healthy appreciation of the beauties around her and her deep, true piety. They are gay, tender, unconscious self-revelations of a rarely beautiful nature.

* * *

The appeal of the unfortunate cotton mill worker is irresistible. His will to do right, his awkward mistakes, his ignorance and finally his rescue and training at the hands of the "orphnidge" people make a story of exceptional interest, and Mr. Jacobs, with the art of the born story teller, lets the little history tell itself. It is an inspiring juvenile book.

* * *

"Dusk and Dawn." By Robert Collins and W. Y. Sheppard. St. Louis: Woodward & Tiernan Printing Co.

"Wonder Children." By Charles J. Bellamy. New York: The Macmillan Co. Price, $1.50.

"Your Loving Nell." By Mrs. Nelly Gore. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price, $1.00, net.

"Sinful Sadday." By Thornwell Jacobs. Nashville: Smith & Lamar. Price, 50 cents.

OTHER NEW BOOKS

THE MAID OF REDENFAYN. Knoxville: Gaut-Ogden Co.

MAFOOTA. By Dolf Wyllarde. New York: John Lane Co. Price, $1.50.

DULCIBEL. By Henry Peterson. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. Price, $1.50.

THE COURT OF PILATE. By Roe R. Hobbs. New York: R. F. Fenno. Price, $1.50.

PRISONERS OF FORTUNE. By Ruel Perley Smith. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, $1.50.

THE CASTLE OF DOUBT. By John H. Whitson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, $1.50.

A TENNESSEE IGNORAMUS. By Major Tom Noodle. Pulaski, Tenn.: W. T. Carden. Price, $1.00.

FALLACIES OF THE LAW. By Henry S. Wilcox. Chicago: Legal Literature Co. Price, $1.50.

CROSSING FAMILIAR PATHS. By J. E. Fellers. Chicago: J. E. Fellers & Co. Price, 75 cents, net.

FRANCAIS RABELAIS. By Arthur Tulley, M.A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, $1.50, net.

SHOTS UPON THE SKIRMISH LINE. By Brock Sale. Memphis: Foster Printing Co. Price, $1.00.

RHEINGOLD. Translation by Oliver Huckel. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. Price, 75 cents, net.

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THE FAMILY SCRAP BOOK

We have begun this department expecting our readers to make it. It has been suggested by a number of our readers, and there is no department that should be more popular. There are few of us who have not in old scrap books, or elsewhere, something—in prose or poetry—that we cherish; that has become part of our souls. Send them in, thus preserving them and permitting others to enjoy them.

"THE PESSIMIST"

BY BEN KING

[Sent to TAYLOR-TROTWOOD by a Kentucky admirer.]

"Nothing to do but work,
  Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
  To keep one from going nude.

"Nothing to breathe but air,
  Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
  Nowhere to stand but on.

"Nothing to comb but hair,
  Nowhere to sleep but in bed;
Nothing to weep but tears,
  Nothing to bury but dead.

"Nothing to sing but songs,
  Ah, well, alas, alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
  Nowhere to come but back.

"Nothing to see but sights,
  Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got;
  Thus through life we're cursed.

"Nothing to strike but a gait;
  Everything moves that goes.
Nothing at all but common sense
  Can ever withstand those woes.

WHEN EVENING BRINGS US HOME

[A lady subscriber at Wetumpka, Alabama, sends the following poem for the Scrap Book, and adds: "I write this as a token of my high appreciation of your splendid magazine. It *is* truly Southern, and that is what I admire most. Our Southland must be written and sung about as other lands have been. I send you some verses composed by Senator J. R. McCain, of Alabama. Would be glad to have you publish them in the family Scrap Book."

We endorse and appreciate greatly the sentiment expressed above and gladly comply with her request.—EDS.]

When twilight shadows softly fall
  Across the fading light,
And vesper bells in music call
  The herald of the night,
The hour that breathes of peace and rest
  To those who sadly roam,
That hour that is dearest, sweetest, best,
  When evening brings us home.

Forget the trials of the da .
  The toil, the grief, the care,
All seem to fade at sunset ray,
  The world grew bright and fair;
And yet the shadow deeper falls,
  And weary wanderers roam;
But through the gloom a loved voice calls,
  When evening brings us home.

And lagging feet quick onward press
  To meet those at the door,
Where Love in answering caress
  Waits loyal evermore;
Most blessed hour of all the day
  To those who toil and roam,
Love is the star that lights our way
  When evening brings us home.

And if it be that no one waits
  In earthly home to greet,
There is a home beyond the gates,
  Where all who love shall meet;
So we may say in truth alway
  To those who sadly roam,
Each heart shall find its own some day,
  When evening brings us home.

A REQUEST FOR A POEM

[Mr. Thomas Hewitt, Jr., of Belle Vernon, Pennsylvania, sends the following clipping, and also requests that we reproduce "the complete poem of Mr. Hays, entitled 'The Modern Meetin' House.'"

We will be glad to publish the poem if some friend will kindly send it in.—EDS.]

IN THE FIRELIGHT

The fire upon the hearth is low,
  And there is stillness everywhere,
  And, like winged spirits, here and there,
The firelight shadows fluttering go.
And as the shadows round me creep,
  A childish treble breaks the gloom,
  And softly from a further room
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And somehow, with that little prayer
  And that sweet treble in my ears
  My thought goes back to distant years,
And lingers with a dear one there;
And as I hear my child's Amen,
  My mother's faith comes back to me—
  Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place,
  Oh, for the peace of that dear time,
  Oh, for that childish trust sublime,

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Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet magic of that treble tone
And "Now I lay me down to sleep."
—*Eugene Field.*

THE INGLORIOUS DEAD

[The following prose poem is sent us by Mr. Edward Saltsider, of Pontiac, Illinois, and is such an unusual and beautiful tribute on such an unusual subject that we reproduce the clipping entire, with many thanks to Mr. Saltsider.—Eds.]

The following unique and pathetic speech was delivered Monday evening, May 29, 1905, by M. M. Desmond, teacher in the Illinois State Reformatory, who with his family and a few friends visited that institution's burying ground. By the request of his friends he gave voice to this tribute, which we think too good and tender to allow to perish:

Mr. Desmond said:

"Shunned by the living and separated from the resting places of the honored dead, this spot is certainly the saddest, loneliest spot in all this region. Yet here, if nowhere else, the dead are equal. No proud monuments or saintly epitaphs are seen, but plain white boards with black lettering, suggestive of the markings of sin on the once clean lives. A name which, perhaps, the sleeper's father never heard, a number telling all the dishonor, and below, the duration and end of the earthly pilgrimage. Nothing more.

"Here, no flags wave, no cannons boom, and no throngs of fellow citizens come to pay their annual tribute. But forest trees unfurl the flag of all nations, a solitary bird trilling in the distance and a cricket chirping in the grass relieve the awful hush; and the sun ever rising on the evil and on the good, pours a flood of glory over the dreary spot. No tolling bell, no eulogy or chant or plumed hearse is needed at these funerals. No mother's tears ever dropped into these graves.

"In far-away fields and gardens, where some who lie here spent a happy childhood; the flowers they loved have bloomed and withered many years; but not a petal has ever been wafted to this lonely abode.

"One here is faithful to the last. Dear old Mother Nature receives her sinful children and hides them in her bosom, until at the command of her God and theirs she must deliver them up.

"In the stillness of the night, the yearning heart of many a mother goes abroad in search of the boy who has forgotten to write home. Through city and forest, over prairie and ocean it roams; but never does the heart pause at the prison or burying ground.

"Here lies a mere child laid low in dishonor; and here, one in the very pride and strength of maturity. And here—can it be possible? Twenty-one, twenty, nineteen, eighteen years of age—boys, mere boys.

"Where were their fathers, mothers, teachers, preachers, the humane societies, when the whirlpool caught the careless young feet? I stand aghast. Is this next a phantom record? Here is the name of a youth now living in Pontiac and just beginning to tamper with sin. How will he fight? Will it be a lost battle, that conflict with the powers of darkness? Single-handed and alone the boy is fighting, sometimes bravely. There are passions, appetites and environments which hold him with a stronger grip than any hand-cuffs that may come later.

"The government whose flag waves so proudly over its own dead is in league against him; for does it not deliver him, soul and body, to the rum fiend, which has power to kill and to cast him into a drunkard's grave? Or, perhaps, be the cause of putting him behind the bars yonder, where maybe he might gain a silent victory and be placed here in a windowless palace to rest. God only knows.

"With care all are laid in such a way that in rising, their opening eyes will fall upon the 'Lord appearing in the east;' but, oh, what a meeting! Will not the pitiful Judge remember their weakness and let the curse fall aslant upon society that allows the stuff to be sold that sends behind walls directly or indirectly 95 per cent of the inmates of prisons.

"We hope for the best. Sin is sin, and God is holy. Shunned by the living and separated from the honored dead, here they will sleep until awakened by that summons from which there is no escape, to appear at that court whence there is no appeal."

AN OLD SOUTHERN SONG

[Mr. J. S. Waddle, of Wendel, West Virginia, sends the following clipping from the *Houston Post*. He also incloses a subscription and cheers us greatly by saying: "I like your magazine better than any magazine published in the United States."—Eds.]

One of the most beautiful songs of the Southern Confederacy never found its way into print, although it was one of the most popular songs of the Civil War. This song was written by an Alabamian, Lieutenant Harrington.

Although quite popular in the South during the days of the war, the song is now almost forgotten, save perhaps by a very few of the Confederate soldiers. During those days of the war the song was sung by the soldiers of the Confederacy about the camp fires and on the march throughout the South, and soon became a popular

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song of those days. This song was called "The Home-Spun Dress."

It is said that some years ago the noted author, Dr. John Uri Lloyd, offered $50 for a copy of the song. He wanted to reproduce it in one of his books, but he never secured the copy, and the song, so far as known, has never been printed.

In connection with the song is a story of romance of unusual interest and beauty, which was related to me not long ago by an old citizen of Kentucky, while I was in the little city of Carrollton, situated at the mouth of the picturesque Kentucky river. While I was in Carrollton I was also fortunate enough to secure from a friend a copy of the song written on typewriter.

I was informed the words of the song had been found in an old manuscript written by George Dallas Musgrove, of Carrollton, Kentucky, which manuscript he had called "Kentucky Cavaliers in Dixie." A number of typewritten copies of the song had been made from this manuscript, and it was one of those copies which I was fortunate enough to secure, and which is reproduced here.

THE HOME-SPUN DRESS

Oh, yes, I am a Southern girl,
And glory in my name;
I boast of it with greater pride
Than glittering wealth or fame.
I envy not the Northern girl
Her robes of beauty rare,
Though diamonds deck her snowy neck
And pearls bestud her hair.

Chorus:

Hurrah, hurrah!
For the sunny South, so dear!
Three cheers for the home-spun dress
The Southern ladies wear.

Now, Northern goods are out of date;
And since Old Abe's blockade
We Southern girls can be content
With goods that's Southern made.
We send out sweethearts to the war,
But, girls, ne'er you mind—
Your soldier love will not forget
The girl he left behind.

The Southern land's a glorious land,
And has a glorious cause;
Then cheer, three cheers for Southern rights,
And for the Southern boys!
We scorn to wear a bit of silk,
A bit of Northern lace,
But make our home-spun dresses up
And wear them with a grace.

And now, young man, a word to you.
If you would win the fair,
Go to the field where honor calls,
And win your lady there.
Remember that our brightest smiles
Are for the true and brave,
And that our tears are all for those
Who fill the soldier's grave.

As the story was related to me, it was on a beautiful morning in the early fall of the year 1862 that a small group of men were standing in front of a country store in the village of Carrollton, Kentucky, watching a detachment of Confederate General Morgan's cavalry coming down the pike in the distance.

In that little group about the country store was Dr. John Uri Lloyd, the author. As the soldiers filed by the store they were singing "The Home-Spun Dress." Dr. Lloyd liked the song, and in after years he wanted to print it in one of his books. He could not remember the words and he was unable to find the song anywhere, so he offered a reward for it.

It might be well to say just here that the town of Florence, Kentucky, where Dr. Lloyd first heard the song, has since become familiarly known as "Stringtown," being the village referred to in "Stringtown on the Pike."

While Morgan's army was in Lexington, Kentucky, the women of that city gave a ball one night in honor of Morgan's men. On this occasion, it is said, the women appeared in home-spun dresses. Lieutenant Harrington, of Alabama, who was a member of Morgan's army, and who attended the ball, was so deeply affected by the flower of Kentucky's young womanhood appearing at a ball gowned in home-spun dresses that he wrote the words to the song, "The Home-Spun Dress." During the evening the young lieutenant met at the ball a Miss Earle, and during those few hours there grew an attachment between the two that was more than friendship.

Miss Earle was an accomplished musician, and improvised an air for the young lieutenant's song-poem and played and sang it on the piano during the evening. It was said that all the men of Morgan's command soon learned the words and the air and often sang "The Home-Spun Dress."

Lieutenant Harrington gave Miss Earle the original manuscript copy of the words of the song, and it is said that it was from her that Mr. Musgrove, of Carrollton, Kentucky, secured the words of the song, as found in the manuscripts written by himself.

Lieutenant Harrington was killed in the battle of Perryville, October 8, 1862, only a few days after the ball in Lexington, Kentucky, where he wrote the words to the song, and where he met Miss Earle. Miss Earle died only a few years ago. She never married. She kept the manuscript copy of the song, just as it was written by Lieutenant Harrington, all her lifetime, and it is said that she prized it most highly.

Lieutenant Harrington's grave is unknown, but the song words which he com-

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posed lived in the heart of a fair Kentucky girl until death called her away to join her soldier lover in a better and brighter world.

The song, although never printed, so far as I have been able to learn, has lived for almost half a century in the hearts of the few remaining soldiers of the South and in the hearts of the few women of those trying days who still live.

"The Home-Spun Dress" should fill a place in the nation's archives as a popular song and as a historical memento of that great conflict between the states of the Union.

It would be fitting for Alabama to erect a monument to the memory of that brave soldier-poet son of hers who gave his life for the cause he believed to be right—Lieutenant Harrington, who sleeps to-day, perhaps, in another state, in a grave unknown and doubtless unmarked, even by a plain slab bearing the inscription, "Unknown."

HOW WE BEAT THE FAVORITE

[The following stirring poem is sent in by an admirer of Adam Lindsay Gordon, Australia's favorite poet. We hope to publish more of Gordon's verse in the future, for he was a rare poet with a rare touch. Our recollection is that he suicided but left poetry that will live.—Eds.]

"Aye, Squire," said Stevens, "they back him at evens;
The race is all over, bar shouting, they say;
The Clown ought to beat her; Dick Neville is sweeter
Than ever—he swears he can win all the way, all the way.

"A gentleman rider?—well, I'm an outsider,
But if he's a gent who the mischief's a jock?
You swells mostly blunder, Dick rides for the plunder,
He rides, too, like thunder—he sits like a rock!

"He calls 'hunted fairly' a horse that has barely
Been stripped for a trot within sight of the hounds—
A horse that at Warwick beat Birdlime and Yorick
And gave Abdelkader at Aintree nine pounds!

"They say we have no test to warrant a protest;
Dick rides for a lord and stands in with a steward;
The light of their faces they show him—his case is
Prejudged and his verdict already secured.

"But none can outlast her, and few travel faster,
She strides in her work clean away from The Drag:
You hold her and sit her, she couldn't be fitter,
Whenever you hit her she'll spring like a stag.

"And p'raps the green jacket, at odds though they back it,
May fall, or there's no knowing what may turn up.
The mare is quite ready, sit still and ride steady,
Keep cool; and I think you may just win the Cup."

Dark-brown, with tan muzzle, just stripped for the tussle,
Stood Iseult, arching her neck to the curb,
A lean head and fiery, strong quarters and wiry,
A loin rather light, but a shoulder superb.

Some parting injunction, bestowed with great unction,
I tried to recall, but forgot like a dunce,
When Reginald Murray, full tilt, on White Surrey,
Came down in a hurry to start us at once.

"Keep back!—in the yellow! Come up, on Othello!
Hold hard!—on the chestnut! Turn round, on The Drag!
Keep back there, on Spartan! Back!—you, sir, in tartan!
So, steady there!—easy!" and down went the flag.

We started, and Kerr made strong running on Mermaid,
Through furrows that led to the first stake-and-bound,
The crack, half extended, looked blood-like and splendid,
Held wide on the right where the headland was sound.

I pulled hard to baffle her rush with the snaffle,
Before her two-thirds of the field got away;
All through the wet pasture where floods of the last year
Still loitered, they clotted my crimson with clay.

The fourth fence, a wattle, floored Monk and Blue-bottle;
The Drag came to grief at the blackthorn and ditch;
The rails toppled over Redoubt and Red Rover,
The lane stopped Lycurgus and Leicestershire Witch.

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She passed like an arrow Kildare and Cock Sparrow,
And Mantrap and Mermaid refused the stone wall;
And Giles on The Grayling came down at the paling,
And I was left sailing in front of them all.

I took them a burster, nor eased her, nor nursed her
Until the Black Bullfinch led into the plough,
And through the strong bramble we broke with a scramble—
My cap was knocked off by the hazel tree bough.

Where furrows looked lighter I drew the rein tighter;
Her dark chest all dappled with flakes of white foam,
Her flanks mud-bespattered, a weak rail she shattered;
We landed on turf with our heads turned for home.

Then crashed a low binder, and then close behind her,
The sward to the strokes of the favorite shook;
His rush roused her mettle, yet ever so little
She shortened her stride as we raced at the brook.

She rose as I hit her. I saw the stream glitter,
A wide scarlet nostril flashed close to my knee.
Between sky and water The Clown came and caught her—
The space that he cleared was a caution to see!

And forcing the running, discarding all cunning,
A length to the front went the rider in green;
A long strip of stubble and then the big double,
Two stiff flights of rail with a quickset between.

She raced at the rasper, I felt my knees grasp her,
I found my hands give to her strain on the bit;
She rose when The Clown did—our silks as we bounded
Brushed lightly, our stirrups clashed loud as we lit.

A rise steeply sloping, a fence with stone coping—
The last—we diverged 'round the base of the hill:
His path was the nearer, his leap was the clearer,
I flogged up the straight and he led sitting still.

She came to his quarter and on still I brought her,
And up to his girth, to his breast-plate, she drew;
A short prayer from Neville just reached me—"The Devil!"
He muttered—locked level the hurdles we flew.

A hum of hoarse cheering, a dense crowd careering,
All sights seen obscurely, all shouts vaguely heard:
"The green wins!" "The crimson!" The multitude swims on,
And figures are blended and features are blurred.

"The horse is her master!" "The green forges past her!"
"The Clown will outlast her!" "The Clown wins!" "The Clown!"
The white railing races with all the white faces,
The chestnut outpaces, outstretches, the brown.

On still, past the gateway, she strains in the straightway,
Still struggles The Clown, by a short neck at most;
He swerves! the green scourges, the stand rocks and surges,
And flashes and verges—and flits the white post!

Ay! so ends the tussle—I knew the tan muzzle
Was first, though the ring-men were yelling "Dead heat!"
A nose I could swear by, but Clarke said "The mare by
A short head." And that's how the favorite was beat.

—*Adam Lindsay Gordon.*

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WITH OUR READERS

This department is open to our readers for the expression of their opinions on questions of public interest. The editors, while inviting contributions bearing on measures and events of general interest, reserve the right to exclude such matter as is not deemed suitable, and are not responsible for opinions expressed.

EDITORS TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE:

DEAR SIRS: Through the kindness of Mr. John W. Craddock, I have read with very much appreciation for several months past your historical articles in the issues of THE TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE, and at his suggestion I am sending you herewith a eulogy on Colonel Armant, written by my grandfather, which you might wish to consider for republication.

Mr. Craddock and I have wondered if your worthy associate is of the same line as General "Dick" Taylor, referred to in the poem. Yours truly,

HENRY H. COLLINS.

New Orleans, Louisiana.

[Senator Robert L. Taylor's family came from Virginia to East Tennessee. He does not know whether or not he is related to the famous Confederate general. We take pleasure in reproducing the stirring poem, "Armant."—EDS.]

ARMANT*

I

The dewy morn is calm and still,
  Its liquid diamonds on the grass
  Quiver to feel the columns pass
With steady tread, and mount the hill.

We fight not here, we still retire
  Before the still advancing foe;
  The battlefield we've yet to know
That *Taylor* chooses; nor inquire

His purpose, sure that he is right;
  That chosen line must even be
  A better one than this, where he
Shall halt and say, "Right here we fight."

II

Upon the summit of the rise
  He sits his horse—a blooded bay—
  And as we pass we hear him say
To WHARTON—who, with some surprise,

Notes the firm step, the jaunty air,
  The vet'ran port, the soldier mien
They bear, those troops who now had been,
As always, left to guard the rear—
And smiling as he speaks, "Why! these!
  They are my SHILOH boys." A shout
  In answer from the ranks rings out,
And echoes wildly through the trees.

III

And ARMANT, riding in the lead,
  Says, as a half smile lights his face,
  "How fairly '*Pleasant Hill*' would grace
Our colors! I had wish'd, indeed,

"That here we might the battle try.
  See yonder dogwood; look how bright
  It shines amid the pines, as white
As sunlit cloud 'gainst murky sky.

"If here my fate to fall, an 'neath it
  Were I laid, unforgetting spring
  To my lone grave would ever bring
Such wealth of flowers to wreathe it."

Then turns to me, who knew him best,
  With cheery laugh, as if to chase
  Away his thought, or from my face
The shadow by his words impress'd.

IV

By the same fire baptized—we'd stood
  Where Tennessee her winding course
  Cuts thro' the hills, and heard the hoarse
Shell's war cry wake the startled wood—

Yet ne'er—tho' many a day had we
  Rode side by side, and many a night
  Had watch'd the fading camp fire's light,
Or on one blanket lain—had he

A single thought of death expressed,
  Or seem'd to think that it might come
  In battle. If my lips were dumb,
'Twas that I felt 'twas not a jest.

But inward warning of his fate
  As oft the brave receive—that serves
  Their courage to exalt, and nerves
Their arms—a warning that his State

Should in the coming conflict claim
  His life blood in her cause. His rest
  Should soon be on her loving breast,
While ever in her heart his name.

V

How proud he look'd that glorious day
  When MANSFIELD dawn'd; how grandly led
  The charge; how with uncovered head
From his brave horse that fallen lay,

* Leopold L. Armant, of St. James, Colonel of the Eighteenth Louisiana Regiment, killed at Mansfield, Louisiana, April 8, 1864.

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He rose, and waved his hat, then sank
With one last "*Forward!*" Oh! dear earth,
Dearer than ever, tho' no dearth
Of precious blood was yours, you drank

No purer stream, from heart more true.
Louisiana! never son,
On any field, lost or won,
A nobler death hath died for you.

VI

No sounds but those of peace arouse
The echoes of the forest now;
The vales are furrowed by the plow;
Upon the slopes sleek cattle browse.

The dogwood still each spring appears
Clad as in spirit robes; with smiles
Of snowy radiance lights the aisles
Of pine, then drops its flowers like tears.

But from the hills, by loving hands,
His ashes have been borne. The wave
That murmur'd o'er DeSoto's grave
Flows his beside, while sentry stands—

Its gnarled limbs all draped in moss—
The oak, 'neath which his youthful dreams
Of fame were wrought, that mourning seems,
In flowing crape, his early loss.

Oh! mighty river, seaward flow,
And as your waves the story tell
Of cavaliers who fought and fell
For golden lilies, long ago,

Sing, too, for him a requiem soft,
Whose deeds proclaimed him of their race,
A lion-heart, with gentle face,
Worthy to bear their sword aloft.

—*Col. Joseph Collins.*

A DESCENDANT OF ON-LUT-SA

"I must thank you again and again," writes a resident of Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, to a friend who has been sending TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE to her, "for affording me so much entertainment. I read 'Conquerors of the Wilderness' and 'Historic Highways of the South' with the greatest interest. as my ancestors had a hand in the making of these histories.

"Mrs. Woods speaks of O-con-os-to-ta, who was a brother to On-lut-sa, my great-great-grandmother on my mother's side. My brother Wash's Indian name was O-con-os-to-ta, and among the Cherokees he is still so called. It means 'Ground Hog,' and On-lut-sa means 'Come Home.' My grandmother married Joseph Sevier, son of John Sevier, and was one of the sons who rescued him at Morganton, North Carolina, when he was being tried for treason. My great-grandfather Sevier was married twice and had eighteen children (just think of it!). My great-grandmother was Susan Hawkins, his first wife, and not the noted 'Kate of the Daisy Fields,' who jumped into his arms, but no doubt she was a good woman and true even if she did not do anything very startling.

"Mrs. Preston C. Webb, of Muskogee, is a descendant of Colonel Isaac Shelby. . . .

"I am sincerely yours,

"CHEROKEE A. ROGERS."

A CRITICISM AND COMMENT

TO THE EDITOR:

We have been taking BOB TAYLOR'S, now TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE, for two years, and we have been greatly pleased with it. It is read with delight bv every member of our family except our baby girl, and she is always pleased with the beautiful baby pictures.

While it is interesting and instructive to people of the South, still I see no reason why it should not please Northern readers as well; for while it cultivates a feeling of sectional pride, it contains nothing to create sectional prejudice. But, my dear Mr. Trotwood—I ask you for the sake of the younger readers—please do not give us any more stories like "The Imitator."

Wishing your magazine the success it deserves, I remain very truly yours,

MRS. W. MILLSAPS.

416 *Georgia Ave., St. Elmo, Tenn.*

We publish the above entire, to let the author know that the letter is appreciated, as it is only by this means that we can ascertain what pleases and what does not please our readers. But we ask our kind friend to bear in mind that the editor who can in every instance please all of his readers, especially in the publication of short stories, has never yet lived. The taste of readers is as varied as the climate and lands in which they live. Often the editor publishes things which do not please him, and lives to learn from his mail bag that they have pleased hundreds of his readers. It is a wise editor, then, who has an eye for the great common mass of readers and to publish stories of such variety and scope that will find friends among the great general average. So great is the difference of opinion as to the literary worth of a story or poem that the selection of judges for the best poem or best story is a matter of literary joke. In a recent contest where the prize was $5,000 for the best short story, one of the three judges, Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, gave the winning story zero!

Our kind critic must bear this in mind: No magazine is really Southern if it does not picture in prose and poetry the *life of*

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the South, past and present. The negro and the cotton mill are with us. They enter into the life of our literature and that literature must deal with them, if it truly report Southern life. Many phases of the problems confronting the South are not pleasant subjects. But they are here confronting us. As none of our lives is all sunshine, all sweetness, all hope and joy, so also should be the picture of that life in our literature. This is one phase of the literary picture which people, in their desire to see only the beautiful and good, overlook, to wit; that as all life is not beauty and happiness, so should not be its literature. For literature is but the picture of life around it. "Christ before Pilate" is perhaps the greatest of all paintings, but it brings a sob and not a smile; and a painter never gets to be a master till he can bring that sob.

A great fault (perhaps the very reason why they failed) of all the past Southern magazines is that they had not dealt fairly with the problems of Southern life. "They married and lived happily ever afterwards" has no excuse for living, either in literature or in life, for it is untruth. The old-time story and romance of the South were not its only feature. There were others, but our artists dared not paint them, and so the South has no audience among the thinking people of the world. The cotton mill, the negro problem, the saloon, the illiterate white are all with us, and the South is facing and solving them as no nation ever has that has been confronted before by such grave problems. But we cannot do this by writing only of mocking-birds and cotton blossoms and "the good old times that are gone." All past Southern magazines have failed along those lines. They died of a literary dope. The great thing is this: to paint the picture as it is, and if it is a cruel, sad and unpleasant picture to look at for a while, remember, even so was Herod's murdering of the innocents, so was Christ before Pilate; but in the heart-pang that followed, humanity stepped many milestones toward the goal.

"The Imitator" was a well-written story, better written and stronger than the motif. That motif, though slight, is part of the life of the South—the fidelity with which the negro imitates in all things the white. In fact, the negro is but an imitator. He is incapable of real permanent progress in himself. In this case, betrayed by another, he killed the destroyer of his home, because he had seen an old Southern gentleman do the same thing.

And that the old Southern gentleman has a way of doing this the unwritten law of the land attests.

It is all life—life that is around us. We accept such pictures as seldom as possible, but we have seen where others have failed and we are painting the thing as it is—as Cromwell said to his painter, "Paint me, wart and all."

"The Imitator" has received as much praise as any of the stories published in that issue. I did not attach much importance to it, except its literary style, which was excellent. And we know also that that is where the editor can help more than even the question of right or wrong—to wit, educate the coming writer in the delicate art of style; for without this there can be no great literature.

JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE.

PROFESSOR JONES

It has been many a long year since we parted, but I have not forgotten him yet. He was not a sure-enough professor, though he might have been if he had not joined the C. S. A. among the first enlistments from Kentucky at Camp Boone. He had graduated from some Virginia college just before the war commenced. He was very nearsighted, and wore glasses all the time; that, and his quiet, studious habits got him the nickname in the regiment of "Professor," which stuck to him, as it seemed to fit so well. I messed and slept in the same tent or shanty with him for years, and a nicer, more gentlemanly, good-natured comrade no one ever had. All his spare time from his duties in camp was occupied in reading or writing. I had another chum in the same mess, and we were boxing and wrestling most of our time. We made a point of falling over Professor Jones as much as possible, just to see if he would get mad and go for us. He never seemed to mind it; he would only laugh and change his seat and go on reading. The Professor had a sister married to a Mississippian, who wrote to him regularly. After the army evacuated Kentucky, Professor was about the only man in the regiment that ever got any letters. His sister kept him in money and books also. Jones would lend us the books, which gave us great pleasure. He was also a good soldier—never missed a battle, always ready for duty. He was offered a situation as commissary clerk on account of his sight being so bad, but would not accept it. General Loring, our division commander, refused to go into Vicksburg, but sent all our wagons, sick, wounded and camp equipage of all kinds in. By some hard marching and fighting we went all around General Grant's army and escaped to Raymond, Mississippi, and on to Jackson, That winter we camped at Canton, Mississippi. We had no tents and built log huts. Our regiment, the Third Kentucky, and the Seventh Kentucky had a fine camp on the north side of town about a mile from the courthouse. The men were so destitute of clothes that we were excused

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from standing guard around camp—the only time we were excused from such duty during the three years we served as infantry. Three men were detailed each day to act as police in camp to prevent personal fights among the men, but they had very little to do. One day about the time we were all busy getting our dinner, a big six-foot fellow from Company M on the left of the regiment—we were on the right of the regiment—made his appearance up near our captain's shanty. He had his coat off and sleeves rolled up, and said in no uncertain terms that a fellow in Company D had insulted him, and he had come up especially to clean him up. He would not at first say who it was. The boys all saw he was drunk or playing drunk, and several of them commenced sparring at him, saying they "were the man—come on," but Company M said he knew the man. I happened to be on police guard that day, and was waiting for my dinner. One of my mess-mates who knew I was guarding said, "Why don't you arrest that fellow?" "I have no instructions to arrest men for swearing or I'd have the whole regiment in the guardhouse. You just wait till he hits some fellow and see if I don't snatch him," said I. No one in the company knew who the big fellow was after. He worked his way gradually down to the end of the camp, still swearing and threatening some one. Our hut was the last one on the row. The Professor had been to the post office and got a long letter from his sister and was sitting just inside the cabin door in plain view reading it. If he heard all the uproar that fellow was making he showed no sign. The big fellow no doubt thought he heard it all the time and was afraid to resent it, so he applied an epithet to Jones that always brings on a fight in Tennessee or Kentucky, and added, "There sits the man." Everybody looked to see what Jones was going to do. He happened to look up just then and seemed at first to be very much surprised to see the whole crowd staring at him; then it flashed across his mind that all that cursing was for him. He dropped the letter, jumped up, caught his gun from over the door, leveled it on the fellow and pulled the trigger, but the gun failed to fire. The big bully, as soon as he saw the gun, whirled and started to run. The Professor reversed the gun and started after him. Now the gun was loaded when Jones went to town. We had had a false alarm of the Yankees coming out from Yazoo City a few days before, and the whole company had to stand picket on one of the roads; but while Jones was gone to the post office our captain had ordered out the company and had them to fire off their guns. I knew Jones was in town, so I took his gun out also and fired it off; if it had not been for that I've no doubt there would have been one less of Company M. Away flew that big six-foot bully and Jones, hotfoot, after him with the old Enfield raised ready to strike. I *just then remembered I was guard,* and it was my duty to arrest them. So I put out after Jones. Up our company ground, then down the street in front of the officers' quarters toward the left of the regiment we rushed, the whole regiment cheering and shouting like it was a horserace coming down the home stretch. Jones lost his spectacles and hat, his hair standing up like the bristles on a hog's back. The big fellow saw Jones would catch him before he could reach his own shanty and he dived into his captain's tent. Jones, blind almost without his glasses, struck at him as he disappeared. He missed the man but hit the pine tent pole and down came the tent. There was a big game of cards going on in the tent, and it was crowded. While we were at Vicksburg a year or more before a tent in that company was crushed by a large oak limb falling on it, and one man was killed and several were badly hurt; so when the tent collapsed every man in it except the big fellow though another limb had fallen on the tent, and there was some wild scramblings to get out. I stood by waiting for the big fellow to crawl out, but he had no notion of coming out. I had to drag him out by the heels. In the meantimes Jones was running around the tent, like a rat terrier around a brush heap. Every time anyone under the tent would try to crawl out Jones would think it was his man, and whack him with the butt of his gun. I did not notice what he was doing for some time. I made him stop, but he had all the officers of Company M with their heads bandaged up that evening on dress parade. I took the big fellow up to the colonel and they court-martialed him and gave him sixty days extra guard duty, and he said, "I never done a d—n thing."

A WAR INCIDENT

The following letter from Mrs. Gilbert Smith, 1700 Eutaw Place, Baltimore, Maryland, is so interesting that we reproduce it in explanation of the war incident she sends:

"Dear People: Being a daughter of the South, a granddaughter of old Senator Hopkins Lacy Turney, a niece of ex-Governor Peter Turney, of Tennessee, and being old enough for the grandmother of your magazine in two ways—first, I love the magazine "like granny does her babies," then, too, my birthday comes a bit before the magazine's! upon all of these abovementioned things I claim (bad taste, I admit) the pleasure of sending now and then a rare page from some musty old diary

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that savors of our sweet olden times. Major Bulkley is now comptroller of the old B. & O. R. R., is full of the good and beautiful. The inclosed is a copy of one of his many treasures, which I ask you in behalf of some of your dear readers to publish in your TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE. Inclosed is check for two subscriptions, myself and Major Bulkley.

"With assurance of gratitude ours faithfully,

"MRS. GILBERT SMITH."

"In the winter of 1863, Columbia, Tennessee, was the headquarters of Forrest's Cavalry, and also an outpost, in charge of Major H. D. Bulkley, of Lieutenant-General Hardee's staff, for the collection of supplies from within the lines of the enemy who were encamped in heavy force at Franklin, with their advance at Spring Hill, about nine miles north of Columbia. Scouts who were born and raised in Maury and Williamson counties, familiar with the country and people, were employed by Major Bulkley, and as a result, many successful raids were made behind the enemy's lines, and valuable supplies were thus secured for the use of the main body of the Army of Tennessee encamped at Shelbyville and Tullahoma. These scouts not infrequently got into the city of Nashville (then occupied by the Federal forces), and brought out many small articles of wearing apparel, which were much needed by their friends. Shoes were in great demand. Miss Sue Booker, a bright and accomplished young lady of Columbia, requested Major Bulkley to procure for her a pair of number two shoes. The scout to whom the request was committed misconstrued his instructions and brought a pair of infant's number twos; and, as a joke, they were sent to the lady, accompanied by the following verses, written by Colonel Hawkins, a brilliant officer of Forrest's Cavalry on a scrap of paper on his saddle bow. The Colonel was killed shortly after writing the verses. The original manuscript of the verses is in the possession of Major Bulkley:

" 'Dear Tennessee, my humble claim
  I hasten to present;
And now these simple verses frame,
  Though I'm not eloquent,
Nor used to poetry's bright phase;
  Yet now I can't but choose,
To weave some rhyming phrase,
  To accompany the shoes.

" 'In getting them, I could not slumber,
  Lest my privilege I might abuse;
The greatest trouble was the number,
  And, I believe you asked for twos.
Well! Here they are; now put them on,
  My charming Cinderella;
And when in them to party gone
  Think I'm a clever fellow.
" 'Remember most of all, however,
  Especially when you see this,
I charged for being so very clever,
  For every peg and stitch a kiss.
If you should find them rather small
  And to your feet too little freedom,
I would not wear them, not at all,
  Get married, then you'll need 'em!
And, so there'll be no waste of leather
  In these scarce and needy times,
And you and happy he will think together
  I have saved you both some dimes.
Whatever you do, my charming Sue,
  Prepare to meet your dues;
Whether pleased or vexed, when I see you next,
  You must settle for the shoes!
" '*Columbia, Tennessee, Feb. 23, 1863.*' "

IT'S YOU

If ever a star from heaven fell—
  If ever a flower into woman grew;
That star—that flower somewhere must dwell,
  And, everything tells me, sweet, it's you.

'Tis in the song of the waking birds,
  The swallows twitter it at close of day;
My enraptured ear hath caught their words,
  And "it's you," they say; "it's you," they say.

'Tis in the flower—the nodding flower
  That folds its petals o'er heart of gold;
It's secret I gleaned within the hour—
  And "it's you," it told; "it's you," it told.

'Tis in the stars—when I look, they start
  Athwart the skies and hide in heaven's blue;
I gaze entranced; my throbbing heart
  Beating wildly, love—it's you, it's you."

For, if ever star from heaven fell—
  If ever flower into woman grew;
That star—that flower somewhere must dwell;
  And, well I know, sweetheart, it's you."

J. MADISON SHEPPARD.

THE STORM CENTER OF THE REBELLION

Chickamauga, in the Indian idiom, "River of Death." Ominous, ill-omened name. Rosecrans, "Old Rosey," overconfident, exultant, hurrying after the retreating Bragg, flying like a scared deer from danger. Help came, re-enforcements, powerful in equipment, in numbers and in *elan*. The Federal line presenting a front of two score miles, stretching away across the rough, rugged ravines and hills that slope downward at right angles from the mountains toward this river, which is to become a veritable "River of Death." Bragg, the

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same—then Captain—Bragg, who upon the far-away battlefield of Buena Vista, when General Taylor commanded, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg," gave it so effectively that the Mexican masses fled "in great disorder." Bragg turned like a wolf at bay, showing his teeth, sharp-whetted for the fight. There was a hurried converging of the Federals into line of battle.

There, on that September morn, the 19th, the seventy-fourth year of the constitution, the eighty-seventh of the independence of the Republic, commences a conflict, for that day indecisive, on the morrow, the 20th, a renewal of the "hell of battle." A changing of the Federal plan exposes its center, the ever-wary, ever-ready Longstreet sees and knows his opportunity, hurls a brigade through the opening and the Federal right and center, like chaff before the wind, are sent flying from the field. The day seems hopeless, lost for those who wear the blue. Yet, there is the left, the "Rock of Chickamauga," "Pap" Thomas, stern, rugged, determined, its leader to inspire it. And the dauntless Minnesotan, Colonel George, who upon being asked, "How long can you hold this pass?" replied, "Until the regiment is mustered out of service." Had it not been for this "Rock of Chickamauga" that day, doubtless, would have ended in rout and ruin.

And what of Bragg? Had he done that for which the fearless Forrest cursed him to his face, so bitter, loud and deep and branded him as a coward for not doing, there would have been little less than annihilation for the brave army of Rosecrans.

Thy hesitation, Bragg, has let Rosecrans, with his command, slip within the fortifications of the "Hawk's Nest," Chattanooga, while you climb the heights that overlook it and sit down to watch; to see grim, gaunt famine lie down to fevered sleep and troubled, distempered dreams.

* * *

"The Tanner's Son," the one-time, not-long-before, purveyor of fuel, chopper and hauler of cordwood, later a "hired man" in his father's tannery at Galena, beginning his career in the great conflict as a clerk in the Adjutant General's office at Springfield, Illinois, at a mere pittance too. Calm, silent, sedate, superb, greatest warrior of modern, if not of all time, later chief magistrate of the Republic, the great figure of the greatest of all wars, grim, grand Grant come to the command of the Mississippi Division.

And now the clouds that obscure Lookout Mountain and the other cloud that overhangs the nation, will be by the engines of war, churned into an intensely humid state, be precipitated, golden gleams of sunshine of the hope of peace will soon shine through rifts in the cloud of war, rifts made by the jar of cannon and of musketry, too. The most picturesque of all battles is soon to become history, the "Battle Above the Clouds."

He, the "Silent One," is there, and as if by magic, order evolves out of chaos. Hooker, "Fighting Joe," has left the Army of the Potomac with two corps, twenty-three thousand strong, a journey, equipment and all, of more than eleven hundred miles, over a circuitous route by rail, done in seven days, done with the dash of the dashing "Fighting Joe."

He of the Indian middle name, given him in remembrance of this for the great Indian chief who went down at the battle of the Thames, hit by a Kentucky colonel's bullet, Tecumseh. "Cump" Sherman, orphaned boy who won his way to glory's heights, is hurrying from Iuka, two hundred miles away, to help make history.

The beleaguered Rosecrans is in strenuous straits, so much so that, "The mud was so deep that we could not travel by the road, but got along pretty well by stepping from mule to mule as they lay dead by the way." At last, Rosecrans directs the destiny of the besieged within the "Hawk's Nest" no longer; the sturdy Thomas is in his stead. When telegraphed by Grant to "hold fast," there came flashing back along the wire a reply characteristic of this "Rock of Chickamauga": "We will hold the town 'till we starve."

The hosts were marshaled for the fray November 23. Thomas has dashed against Orchard Knob and it was his. On the twenty-fourth Hooker had hurled himself against fortified Lookout Mountain, carried away by ardor of the attack, the troops, against orders, had swept over the crest, two thousand four hundred feet above the level, and the "battle above the clouds," of which Grant said, "It is all poetry, there having been no action there worthy the name of battle." The record of this action, the most unique in all history, had become a part of the literary lore of the land. All the while Sherman had been persistently pounding away at the rebel right.

A November day, a beautiful one, the 25th. The "boys in blue" in their best clothes, patriotic music from the bands floating in the air. Above the rumble of cannon is heard the roll of boisterous drums, the shrill shriek of fife and the "silver voices of heroic bugles." The signal for the forward rush is six cannon shots at intervals of two seconds. The sixth has scarcely rent the air and started reverberating among the hills, when the line behind the works leaps into life like a saber from its scabbard. Grant has seen the opportune moment and has grasped it. Thomas' corps have been thrown against

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the enemy's center to take the rifle pits at the foot of Missionary Ridge, then to reform. Orders are forgotten, the rifle pits are overrun, and onward they sweep up the steep ascent. The inspiration of the hour has caught the "Silent Son of Destiny." The Sixth and last signal cannon shot has scarcely died away upon the air, when the command is given and the grand charge is on. Up, up they go, over rock and ridge, through gully and chasm, without order, lines broken, flags far ahead, surrounded and carried by the fleetest and the bravest. No shot is fired. Heedless of the storm of shot and shell that is hurled downward upon them, they surmount the ridge's crest, seize the abandoned guns, and turn them, effectively, too, upon the flying foe.

Union camp fires, that night, gleam and glow upon the heights about Chattanooga, while the soft, sweet breezes of a mellowed Southern autumn night touch and kiss "Old Glory's" folds as the flag waves aloft from the heights of Lookout Mountain, proclaiming the "Tanner's Son's" most brilliant achievement, and the success of the most picturesque battle waged in all time.

Bragg, his army routed, almost ruined, has resigned, impelled by his chagrin, and the "Hawk's Nest" is in the undisturbed possession of the Union. The heart of the Confederacy is held by the Nation. A thoroughfare to Georgia, Alabama, North and South Carolina has been opened. The beginning of the end is here, the end itself within the range of human view.

GEORGE T. MOFFETT.

LOVE'S SELF-ABNEGATION

For your sweet sake I would forsake
The evil and the vile that lie along life's path,
And doth encompass me about with bands of steel,
To seek for my undoing;
Would lay aside the crown of civic pride,
The plaudits of the fickle throng,
The pomp and circumstance of worldly strife—
The all that men count worthy of the game of life—
And kneeling proudly at thy feet confess Love's thrall,
Content, yea, full content, to be thy all in all.

For your dear sake I would renounce all guile,
Purge me of dross and purify the inner man,
And make of it a temple meet to build an altar,
On whose vestal fires sweet incense
Should be burned for thee alone;
Where Love, the High Priest, clad in spotless white,
Should ever guard our citadel of faith and hope and light.

Eternity would seem too short for love like this;
The world's rude jar would pass it by unscathed;
Enshrined in hallowed bonds 'twould dwell apart,
An Eden in a waste of sin, a paradise regained:
So that, when eventide shall come at last,
And twilight shadows gather thick and fast,
Love, all-enduring Love, may yet remain,
A sublime echo of life's sweet refrain.

W. O. Thomas.

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Laugh and the World Laughs With You

A Department of Original Humor

By Walter Pulitzer

Author of "Cupid's Pack of Cards," "A Cynic's Meditations," etc.

DESPERATE REMEDY

A man with his cook had a row,
But he had to retain her somehow.
So he sent her a lay
On St. Valentine's day—
And they're off on their honeymoon now!

* * *

"STUNG" AT THE FORTUNE TELLER'S

"Are you a mind reader?" asked The Society Man.

"I am," replied Ali Baba.

"Then go ahead."

There was a twenty minutes' pause.

"Well, well," said The Society Man, who was growing impatient, "what do you find?"

"Nothing, as yet," quoth the clairvoyant. "I'm still trying to locate your mind!"

* * *

SHE (fretfully)—I know you don't love me.

HE—I *do* love you, only not as much as you imagine I do!

* * *

IN THE RESTAURANT

"A nice way you serve things in this blankety blank restaurant," said the irate diner. "Why, here's a hairpin in this salad!"

"That's part of the *dressing*, sir!" replied the waiter.

* * *

DULBRANE—Why are you women such gossips?

MISS PERT—Just to give you men something to gossip about.

* * *

FEBRUARY 22ND

SHADE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—Well, George, what's the matter? You look rather downcast!

SHADE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON—I am, Ben, very much so. I'm just thinking what a shame it was we didn't have popular-priced magazines in our time. Think of the extra pocket-money I might have made writing Nature articles, to say nothing of Personal Reminiscences under such captions as, for instance, "Routing the Redcoats," "Crossing the Delaware," "Hatchets I Have Sampled," and—

SHADE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—"Cherry Trees I Have *Not* Cut Down." Eh, George?

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CUPID'S PRIMER

See the young man.
The young man is sitting in a chair.
See the young woman.
She is sitting on the young man's lap.
Now she rests her head against his shoulder.
How beautiful she looks! (This must be true love.) Stay—
The young man is strangely agitated. He exclaims— But no, it is not a nice word!
What is the matter?
Dear me! The young woman has crushed four cigars in the young man's vest pocket!
And now they're no longer engaged.

* * *

PRE-NATAL CONSIDERATIONS

THE STORK—I have arranged for this child to be born with a golden spoon in his mouth.
THE ANGEL—I'm very sorry, but it can't be done. *There isn't the gold.*

* * *

"That man must be very wealthy."
"What makes you think so?"
"I hear he's been *investigated* three times!"

* * *

ADOPTION

Said sonless and daughterless Mrs. McCabe:
"I'm blue; I feel so alone.
I think I'll adopt a motherless babe
That ever will be as my own!"
And she kept her word,
And the babe proved "a bird,"
When a maiden she came of age.
For she said to her ma:
"I'm so blue; ta-ta!
I'm going to *adopt* the stage!"

* * *

PEPPER-GRAMS

Isn't it queer that once a fellow wins a girl's *hand* he is under her *thumb?*
Why isn't a *grass*-widow *green?*
Who says a woman can't keep a secret—going?
A woman's heart is like an umbrella. Sooner or later some fellow is bound to steal it.
It's a wise father who knows his own daughter!

* * *

EPITAPH FOR A MOTORIST

Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are: "Ne'er will he *honk* again!"

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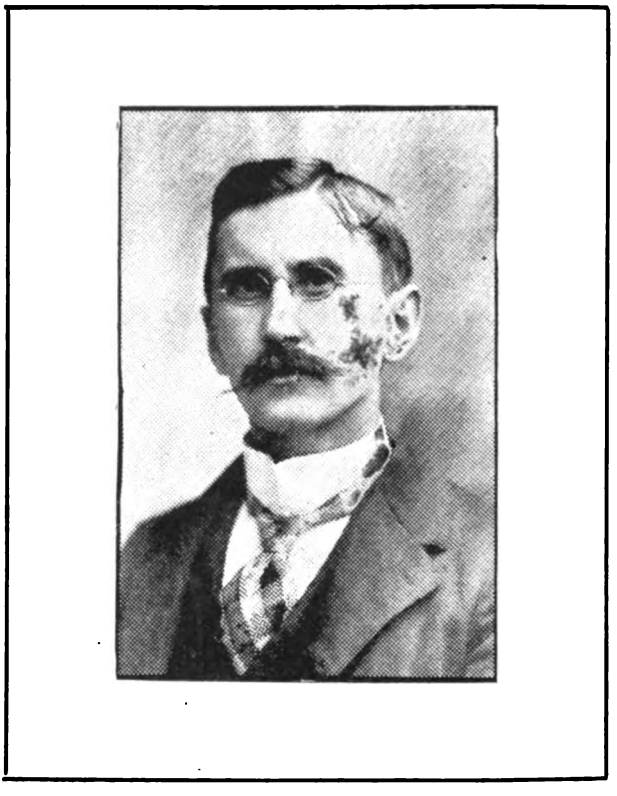

PROF. JNO. F. DRAUGHON

WHAT PUSH WILL DO

THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO FOUNDED THE GREATEST CHAIN OF BUSINESS COLLEGES ON EARTH

At the age of eleven Jno. F. Draughon carried a gallon of buttermilk two miles every day to pay for his tuition.

At the age of fifteen he began to manage a farm of one hundred and fifteen acres to support a widowed mother and seven children, he being the second child and the oldest son.

At the age of twenty he milked five cows and did other work to pay for his board while attending a village school.

At the age of twenty-six he advertised for students in Bookkeeping, stating that he would organize and begin teaching such a class at Clarksville, Tenn., on a certain day. Two nights before the day designated a four-inch sleet caught him in the country five miles from a railroad and thirty miles from Clarksville. But with "PUSH" as his watchword, he scorned impossibilities and resorted to expedient. By driving nails in the bottoms of his boots he accomplished what would have been impossible otherwise: he, with grip in hand, walked five miles on ice to the nearest railway station, Springfield, where he caught

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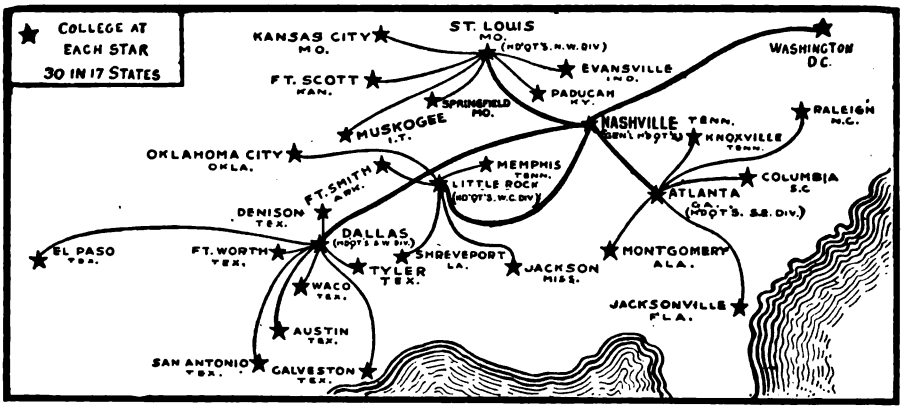
the train for Clarksville, meeting promptly his candidates for business success.

At the age of twenty-seven he made an arrangement with the Springfield National Bank whereby he was allowed to work in the bank for several months without pay in order to get some practical knowledge of the banking business.

At the age of twenty-eight, with $60 capital, he opened a business college in a Texas city, expecting to remain there permanently.

At the age of thirty he resolved to establish a school in a city having a national reputation as an educational center; but having exhausted his income in building up his Western school, which had seventy-five students in daily attendance, he was compelled to borrow $1,000.00, which he secured from the People's National Bank, of Springfield. He immediately opened a business college in Nashville, refusing $10,000.00 bonus offered him by the capital city of a Western state if he would locate his school in that city permanently.

After moving to Nashville, purchasing furniture for his school, paying one month's rent, each, on college halls and residence, and exchanging a piano to the McQuiddy Printing Company for printing a catalogue, he had left only about $50.00 of the $1,000.00 he borrowed, to say nothing of the fact that about $1,000.00 expense money was required in giving students tuition until they completed their courses for which they had paid in advance in his Western school, which was to be discontinued.



At the age of forty-five, to-day Professor Draughon is at the head of thirty business colleges in seventeen states, doing an annual business of about $300,000.00—receipts from students and from the sale of text-books on bookkeeping of which he is the author. Professor Draughon states that he attributes the greater part of his success to PUSH, and to the fact that he always tried to MAKE GOOD.

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THE McCONNELL DISCOVERIES IN VITAL FORCE

BELIEVED BY MANY TO BE THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT OF SCIENCE

Two centuries ago men knew nothing of the laws of the mechanical forces of steam and electricity. Learning their laws made possible the inventions that have revolutionized modern life.

Mr. Andrew McConnell, our Washington scientist, has investigated for years to get the laws of the vital forces. To understand these laws, he claims, will make a new era, make possible many things now considered impossible, just as learning the laws of mechanical forces made a new era.

Mr. McConnell claims that plenty of vital force will cure any chronic disease or age weakness; that this vital power is electricity, and that any person may learn to increase his production of vital power and cure himself when the best specialists cannot; that any old enfeebled man may increase his power to lengthen his life.

If it be true that the amount of vital production can be controlled by the person as as it is controlled in an engine, then there is no doubt but that Mr. McConnell's work will do more for the race than science has yet accomplished, for it means chronic disease will be conquered, and the length of life will be put largely into one's own hands.

If there were nothing in this great claim, those who took the lectures would denounce it as a fake, and the invalids would condemn it. Below are some of the statements of those who have studied and tried the principles in Mr. McConnell's new science of vital force:

Rev. D. P. Truitt, pastor First Methodist Protestant Church, 518 Fourth street, southeast, city, said, in introducing Mr. McConnell for a lecture in his church, that after studying and testing the work he regarded Mr. McConnell's researches into the laws of vital force the most important discovery of the last fifty years, and that it would soon spread over the world.

Rev. Dr. Joseph Smith, assistant secretary of the American Society of Religious Education, after taking the lectures, made the statement that he found the work "rational, comprehensive and scriptural, and believed that marvels could be performed through its simple methods."

Dr. Herron, a famous writer of Italy, after doing for himself more than the best specialists of Europe could do, wrote that its scientific principles appealed to him more than anything he had read on health in any language, and later offered Mr. McConnell a trip to Europe to train him in vital increase.

Mr. John A. McDaniel, of 715 Nineteenth street, one of the best read men of this country, has kept up with Mr. McConnell's work in Anniston, Ala., where it was first tested, and also in Washington. He says: "The success of Mr. McConnell's principles with over 100 chronic invalids proves the correctness of his theories of the vital forces and ushers in a new era of medical science, which has been one of perpetual change. This work is of more value to humanity than that of Darwin, Spencer, or any other one man, and will, when known, revolutionize our science of medicine."

Rev. Dr. Eugene May, of 3422 Brown street, city, after practically curing paralysis and nervous prostration, says: "I have known Mr. McConnell for years and know he has worked all the time for the good of others. He has recently made a discovery in regulating the vital forces, which is genuine, philosophical and scientific. It is working wonders in curing disease. There is no doubt about his discovery, no doubt about its efficiency. I am satisfied beyond a doubt that he is on the right track for health and old age."

A Washington lady of a researching mind says: "For years I have been seeking to understand the science of life. I have stud-

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ied along metaphysical and occult lines, but have felt there was a something back of it all which I had not been able to grasp. It seems to me that Mr. McConnell has found that something, that he has discovered the scientific laws of our being."

Mrs. Florida Rodes, of 1125 Fourteenth street, city, has for years been studying to get a scientific basis to mental healing, and has investigated every school of thought bearing upon that line. She states that Mr. McConnell's lectures have solved the problem to her satisfaction; that his system is the most exclusive; leaves out all the mysticism and nonessentials; the most inclusive: includes all fundamental principles, which makes it the most comprehensive of all.

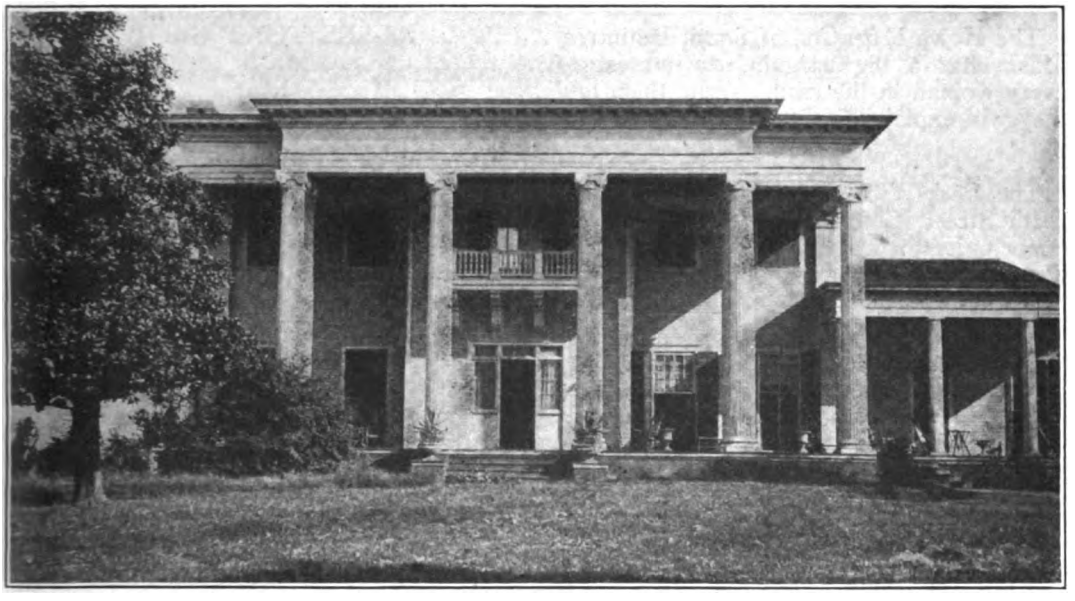
Mr. J. D. Smith, of 927 L street, northwest, after curing himself of indigestion, insomnia, and heart trouble of twelve years' standing, and doing it in two weeks, says: "This work is bound to do more good than any other discovery of science."

A lady of eighty, and for years unable to sit up, and in two weeks walking over rooms and sitting up most of the day, says: "This is certainly the greatest discovery of all time."

Rev. Dr. G. W. Johnston, of 314 S street, northeast, near eighty, and one of the best philosophic scholars, states that after hearing Mr. McConnell's lectures, "he compared his theories and facts with the sciences of physics, physiology and psychology, and found his position scientific beyond a doubt; that there is no question but that a man may cure himself and lengthen his life through Mr. McConnell's science of vital increase."

Hon. D. B. Burnes, tax assessor of Anniston, Ala., after overcoming paralysis and indigestion in one week, says: "This discovery of Mr. McConnell of a scientific way to cure the medically incurable diseases will unquestionably prove the greatest blessing that science has brought the race."

Rev. P. P. Starnes, a Methodist minister of Anniston, Ala., after overcoming indigestion, constipation, heart trouble and insomnia in an incredibly short time, says he feels twenty years younger and that "This is the greatest discovery of human history."



Rev. Eugene Binford, Alexandria, Ala., states that "after thoroughly investigating the remarkable cures in Anniston, and my wife being improved in ten days more than all medical treatments, I am firmly convinced that his work for vital increase will do all he claims, will cure any medically incurable chronic disease."

Rev. J. E. Gault, Leeds, Ala., the first invalid cured, said: "I believe that Mr. McConnell has in the hand of God found the secret that will work a great revolution in the world. His learning, intellect and power make him worthy of his great work."

The following dailies have had two to three column articles about Mr. McConnell's discoveries in vitality: *Cincinnati Enquirer, Indianapolis News, Memphis Commercial-*

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Appeal, Birmingham News, and Detroit News-Tribune, near March 10; *The Washington Star,* October 5; the *New Haven Register,* October 28, and *The Washington Herald,* November 10, etc.

These statements from patients and those who have scientifically studied Mr. McConnell's work, could be indefinitely continued. Those who study the science of vital force believe that this work means a new era that chronic disease can be conquered and life lengthened. If it is true it will bear investigation. If true it is the most important study that any person can pursue.

Classes are taught daily at 11 a.m. and 4.40 p.m.; lectures to inquirers at 3 p.m. Life Electricity Institute, 1116 F. 'Phone 6819. Can be taught by mail also.

Mr. McConnell lectures on his discourses in vital force Wednesday at 8 p.m. at 6 Dupont circle, the home of the Misses Rainey. The public invited.

BUSINESS NOTICES

The Howe Mfg. Co., of South Braintree, Mass., has a big bargain, of interest to every woman in the land. Write them and they will explain by return mail.

The Peck-Williamson Company, 366 W. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, ask for an opportunity to prove to you that their Underfeed Furnace saves one-half to two-thirds on coal bills.

Write the Baird-North Company, 905 Broad Street, Providence, R. I., for their illustrated catalogue of money-saving jewelry. It's free to readers of the TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE.

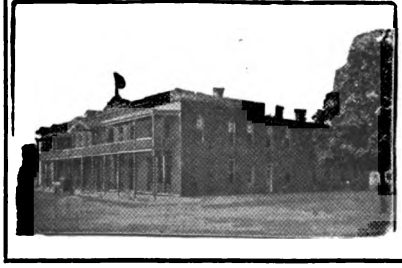
Write to Carl Young, Studio 63, Auditorium Building, Chicago, Ill., for information on "The Electricity of the Voice." You'll learn something new and, if you are interested in voice culture, something of untold value.

ROSES THAT GROW

TWO THINGS NECESSARY—GOOD PLANTS AND PROPER CARE—A FLORIST WHOSE ROSES ARE DEPENDABLE

Rose! thou art the sweetest flower,
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose! thou art the fairy child
Of dimpled spring, a wood-nymph wild.

Perhaps no flower has been so much the subject of the poet's verse as the rose, and deservedly so. This plant whose blossoms scent the air with their fragrance and gladden the eye with their beauty, can be grown in all its glory by every one. There are just two requisites—good bushes and a little common sense. If you have never grown them before, it will more than pay you to try this coming season, and if you will order from Reed (Wm. B. Reed, Chambersburg, Pa.) you will get good roses—roses that grow and bloom. Follow directions Mr. Reed will send and nature will do the rest. *Reed's roses are becoming famous.—Assembly Herald, Philadelphia.*



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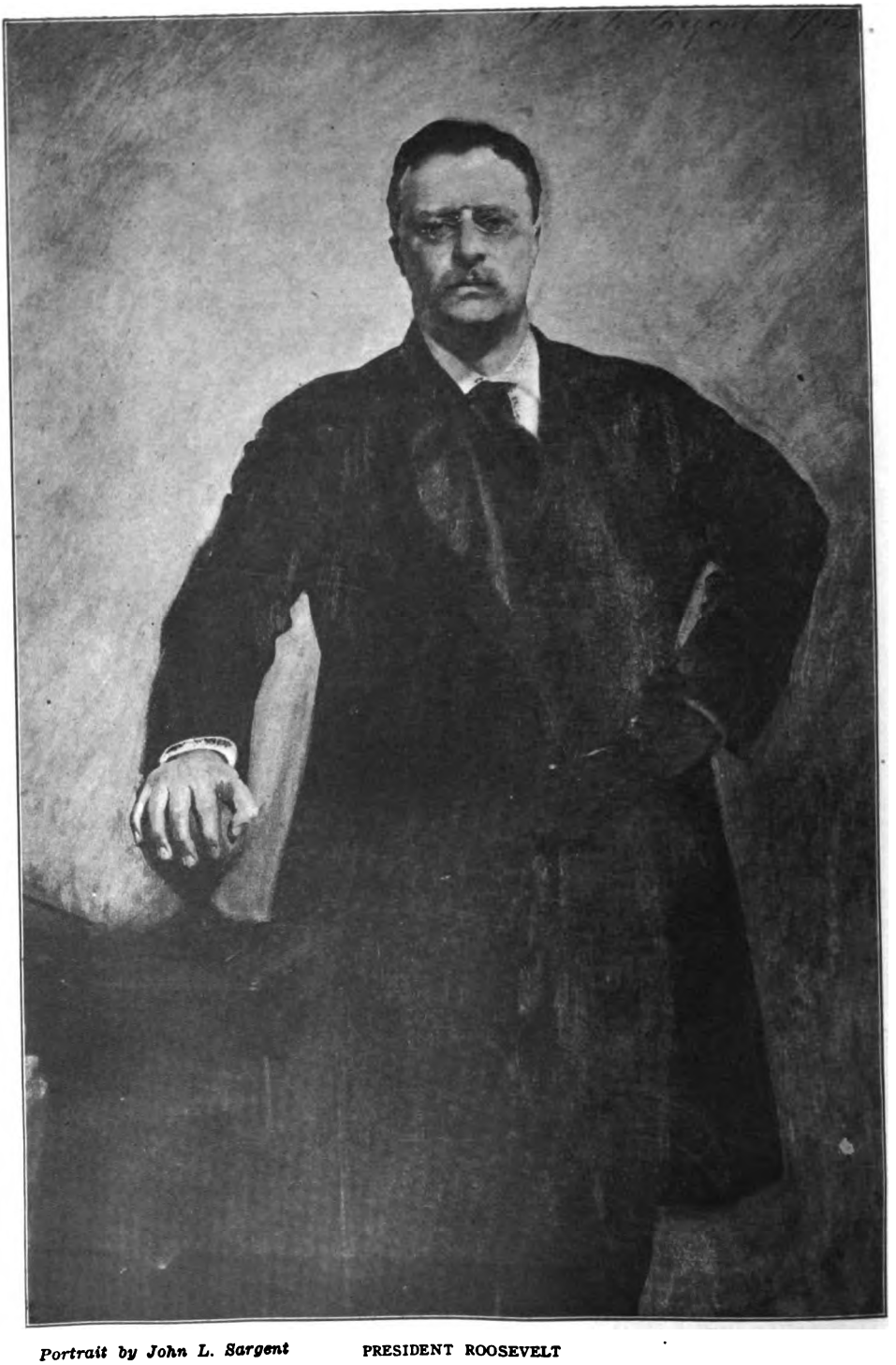

Portrait by John L. Sargent PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

President Roosevelt's Southern Ancestry. (Page 608)

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THE TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE

VOL. VI MARCH, 1908 NO. 6

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS

Books will speak plain when counsellors blanch.—LORD BACON.

Taft

If the Fates have decreed that a Republican President is again to be elected, the people of the South will not be saddened because the choice falls on the big-brained Secretary of War. "Who ever heard of fat men leading a riot?" was the sage question of a great English essayist, and instantly the mind reverts to the "lean, lank and hungry Cassius," with his dagger up his sleeve, all of which Taft is not. And these be baneful times, extending from finance to the Philippines, of which the genial soul of Taft may be the antidote. However, the South has stood everything, and can stand anything else. She has lived under worse waves of the carmeil hued garment than the obsolete Foraker, and colder-blooded propositions than the Vice President, and more pronounced Has Beens than the epigrammatic Speaker of the House; but Taft, with his equipoise and his smile that puts continents into good humor with his very face, would suit us better.

Besides, Jackson, it is said, named two Presidents before he passed away, and who is Roosevelt but a twentieth century Jackson? And the South loves him. Taft, with the Roosevelt Idea, is the strongest card in the Republican's game of chance.

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Bryan

But what a *man* at last is Bryan. What integrity, what cleanliness, what moral courage, what balance! These be traits which stand the test of politics—for they are greater than all politics, they are character, and character has won in every decisive battle of politics. A fact in itself which should overthrow the idea so often advanced by the despairers of humanity in the mass, that the masses are thoughtless and are sheep to be driven.

The masses have never failed to rise to the high tide of the wave that leads.

Bear this in mind in summing up the results of the next election: There is a thrashing—a terrible beating—in store by the people for the High Financiers and Wall Street Gang who have put them into the financial hole of the late unwarranted panic. Whoever is elected must swear, like Peter, yea, until the cock croweth, that he never knew them.

And Bryan is the one and only man that need do no swearing.

History is authority for the statement I now make: Justly or unjustly, the people have rebuked with defeat every party which permitted a runaway in money matters while it drove the team.

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The Pleasures of an Undertaker

It is therefore probable, that the man who can do what no other man in American history has ever done,—stand two defeats for the Presidency and be nominated yet a third time by his people—may eventually be the undertaker for the powers that be. Which reminds me of Uncle Johnny Smith, the undertaker of my village days. Uncle Johnny was only four feet and ten inches tall, but with a big heart and soul, and an innate desire to be polite to every human being. This desire, cultivated, grew into a passion to say always something exceedingly complimentary and pleasing to those he first met. In his earlier days in another town, he had performed the last sad obsequies over the remains of the wife of a distinguished citizen, and in after years, when the gentleman became governor of his state, Uncle Johnny visited him at the capital, beaming and proud with this salutation:

"Ah, Governor, I am so glad to see you again. You don't remember me, but you will when I tell you *I had the pleasure of burying your first wife!*"

There may be pleasure yet in store for the gentleman from Nebraska.

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Some day there will be found a perfect proofreader and then the editor will not say *Plato* when he distinctly meant *Cato* as in our February Etchings.

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Concerning Senatorial Decency

Perhaps the Honorable Jefferson Davis, of Arkansas, is a great man. Perhaps (as I earnestly hope) he is a diamond in the rough. Perhaps he will learn as he lives, and after his late dire exhibition of broncho-busting in the Senate he will take to the senatorial saddle with senatorial dignity and be worth while to the splendid state which has honored him. Perhaps.

And I write this with moderation, because I think in retrospect of the erstwhile Tillman and his early broncho stunts, calming down later to the great wheel horse that he now is. But the truth in kindness spoken is that these kinds of exhibitions are far, very far, from the spirit and traditions of the South. And those who go to the Senate to represent the South are neither honest nor just to her if they do not strive to represent the spirit, the traditions, the history of her. Whatever one may be before he is so honored by his country, after that, he should represent in his public utterances and actions, not himself, but his country.

And what country is so noted for its chivalry as the country the honorable gentleman, in part, represents? What country is such a stickler for the decent and tried and tested rules of precedent, of good behavior, of gentlemanly modesty, of the established good conduct, tested by centuries, and proved to be good and seemly for man's conduct, in public or private life, as the South? In private and social life in the South, who, with impunity, would violate those rules? Who but a boor, a braggart and an upstart, hunting for trouble and the boot of the decent?

The Senate of the United States should be the most dignified body of statesmen assembled in the world—as it is. Long years of deliberation have taught them that there are certain rules, written and unwritten, that are best to fittingly promote their ends. No Southern statesmen should any more think of violating those customs and rules than he should think of going into Southern society in the one garment of his plantation childhood, or indulging, at the banquet table, in that primitive but society-banned habit, which Sancho Panza, as he naively remarked, "was hugely given to."

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If he does, he need not be surprised if he receive the condemnation of the decent.

The Honorable Jefferson Davis, on the floor of the Senate, may represent the untamed and unterrified of his state (who, increasing by the Rule of Three, outnumbered somewhat those who opposed him) far more effectively by being a decent, sensible and working wheel horse than an ass or a broncho buck-jumper.

And the chivalric, conservative and well-bred South (whom, by this accident of the Rule of Three he now in part represents) most respectfully demands it.

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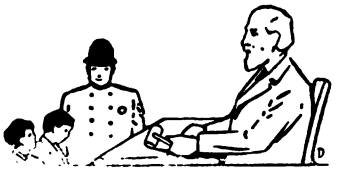
Police Court Paroles

In passing, let me call attention to the report of Judge Cleland, of Chicago, who tested last year, for twelve full months, the growing idea of criminal reformation. Judge Cleland inaugurated this system on December 27, 1906, and during the year he released on "parole and promise" 1,231 petty criminals, mostly boys. Of these, he reports 1,-145 "made good," seventy-four were sent to Bridewell and twelve disappeared. We will yet grow wise enough to see that youthful criminals should be given a chance. The law works backward as well as forward. Said Emerson: "To educate a boy you must start with his grandparents."



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Ideals

Let him who wrote me, saying that I had idealized a subject in this department last month, know that it is only through idealization that the great things of life are done. If not, man, society, the age, will stand still, a naked thing. Let the artist paint always more beautiful than the original, and there will be an original born more beautiful than the artist's dream. If the world is to look up and reach out,—O poet, O artist, idealize!

Poetry is prose idealized. Religion is simple goodness idealized. Love is friendship idealized. Virtue is temperance idealized, and the hero is but the plain, everyday man of courage, wearing the veil of it. No man can climb higher than his ideals, and strangest of the strange things, inconceivable and unaccomplishable, the things we dream of to-day, we possess to-morrow. For,

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

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Literary Cemeteries

Alas and why is it? Word comes that the *Reader Magazine* has gone to the East—that it has been taken in by *Putnam's,* which, read between the fact and the assertion, means that as a Western magazine it had to give up the fight for success in that territory—another brilliant victim of the indifference of the great Southwest—of the South and the West, to speak more accurately. And why is this? The *Reader* was a splendid magazine—the equal of any of its class in the East—the peer of any between the Hub and Harlem; and the land in which it starved is a bright, particular spot in the new and virile literature of the nation. Strike from the Eastern magazines their literature of the South

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and the West—their great land-encircling *motifs*—their strong, fresh blood—and there would be nothing left but the thrashed-over straws of funk and finance—nothing but the icicled nakedness of its Houses of Mirth and the crumbling dry rot of its Frenzied Finance. In the land in which lie the great coal mines of literature no fire or furnace from its beds may be started.

In the space between these two paragraphs we are willing for some one to rise and tell us why. We are willing to be told why a populous people, with the money under their feet and the brawny craftsmen in their midst, will not fire the furnaces of their own land?

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And who has suffered more from this lack of appreciation than these dead magazines of the South—(No—I have not written it quite accurately—let me rather put it *than the people of the South who have let their magazines die*)? We speak of the injustice of alien histories. Know ye that blind minstrels are not in this day of the Fourth Estate the custodians and carriers of history? The mouth to mouth stories of the South's valors and virtues are doomed some day to die with the dead lips of the Past, if her living Present does not write them now in story and in song.

Their death be upon us. They had no breasts to suckle and the literary infant despises the makeshift of Mellin's Food.

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Let me take the first four from out of an hundred dead historical infants of the South, whose niche is now held by stalwart second sons, whose birthrights are now held in fee by more far-seeing and fraudulent Jacobs:

1. The first Declaration of Independence—it did not come from the East, but from the South.

2. There was a tea-party at Charleston as well as at Boston, though few know it.

3. The first battle of the Revolution was not at Concord, but at the Alamance.

4. The first and greatest ride for the life of a patriot army was not the short, gallant and glorious ride of Paul Revere, but the ride of the backwoods, Scotch-Irish, James Blair, who, in a run of a day and night, beset by savage foes and tories, brought to the North Carolinians the news that led to the success of the King's Mountain.

The fame of a horse race rests not in quarter sprints but in the four-milers.

But why lengthen? Let me repeat one paragraph from the pen of a Northerner, in that most interesting article of his, "The South and the Presidency," published in February TAYLOR-TROTWOOD. (The italics are mine.)

"At the close of Monroe's last term the South had occupied the presidency for thirty-two years out of a total of thirty-six, and during those years every foot of our domain had been won and acquired and every progressive national policy proclaimed and established."

And yet a Northerner sent this coal back to our Newcastle.

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What are we going to do about it? Still let our magazines—our literature—die aborning? Still let our authors, as soon as they get their good Saxon milk teeth go East to escape the Mellin's Food of the South?

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And blame not the East, its great magazines, its publishers. But for them the South had preserved no literature. And blame not the alien historians. No nation has greater. But for them—digging it out of the mouths and old letters of the South (as did Draper when he wrote "King's Mountain and Its Heroes" —as did Roosevelt when he traveled through the South fifteen years ago and dug out his immortal truths about our own Jackson) the South would not even have been known in history.

And when, in all literature, since the days of the begging minstrels has ever lived a more country-loving, self-denying, less sordid, and more patriotic company of a great country's literature makers, than those of the South? Timrod, Lanier, Poe—we starved those three—all immortals—and yet the two last gave the only original, absolutely original and transcendent and fresh note to American poetry, which up to this good date it has had. All the others were English imitators—a beaten path from Chaucer, Wordsworth via Plymouth Rock to Longfellow and Whittier.

These three, I say, were starved and died begging. Our novelists, remembering their fate, have fled to the East where the Pure Food Law is at least recognized, whose people are appreciative, even if they have the itch of mammon.

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Ay, well, it is a glorious old South after all. There are no people like them, no land so generous, hospitable and brave, no hearts so open. Money to him whom the muse first knew in the cradle, from time to tradition, being always the least consideration, perhaps that is why we prefer to die here than to live and fatten in foreign lands.

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Alas, Poor Yorick!

"I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest. . . ."

In fact, it was his mirth and his infinite good-fellowship which first drew you to him. Perhaps you met him during college days, or at the old bars of the South, then run by the gentlemanly Yorick and patronized by the gentlemen of the land.

And what a fine fellow he was, brimming, even as his bubbling glasses, with humor and good-fellowship! And his wit—it was like his French wines, and his language was chaste and at times it came out with the quiet dignity that commands respect and the classical quotation that bespeaks learning. For Yorick, as you learned afterward, was a sponge and a mouth-genius, and when he touched elbows with a gentleman he straightway absorbed the mannerisms which to you—nineteen and with fur on your upper lip—stood for all that was chivalrous and grand.

Do you remember the first drink he gave you? (It was his treat; it was always his treat to the boy with fur on his lip, and chivalry and romance in his heart.)

You will not believe it now, so wide open was the South in those days of the 70's and 80's, but it was at the soda fountain—for Yorick also ran a drug store—but his bar for gentlemen was in the rear. It was at his soda fountain during the jolly days of college commencement when everybody was hot and thirsty but Yorick. (He was never hot and thirsty and never took his own medicine, and you learned afterward that that was the reason that he never was thirsty.)

His mission in life was to keep others hot and thirsty.

He made you a drink at the soda fountain of strawberry and grated ice, and then he smiled and winked as he handed it to you;

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"Spiked it for you, my boy, with Kentucky Best. How do you like it?"

How did you like it? Great Jumping Jupiter Pluvius! And where had you been all your life and never before discovered that flavor? It was fire to the powder mine of your spirit. It was perfume to the rose-bower of your heaven. It was a creator of thoughts, beautiful thoughts—and you saw them coming down a highway a mile long. Could it be true? What was it this Yorick was saying after one of your sentimental effusions? For you were brave now and repeated to him the poem you had secretly written and sacredly guarded as a secret between you and Your Art. Could it be true? Yorick swore you were a poet, that rarest of all intellectual beings.

Well read? Well, you guessed Yorick was. Brains? Why, *he knew!*

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Again you met him now and then, and he improved on acquaintance. He knew college songs. He was great on drinking songs, and *mirabile dictu!* he knew all the great men of the past—Washington and Jackson and Webster and Clay and hundreds of others, including your own pet poet and orator, Sergeant S. Prentiss. And not forgetting George D. of a similar sounding name. And not one that had ever amounted to a slice of bacon but had hobnobbed with Yorick, and he could tell tales of them that held you—of their greatness and their humanness. And you—and Yorick—loved them the more for their faults.

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You remembered distinctly the story he told of Daniel Webster. It ran, as told by Yorick, about like this:

"I was at a little party with Daniel Webster one night, and the limit was a dollar ante. The only trouble with Daniel was that he loved me too much—he has wept on my shoulder like a brother.

" 'Senator,' said the man whose guests we were, 'I want you to try this rare old wine, made by my great-grandfather in France. Think of the present value. When first made the bottle was worth a half eagle in gold. Now add the interest on that for a century and"—

" 'Pass it here, Mack,' said Black Dan, and he seized the bottle and poured out a goblet of the precious vintage.

" 'Pardon me,' he said as he smacked his lips, 'pardon me, but I want to save that interest. Pass the bottle again.' "

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Of Washington he would say: "The General?" and he would smile knowingly. "A great man, a very great man, sir—I dined with him often. A pint of old Burgundy at dinner only started him. But for a night cap"— and he shrugged his shoulders—"well, he took it stiff and straight. But he was iron and waked up ready for another in the morning.

"And Henry Clay—oh, he drank like the big statesman he was. And Old Hickory—all of it was good to him. Did I ever tell you of the time we were fighting the Creeks in the wilderness, and Old Hickory was sick unto death but gamely riding his rawboned horse that staggered on with him through the woods (though he would have to dismount every now and then and lie prostrate on the ground), and how he had but one drink left in his bottle and gave it to a dying soldier? Oh, he was a man!—he was my boon comrade. Listen!"

And you would listen and oh, you would love him for his humanness! And if Old Hickory, your warrior god, took it, might not a weakling like you with

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fur on your face and poetry in your heart? Oh, to be a fighter like Jackson! What's a poet to a fighter? He only tells what the fighter does!

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And poets, the fellows you love most to think of—these were his bosom brothers—these had been his kith and kin. Right often he had drunk with Shakespeare and rare Ben Jonson and Marlowe and Coleridge (until at last, poor fellow, he lost out with gentlemen by going from wine to opium and the gutter, and so was cut). And many a wassail bout (he said it not boastingly, but with becoming regret), many a red night had he spent with Byron and Burns. And O, the brilliancy of the things they said! O, the rare nights they had of it! Heaven would forgive him for the temptation.

Heaven might not, but you did.

Talking to a man who got drunk with Byron and Burns! Ye gods!

And of women—there is where he fascinated the boy with the fur on his lip. For he knew them all, from Cleopatra to the painted one who danced before Herod. And he told you stories about them all—even "Good Queen Bess"—that made you blush and giggle alternately (for the fur was still on your lip), and it was all so new and queer and altogether different from what you had supposed, that you wondered if your old Professor hadn't read history all wrong, and if the Dear Good Lady who taught you at Sunday school had any real idea at all of life and what was what. Later, he let up on the ancient ones, and one night, in a sly, quiet, boasting way, he threw the limelight on a few ladies of your town, while your heart beat fast and your cheeks burned, and you started half-dazed, rudderless, your faith in society shaken for the first time, the dew brushed from the rose of your romance and a strange, black doubt crawling out like a worm from its heart. He slapped you on the back, seeing the shock he had given you, and playfully said: "Oh, don't take life so seriously, my boy—wait till you know the world and its women yourself!"

After that you shunned him for a while, for you were ashamed to look him or anybody else in the face. Your ideals were shattered. The world you had been living in was not the world you thought it was. About half of it was false and rotten with a worm in its core.

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But still you could not keep away from him. He was fascinating in his brilliancy, a sage in philosophy, a genius in song, an historian from the beginning of time. But as you began to know him better, little by little his form and countenance began to change. From the polished gentleman he became gross at times and red-eyed, and low of tongue, and with a hot anger in him that was quick on the trigger and bitingly dangerous. And strange to say, he could change in one evening—from the smiling, polished, affable Yorick of the early hours to the dangerous, crazy, besotted, foul-mouthed Yorick of the wee, small hours.

And one night in this terrible mood there was a quarrel, and the passing of a lie. There were two pistol shots, and a fall, and Yorick had killed your friend!

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Then you cut him—cut him dead. You joined in the prosecution of him before the courts of the land. But the jury of his peers turned him loose, saying:

"This is Yorick—he was drunk and knew not what he did."

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And the dreamless dead slept in the cemetery and his widow sewed and wept over his little children. When you met them again (you remembered it very distinctly, for it was winter and very cold), they had no shoes on their feet.

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With your eyes open you watched Yorick and unblinded by his brilliancy and undeceived by his parroty learning, he stood out the one Jekyll and Hyde of your life.

Pretending to be a Southern gentleman, he ruled the politics of your town as never did the Czar in a Russian hamlet. On election day he stalked supreme, and though he professed to be a Democrat and a gentleman, he was the first man after the war to practice social equality with the negroes; he hobnobbed with the scalawags and helped to put the carpet bagger in high offices and the ignorant, deceived and falsely-led slave in the petty ones. Together they ran the state, saddled on it a debt that meant ruin or repudiation, filled the classic halls with thieves, the ignorant and the grafters, while the manhood and conscience of the state slept by the waters of Yorick's Lethe of rum that ran deadeningly through it.

And what effrontery, what wit, what nerve, what cheek he had! For it was he, who, in the hilarity of his political success, told you this story of Green Washington Shadrack Lewis, the inky-black statesman from the cornfield, whom Yorick had elected to represent the white people of your county. "O, say," and he would laugh, "but I bought Old Green the other day in the legislature! I wanted the black rascal to vote for some bonds we were floating, and when I handed him a hundred-dollar bill he laughed and said: *'Marse Yorick, I'se b'en bought an' sold many a time, but dis is de fust time I evah handled de cash mahse'f.'*"

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Strange to say, even with all this the white people of the South did not understand Yorick, for often you met with him—Dr. Jekyll that he was—in full dress and immaculate linen, in the society of the South's parlors, playing at whist and euchre with the dames of the land—a gentleman, albeit gingerly tasting their weak concoction of watered punch. And when men would cut him and fight him, and good women condemn him, this was his passport—that he was in good society.

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Puffed with vanity and full of graft, so rich that Dives would have been only his office boy, strong through long years of precedent established by a rugged, stern, but drinking ancestry; owning, through bribery or friendship, the lawmakers of the land, living in the most conservative country on God's globe, among the most democratic, long-suffering, conservative and pure-blooded Anglo-Saxons alive, he grew rich beyond measure and became an autocrat of autocrats.

He was supreme, unbeatable. O, great was Yorick! A civilization was beneath his feet.

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Then came the still, small voice of the mothers of the South. For it was the mothers who had suffered, and it was they who walked with God and not with Yorick.

They had seen their husbands, in the prime and stay of life, go forth with Yorick, and return no more.

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They had seen their boys (even with fur on their lips and innocence in their hearts) meet him, linger a while with bloated faces and bloodshot eyes, and pass out into the night, from their hearts and their hearth-stones—pass out and leave no sweetness for memory—not even a name for their headstones.

They had seen their daughters—Yorick with the South's daughters! Good God—

And then the fighting manhood of the South began to feel for its gun.

It took them two generations to do it, but the possibilities of the still, small voice of the mothers, in a fight for humanity is penetrating and all-filling.

When they had finished with Yorick there was none so poor to do him reverence.

Instead of a gentleman, they showed the roué and the poltroon; instead of the merchant selling honest foods, the adulterer, the poisoner of mankind. All that was vile in politics, all that was corrupt and low were his. In the cities he owned all the Black Bottom; he ran all the houses of vice. He was warden of all penitentiaries, keeper of all houses of madness, the grand sexton of all cemeteries, the burier of all the mad Hamlets, and the shrouder of all the unhappy, self-destroying Ophelias. He hired little children for the cotton mills of the South, to end their miserable lives amid the loom and its dust. He was the guardian of all the children of drunkards, who starved and begged wherever he went; the keeper of their widowed mothers. Not satisfied with all this infamy, even in the last ditch of the fight, he violated the law of God and the Pure Breed and concocted a vile drink of rank alcohol and acids, put on it the picture of a nude white woman and gave it to the Beast in the den of the Negro.

And the Beast went forth to ravish the women of the land.

Then something dropped in Georgia, and Alabama and Tennessee—yes, in the South.

It is a way they have of doing things in the South, and being very busy packing cotton bales and mining coal and building furnaces and tilling vast fields of grain, the South had little time to sit out courts and jury trials with Yorick. So they threw a rope around his neck and dragged him headlong, protesting and appealing to the sumptuary shrines of past precedent for life and a hearing.

Hang him? No—that would leave his dangling carcass.

Cremate him? No—they didn't even want his ashes.

Somebody stuck a match to him, and being composed of cheap alcohol, high wines, whisky, wind and bluff, there was a loud explosion, a puff of blue flame, and only a Smell floated across the cotton fields.

But that Smell *was* Yorick.

John Trotwood Moore.

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President Roosevelt's Southern Ancestry

By Alice Elizabeth Smith

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is a man unique in every particular. He has the distinction of being the youngest President the United States has ever had, and his unparalleled popularity has placed him on a pinnacle reached by no other Chief Executive. He has contributed more to literature than any other man in his position, and he has undertaken work never before attempted by a President.

He came to the position a most versatile and democratic man, being fully prepared for his arduous duties by his constant associations in political life, and by exercising his wonderful power of grasping the situation, and acting at once with unbiased judgment. He has a temperament which leads him to enjoy overcoming difficulties.

His acquaintance with every part of the country, and his thorough knowledge of its needs, have won for him the confidence of North and South, East and West, and he is heartily welcomed in every section of the United States. He treats every man as a friend worthy of his confidence. He is always what he seems to be.

He inherits from his father an indefatigable will and an enormous capacity for work, and the good old Dutch and English blood on the paternal side, mingled with the staunch Scotch and Huguenot of his mother's, has proved the trite old saying, "blood will tell."

Very little has ever been written of the Southern side of the President's life, and many consider him to be entirely of Northern parentage, while he boasts of as much Southern blood, as he does of the other side.

Coming from the distinguished Bulloch family of Georgia, the South feels that he is one of her sons, and as such, the greatest interest is manifested in his maternal ancestry.

His mother, the beautiful Martha Bulloch, was born July eighth, eighteen hundred and thirty-four, and at the age of seventeen met Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, who had come South to act as groomsman for his best friend, who married her sister Anna, in the stately Bulloch home in Rosmell, Georgia. In one year from that date, he returned to claim Martha as his bride;—thus two brides went forth from "Bulloch Hall" to grace Northern homes.

Martha Bulloch was the daughter of James Stephens Bulloch, who was major in Chatham's battalion, and Martha Stewart Elliott, his wife. On her mother's side she was descended from the famous Stewarts of Scotland, and a granddaughter of General Daniel Stewart, who joining the Revolutionary army when a mere boy, was captured by the British, and after many thrilling adventures escaped from the prison ship and returned home. Later he reëntered the army, and served as captain under Generals Sumter and Marion, and soon rose to the command of general, in charge of the Georgia forces, winning marks of distinction and honor.

On the paternal side, Martha Bulloch was descended from the old Scotch family of Donald Bulloch McDonald, brother of Donald "Lord of the Isles," and the history of this no-

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ble family is interwoven with the old Scottish annals. The earliest emigrants came to America about 1700, and settled in the Southland.

The family of Bulloch is so closely identified with the state of Georgia, that the name is paramount. The first Bulloch who came to America, was James Bulloch, who was born in Glasgow, Scotland. He was a highly educated man and a fluent reader of Greek and Latin. He came to Charleston, South Carolina, about 1729, where he became a merchant, and during the same year he married Jean Stobo, daughter of Reverend Archibald Stobo, of Stobo Castle, Scotland, who had come to South Carolina in 1700, with the Darien Colonists, and settled in Charleston, which was the residence of many fine old Scotch and Huguenot families.

The Scottish Historical Review gives an extract from Larg's Catalogue of Edinburgh Graduates, in which it shows that Archibald Stobo took the degree of M.A. at the University of Edinburgh, June twenty-first, sixteen hundred and ninety-seven. He was a very brilliant man and established many churches in South Carolina and Georgia, and was instrumental in founding the first presbytery in the colonies.

James Bulloch removed after his marriage to Colleton Parish, where he was a planter and Justice of the Peace under His Majesty's Government in 1735. We find him a Special Agent to the Creeks under the Great Seal in 1740, a member of the South Carolina Colonial Assembly in 1754, Justice for Christ Church Parish in 1767, and in 1775 he was elected a member of the Provincial Congress. He was a man of sterling character and much prominence, and well represented the people in the Assembly. While on his South Carolina plantation he entertained, among many other prominent men of the day, General Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia.

He removed from his plantation in South Carolina in 1750, to a large one on the Savannah River, where he lived until the Revolution, when he became a resident of Savannah.

His son, Archibald Bulloch, born in 1730, having been carefully educated, began the practice of law, in which he was very successful. Savannah being the home of numbers of Huguenot refugees, he met and on October ninth, 1764, married Mary DeVeaux, daughter of Honorable Colonel James DeVeaux, senior judge of King's Court, Georgia, and a gentleman of great prominence in the Colony, who was the son of André DeVeaux, the Huguenot of Chateau DeVeaux. The DeVeaux family had fled

ARCHIBALD BULLOCK
President of Georgia Colony, 1776-1777. (Copied from a family portrait owned by Dr. Joseph Gaston B. Bulloch, of Washington, D. C.)

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from France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, with the Porchers, Hugers, Bonneaus, De Lesselines, Gaillards, and other refugees who settled in Charleston and Savannah.

Archibald Bulloch was one of the most distinguished of the Georgia Revolutionary patriots, and had the honor of being the first President of the first republican government organized in Georgia, and also of being the ancestor of President Roosevelt. He was three times elected President of the Provincial Congress, and at last President and Commander-in Chief of Georgia.

He held numerous other positions in the Province, as Commissioner of Roads; one of the Committee from the Lower House to correspond with Franklin for redress of grievances in 1768; Speaker of the Royal Assembly in 1772; a delegate to the Continental Congress in 1775. In 1776 he was reelected, but on account of his official duties was unable to attend, and thus lost the honor of being among the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The other delegates, John Houston, Dr. Lyman Hall and George Walton, were present and signed the famous document.

Governor Bulloch was a man of wonderful ability, as well as a wise counsellor, and he proved his great executive qualities at the deliberations of Congress, which were of tremendous moment, for it was at a time when the crisis of the Revolution hung on every act. By his consummate skill he won and held the complete confidence of the people of Georgia. When he was chosen President, Colonel McIntosh, Commander of the Provincial troops in Savannah, caused a sentinel to be placed at his door, but to this Mr. Bulloch objected, saying:

"I act for a free people in whom I have the most entire confidence, and I wish to avoid on all occasions the appearance of ostentation." He was plain and unassuming in his manners, and disliked anything like display.

He opposed the British on every hand, and when they took possession of Tybee Island, he led an expedition against them, and in the face of great danger burned every house, except one, in which a sick woman and her children were lying. He was extremely kind hearted and treated all men as worthy of his confidence, thus endearing himself to the people in the colony.

In the early days, communication from one part of the country to the other was very slow indeed, and it took over a month for the news of the Declaration of Independence to reach Savannah, so that on August 10th, when the momentous announcement came, with a letter from John Hancock, Governor Bulloch assembled the Provincial Congress, and read aloud the famous document to this patriotic body of men who roundly applauded, thus being the first man to read the Declaration of Independence in Georgia. He then repaired to the Public Square, where a vast assemblage awaited him, and read the joyous news. Twice again during the day he read it to the happy crowds who surged around their governor and greeted every utterance with wildest expressions of enthusiasm. The booming of cannon throughout the day attested the patriotic concurrence of the colonists in the official casting off of Great Britain's yoke. In honor of the occasion a public dinner was given under the cedar trees, at which President Bulloch, members of the Council, Colonel McIntosh, the militia and many citizens cordially drank to the "prosperity and perpetuity of the United, Free and Independent States of America." A feeling of greatest joy and hilarity filled the air. At night the town was illuminated, and with solemn ceremony George III was burned in effigy. Torch-light processions passed through the streets and most of the night was spent in rejoicing.

Unfortunately, President Bulloch did not live to see the final issue of the struggle for liberty, as he died suddenly at his home in Savannah on February twenty-second, 1777, and his remains were interred in the family vault in the old Colonial Cemetery in that city, where they still repose.

Bulloch's death was a heavy loss to

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Georgia, for it came at a moment when it could hardly be borne, as all parties of Liberty Men were united in him, and on him alone, for he was a tower of strength at all times, and especially during this crisis. After his death, divisions and discords were rife, and it was not until after bloodshed and years of animosity passed, that harmony was again restored.

The son of this illustrious patriot was James Bulloch, born in 1765 and died in 1806. At an early age he entered the army and served as captain of the Georgia and Virginia garrison troops, in 1778-81. He was honorably retired and returned to Georgia. He was clerk in the Superior Court of Georgia, and like his father was prominent in all public and military matters. He was a member of the Society of the Cincinnati. In 1786 James Bulloch married Anne Irvine, daughter of Dr. John Irvine, of Sunbury, Georgia, a prominent physician and vice president of the Georgia Medical Society.

To this union were born several children, the second being James Stephens Bulloch, the grandfather of the President. He was deputy collector of the port of Savannah, major in Chatham's Battalion, president of the United States Branch Bank, one of the directors of a company under whose auspices the first steamship, *Savannah,* crossed the Atlantic, and one of the vice presidents of the Union Society.

He married first, December thirty-first, 1817, Esther, daughter of Honorable John Elliott, United States Senator, and had one son, James Dunwody Bulloch. After her death, he married, in 1831, Martha Stewart Elliott, widow and second wife of Hon. John Elliott, and daughter of the distinguished General Daniel Stewart, and it is through Martha, daughter by this wife, that the President comes into its heritage of Southern blood.

The old Bulloch home, known as "Bulloch Hall," was a typical colonial home, with a broad portico, supported by enormous columns, and spacious rooms on each side of the long, wide hall. Within was dispensed the open-hearted hospitality which has always been characteristic of the section. The home was in keeping with the position of the Bulloch family, and under its roof many of the most prominent men of the country have been entertained.

The old-fashioned dining-room, with its massive sideboard, gleaming with silver bearing the Bulloch arms, the huge fireplace, and the blazing logs lingered in the memory of many a toasted guest, after a sojourn of several weeks under its hospitable roof.

It was in this stately home that Martha Bulloch was married to Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., on December the twenty-second, 1853. In the elaborately decorated parlor, surrounded by family and friends, and with a bevy of bridesmaids, the beautiful girl of eighteen in her bridal robes was a picture long remembered by those present. The bridegroom had his share of good looks as well, for he was a fine looking man, tall and handsome, with a splendid military bearing.

The ceremony was short and simple, after the usual Presbyterian form, and was performed by a cousin of the bride, Rev. J. B. Dunwody.

After a typical Southern wedding feast, the youthful couple left the old home in the Bulloch coach, with its liveried coachman and postilion, to meet the stage for the long journey to their Northern home.

The sweet, gentle manner of the Southern woman, and her love for the old-fashioned ways, made her the queen of her household. She was the devoted mother of four children. Anna, the eldest, married William Sheffield Cowles, now rear-admiral in the United States Navy. Theodore, the second, President of the United States, married first Alice Hathaway Lee, of Boston, by whom he had one daughter, Alice, whose marriage to Congressman Longworth nearly two years ago, attracted international attention. He married second, Edith Kermit Carow, by whom he has five children. Elliot Roosevelt, the third child, married Anna Hall, and Corinne, the youngest, is now Mrs. Douglas Robinson, of New York.

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The Bullochs were as notable in the South as the Roosevelts were in the North, and only a short time had elapsed after this union of the North and the South when the great Civil War shook the land. The deepest shadow was cast over the Roosevelt home, for loyalty was in the hearts of each, the one for the North, the other for the South. Roosevelt the elder, was deeply moved by his convictions for the Federal government, while his wife's family swore allegiance to the

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ARCHIBALD BULLOCK ROOSEVELT
Third son of President Roosevelt

Confederacy, in whose cause they had always been loyal.

Mrs. Roosevelt's elder brother, Captain James Dunwody Bulloch, sometimes styled "Admiral Bulloch," was a lieutenant in the United States navy, but at that time was in the Merchant Marine service, commanding a vessel between New York and New Orleans. At the time of the secession of Louisiana, his vessel, the *Bienville,* was in port at New Orleans, and the governor commanded Captain Bulloch to turn her over to the state; but this he refused to do, declaring that honor demanded its return to the owners in New York. As soon as this was accomplished he felt free to offer his services to President Jefferson Davis. He was immediately accepted and commissioned to a captaincy in the Confederate navy.

He was then sent to England to buy arms for the new government. He discharged his duty well, and delivered his purchases, being the first to run the blockade. He was a man of wonderful determination and utter fearlessness, not hesitating to undertake the greatest difficulties, and it was his next commission that proved his mettle.

He returned to England to buy and equip vessels for the South. The British government was forbidden by the laws of neutrality to permit such a thing to be done in her ports. Captain Bulloch, nothing daunted, proceeded with the work. The United States minister tried to prevent the launching of the vessels, and commissioners were even hurried from Washington with $10,000,000 in United States bonds to stop the work, but to no avail. He put out a half dozen vessels under the Stars and Bars, the most notable being the *Alabama.*

He inflicted terrible damage on Northern commerce with his ships, and when war was ended, Great Brit ain was compelled to pay an enormous indemnity to the North, by the provisions of the Arbitration of Geneva.

Mrs. Roosevelt's younger brother, Irvine Stephens Bulloch, was Sailing Master of the *Alabama,* and fired the last shot, as she was sunk by the *Kearsage* off the coast of France.

This vessel did more damage to Northern commerce than any other ships in the Confederate navy. She was taken to the West Indies by an English captain, manned with sailors, and turned over to Captain Semmes, afterwards admiral, with additional men. He put to sea, read his commission, and announced his purpose. After capturing over sixty vessels, he sailed to Cherbourg, France, where he challenged the *Kearsage,* and a battle took place off that harbor. Captain Winslow, of the *Kearsage,* so ma-

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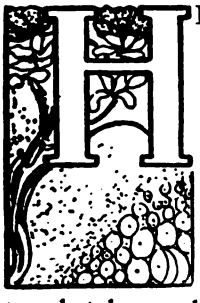
noeuvred, that the *Alabama* was compelled to move around in a circular track, while he trained his guns on her with dreadful effect. On the seventh rotation, the Confederate vessel ran up the white flag and soon after sank. Captain Winslow rescued a part of the sinking crew, and others were taken up by an English yacht, the *Deerhound,* which steamed for England with those she had saved, among whom were Captain Semmes and Irvine Stephens Bulloch.

Many times over and over, has the story of the South, before and after the war, been told to the children by Martha Bulloch Roosevelt in her Northern home, and many times have the wonderful adventures of her gallant brothers been recounted to young Theodore and Elliott, who would listen each time as if the stories were perfectly new.

Mrs. Roosevelt's love for the South never waned, and she made frequent visits to the home of her childhood, but true and loyal to the man she had married, she adopted the North as her home, and with the care of her children, the duties of her home life, and traveling with her husband, she was a happy, contented woman, beloved by all who knew her. She passed away in the prime of life in her New York home, February the twelfth, 1884, a few years after her husband.

FRUIT BLOSSOMS

By Blanche Grey Jordan



HERE in the little room at last, which is, after all, my only home, my true heart's rest. My studio, my suite of apartments which the Sunday supplements have described, the personality they are said to betoken, the atmosphere with which they are rife, are so meager and dim a reflection of this, they seem but a mirror dingy and dark. I resented that society editor's words when she said there was a flower-like delicacy about them, a suggestive, evasive beauty. She was probing too close to my heart's sweet secret and I winced at even her woman's touch, fearful lest the ark of lover's covenant be exposed to vulgar gaze. And yet it is a mingling of the bloom of cherry and peach that I have tried to make them portray.

In every man's soul there is some hidden, individual concept of beauty, which thrills out along his nerves to his finger tips, enters his actions, restrains his passions, tints and colors his life. It may be some light he saw within his mother's aged eyes, seeking, yearning, tender. It may be the tremulous, trusting smile of his sweetheart when first she lifted her lips to his. It may be some little green mound over which memory tells her beads, or a dash of the brave sunshine of friendship across the clouds of despair; some morn when divinity came close as he knelt at the chancel rail, or the twilight when there came an unexpected lift of the heart, as he felt that purity as well as forgiveness may come after the soul has sinned; but all my life and all my work, my choicest pain, most exquisite emotions, float around a blending of peach and cherry blossoms.

They are yonder now, I know, but I have not yet looked from my window because the time has not come. The sun must be lower still and the crickets be all in tune and the world be hushed and expectant because the night is almost here. Then, if the sunset is pale and quiet and there is a

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line of thin blue smoke from the chimney beyond my clump of trees, I shall forget that life is a struggle, that love is a tragedy, that man grows rougher and more callous from eternal friction with things, or that existence is other than a peaceful dream.

I remember well my first glimpse of that orchard, I but a youth, yet an overworked artist then, who came here for rest and quietude. The exquisite, elusive perfume which the breeze brought and tipped over into my room that day and the thrilling freshness which came with a glimpse of those trees, the pink of the peach pricking gently through the riotous white of the cherry, stirred my veins with new love and hope for a world so beautiful.

It was days before I cared to approach them nearer and when I did I found her there in her gown of floaty white with her hair and her eyes and the wonderful tints of her cheek. I loved her then with all the ardor of an artist and a boy, and as the days passed by and the evenings, luminous with new ideals, were born into the world, I trembled at the intensity of my love. She was as lightsome, ethereal and bright as Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," and she showed me in the Miserere chords of my nature new and strange possibilities. Even yet I find myself possessed of the thought that should one touch her roughly she would flutter away with a broken butterfly wing.

And so, until the summer was ripe, I stayed and loved and dreamed and then I went away to paint new things and await another spring. Two more of them came and I found her still beneath the cherry trees and then, as I always knew it would be, she was claimed by that other one. They smiled in the village here and said she had broken my heart. If that be true, then a broken heart is not so hard to bear. It was hard at first—I do not allow myself to think how hard—but there was always my work and I painted now as never before. I painted cherry blooms and broken love. I worked and strove unceasingly till at last the critics said my pictures were as lightsome as springtime blossoms, but about them there was always a suggestion of tears.

It was not she who broke my heart. God willed it so to develop my best self, and now my life is not all cloud. Success is a glorious thing to me and I am not so weak as to deny that I love the plaudits of men. Men are like God and it is something to have them uncover before one's work.

And then in the springtime I have this little room with its vine-clad window and its view of the trees and the smoke, smoke from the incense of her domestic altar.

And last year I saw, high up among the blossoms, a dimpled, laughing face, crowned with a mop of curls like hers, and when the nurse protested, the little one only laughed and threw handfuls of petals at the strange man, who stood so silent below.

It is not so hard to bear. Now many men have less—and yet—ah! wait, it is my hour. Upon your knees and look! The blooms, the smoke, the sunset beyond—oh, love! Oh, love!

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THE TEST OF THE NEW SUBMARINES FOR THE NAVY

By Frank N. Bauskett

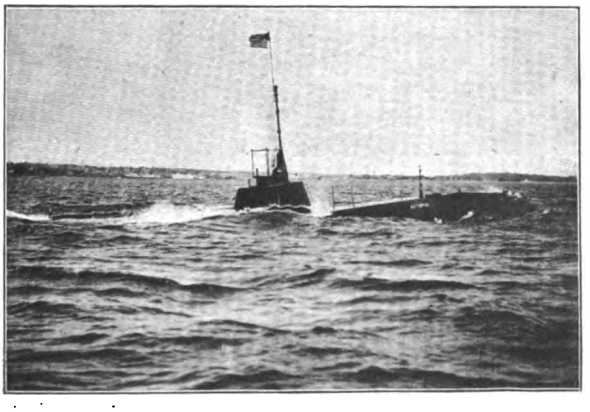
THE recent submarine boat tests at Newport proved conclusively that the submarines now in use in the Navy of the United States are superior to any others in the world. The report has just been made public that the results of the test were highly satisfactory. These tests were required by the Navy Department preliminary to the awarding of the contracts, which have been let, amounting to nearly $3,000,000 for seven boats. Congress at its last session appropriated $3,000,000 to be expended for submarine boats, but it was specifically stipulated that no part of the appropriation should be expended until it had been demonstrated that the crafts to be contracted for should be up to the standard of any submarine boat now in the Navy, or under construction for the Navy.

Three boats competed in the tests: the *Lake*, constructed by the Lake Submarine Boat Company; the *Berger*, a sub-surface boat model, and the *Octopus*, built by the Electric Boat Company, at the Fore River Boat Building Yards, under contract with the Navy Department.

The *Octopus*, with the remarkable speed of a little more than ten knots an hour under water, succeeded in breaking the world's record for submarines. This marvelous speed exceeded the requirements of her contract by more than a knot and a half. All the tests called for in the regulations were executed thoroughly and satisfactorily, with the one exception of the 200-foot submergence, and this requirement had no effect on the Naval Board's reports, it not being stipulated in the law enacted by Congress in making the appropriation.

The *Octopus* is equipped with a submarine bell, which was in use for the first time and proved to be quite a feature of the tests. The tender *Starling* had another bell and receiving instrument attached and communication was kept up the entire time the *Octopus* was under water.

The *Octopus* had to abandon her first trial on account of breaking a bracket on her port engine, but after the necessary repairs were effected, she broke two speed records over the mile course. Her first run speed was 11.6 knots and her other two runs over the course averaged a speed of some little over 11 knots, using only her gasoline engines. Surface runs, at successively reduced speeds, were made to give a basis for a speed curve. Her average for the round trip over



THE "OCTOPUS" AT FULL SPEED AWASH

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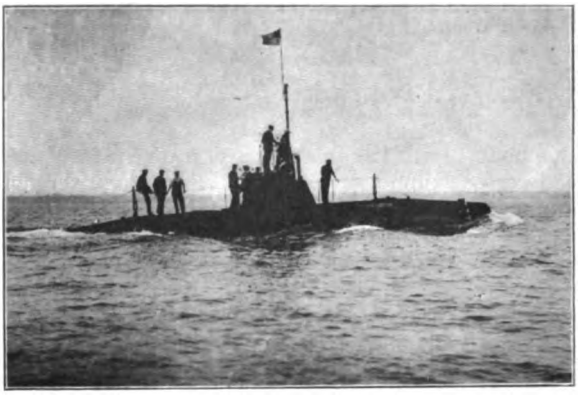
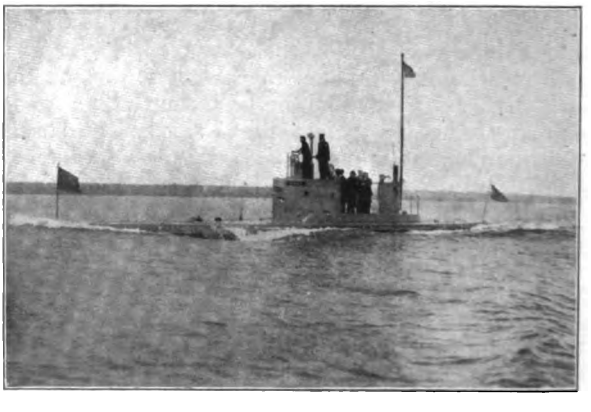
the course was 10 knots; running awash, and using only her electric motor the *Octopus* covered the mile at the speed of 11.5 knots, running with the tide. The under-water run, with a speed of more than 10 knots, broke the world's record, held up to that time by a British submarine at 8.5 knots. The *Octopus* was put through several tests to show the time required to make a complete circle of the shortest radius and also to show the time required for diving to several prescribed depths and returning to the surface. She went down at an angle of eight degrees and to a depth of 26 feet in less than forty seconds, breaking the previous record for such diving, held at forty-six seconds, made by a boat of her type. Further tests were made in a forty-mile gale, and the *Octopus* while going at full speed on the surface, shifted her motive-power twice and dived to the depth of 20 feet in less than four and a half minutes, against the previous best time of eleven minutes. Her air-compressors were also tested at this time and met the requirement pressure of 2,000 pounds to the square inch with the utmost satisfaction. She had another endurance test next day and made an average speed of 9.89 knots in a ten-mile run, using her gasoline engines as motive power. Turning tests were made, both on and beneath the surface.



THE "CUTTLEFISH" ON SURFACE

The submarine life-preserver was also tested, with the cap and jacket. This is like the ordinary diving suit, the air being supplied by a tank of oxylite carried inside the jacket. One of the crew was submerged for four minutes in this suit. The *Octopus* made a 35-mile run on her storage batteries, the result proving that she would run about 115 miles under water with one charging of her batteries.

At the torpedo firing test, the *Octopus* came to a full stop from full speed ahead in 50 seconds. Two torpedoes were fired as the boat was about to dive twenty feet; the remaining two were to be fired after the boat was submerged, but some trouble with the tubes prevented it. An interesting special test was made of the automatic devices for blowing out the water ballast, so as to allow the boat to come quickly to the surface in case of accident. In this test the boat came to the surface from a depth of forty feet in 43 seconds. The submergence test of 24 hours was made by the *Octopus* in 30 feet of water. She carried down a crew of sixteen and came to the surface next day, with both boat and crew in excellent



"LAKE RUNNING ON SURFACE

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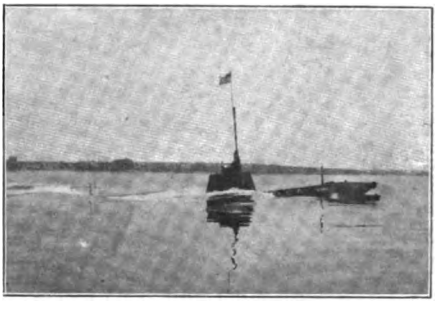
condition. Samples of air were taken at stated intervals during the submergence for chemical examination.

The anchor gear and wireless telegraph apparatus were successfully tested. At the target torpedo practice, she carried four torpedoes and fired three at a space of 500 feet, which represented the line of a battleship at the range of 800 yards. These were fired while the boat was submerged and observations were taken by the periscope.

The *Lake* made her first three speed trials under both motors and gasoline engines, and three under gasoline engines alone. Under both sets she made an average of 8.6 knots an hour, her best run being at the rate of 9.16 knots. Her builders were agreeably surprised at these results as the *Lake* was not built for high speed. Under better conditions and with gasoline engines alone, she made a speed of 7.5 knots for three runs with a maximum of 9.18 knots. Five runs were made under gasoline engines alone, as a basis for the speed curve. A leak in her torpedo tubes caused further trials to be abandoned until the submergence test. She carried a crew of eight men. The air was changed first after the boat had been down for 20 hours and then again just before the end of the 24 hours. She drew 300 cubic feet of air from the storage tanks during the submergence. On the surface the *Lake* made a full turn in 2 minutes and 39 seconds. Under single screw she made a half circle with the port engine in 1 minute and 6 seconds; the screw worked against the helm in the first case, which caused the difference in these times. With one engine full speed ahead and the other full speed astern, the *Lake* turned half circles in 1 minute and 3 seconds, in the awash test she turned a full circle in 4 minutes and 10 seconds. Great interest was excited by her devices for reversing. Running ahead on both motors and reversing the boat by changing the pitch of the propellers, she came to a dead stop in 53 seconds. In her surface trials she made a dead stop by this method in 1 minute and 3 seconds; and a dead stop by reversing engine and motors in 47 seconds.

On the endurance test to determine the radius of her action, she started on a run of thirty miles, and carried 1,500 gallons of gasoline of which she used 110 gallons, giving a radius of 440 miles, and with her emergency tanks the supply can be increased to 4,500 gallons af gasoline, which would give a radius of about 1,300 miles. Test of the *Lake's* batteries showed a radius of between 34 and 35 knots. After the exhaust of her batteries the boat made a 6-knot run over the measured mile course under her gasoline engines, while the batteries were being charged.



"OCTOPUS" GOING AHEAD TO DIVE FOR A SUBMERGED RUN

On the submerged run propelled by motors alone she made an average speed of 5.8 knots; semi-submerged she made 7.5 knots. She anchored in 16 fathoms of water with the bow anchor and 20 fathoms of rope in use. Up anchor was made in 2 minutes and 15 seconds; with the stern anchor she used 18 fathoms of rope and required only 1 minute and 47 seconds for the anchor up. At the torpedo tests she emptied her three tubes in less than three minutes, aiming at a 300-foot target. Observation for the first two shots was made through the periscope while the *Lake* was submerged. The conning tower was used for observation for the third shot.

The *Lake* made a record for depth submergence with a crew aboard, when she went down 135 feet, beating the record of 130 feet made by a French submarine. On this 135-foot dive to

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the bottom of Narragansett Bay she was invisible for five minutes; she rose from the bottom to the surface in 1 minute and 36 seconds; the drop from a 30-foot depth to the bottom required 3 minutes and 45 seconds. She dismantled her outside steering gear, sealed and dropped to a depth of 20 feet in 17 minutes and 19 seconds; from the beginning of this test till her conning tower was under water the time was 7 minutes and 15 seconds.

At a depth of 135 feet the water pressure on the shell of the boat was over 50 pounds to the square inch; the total averaged about 1,100 tons. The machinery stood the test perfectly, and the devices for emptying the water tanks were effective at the greatest depth.

The test of the *Lake's* power for mining and counter-mining lasted for about three hours, more or less, during which she traveled over the bottom of the bay using her bottom wheels to prevent bumping, laying mines through her diving door on the sea bottom and allowing them to reach the surface, and be in view of the board while she was still entirely invisible. While grappling for a cable she was lost to view for over an hour. At this time she also showed her ability to operate in water, extremely shallow, and to approach the shore without harm.

BOW VIEW OF THE "LAKE"

The *Cuttlefish* underwent a submergence test of 200 feet without any damage; she was lowered by a derrick vessel and carried no crew. The water pressure at this depth was 90 pounds to the square inch.

The *Tarantula* is another boat of the *Octopus* type, built for the Navy by the Electric Boat Company.

The Board of Construction and Survey of the Navy in making report on the trials of these submarine crafts stated that it was the unanimous opinion of the board that the *Octopus* was the superior boat entered for the tests and was more than equal to the best boat now owned by the Navy. The *Octopus* has been accepted by the Navy Department together with three other submarines of the same type and size; a contract for three others of the same type but of a greater displacement and higher speed both on the surface and submerged, has also been given to the Electric Boat Company. It was also urged by the Board that an additional fleet of submarines be authorized by Congress at its coming session, as the British navy has now a fleet of over fifty crafts of this character, built after American patents, of the *Octopus* type. It is the belief of many naval experts that submarines will be the power of the seas if ever two first-class powers should clash in naval warfare again.

TO A FRIEND

Wide plains and seas divide us, yet I know
The inmost altar of your lofty thought;
My every act and impulse serves to show
The work of wonder that your love has wrought.

For, though the stern decrees of destiny
Far, far apart our subject footsteps lead,
I mirror still your spirit's majesty,
Your high soul is the measure of my deed.

Aline H. Triplette.

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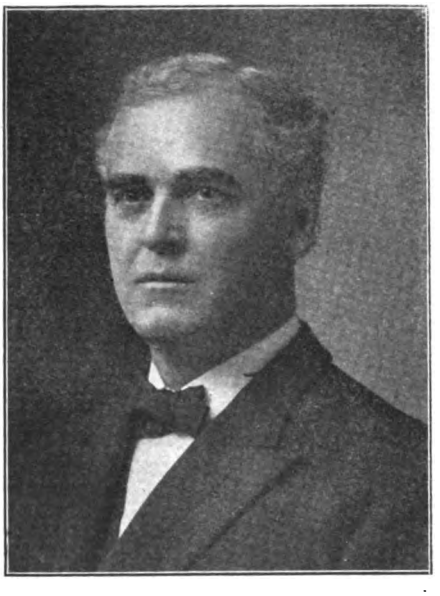
MEN OF AFFAIRS

"That Detective from Texas"

Within the somber senatorial chamber at Washington, where each sovereign state sends her senators that she may be as abundantly represented or misrepresented as her sisters, the Democratic minority is perhaps a little ruthlessly treated by their more numerous brothers. However that may be, there is one man in that minority, a clean-shaven, alert, curly-headed fellow, with an eternal question in his eyes, a mouth that smiles easily but is nevertheless full of the grimmest purpose, a bold chin and a student's brow, and to this man the confident and patronizing majority always yields an unqualified and somewhat nervous attention. For this person has a most uncomfortable habit of picking constitutional flaws in their darlingest measures, raising insurmountable objections to their dearest schemes, and forsooth, sustaining his points against all comers. For this unconscionable trait, Senator Charles A. Culberson has been dubbed "that ——— detective from Texas."



SENATOR CHARLES A. CULBERSON

The extraordinary is always wondered at. Greatness is always followed by a question mark. The tourist goes to Mount Vernon or Stratford-on-Avon, or to Mecca or Bethlehem, and as he gazes on the plain, every-day surroundings of these places, there comes to him the overpowering question, Why? Why should these spots have produced their flowers of humanity? Is the secret in the sod or the air or the fields?

So also, when one sees a great man, the perpetual question comes home once more. Did this man have unusual surroundings when a boy? Who was his father? His mother? What his home? Whom did he choose for his friends? We attend these points eagerly and tremble to grasp his secret.

Senator Culberson was born June 10, 1855, in Dadeville, Alabama. When the boy was one year old, his father, Hon. David B. Culberson, removed to Texas, where he was elected to Congress for twenty consecutive years. His mother, Miss Eugenie Kimball, was the daughter of a doctor, and we know, through her son, that she was a great woman.

The lad was given excellent educational opportunities, and he took advantage of them. Instead of letting the fact that he was a prominent man's son dwarf him, he used that advantage, which so often proves illusory, to become great himself.

The boy was always ambitious, he was a Southerner—therefore his ambition was the law.

After graduating at the Virginia Military Institute, he studied his chosen profession, first under his famous father, and later at the University of Virginia. Soon after his graduation, he was admitted to the

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bar of his state, and took immediate position as one of the most profound lawyers at the Texas bar.

Such was the impression he made in his state that in 1890 he was elected to the office of Attorney-Genral. This office he gained just before he was thirty-five, fulfilling one of his expressed ambitions, having often said that he would rather be Attorney-General of Texas before he was thirty-five than President of the United States afterward.

So fully did he perform his duties, that his election as governor of his state followed as a logical consequence. As governor he followed out vigorously the policy set by Governor Hogg, whose lieutenant Culberson always was.

After two terms in the governor's chair, he was elected, in 1899, to the Senate, where he has remained ever since. From his hold on his people and his straightforward honesty we can only predict and hope that Charles A. Culberson will grow old in the service of his country just as did those venerable statesmen, Morgan and Pettus, from whose state Culberson also comes.

JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES
Who recently resigned the editorship of *The Atlanta Georgian* to join the editorial staff of *The New York American*

As to his character, it is enough to point out that in these times of indiscriminate attack by yellow journals upon every senator at all exposed to calumny, a prying press has never yet found the slightest flaw in his honesty or character upon which they may lay hold.

Should his party exalt him to still higher honors, his broad statesmanship, his courage and his level-headed conservatism would not be questioned even by his political enemies.

* * *

Large Southern Contracts

Although refused the Canal contract after making the lowest bid for its construction, William J. Oliver, of Knoxville, was awarded, by the Isthmian Canal Commission, a $550,000 contract for 500 all steel, twelve-yard dump cars for carrying on the work.

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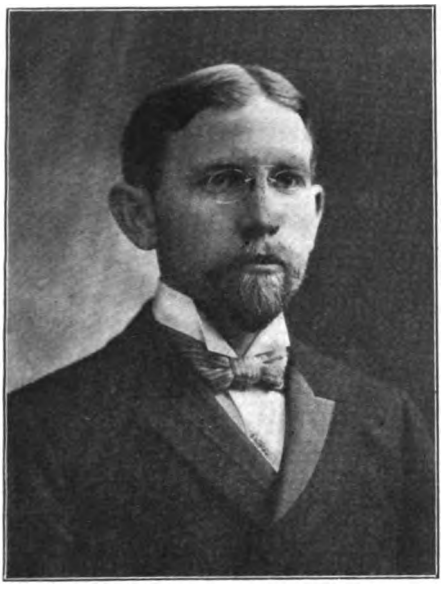
These are being turned out at the rate of twenty-five a week. Mr. Oliver is also engaged on a $12,000,000 contract for the Savannah, Augusta &



DR. A. EDWARD DAVIS

Northern Railroad, running from Chattanooga to Savannah, and a $5,000,000 piece of work for the Southern, on the Danville division. His latest big undertaking is the construction of roads for the Cuban government. This amounts to $15,000,000.

* * *

Dr. Achilles Edward Davis

In the merry old days when Protestant fried Catholic for dinner, and was in turn roasted for breakfast, every nation had the insane habit of driving out of its boundaries through religious persecution and tyranny, the most earnest and zealous persons in its realm.

This was what France did when she deliberately exiled the Huguenots from her border and drove them forth to the colonies. Still it was so much the better for our young settlements.

The mother of Dr. A. E. Davis came from this much-suffering, earnest, passionate Huguenot stock, her father having settled in Kentucky, from which state he was elected several times to the national Congress.

This Huguenot ancestry, with the Scotch-Irish blood of his father, endowed Dr. Davis with an unusual degree of firmness and determination, two qualities of prime importance to a young physician who elects to make his way in New York. Graduating from the University of Louisville, he spent two years in the New York hospitals, followed by a course in European hospitals, and in 1892 he commenced his metropolitan practice. None except those who have experienced it can appreciate the harrowing ordeal of the young, unknown physician in a big city. This optimistic young Southerner, without influence save his own personality and indomitable will, won his way, thanks to some zealous Huguenot or stubborn Scotch-Irish man, long since dust.

To-day the list of his achievements, the medical societies of which he is a member or an officer, and his contributions to medical literature, amply

Photo by Thuss

HON. JOHN WESLEY GAINES

attest the measure of his success. He has recently associated with him his twin brother, Dr. George E. Davis. So great is the resemblance of the brothers, that the picture of one might

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readily pass for the likeness of either. Both are bachelors, are fond of travel, and have collected many beautiful and rare curios in their globe trotting.

* * *

The Hermitage Bill

Hon. John Wesley Gaines, now serving his sixth term as Representative of "the Hermitage District" of Tennessee, has recently introduced a bill in Congress providing for the purchase and maintenance of Andrew Jackson's home as a National Park. President Roosevelt is heartily in sympathy with this movement.

It was a favorite project of Andrew Johnson's to convert this property into a national military school, but the Civil War put a stop to his plans. The state of Tennessee purchased the whole demesne in 1865, and in 1889 turned over to the Ladies' Hermitage Association the beautiful and historic mansion. The State Home for Confederate Veterans occupies a portion of the original farm.

* * *

HON. J. C. McREYNOLDS

Hide and Seek on the Dark and Bloody Ground

It is extremely fitting that a Kentucky man, Mr. J. C. McReynolds, should prosecute the Tobacco Trust, since the Dark and Bloody Ground feels the trustly power of this particular octopus more than any other section.

Now there is also in Kentucky an organized body of men called "Night Riders," who are likewise endeavoring to checkmate this Tobacco Trust. These Night Riders have no connection with the Dark Leaf Tobacco Growers' Protective Association, according to the report of the association. Nevertheless, there are at present certain regiments of blue-clad soldiers, patrolling towns where Trust warehouses have been destroyed, viz., Hopkinsville, Russellville and others. Whether this precaution is to prevent the rebuilding of the trust warehouses, or any further depredations on the part of the Night Riders or merely to keep things in *statu quo* has not yet been determined. All that is definitely known is that after the Night Riders have shot up a town, and burnt it

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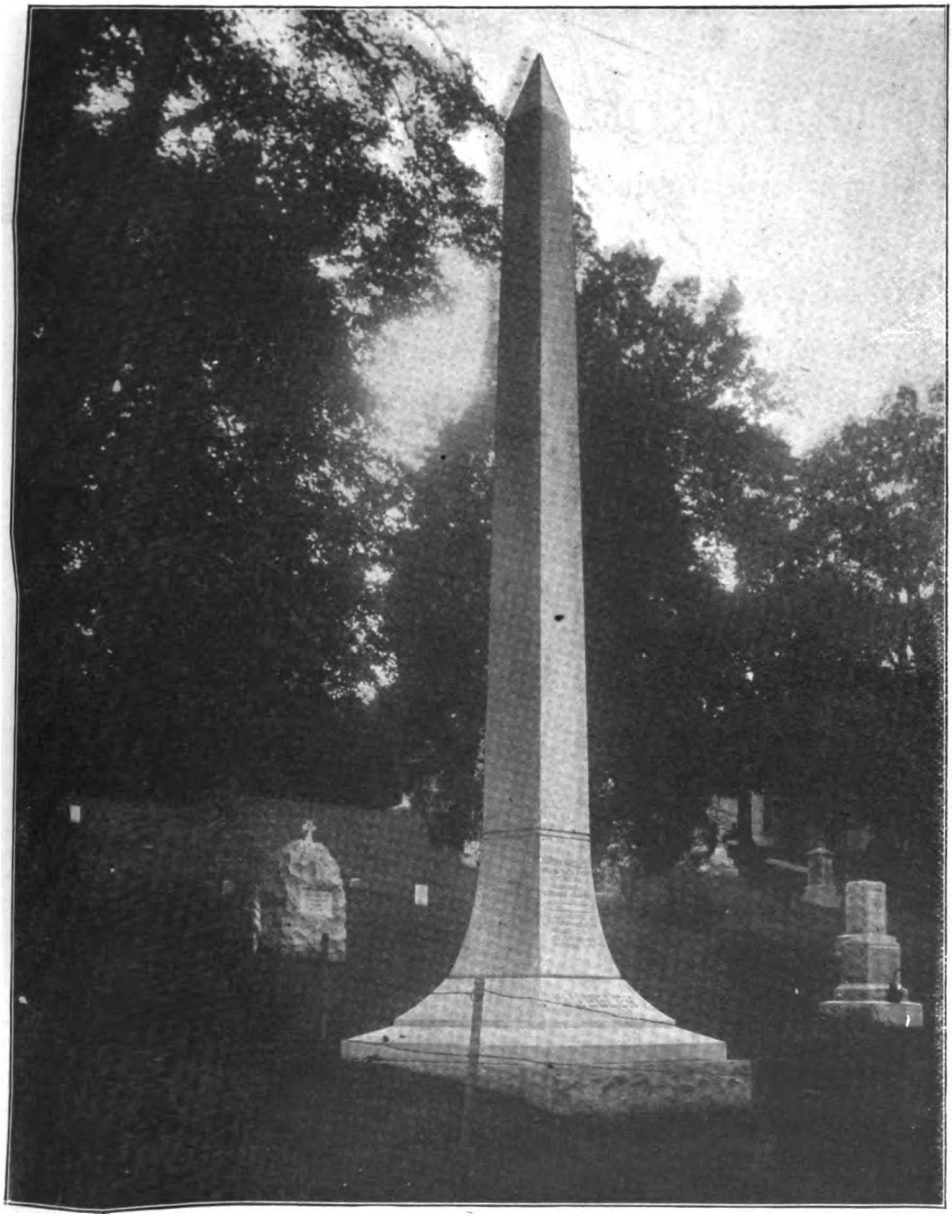
down, the United States troops guard that place—for its historical value, probably.

So the same trouble that Mr. McReynolds is having in locating the Trust, the governmental troops have in finding the Night Riders, and the district attorneys have in connecting Night Riders and Dark Leaf Tobacco Growers' Association. It is a most interesting position on Kentucky's checkerboard.



MONUMENT TO GENERAL JOE WHEELER

Unveiled in Arlington Cemetery, Washington. It is the largest monument in that historical burying ground, being thirty-seven feet high and having a base ten feet square

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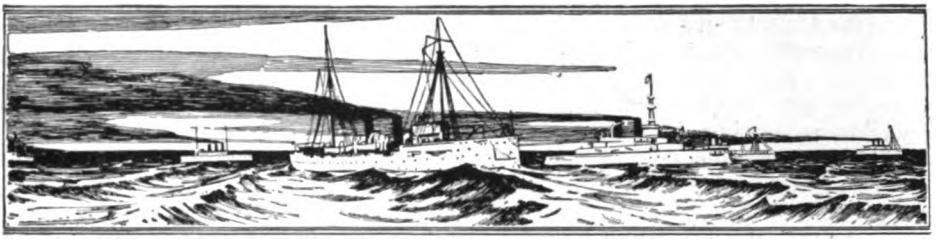


OUT FROM THE NARROWS

By John Trotwood Moore

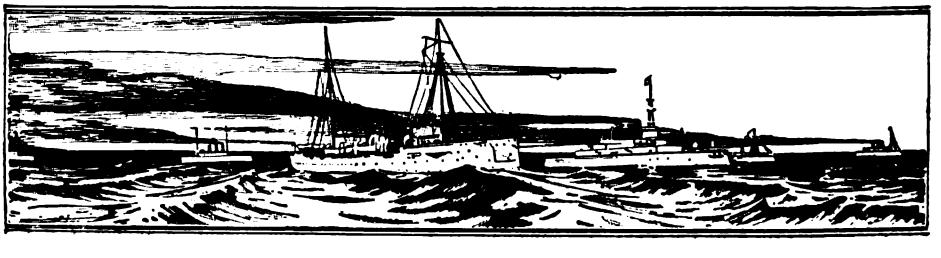
Drawings By W. A. Daniel

[For the first time in history our battle fleet has passed through the Narrows]

This is born of the Mystic
  And bred of the Sea and a Keel,
And the Voice is on the waters
  From the Horn to the Bering Heel:
Swaddlers no longer, O Peoples—
  Men, and we follow the call!
Past plains and the purpling steeples,
  Past Greed in his graven wall:
Out from the Narrows—broader!
  Out from the Past and the Small!

Skoals of Viking and Norseman,
  Galleons of Briton the brave,
These go ghostly before us
  Over a twilighted wave.
Whelps of their wolf-hearts are we,
  Templars, their torch in our keep,
Sons of their sins and their glory,
  Spawn of their dreams in the deep.
On through the Narrows—onward!
  On through the Still and the Steep!

Who is the breed that would breast us?
  O, little rice-fed of the streams,



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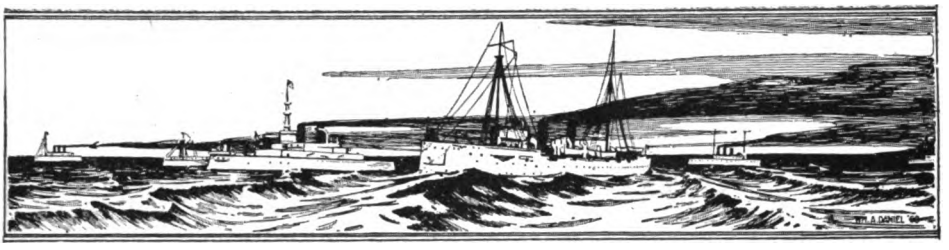
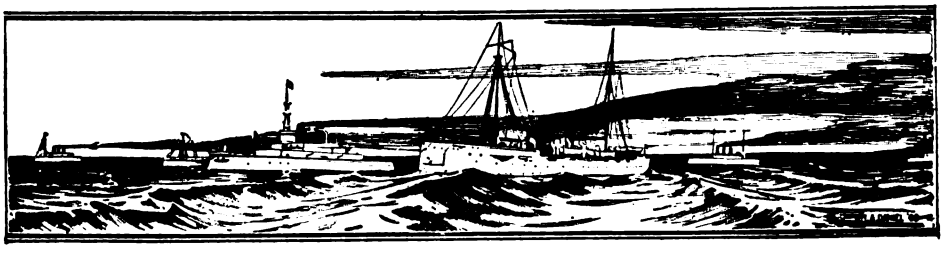


O, little brown men who are dreamless,
Shun the bullock-blood drinker of dreams!
Him of the Purpose and Prayers,
(And a Cross for his cannon's sight).
O, little brown muzzler of Bears,
Would ye ring the lank Lion of Fight?
On through the Narrows—Westward!
On, to the East and the Light!

Whither the star that is o'er us?
Whence the tide rise of our flood?
(The Land, and the love of the leaving
Is the red and the rhyme of our blood).

And so, O Horn of the Ocean,
And so, O Heel of the Sea,
Ye shall reel in the surge of our motion
'Neath the keel and the guns of the Free.
On through the Narrows—Onward!
'Tis Fate, 'tis the Star—'tis *To Be!*

This is born of the Mystic
And bred of the Sea and a Keel,
And the Voice is on the waters
From the Horn to the Bering Heel:
Not from the Stones but the Stars
Cometh our walls of might.
The Doubter dies on the bars—
Ho, for the Faith and the Fight!



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AN HISTORIC HOSTELRY

By Adam Z. Appletree

IN the struggle of civilization for conquest in various and widely separated environments, destiny favors certain localities as amphitheaters devoted to her service in the waging of her battles and the winning of her victories. As Italy had Rome and Rome the Coliseum; or Greece had Athens and Athens the Parthenon, so the great Southeast of the American continent has New Orleans. Situated as it is, on the very ground where Indian braves fought and died in a last struggle to preserve intact their homes and hunting grounds; where fearless Jesuits suffered torture and death in an effort to reclaim unhallowed souls; where French noblemen and Spanish grandees contested for sovereignty for their fickle and intriguing governments; where, too, reckless *couriers-du-bois* courted death as carelessly as did they the Indian maids coax from their fathers' wigwams; and pirates, from unknown seas, and adventurers, from the wild land beyond the Sabine River, traded illicitly—it is but a correlative fact that New Orleans should be among the most famous and fascinating cities on this continent. Its natural heritage is fame and victory, and man's art has contributed its utmost to increase and illuminate this inheritance.

The pivot on which the civic life of New Orleans has always turned has been the historic St. Charles Hotel. Here have gathered all the important conventions for the discussion of measures for the welfare of the state, the city and the entire section.

Three hotels have borne the name, "St. Charles," and have occupied the same site, each surpassing its predecessor in size, luxury and elegance, and each intimately connected with the political, social and public life of its day.

The first St. Charles hotel was the pioneer of its class in this country. When completed, in 1838, neither New York, Boston nor Washington could boast of so magnificent an establishment devoted to the entertainment of the public. "Set the St. Charles down in St. Petersburg and you would think it a palace; in Boston, and ten to one you would christen it a college; in London, and it would marvellously remind you of an exchange; in New Orleans, it is all three," said Mr. Oakey Hall, a prominent visitor in New Orleans, who afterwards became mayor of New York.

The building was erected under the supervision of Mr. J. Gallier, an architect of high reputation, at a total expense of $600,000. It was octagon in design, of Greek architecture, embellished with ornate Corinthian and Ionic columns, and surmounted by a dome, forty-six feet in diameter, upon which stood eleven fluted columns which supported a Corinthian turret. A commentary of that day states:

> "No more flattering encomiums can be presented to the architect than the fact of the indescribable effect of the sublime and matchless proportions of this building upon all spectators—even the stoical Indian and the cold and strange back-woodsman, when they first view it, are struck with wonder and delight. The view of this structure by moonlight is a sight not easily described."

Its interior arrangements were equally as perfect. There were three entrances from as many streets. The principal one, on St. Charles Street, was through a portico of peculiar beauty, formed by the artistic grouping of Corinthian columns, which

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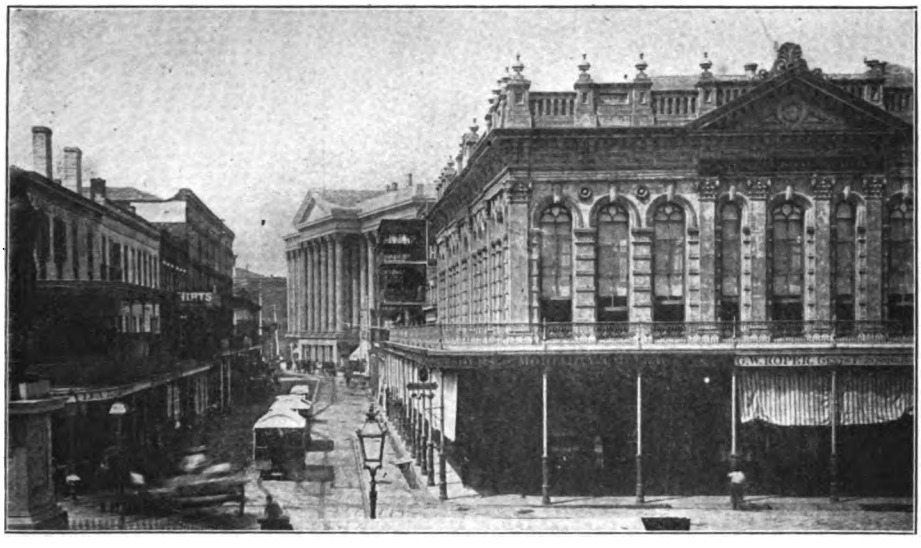
were also supports for the floor above. There the travelers and idlers of that day indulged in promenades or polite lounging. Beneath this portico the bar was located, in the center of the basement. This was then, as now, one of the most famous spots in New Orleans. It was of generous proportions, with a circular range of Ionic columns. Across its bar the famed cock-tails and mint juleps were served impartially to gentlemen of pleasure, wrangling politicians, actors, planters negotiating important trades; men of multi-conditions and convictions. All paused a moment to quench their thirsts; then went their ways.

The baths were also established in the basement, and comprised fourteen rooms, fitted with every known elegant and luxurious contrivance for comfort and cleanliness.

The wine-rooms and other domestic apartments occupied the greater part of the remaining space in the basement, though there were still a few unused rooms which were rented to tradesmen.

A magnificent salon, of Corinthian architecture, adorned the first floor. There centered the formal political and social life of that period. Important conventions, concerning the civic and military affairs of that troublesome time, met there and discussed ways and means. So also women, intent on pleasure, or charity, or the graver matters which too often confronted them then, assembled in this salon and devised plans for each and every occasion needing their attention; while their débutante daughters, grouped in the cozy *tête-à-tête* corners (plentifully supplied by a thoughtful architect), discussed the latest ball, or newest fad, and the complexity of beaux and their attentions and intentions.



ST. CHARLES STREET IN 1838
The colonnaded building in the background is the first St. Charles Hotel

The gentlemen's dining room occupied the Gravier Street side, on this floor, with ample space for tables to accommodate five hundred guests. The ladies' dining room, 52x36 feet, was on the opposite side. A drawing room for ladies and a sitting room for men completed the appointments of the first floor.

Each story afforded nine private parlors, some of them having bedrooms attached. There were three hundred and fifty rooms in the building, carefully planned and comfortably furnished for the accommodation of guests. A spiral staircase, com-

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mencing on the salon floor, ascended to the dome, through the entire height of the building, and around the corridors thus formed were ranged the choicest and most desirable rooms.

The hotel was formally opened by a ball given by the Washington Guards, on February 22. Thereafter, for many years, the St. Charles' balls were an important feature of Southern social life. During the season, the wealth and beauty of the entire surrounding country met here for the pleasure and enjoyment so profusely supplied.

Mr. Lloyd McDonald was the first manager. His regime was of short duration, and he was succeeded by various others until the year 1851, when the hotel was destroyed by fire. It was immediately decided by the directors to rebuild.

The second St. Charles hotel was completed under the direction of George Purves, of New Orleans, and was an exact replica of the first, except that the dome was not added.

It was in parlor P, of this hotel, that so many famous political conventions were held. There Jefferson Davis and a number of leading Southern politicians met to decide the future course to be recommended at the Charleston Convention, which they were en route to attend. After the Civil War, much of the debate and wrangle concerning the confusing "Louisiana question" occurred there.

General Butler, in 1862, demanded accommodations for himself and staff, which were promptly denied and the hotel declared closed by the manager, Mr. Hildreth, who was a Northern man and also a connection of Mrs. Butler's family. General Butler convened the city council in the barroom,

NEW ST. CHARLES HOTEL

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and finally succeeded in securing possession, guarding it with cannon distributed at all the principal entrances and about his private apartments, much to the amusement of the spectators. When General Butler removed to a private house in the city, the hotel was again returned to its rightful owner, who kept it open during the war and afterwards entertained, at his own expense, many of the surviving Confederate soldiers whom the misfortunes of the time had left nothing but their lives.

It is related that, during the occupancy of New Orleans by General Butler, John Wilkes Booth, then playing at the St. Charles theater, would frequently visit the bar nearby, yelling vigorous cheers for the Confederacy and singing paeans for the Bonny Blue Flag. General Butler, ensconced in the St. Charles Hotel, heard the effrontery, but did not molest one so popular with the people.

Once again, when the war's clarion blast had been hushed in the land, Jefferson Davis came to the St. Charles. But what a difference! Bowed with the misfortunes of his people and mourning the loss of the cause for which so many lives had been fruitlessly given, "with feeble step and slow," he revisited the scenes which a few years previous he had beheld when imbued with enthusiastic determination to right the wrongs of his groaning Southland. Sheridan and Grant came, too, but later, and after them many other famed statesmen, politicians and men of renown in many fields of achievement.

In 1894 the hotel was again destroyed by fire, the loss being about $500,000.

Again it was rebuilt, and to-day, with its aroma of historical occurrences and romance of the past, the New St. Charles hotel stands, as before, a peer among modern caravanseries. The new building is a steel-frame, fire-proof structure, erected by Messrs. Sully, Burton & Stone Co., architects, who have constructed all the prominent theaters and many of the more important buildings of New Orleans. Its handsome exterior is completed in red brick, with terra-cotta trimmings, in the imposing Italian renaissance architecture. Since being opened on February 1, 1896, there have been two additions made, one on Common Street and one on Gravier Street. The Common Street addition was erected by the same architects. The Gravier Street Annex was erected by Messrs. Stone Bros., of the original firm of Sully, Burton & Stone Co., which had dissolved.

The interior appointments are luxurious and designed for the purpose of appeasing every want of every guest. On the parlor floor is a colonnade, where one takes a sun bath as he reads the morning paper, or views with interest the drifting crowd on St. Charles Street below. From the colonnade one passes into a tropical palm garden, with an ornamental roof of glass, embowered with flowering shrubbery and rare plants, many of which were specially imported from Belgium. In this sequestered resort, every inducement for rest and refreshment is offered the wearied sightseer, shopper or business man, and only a musical dulcimo from the surrounding noisy, busy world disturbs the pleasant stillness there.

The walls of all the corridors are adorned with beautiful paintings, many of them being real works of art. Among the latter is a copy of Reuben's "Fête Champetre," and other well-known masterpieces by Franz Hals, Bierstadt, and their contemporaries.

In order that the hotel shall lack nothing desirable, there is now being installed a library, which will be in charge of a librarian and open to the guests of the house. It is replete with all the works of popular standard fiction of all nations, and also contains many valuable books of reference, histories, reports and commentaries.

The hotel is provided with three hundred and fifty private baths. There are six hundred and fifty parlor bed-rooms, alcove, single or en suite, and one thousand guests are comfortably accommodated.

Its domestic arrangements are as perfect as modern equipment and ex-

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pert help can produce. The ice is manufactured by the hotel plant, from artesian water, drawn from a private well, after being distilled and aerated. The building is steam heated and lighted with electricity.

The baths connected with the hotel are located on Common Street, where one may indulge in electric, Turkish, Russian, Roman or plain baths, as fancy dictates. The furnishings are superb, and a corps of skillful attendants wait to administer to every requirement of fastidious people.

The hotel is conducted on the European and American plans, with an additional café on the first floor. The cuisine is distinctive of the St. Charles, and while maintaining the same high order of hospitality which distinguished the Creole days, it is also embellished by all the modern arts and conceits whose secrets are so jealously guarded by ambitious chefs.

Many interesting stories are told of the famous men who have been entertained at the St. Charles. General Lawton was a guest of the hotel during the Spanish War. In 1906, General Tanner and General Stephen D. Lee met at a banquet, given in honor of the former, for the first time since the close of the war; instead of the shouts of battle, only the pleasant murmur of polite conversation greeted them, and the martial music which then nerved the combatants, now soothed the fast disappearing bitterness of former days into the peace of a pleasant present.

Mr. McKinley, President Roosevelt, Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Bryan are among those who have recently honored New Orleans as guests of the new St. Charles, and after the banquets regaled admiring audiences with their wit and wisdom.

Societies of every denomination and character meet there. Conventions, from every part of the Union, are called to order in the banquet hall, so frequently as to be but a matter of course. Balls and receptions, outside of private homes, are invariably given in the palm garden and banquet halls. Bridge whist parties, wedding breakfasts, five-o'clock teas, musicales, all the warp and woof of social life is wound and unwound among the hotel parlors and reception rooms. Political caucuses, anti-tuberculosis enthusiasts, Civil War veterans, both North and South, matters of national importance and those appertaining to local conditions—everything of interest or promoting the advancement of the community is welcomed and entertained there.

And if Cupid would but reveal the secrets of his records, what an interesting tale he could unfold of tender vows exchanged in the shadowy corners; of friendships of the past which he has seen dispelled by quarrels and jealousies of a later day; of estranged friends meeting again after many years, and renewing old acquaintance, and much more, *ad infinitum*.

Since the new St. Charles Hotel opened in 1896, it has been operated under the able management of Colonel A. R. Blakely, an Americanized son of Erin, who defeated the ambitions of his parents, which assigned him to a professional career, by running away to sea at the age of fifteen. He landed in New Orleans when he was sixteen, and the greater part of his life has been spent in that city and New York. When the Civil War began, Colonel Blakely enlisted with the Washington Artillery, and participated in all their battles until Second Manassas, where he was wounded several times and lost one eye. He was afterwards sent North with other prisoners of war.

Colonel Blakely's hotel experience commenced immediately after the war, when he secured a position as cashier in the second St. Charles Hotel. During his connection with the old St. Charles as cashier, he was also engaged in the same capacity with the West End, Long Branch, for the summer season, alternating between the two hotels. In 1878 he managed the St. James Hotel, New York. When the present St. Charles was built, Colonel Blakely secured the lease and opened the hotel in February, 1896.

With all the enthusiasm of his countrymen, Colonel Blakely devoted his time, energy and talents to the upbuilding and promoting of the inter-

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ests of the locality which is his home. He organized and was first president of the New Orleans Progressive Union, which organization is an important factor in the progress of the city. He is also ex-president of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association of United States and Canada; a member of the Board of Trade, Chamber of Commerce and Citizen's Protective Association. He was on the staffs of General Gordon and General Jastremiski, and is now a colonel on the staff of Governor N. C. Blanchard, of Louisiana, and General Stephen D. Lee. He is captain of Second Company, Washington Artillery Veterans.

In 1902 Colonel Blakely was presented with a loving cup from the citizens of New Orleans, as evidence of the esteem in which he is held by the people of the Crescent City.

The hotel is a mine of opportunity to the working people of New Orleans and a well-organized relief association to the poor and needy. In an unostentatious way hundreds of worthy applicants are helped in times of stress.

A FORTNIGHT OFF

By Norah Davis

THE evening train, double-headed, drew into the little mountain station and paused impatiently while two passengers swung themselves down, and with plethoric pantings took its way on up the ascent, leaving a clanging armory of echoes behind that buffeted among the peaks until, with a sound of phantom tires bumping along aerial rails, they trailed off into the thin upper air and were lost.

The two men left upon the platform peered uncertainly at each other through the fast-gathering dusk. Both were tall, both clad for summer outing; both grasped gun case and suit case, and each stared with puzzled scrutiny into the face of the other for a second; then there was a simultaneous shifting of suit cases, a quick grasp of hands.

"Cruger Stone, as I live!"

"Brown? Why, to be sure. Tremendously glad to see you, old man. Five years, hasn't it been?"

"All of that. . . . What in thunder brings you off down here, Stone?"

"And you?" Stone retorted with a brief, genial laugh. "For me, I've a fortnight off and I'm putting it in looking up some timber hereabouts, and I rather meant to shoot some if there's anything to kill in the mountains."

Brown groaned. "Time's the only thing! But it takes a deuced lot of killing up here. More lives than a cat. I'll tell you what, Stone," he went on earnestly, "I'm in great luck to have met up with you."

His tone spoke deep congratulation, and Stone turned his face upon him with half pleased, half anxious appreciation.

"Nothing wrong, I hope? What can I—"

Brown laughed, reminiscently: "Oh, it's nothing like that, you darned old rascal! It's—father has a summer house out here—God-forgotten hole—but I had to come out to—to look after some matters for him—and Cæsar's ghost! how I did dread these two weeks out here alone!"

"Delighted, I'm sure, Press; but you see I'm not in any shape to be stopping in a summer house. I'm roughing it the worst sort. Women aren't in it for me this turn, I'm afraid."

"They aren't in it for anybody out here," groaned Brown. "There are no women in this wood, that makes my only woe! Mother and the girls are abroad this summer, and the house

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is closed except for a couple of servants. You may wear fig leaves if you'll only come." Stone's answer was to thrust his bags into the trap and swing up beside Brown upon the driver's seat.

Long, sighing breaths of coolness, laden with the aromatic perfume of pine and cedar from the peaks ahead came down to meet them; the sound of water churning over rocks filled the darkness with gurgling music, and a stone bounding from the roadway into the void awoke a dropping fire of airy artillery. The two men, swaying lithely to the horses' strong upward strides, smoked in companionable silence filled with a content too deep for speech.

"Think of town," murmured Stone at last, "and the smells and the heat and the people—then this."

"Great," acquiesced Brown, "but the sort of thing a man doesn't enjoy alone. Selfish, eh?"

But after a couple of days spent in lounging about the spacious galleries of the country house smoking and reading and watching the clouds trail blue and purple shadows over ranges of porphyry, Stone was ready for work again; and taking a mountain man with him as a guide, he explored the crumpled ranges for miles in search of timber lands. And as they strode through the dappled shade of endless acres of pine and hickory, the nimble, electrical air saturated with sunshine, thawed old Ellett's habitual cautious reserve, or it may have been something in Stone's genial silence that coaxed forth the dryad of his shy, poetic fancy; at any rate, he kept up a slow drone of talk to which Stone listened or no as he saw fit; a rambling rubaiyat it seemed to be, for the most part, of a hidden pocket among the mountains known to the mountain folk as Lost Cove, and as the days wore on the story filtered by degrees into Stone's consciousness, told in Ellett's imperturbable drawl, of the magnificent grove of beeches, ancient as the hills themselves, upon its floor that had never felt the sole of man; its freakish loveliness, its virgin wildness all untamed of man; of rattlesnakes that trailed their folds along the sun-hot rocks, and huge wild cats that held Walpurgis revels in its green depths, and, with a sedately speculative eye upon Stone, whose callous ear thus far only the wild cats had had power to charm, of a certain blue-eyed "hant" that flitted along the cliffs, vanishing at sight or sound of man.

Smoking that night upon the gallery with Brown, while the big, white stars kindled their cold fires over Coon Top, Stone found the canvas of his fancy still glowing with the blots of crude color daubed on with true impressionistic effect by old Ellett's picturesque eloquence.

"Er—Presston, did you ever hear of a place hereabouts called Lost Cove?"

"Many thousand times, my son."

"What's in it, d'you think?"

"In the talk or the cove?"

'Both."

"Lies and rattlesnakes," succinctly. "What's old Ellett been giving you?"

"Sort of mixture of Stevenson and Maurice Hewlett, best I could make out."

"I thought so! Joe's the crack liar of the mountains. He supplies fiction for all this end of the state."

"He said nobody 'd ever been down there."

"Who'd be crazy enough to want to?"

Stone laughed. "Well, if nobody 'd ever been down there, you know? Sort of Crusoe feeling, wouldn't it be?"

"H'm," said Brown, "it's a regular rattlesnake den."

"What he said about that blue-eyed 'hant' fetched me," said Stone, after a meditative pull or two upon his pipe. "I'd like to see her, shouldn't you?"

Brown suddenly sat up in the hammock.

"Blue-eyed hant? That's a new one on me. Had he—I mean did Joe say anybody had seen a blue-eyed hant in the Cove?"

"Rot," was his succinct comment when Stone had done retailing old Ellett's picturesque gossip.

"How far from this is Lost Cove?" asked Stone.

"Why," Brown's tone revealed a trace of reluctance, lost upon the

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other's eagerness, "why, one end of it backs up right behind the house, here —there's a magnificent view—but the cliffs are so infernally dangerous, children and servants, you know," vaguely, "that we keep that wing of the house closed. Say, do you know, I saw something red on that old Point road to-day that I'd swear was a parasol? Suppose we go over there to-morrow, eh?"

"Red *is* a magnetic color," murmured Stone, with lazy sarcasm.

But its magnetism failed to draw him from his pipe and novel the next morning when Brown, intent upon his quest of the red parasol, rode forth into a grey-green world of mist. Stone gave him godspeed, promised to ride over in the afternoon, if Brown's absence, by that time, indicated a find, and returned to his hammock and his heroine in the fluffy gown who had kept him wriggling upon her string for nearly four hundred pages, only to find that she had grown unaccountably stale and cheap against the vision his fancy persisted in conjuring up of the blue-eyed hant, a lonely figure perched upon a stone, an elfin chin upon her hand, gazing with weird, blue eyes across the lost cove.

He rose after a bit, and pipe in mouth, took a turn along the gallery, strolled aimlessly to its end, turned into a verandah that ran the length of the house flanked by a row of shuttered windows and rounding a bay window came plump upon a stout iron wicket set across the verandah. Stone surveyed it meditatively, shook it; it was securely padlocked, and the young man ran his eye over it with a surprise which melted into humor as he recalled Brown's nervousness. Children and servants, he had said. "Well," Stone reflected, "I am neither a child nor a servant, and I *think* I can be trusted not to fall over an iron railing in broad daylight." He swung himself over and sauntered on. A dozen steps and the view burst upon him. A thousand feet below him Lost Cove glowed like an emerald dropped by some heedless god among the crumpled ranges, that met the horizon like billows of purple mist. As Stone leaned upon the rail, his keen gaze following an eagle cutting his way into the blue, the wind in the full-foliaged woods below him rose to his ear like the hollow sound of the sea. Awed, and mentally a little breathless, thus face to face with nature's sumptuous solitudes, Stone walked forward, his eyes still turned to the sea of color outspread before them, and, turning the angle of the building, paused as though his foot had touched the edge of a magnetic circle. On this side the light was tempered by Venetian blinds, and upon the cushions of a low cane couch a woman lay asleep. Stone could see her face and that it was delicately fine and clear, like the head of a goddess carved upon a gem, and pale with the colorless translucency of alabaster, and even in that perturbed moment he noted that she was oddly draped in some shimmering soft white stuff that clothed her slender form with an indefinite grace of folds, lightly held by a heavy barbaric girdle; her rosy feet were bare, and the heavy cable of her hair had slipped from the cushion and lay along the floor.

She lay like a drifted rose leaf at the young man's feet, and in a very ecstasy of wonder he gazed down upon her, conscious, meantime, of a tumult of questions beginning to clamor in his brain. Who could she be? How came she here, in secret and alone? Fragments of boyhood tales of magic and enchantment, of "faery folk forlorn" mingled with the droning voice of his guide heard yesterday. The blue-eyed hant? This fairy princess! He went a soft step nearer, bent over her. Could this be sleep, or was it—? Would she waken at his touch—his kiss, as had that other long ago? Would she open those deep-fringed lids, smile upon him with that divine, pale mouth? The stillness throbbed in his ears, the blood pounded in his temples. By main force he summoned to his mind the exigencies of the moment; duty, fitness, consideration for his friend and host, whose hospitality he was thus ruthlessly invading.

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With clarified intelligence he recalled Brown's reticence about this wing of the house, his flimsy evasion to guard the mystery of her residence beneath his father's roof. Stone winced; to guard it from him! His duty was clear before his eyes, but his mind shied from it like a restive horse. He had but to rise and leave her—his brow bent with intolerable impatience. Leave her? He had but that moment found her! He bent closer over her, absorbed, breathless. That little rosy ear, the wave of shadowy hair turned back upon her brow;—it was just there he had been used to kiss her in those far-off dreams. Tremblingly, the man laid his lips upon her hair, above her brow. She stirred, and Stone drew back. With drowsy lashes, still half furled, the girl raised her head and the arbutus flower of her mouth opened in a dainty yawn; her white lids sank again, then rose; and through half-shut lids she looked straight at Stone, who knelt breathless and motionless beside her, with a smile incredulous, indulgent, dawning upon her lips. Stone caught his breath, his firm hand trembled on the cushion; the girl's great eyes of clouded blue perused his face with the oddest gaze he had ever met from human eyes; no smallest consciousness of his personality invested it, neither fear nor wonder clouded it—though well enough she might have felt both fear and wonder at his presence. Instead, a keen reflective interest marked it; an abstracted, yet purposeful intentness; the gaze of a connoisseur before a work of art, and most incredible, a half pleased, half chiding welcome. Presently she spoke:

"Odd," she murmured, "how distinct he is! How—how *solid!*" She half arose and with the touch of one who brushes a gossamer snowflake, expecting it to melt beneath one's hand, swept her hand across his sleeve and looked quickly at him as she drew it back, passed her hand across her eyes as though to clear them of sleep, looked again. And now she laid her hand with a more assured touch upon Stone's shoulder, his cheek, his close-cropped, ruddy hair—and caught her breath. Fear, wonder, an incredulous, excited joy mingled in her charming face, and Stone, as though mesmerized by her touch, looked back at her literally bereft of coherent thought by sheer amazement. His ear absorbed the words falling from her lips in a soft murmur, but they glided from his consciousness like poetry composed in a dream.

"Exactly as I had thought him out," she breathed, her keen, soft gaze still traveling over Stone's dazed face, "his face is a bit squarer, and his brows—how dark for his blond coloring! But I like it so—they vivify the face, lend it power, cogency. Blond men, as a rule, lack effectiveness in tragedy—but how odd it is—for I am quite positive I never thought of it before."

She reflected in puzzled silence, her delicate black brows drawn together. Suddenly she bent forward and without apology, laid two slim fingers upon Stone's chin and abruptly, exactly as one would alter the pose of a lay figure, turned his face to the light, Stone submitting himself to her hand with gentle obedience.

"A dimple in his chin!"

Her tone was one of vexed wonder, and Stone silently marvelled. "How on earth came it there? Why, I hate, perfectly *hate* a man with a dimple in his chin! And Cunningham of all men! It is preposterously out of character. It must come out when I revise." The very absurdity of the thing pierced Stone's bewilderment; humor touched him, and a shamefaced sense of being somehow absurdly to blame. How displeased she was—that deuced dimple! What on earth was he to do about it, supposing she did not succeed in her revision, for instance? But matters were going from bad to worse, and Stone withdrew his mind from the offending dimple only to meet fresh disaster.

"A colored shirt!" Disdain, distaste upon her lovely face and a tragic finger indicating the anomalous garment completed Stone's discomfiture. "Who ever, *ever* heard of such a thing! Not a situation from beginning to end where it would be permissible for a moment!"

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Stone, only half awake as yet to the incredible situation—a situation where reason and convention retired to the corners of one's mind and turned their faces to the wall—blindly obeyed instinct, and the strongest amid the conflict of emotions investing his mind voiced itself involuntarily.

"Forgive me, won't you?" he said, hurriedly and softly. "You won't let that worry you? I—It can be so easily revised, you know." As he spoke he laid a firm, warm hand upon the shadowy one still outstretched toward his indiscreetly frank outing shirt. Nothing could have been tenderer than his stumbling words, his hesitating touch upon her hand, but the effect upon the girl was electrical. The warmth, the animation of a moment before was replaced by a rigid mask of pain; she shrank in terror from him; and as she pressed her hands upon her eyes the young man saw tears force their way between her fingers. A hideous—almost an anguished — certainty had replaced Stone's wonder. The pity of it! Ah, God, the pity of it! Was she mad? This lovely creature, mad? Torn with pity, scarce knowing what he did, he bent over her again.

"Forgive me," he implored. "Forgive my stupid blundering. What have I done to wound you so?"

The girl dropped her hands, amazement and a dawning smile struggling in the weird depths of her eyes. She spoke kindly as to a child.

"You are not to blame, you know; you could not possibly know."

"But you will tell me, will you not?"

She considered him with a sweet gravity, but when she spoke her tone had still the gentle condescension.

"You could not understand; it—it is something in my real life."

"Try me," he urged, gently.

But she shook her head and wrung her shadowy hands together with a gesture of despair that pierced Stone's heart with a pang as new as was the pang of joy with which he felt her yield her hands to the one he laid upon them.

"My speaking startled you?"

"Oh, inexpressibly!"

"Tell me why."

"None of the others ever did. They came—they were about me all the while, but they did not speak or touch me."

Dumb with pity, Stone gathered her hands against his lips, and after a moment, during which she watched him curiously, the girl went on in a low, reluctant whisper.

"It frightened me because the London doctor, the nerve specialist, you know, said that for those who hear voices, feel the touch of—of—for those, he said, it was quite, quite hopeless. When I was writing 'The Keystone,' you know, they were about me all the time, but I was *so* happy with them! I was not frightened then; then I always knew—which. But now," she drew a little closer to Stone and spoke in a whisper, "now I cannot always tell. I *know* you are Cunningham," her black brows drew together over her troubled eyes, that interrogated Stone's face with pitiful questioning. "I know you are he, because I have worked you out *so* carefully, but do you know," with charming confidence, "you seem exactly like a real man to me? I can hardly believe that you are only a character in a book."

Stone started, a flashlight of comprehension illumining the strange scene. He knew,—the whole world knew,—the book she spoke of, and most people knew the piteous fate of its girl-author. So this was Margaret Cawein! Reason flashing along the chain of memory easily supplied the missing links of circumstance. He had known that Margaret Cawein was a relative of Brown's—or no, not a relative; his father's ward and Brown's adopted sister, it was. Her presence in the house needed no explanation; she was here, doubtless, for the quiet and the mountain air, and this, of course, had been Brown's mysterious business to the empty house. Their quiet housekeeper was her nurse, no doubt.

"It does not frighten you for me to speak to you now, and kiss your hand?"

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Again she gave him that strange, reflective glance,—the artist face to face with her creation.

"No; I think I like it better so. I can enter more completely into you; make a stronger analysis altogether. Cunningham," with calm triumph, "will be my strongest character! You brain people," she went on to Stone, with a delicious confidence, "are not always easy to handle. Oh—at first I know, you are gentle enough, tractable enough, but once the lines are laid, the stage set, the plot in motion, then the immutable laws of character grip you, drag you from me; you obey them, not me. You develop, grow strong—oh, far stronger than I, and then," she gave Stone a rallying, reproachful glance, deliciously arch and provocative, "then you take matters into your own hands. And the critics! Ah! Do you know 'Carleton,' in 'The Keystone'?" She challenged Stone's sympathy with raised brows, and when he nodded she went on in the same eager confidence: "Well, after a bit I could do nothing, simply nothing, with him, and the critics called him 'rashly feminine,'— said the author lacked the masculine viewpoint. Cruel! Unfair! And you—for all you seem so gentle now and kiss my hand, —after a bit you'll be as masterful as he—"

"No, no; I will not," he assured her, "you shall do with me just as you like."

"You will not break away before I've done analyzing you? You promise me?"

She laughed, a girlish note that charmed Stone. "You are so absurdly real I cannot help talking to you as though you were a real man!"

"Do not try," said Stone, eagerly. "Think of me as a man. Your—your characterization will be all the stronger. Are these your shoes?"

He picked up the soft, heelless sandals from the rug as he spoke, and dropping to his knee fitted them deftly on. And as he buckled the last strap, holding the little rosy foot in his hand he bent his head and kissed the arch of her instep—kissed it quickly, guiltily, and in great fear lest he offend her, but she watched him with the same impersonal, detached glance that she had worn throughout. There was even a trace of speculative approval, as though she weighed his act discriminatingly against some mental standard.

"What a charming bit," she said, meditatively. "It would work in so well. How deliciously human he is; how virile! He is by far the best I've ever done. No reviewer on earth could pick a flaw in him nor deny me the masculine viewpoint after this."

With intent, shadowy eyes on Stone's face she brooded upon him with open delight, gloating over his strong, blond beauty triumphantly. His ruddy tan, his crisp, bright curls, all his wholesome, elemental manhood, vigorous and uncomplex, that looked at her frankly from his sane, tender eyes appealed to her, realized completely her conception of Cunningham. But a cold qualm smote through Stone. A spasm of jealousy clutched him; a preposterous jealousy of this impalpable rival of his, so much more real to her than his own palpitating self. He looked up with a smile:

"Why not use it if it pleases you? Shall I show it you again, so you can get it just right? you know?"

The girl smiled also, half chiding, half appreciative.

"You are delightful," she told Stone, without a trace of embarrassment, "Simply delightful! But think of the publishers, if you please! They hate realism, you know. They take their horrible blue pencils and prowl through one's strongest scenes and cut out every tiny, tiny bit of nature—" she sighed quaintly as she rose, settling the folds of her queer, antique gown.

"Cunningham?" said Stone, "Is that my name? What is the first of it? What do you call me?"

"You haven't any first name," she replied carelessly. "You don't need one yet—I'll have to think one up. But I do not call you, you know. I just *think* you and you come."

"And how is it when I go?" he asked her softly. A puzzled frown crossed her brow,

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"I—I do not know. In real life it is called forgetting when a person passes from one's mind; but in our life—" she turned to Stone appealingly lovely in her helplessness. "Do *you* know? Do you know where you are when you're not in the book? Before I have called you, you know?"

"I have no life outside of you; you are my life," Stone told her with soft recklessness.

"Of course, that—" she nodded matter-of-factly. "That tone was good, too, but do not hurry the plot; it—it destroys the balance of parts."

Without sign of leave-taking, with no gesture of excuse or hint of future meeting she turned from Stone and entered the open French window of the room beyond. A glance showed Stone that it was a study, a desk piled with manuscript stood near the window and as she seated herself obliviously he turned away, feeling his heart contract with an exquisite pang at the thought of leaving her, but duty, honor—that finer fiber of honor that lies deep within such men as Stone—bade him begone. He went softly back along the gallery but in the act of swinging himself over the wicket a frightened cry reached him and the man wavered; he paused, a tumult of thoughts surging in his brain, but the cry came again and he swung himself back and met her on the threshold.

"Oh," she cried, coming swiftly to meet him, "I thought you had faded! I—I called you in my mind and you did not come." A sob of excitement broke her speech, and in her panic she clung to Stone.

"You know," he said, soothing her with exquisite gentleness, holding her hands in his own against his breast, "you remembe I am different from those others, don't you? They did not speak to you or kiss your hands?"

She shook her lovely head.

"Never."

Stone drew her to a seat beside him on the couch. "Listen, do not call me in your mind. It tires you, makes your head ache? Ah, I thought so! You sleep here every day in your little, shaded nook, do you not? Yes? Then you will always find me here beside you when you wake, just as you did to-day, and—and if I should be a little long in showing you must remember not to call me nor try to find me. I will come—" He paused, a trembling seized him. What mad bond was he signing with the fates? "You promise me, Margaret?"

The girl lifted great, amazed eyes to his.

"Margaret? Why do you call me Margaret?"

"Is not it your name?"

"But how could *you* know?"

Stone passed the question by. "What shall I call you, then? My fairy princess? My—"

She smiled with demure, unmistakable coquetry, and Stone started with surprise. In that instant another woman had looked at him through her eyes, spoke to him now with her voice.

"Miss Hardinge," she murmured in precisely the tone that reproves a boldness and invites its repetition in a breath. Stone stared with amazed, incredulous eyes at the graceful, downdrooped head, the demure smile, the veiled eyes turned upon him with deliberate, intoxicating charm, every line and glance betraying the studied seductiveness of the finished coquette. But in the midst of his perturbation an explanation flashed upon him—an explanation, but incredible outside of the psychology of madness. It was the heroine of the book who spoke to him, smiled upon him, enticed him. Madness was in the air; Stone tested his mad hypothesis.

"Not when we are alone?" he breathed to her, his tone addressing the question to the woman she had named Miss Hardinge. And Miss Hardinge answered him!

She swayed toward him, looking deep into his eyes. "Celene, then," she whispered.

The remaining days of Stone's vacation were being paid out with cruel speed; to him, holding off the moment of inevitable discovery and explanation with Brown with a strong hand, hoarding each dissolving second of his stolen visits to the girl with

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a miser's greed, they seemed to press upon each other's heels with mad precipitation. Brown's quest of the red parasol had ended by plunging him fathoms deep into a flirtation with a charming summer girl at the hotel across the range and he left Stone more and more alone, and during the midday hours while Margaret slept her nurse busied herself elsewhere. Each morning Stone disappeared as usual into the woods, only, however, to double back along the cliffs overlooking Lost Cove and after an hour's hard climbing, a leap over the gallery rail brought him to her and each day saw the strange drama of madness and despair a chapter further on its way.

Stone was graver in those days; his blond comeliness was a trifle haggard, and his blue eyes that had been wont to look so boldly into men's eyes, and so cleanly into women's, were filled with fevered yearnings, but his stout heart was stalwart still. Hope still held its citadel. The man was built upon lines of simple heroism and with the unfaltering faith in the single power of love alone to heal that such men have, he held its brimming goblet to Margaret Cawein's oblivious lips and bade her drink. He wooed her determinedly, called to her unceasingly with love's own insistent voice, and there were times when he thought she heard, when he madly dreamed she heeded.

But there were other times when his shadowy double, Cunningham, that impalpable rival, made of the stuff that dreams are made of, won her from him. With her hands crushed against Stone's lips she would study him with cool, speculative eyes, call him Cunningham; coax him bewitchingly not to fade; analyze his passion with masterly cleverness, criticising his broken, stumbling passion-fraught pleading with triumphant elation in its realism, holding him all the while with calm decision at arm's length because the public had, for the moment, declared against erotic fiction; worked his stolen, remorseful kisses upon her gown, her hands, her sandal, into her story; even making relentless copy of the anguished throbbing of his desperate heart. Stone found her secretary's clean, type-written copy of his heart beats upon her desk each day. And while she slept he snatched a moment to read the scenes of yesterday and thus kept pace with her delineation of himself as Cunningham as well as with Cunningham's headlong passion for the heroine, Celene Hardinge. The story which daily took form and color under her hands was a tangled web of fateful circumstance crossed by dark zones of pain and passion; with a warp of selfish motive and a woof of temperament wrought in life's loom into "a master knot of human fate" which defied love's cunning to unravel pretty much as Stone's own fateful experiences and was almost as tragically tender. Cunningham, cast of course upon the superbly rational lines of Stone's own character, was distraught by passion for Celene whom he loved not wisely but too well, to his own despair and as Stone saw full well, to his final ruin. But the story ran with his own tragic frame of mind; his own despairing passion for Margaret Cawein made the rôle an easy one, nay a relief, and he threw himself into the scenes of Cunningham's struggle with an abandon pierced by an exquisite pang of despair that made of them unconscious masterpieces. In those days no tender coaxing could wean her from the glamour of the story whose fictitious happenings absorbed her. She was Celene Hardinge, swayed by her passions, her caprices, agonized by her fictitious woes, strung to exaltation by her imagined joys, and strive as he would Stone could find no clue to the mysterious portal which opened to admit Celene with veiled eyes, beguiling, enthralling, enchanting, one hour and Margaret Cawein, tender, appealing, with clouded, troubled eyes that pierced his very soul with rapture, the next.

To-day neither smiled upon him; for hours Stone had lain at Margaret's feet unheeded while she worked at her manuscript with feverish eagerness. With black brows drawn together over cold and gloomy eyes she

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scored with quick, decisive strokes page after page, casting them aside with a suppressed vehemence of dislike, amazing to Stone; flushed, tense, she was swayed by some passion to which he had no clue, and puzzled and anxious he watched her tear across and across the pages wherein Cunningham had declared his love to Celene, and in the first rapture of their mutual love, his arms about her, his lips on hers he had let the world go by him. The young man rose and leaning over her, read with her; and reading, Stone's breath failed him. He was living those written scenes again; with his own mad words of yesterday before his eyes, with others more mad, more despairing upon his lips, he leaned above her as, with arms outflung upon her desk, she bowed her head and wept with shaking sobs and incoherent words.

"I hate her!—hate her! How can I give him up? How can I?"

A thought like an angel knocked at the door of Stone's mind, he stooped and laid his lips upon her brow with the touch that had first waked her to his presence days before; it waked her now and she raised her face with a tremulous joy breaking through her tears.

"Did I call you? How did you know?"

"You needed me, Margaret, I could not wait. Why did you not call me? Why have you shut me out so long?"

A new, divine shyness held her dumb; a scarce-born consciousness of him as himself, her lover, woke deep within her clouded eyes; she trembled, drew back from his touch; with veiled eyes plucked unseeing at the tumbled sheets.

"Tell me what troubles you? Why have you torn up our pretty love scenes?"

Gloom wrapped her round again; she turned pettishly from him, left him the cold comfort of one graceful shoulder, the cable of her dusky hair, hid her eyes from him.

"I—I hate those scenes so," she murmured, turning from him, "They make me so unhappy! She—I—nobody will take that wretched stuff; the public is sick of erotics and—and so am I. That woman too—she is so perfectly—! I hate her—hate her!"

Puzzled, uncertain how to take her, deep in his troubled thoughts, Stone half unconsciously drew the curled ends of her loosened hair to his lips. She plucked it brusquely from his hold.

"But I kissed it yesterday," he reminded her with a smile.

"You kissed Miss Hardinge's hair," she returned coldly, veiled eyes still turned from his, a petulant shoulder fending him off, "and—and you said you only kissed *one* woman's hair in all the world, that you loved red-gold hair best—"

Stone broke into a tender laugh. "You cruel princess! You made me say that, and now—"

"Oh—*I?* I had nothing whatever to do with that, nothing. You had taken matters quite into your own hands—you and Celene. I did not notice that you needed any prompting either—and you promised me—but no matter."

Stone caught her to his heart. For one sweet moment the man forgot.

"I remember what I said. Listen while I tell it you all over again. I told you I could not live without you, did I not? I cannot! My love—my love—"

Under tense brows her eyes met his in troubled question.

"You said that to Celene—"

"No, Margaret; to you, you! Tell me, was that why you tore up our love scene? You could not give me to Celene?"

She hid her flushed face against his hair. Half mad with hope, with doubt Stone held her close in silence. Did she know at last? Know his living arms were about her never to loose their hold? Did she think him Cunningham still? God's pity, no!

"Margaret," he whispered, "Margaret?"

"Yes?" she answered instantly. She had answered to her name but Stone was not satisfied. His shaking lips, his hurrying breath could scarcely form the next words.

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"Do you know me, Margaret? Love me, Princess?"

She drew closer to his bosom.

"Yes, yes!"

Stone staked his all upon the last throw. "Call me by my name," he whispered, hoarsely. She bent his head back so that she could see into his haggard eyes, and smiled with delicious archness.

"You poor dear! You haven't any name. I—I forgot to think one up."

Stone's clenched lips forced back his moan of despair and she went on, stealing a penitent arm about his neck, "You're not hurt, or—or angry with me, dear? You see I only have to *think* you. Does it matter, about a name?"

"No," he told her, brokenly, "no, sweetheart. Nothing matters now."

Coming in late that night from a breaking walk across the mountain, Stone found Brown in his room, his arms upon the window sill, staring out into the night. He rose as his friend came in.

"I must say a word to you, Cruger," he began gently, but at the tone Stone raised his head sharply and the two men looked each other silently in the eyes.

"I know," said Stone simply, "Margaret!"

Brown's pleasant face had stiffened into cold reproof. "This is a bad business, Stone," he said gravely. "Father will never forgive me if Madge is made unhappy. I—" he opened and closed his hands nervously. "I must ask you to go—at once," he finished with restless firmness.

"Of course," said Stone, beginning to toss his clothes into his open portmaiteau, "I'll cable to your father from the valley to-night and stop over at the hotel at the Point. Margaret must not be frightened, she must not know of this, of course."

The sweat broke out upon Brown's forehead. He mopped it nervously as he faced Stone.

"You cannot see her again, Stone, I should not dare—I—I must hear from father first. Don't make this any harder for me than it is, for God's sake."

Stone's face was white to his lips as he raised it from his packing, his eyes hard and quiet, his bright hair tumbled on his forehead—till the end of his life Brown saw him thus.

"Leave her—like this?" he said in a level voice without insistence or expression. "You do not understand, Brown."

"You were always such a solid-headed old chap, Cruger," Brown broke out desperately, "Man, Madge is mad, *mad* I tell you. Hopelessly insane. Father has had the best advice—why she thinks you are some chap she's made up out of her head, the hero of that crazy novel she's writing, poor child."

"I know," said Stone, with the same dull quiet, "I know—but she loves me, she'll be waiting for me there to-morrow—"

"More's the pity," said the other man coldly, "if you've taught her to suffer in this way. We took comfort that her life, if wasted, was not unhappy, but now—I cannot argue this —you see I cannot argue, Stone—"

"I know," said Stone again," I understand." He closed and locked the bag and a moment later their steps echoed gauntly through the empty house. The trap stood before the door, only dimly discernible in the pale mist, the fluttering garment of the dawn, and still silent the two men mounted to their places and drove off.

The mist thickened as they went, curdled, grew heavy, wrapped round them like carded wool, packed itself in hollows, filled the world with opaque whiteness that seemed to deaden eyesight and brain alike. For the last mile the horses, with reins loose upon their necks, kept the road by instinct rather than sight, feeling their way through air as thick as cotton wool to the door of the hotel, at last. A couple of sentences passed between the young men as they alighted.

"These dry mists are the devil," said Brown. "This one is good for the day. See you later, Stone."

"Ay," said Stone, "Good night."

The mist made good the spirit of Brown's prophecy, at least, though it did not remain a dry mist. By noon

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the cotton wool was a mass of sodden wisps upon the sides of the mountains and a sea of curdled milk in the coves and clefts, and the roar of the rain on the forests was veined by the gurgling rush of a thousand torrents through the dry throats of the gorges.

With the first break in the fog, Stone left the hotel and struck through the dripping forests along the ridge of Coon Top. His brain was clear and quiet again, his heart strong and steady, his muscles like beaten iron in his frame as he fought his way, step by step down the gorge that led to Lost Cove. The path that he had trodden along the flank of the cliffs was clear and open, but it led across Brown's land. Stone dispersed that thought when it rose in his mind—he did not blame Brown for kicking him off his land—and it didn't matter besides; nothing mattered but to reach her, soothe her, before some idot told her —.

The gorge was choked with boulders and dark with stunted cedars that laid hold upon him tooth and talon, and the tangled cordage of wild grape vines that throttled him; the streams discharging from above like waterspouts, drenched him to the bone, and he lost his way time after time, but not for one second did he lose his firm grip on himself.

One thought possessed him; he was hours late already, and the fear that he might not find her on the gallery; that she might be shut away from him, tortured him and drove him forward like a scourge. Beyond the few hours he had spent with her daily he knew nothing of her life or habits—but he set his mind against the thought and fought his way on down the breakneck gorge until he stood, at last, breathless and bleeding, within the jug-like valley of the lost cove. A bursting, soundless silence choked the narrow place, silence, and a restless wind that paced the length of the gorge and back like a caged wild beast and nothing else; Stone's feet fell muffled upon a carpet of deep mast, and far overhead a vast dome of living green blotted out the sky; about him in the dusk the dun beech boles stood like carven columns set in ordered ranks, and through them he could see the rugged face of the cliff half veiled in mist and somber with storm; but to Stone's eager eyes it seemed the shoulder of a rough and burly friend, grimly kind. Pale with fear and longing he toiled up the slippery crags, black with lichens, dripping with ooze and half hidden in clammy mist, and as he went he cursed himself for leaving her.

Half way up, and half of that again, where the path made a dizzy turn, his keen eye caught a flutter of something that was not the mist, though it was as pale as it, and through his aching breast there shot a maddened pang, a raging anguish the like of which he had not known that men can know and live. A second's longer gaze and he had flung himself upward toward her where she lay upon a narrow ledge, as pallid as a bit of mist, beneath the stone that had fallen with her. There was a voiceless insant while he gathered her into his arms.

"You came to find me, Margaret?"

"I called you in my mind and you did not come, and then, I knew again! *Knew,*—knew every thing; knew I loved you, knew you came this way, and I slipped away from them and came to find you."

Stone strained her to his desperate heart with broken words of love-curses; covered her face with mad kisses. Suddenly he sprang up, lifted her in his arms.

"I must take you up now, now, while there is yet light to see."

"Let us stop here," she coaxed him, "I'm so warm in your arms,—so happy!"

"I'll still have you in my arms, but night is coming—I must have help for you. Come—your arms around my neck, so—my fairy princess!"

She came to him obediently though it hurt her sorely to move, smiled for him, laid her cheek happily on his and Stone started with her up the break neck path. Through the bands of mist, up, up till the beech grove was but a pincushion upon the floor of

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the cove. Her weight was scarcely more than a mist wreath, but holding her, left Stone but one free arm, and it may be that those weeks of strain had frayed his iron nerve, sapped his elastic strength; or it may be that the heavy rains had loosened the rocks in the black, sticky soil. He slipped, stumbled, caught at the cliff; the black rocks reeled around him, he could not see to set his feet. He saw but the little dusky head upon his bosom—was conscious of naught in all that reeling universe but the clinging warmth of her upon his breast.

He hung upon the black face of the crag, one arm twisted in the creepers and felt blindly with his feet for the slippery rock; missed it.

"Margaret?"

The little head lifted, veiled, tender, the clouded blue eyes looked into his own.

"Higher, dear—kiss me. Ah—!"

The creepers parted from the cliff with a faint snapping, there was a moment's fight in the air, far down the branches crashed, then that soundless silence of Lost Cove closed over them.

CONQUERORS OF THE WILDERNESS*

By Anna Erwin Woods

[Arranged from the papers and personal memoirs of Andrew Erwin.]

CHAPTER XXIII

MOONLIGHT AND APPLE BLOSSOMS

During the afternoon Emily said: "I promised Amy, Ned, that if she would stay at home and be quiet today, I would send you over to see her this afternoon, while I remain with your mother. You remember, of course, the old apple orchard where we had so many pleasant hours together when we were children. Well, just look for a girl sitting there under an apple tree in full blossom, and you will find Amy; and ask her to tell you the story of her being there."

Leaving my mother and Emily together, I rode over to Colonel Fortescue's, and just about sunset, as I was walking across the lawn, I saw, at some distance, a young girl sitting under an apple tree in full bloom. As I approached, she rose and came towards me. Looking up at me shyly, she gave me her hand as she asked, "Are you not Edward?"

"Yes," I replied, "and you are little Amy Blount."

"Oh, no," she almost whispered, so sweet and low was her voice, as, with a smile, she looked timidly up at me, "not little Amy Blount."

Looking into her eyes as I held her hand, I said: "Indeed, then you have stolen that little girl's eyes, for I am quite sure of them. I saw them when they were only six years old."

"Why, that would be ten years ago. Would you remember them so long as that?" she asked with an artless look of childlike inquiry.

"Yes," I answered, in a voice almost as low as her own. "Yes, even so long as that I have carried a picture of them in my heart." And I added these last words with an earnestness which surprised me.

What did it mean? Not all Emily's radiant beauty had awakened my soul as one look into this girl's sweet eyes had done. She was, indeed, the same lovely, flower-like little Amy Blount, the gentlest, tenderest, little creature I had ever seen. Yet, it was a charming, graceful young lady who stood before me, smiling sweetly as I looked down straight into her eyes.

"Emily told me," said I, "that I

*Begun in May, 1907.

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would find you sitting under an apple tree, and that you would tell me the story of why I find you there."

"Let us sit down while I am telling it to you." And as we took our seats, she continued: "I think you may not remember that we had very pretty apple trees at Blount Hall. Great boys like you and Fred probably thought not much of them; but to my dear nurse and me they were a source of endless delight. She would take me in her arms and tell me tales of the apple orchard in her dear, old home in England. When I would say how pretty and pink the blossoms were, she would try to make me understand how much more beautiful they were in England; and when I delighted in the sweet perfume, she would tell me it was much more delicious there. In fact, the Garden of Eden can never be, in my thought, the lovely Paradise which to my childish mind was an apple orchard in full bloom, if only it could be in England." And then with an arch glance at me, half lifting her eyes, she added: "And if we may not be in England, can we not dream we are? And will not the spell then be around us in Carolina?"

Ah, Amy Blount! sweet, childlike soul! too innocent for coquetry; yet never did enchantress weave a subtler charm. The spell was indeed around me; no need to dream we were in England; my Paradise was there at her side. As I listened to her voice, and as we looked into each other's eyes, the crimson sunlight faded away, and the soft, sweet twilight was around us with all its mysterious peace and gentle charm. As the apple blossoms fell, the night breeze wafted us their perfume, and the moonbeams shed their fair light upon Amy's eyes, as deeper and deeper the enchantment entered into my being. I knew not how the moments passed; I only knew that never before had there come to me an hour of such exquisite, peaceful ecstasy; of such ineffable, tender bliss.

Then, as though in a dream, I heard Emily's voice saying, "Ned! wicked Ned! Why do you allow Amy to sit in the night air? Do you not know the wise ones say it is imprudent? Did you not avoid it on your march to the Illinois? Soldiers should take care of their health when they go on such marches so far away from home. Your mother says you must come home now, Ned. Tell her I shall bring Amy over to-morrow; I shall not trust you here again without me."

With merry laughter we parted; and as I rode home slowly in the moonlight the spell was still around me. Oh, sweet night to be ever remembered! Night of dear awakening to an unspeakable, worshiping tenderness which was to be undying! I questioned not what it was which filled my heart with peace, mysterious peace—and. love—love all-powerful, true and gentle, and everlasting; for well I knew that what had entered into my being would abide there forever. Not for one moment did I close my eyes in sleep that night. I said to myself, "Were I to sleep I might lose this dear consciousness; and if it is a dream, then all too soon daylight will come and the sun will shine to awaken me from my sweet dreaming."

When another day had dawned, and the world was once more awake, I looked upon the morning as upon the morning of a new life. A new existence had begun for me; one apart from all other things which heretofore had filled my life. I had heard of love at first sight. I had heard of that belief, held by those of past ages, of a recognition, at the first glance, of a soul created to be in companionship with one's own soul—the complement of one's being. Was this sweet, gentle child to guide me into a companionship dearer and higher than all others? Was hers the tender soul which was to complete my being, bringing me to thoughts of nobler, gentler things?

As phantom pictures, there arose before me the scenes through which I had passed. Scenes of butchery and bloodshed, of cruel torture and sufferings, and death in many hideous forms. I saw my companions struggling through the icy waters of the Wabash; I saw, as in a far-off vision, the bands of desperate men, led by

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Shelby or Sevier, dashing as a whirlwind over mountain tops, through deep ravines, lashed by the fury of vengeance to seek the savage hordes who had murdered their little ones and devastated their homes. In the dark background, I saw these things but dimly, as though a veil of mellow light had been thrown before them; and nearer, clearer, unobscured was a picture of soft moonbeams shining down upon sweet eyes into whose depths I looked. Was the darkness of the one needed to render fairer the light which fell upon the other? Would gentle thoughts have so filled my soul with tenderness had its memories not been so cruel? With thankfulness, I rejoiced that the brightness of the present hour could shut out the blackness of the past.

So passed away those summer days. Every look, every act, was love's sweet messenger; but unspoken was the tenderness which filled my heart. Too sacred was her sweet innocence to be disturbed by words which might awaken her pure soul from the innocent dreams of childhood. I did not wish, with the thoughtless, passionate eagerness of a boy, to give expression to my own emotion, simply to gain from her an acknowledgment which might gratify my feeling or on the other hand, might cause her pain in giving me disappointment and suffering. To guard her from the shadow of evil, to throw around her gentle care and protection, to see the light of joy and happiness in her eyes, such was my delight. By sunlight, by twilight, by moonlight I was ever at her side; in a dream of worshiping love I lived on through all those happy days.

CHAPTER XXIV

WE TALK OF THE MEN OF THE WILDERNESS

As we sat talking together through the bright, sunny hours, the names of my friends in the wilderness were constantly upon our lips. "Of all those brave men," said my mother, "James Robertson most strongly impresses me. The absolute uprightness of his character inspires a thorough respect; and most deeply I appreciate the pious reverence which, you tell me, Edward, is not alone upon his lips but ever in his heart."

"Oh, indeed," exclaimed Guy Fortescue, who was present, "as far as Robertson is concerned, what I like about him was his going to Oconostota. As he went through that wilderness alone, he must have felt that there was a Cherokee brave pointing an arrow at him every step he took, all the whole one hundred and fifty miles, and no one would ever know how or where he died. That was braver than going into a hundred battles. Whenever Robertson dies there ought to be a monument erected to him as a hero; and if ever we have a poet like Homer or Virgil, he can tell the story so that every one will hear it, and it will never be forgotten. If we ever become a great nation, then other people will wish to hear all the stories about the men, who, in the beginning, laid the foundation. I presume no one cared so much to hear about Romulus until Rome began to be so great."

"Yes," agreed my mother, "the generous self-sacrifice of that act upon the part of Robertson is equal to any which have ever occurred in the history of nations. And the spirit of justice and conciliation which controls his dealings with the Indians, will secure their confidence and result in much good."

It was gentle Amy who then spoke and said: "I do, indeed, admire Robertson; but when I hear Edward tell of Clark and his brave followers, and of how they waded day by day in icy waters, and so courageously bore all their sufferings, my heart grows warm with pity for those gallant men; and I should like to take each one by the hand and tell him how I honor them and have sympathized with them in listening to the story of their march."

"Oh, Amy!" exclaimed Guy, mischievously interrupting her, "we cannot have the whole troop here; but you can take Ned by the hand and say, 'I love you for the dangers you

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have met!' Don't you recollect that was what Desdemona said that night at the theater in London? It would sound a great deal better for you to say it to Ned; for the man to whom she told that was of a worse color than an Indian; and, after all, he was so jealous that he smothered her. What do you think of that, Ned? Would you ever be jealous enough to kill a woman that you loved?"

We all laughed at Guy's earnestness in asking his questions to which he evidently expected a serious answer, so I replied gravely:

"No, Guy, I do not honestly think I could make up my mind to kill a woman, not even an Indian woman. If we truly love any one, our happiness would be in making that person happy; and this would not go hand in hand with jealousy."

"I do not believe he was thinking much about making her happy," said Guy, reflectively, "he was thinking all the time about himself, and how much she loved him. If loving some one else could have made her a great deal happier, I do not believe he would have agreed to that, even if she had never been married to him. Othello was selfish; you would never act as he did, would you, Ned?"

"I hope not," I answered, with a manner of thoughtfully considering the question, "but not having been tried, I could not promise."

"Indeed," said sweet Amy, who had been listening attentively, and now spoke with gentle earnestness: "Edward is right. It would be noble to show our love by making every sacrifice for those we love, and find our happiness in seeing them happy. I could love a person like that with all my heart; but I should not be happy in loving any one who was like Othello."

"I know," said Guy honestly, "that I commenced this talk about lovers; but it is not a very interesting subject; let us talk about fighters, those men that live in the woods and fight the Indians. Which one do you like best of all of Ned's friends, Emily?"

"Isaac Shelby," promptly replied generous hearted Emily. "Did you not hear Ned tell that when Sevier went to King's Meadow to consult about going to Chickamauga they did not have one shilling for getting ready for the expedition? Ned says that Isaac Shelby made himself personally responsible for every expense; and, more than that, he says that he had done the same thing for the whole Virginia army for more than a year; and he only a young man of eight and twenty years of age! He certainly is generous enough to deserve our admiration. And he is a great fighter, too, Guy, so of course he is a hero in your eyes."

"Well," said Guy, with an air of determination, "there may be other good fighters; but there is one man, in my opinion the greatest Indian fighter of all, and that is John Sevier. I should like to be one of his scouts. I am just a boy now, but as surely as I grow to be a man, I am going there and fight under Nolichucky Jack. When he gives the call, I would rather take my rifle on my shoulder and dash away on a fleet horse following him, than to be Earl of Dunraven or any other English nobleman. I never intend to be British—I am American. My father says that Cecil can remain in England and I may live in this country; and if I live in a country, I will surely fight for it. Oh, Ned! do tell us something more about Chickamauga. It must be the most beautiful country in the world."

"I am not sure about the whole world, Guy, but that region is certainly picturesque and beautiful beyond description. About eight miles down below Chickamauga Creek, there is a great mountain which lifts its head far above the clouds.* The river, the Tennessee, flows just at its base; on its opposite bank there is a long range, about a thousand feet high, called Walden's Ridge; and this is covered with magnificent forests which must have been growing there during many centuries."

"What do they say about the great

*Lookout Mountain, on the top of which Sevier fought a battle with the Indians. Hooker fought the "battle above the clouds" eighty years after on exactly the same spot.

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mountain, Ned?" he asked eagerly. "What do those people say who have been on it? What can they see?"

"They say that, looking far away, they can see two hundred miles off the tall cliffs of Cumberland Gap; and winding around in the landscape they see the Tennessee River, growing broader and broader as it comes toward the foot of the mountain; then it turns on itself, in a sharp curve, forming a curious bend almost exactly in the shape of a human foot. The Indians call this place 'Moccasin Bend.'"

"What becomes of the river after that?" persisted Guy.

"After that, just after it has passed between the jutting cliffs of Walden's Ridge and Raccoon Mountain (a smaller mountain), it goes plunging down through a narrow gorge for several miles and then it is contracted between overhanging cliffs into a narrow channel; and the furious, foaming waters go dashing down in cascades and whirlpools over huge boulders and great masses of rocks. A civilized man would never attempt to pass these rapids unless the water was extremely high; and then he should have a very light canoe and a very steady hand if he values his life. After getting over the rapids, if one still goes down the river, all along will be seen bold, frowning cliffs, the shores looking wilder and wilder; and the solitude becomes deeper and deeper until one reaches Nick-a-Jack Cave, the stronghold and last refuge of Dragging Canoe. This cave is high up on the side of an almost perpendicular bank. The opening is narrow but inside it becomes a spacious cavern, eighty feet wide, arched over with stone. When we pursued Dragging Canoe, it was here that he took refuge; and here, or rather there, at this moment, I think he is lying wounded on his couch of buffalo robes, plotting his revenge, and impatiently waiting for the midnight hour to come when again he will raise his warwhoop."

"Oh, Ned!" exclaimed Guy, looking the picture of boyish excitement, "while you are telling about these things, it makes me feel that I would give anything in the world to go and fight with Sevier. My father says that I need not go to Oxford; he heard me telling my tutor yesterday about what I had heard from you of those rivers that make the great Mississippi; the Wabash, and the Ohio, and the Tennessee, and all the others which flow into the great Father of Waters; and I said to my tutor that I did not care to learn about the Tiber, and those little rivers in Greece which are nothing but creeks; and my father laughed at me and said: 'Even if you are going to be an American, Guy, and boast of such great rivers, still you had better learn about these others, for wonderful things have happened upon them and on their banks.' You know my father has seen all those; but he has never seen the rivers you tell of, Ned. And I asked my father if he did not think that, in future days, still more important things may happen on these great American rivers than ever did in Greece."

The boy looked very thoughtful for a moment and then asked most seriously:

"When do you think, Ned, that Clark, and Boone, and Isaac Shelby, and Sevier will conquer all those Indians?"

We all laughed heartily at this question, knowing full well what he meant by it.

"Indeed, Guy," I replied, "I can give you no reliable answer to that question; Indians are so uncertain. I feel safe, however, in saying that there will be time enough for you to be done with your tutor and with all your studies, and then fight with Sevier until you are an older man than I am to-day, before your fellow-fighters have conquered *all* the Indians; and I believe that by the time when they are conquered that you will have had enough of it."

Then I turned to Amy and said: "Do you, too, wish to hear some more about the Indians? Come with me to-morrow morning, before the sun has risen, for a ride in the woods; and we will imagine ourselves to be

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in a great forest, near Point Pleasant; and I will tell how Robertson and Valentine Sevier saw the savages creeping up to surprise our sleeping army one morning before dawn; and how, just at the hour when the world begins to wake up, we heard the war-whoop and knew the battle was at hand."

The next morning at the sweet, fresh hour of dawn, Amy was with me in the woods; and as I rode before her holding back the dew-laden, overlapping branches of the trees, she would call out, "Let them come, Edward, let them come now!" Looking back as I let the branches fall, I could see the shower of bright dew-drops as it fell upon her sweet face; and, laughing merrily, she would say: "How many times are you going to bring me here to bathe my face in dewdrops, Edward? You know it is the way that all good fairies bathe their faces; and it is said that it will make one very beautiful. I will ask Emily how many times she has taken this magic bath to give her such great beauty."

With happy hearts and joyous words we passed along until, when the sun had risen in all its golden, crimson glory, and we were once more at home, from unsuspecting Amy came these words: "Ah, Edward, we have never mentioned the Indians! You have told me nothing of the battle; we forgot all about it."

With an air of innocent penitence my reply was made: "What forgetfulness! The very object of our ride; all we can do is to go again and do better another time."

"You must not blame yourself, Edward, it was all my fault,' said sweet, guileless Amy. "It was so fresh and sweet in the morning twilight, and the dew-drops were so bright; and, Edward, I was so happy; so happy that everything else was forgotten but just the joy of that hour; I will never forget that."

Deep in my heart I knew there was another by whom that happy hour would be ever unforgotten. The changing brightness of her face, her merry laughter, her joyous tones all spoke of the perfect happiness which filled her soul; and the memory of this would be to me as an echo of sweetest music. Nothing could ever mar the brightness of that picture; that should rest with me forever—a joy forever.

So passed those pleasant summer days; and the leaves of autumn were beginning to show their brilliant colors in the soft, hazy air of Indian summer, while still, by many unsuspected artifices, I secured the sweet happiness of being ever at Amy's side. But the dark day of parting was at hand; and in an unexpected hour came the messenger of farewell.

We were all sitting together one evening, talking in the moonlight, which was shining almost as bright as day, when, suddenly, we heard and saw horsemen approaching rapidly. At once our hearts were filled with dread—dread of the tidings which might be brought of dear ones exposed to so much danger. "God preserve my dear husband! Oh, merciful Father, spare my son!" was breathed, rather than spoken, in my mother's voice; and brave Emily, with her arms around her, was saying in tender tones: "It may not be bad news; let us hope it is good; it may be good."

Oh! the agony in tender woman's heart in such a moment of suspense! One word and the blackness of death may be around her.

As quickly as possible I reached the horsemen, and before they had dismounted, asked hastily: "Tell me at once, is there bad news?"

"No," was the blessed answer, "we bring letters but no bad news; we know what the letters say."

In a moment I was at my mother's side to give her the comfort of these words.

Upon reading the letters, we learned that my father was, at that time, so situated that my mother could be with him comfortably, he hoped, during several weeks; and he desired her to come without delay. She had not seen him for nearly two years, and her thankfulness was great upon learning that she might have the

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happiness of soon being with him once more.

The messengers advised her starting at once, as any delay might be met with a change in the condition of affairs which, at this time, favored her reaching him. I determined to accompany her upon her journey, and we decided to leave the following morning. A messenger was sent at once asking Colonel Fortescue to come to us; and throughout the night, Emily and I made every arrangement for our departure, while Amy watched over my mother and induced her to seek rest and sleep. At an early hour the next day, we bade farewell to those two dear ones, so precious to our hearts.

CHAPTER XXV

A SHADOW DARKENS MY LIFE

I will tell you nothing of our journey and the manifold delays and obstacles which caused me anxiety only as they affected my mother's comfort. We reached my father, and I had an opportunity of being for a few days with my brother, who was serving under the command of "the Marquis," as he spoke to me of General La Fayette, whom he greatly admired and honored, and in whose military leadership he had great confidence, notwithstanding the French general's youth. Hal's duties were such that but few opportunities were afforded us of talking with each other; and it was during only one evening that I was alone with him for a few hours.

"I wish so much, Ned," he said, "that you could meet Fred Blount. You know he is with the redoubtable 'Mad Anthony' and will be sure to have plenty of fighting."

"Yes, I knew he was with General Wayne," I replied, adding laughingly, "you remember Fred received his baptism of fire at the Alamance; is he as bloodthirsty as in those days? Does he hate the British as much as ever?"

"I suppose so," was Hal's reply; then, knitting his brows with a puzzled look, he went on: "There is one man of British birth whom he seems to value more than his own life. I don't understand it." Turning to me suddenly, he asked: "You remember Ferguson, do you not? Do you recollect my telling you about his being such a wonderful marksman?"

"Yes, perfectly well, and about the rifle he invented. What about him?"

"Well, he is over here now; and the last time I saw Fred Blount he talked about him a great deal. I knew that Fred always liked him very much, but his appreciation of him now seems to be something extraordinary. In fact, I have never in my life heard one man speak of another as he does of Ferguson."

"What has Ferguson been doing to awaken such strong regard?"

"I can tell you of one very fine thing he did," said Hal. "Fred told me of it, and he had heard of it through some of his friends in Scotland. It seems that when Ferguson was sent over to the service here, Sir Henry Clinton put him at the head of a corps of riflemen picked from the different regiments. In a very short time after, Ferguson and his riflemen took part in the battle of Brandywine; and he was complimented before the whole army for his meritorious conduct. Unfortunately for him, however, he found some American sharp-shooters in the battle who were as skillful marksmen as he was; for his right arm was so badly shattered that it has ever since been entirely useless."

"That is, indeed, a misfortune for a man like him," I said with an intuitive feeling of sympathy.

"It may not be so bad for him," replied Hal, "as it might have been for some others; for Fred says that as soon as he became satisfied that his right hand would always be useless, he went to work to practice with the left, and now he uses his sword with that as well as he ever did."

"From all you have told me of him, Hal, he must be a very fine soldier."

"He is a good deal more than that," said Hal warmly; "I will tell you the story I alluded to just now. It happened at the battle of Brandywine, and I will give it in Ferguson's own

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words to his friends, who repeated it to Fred. Ferguson said:

"'I was lying with my riflemen in the skirt of a wood, in front of our division, when a Rebel officer passed toward our army, not perceiving us. He was within a hundred yards of my right flank, and was remarkable by a hussar dress. He was followed by another officer dressed in dark green and blue, mounted on a bay horse, with a remarkably high cocked hat. I ordered three good shots to steal near to and fire at them; but the idea disgusting me, I recalled the order. The hussar in returning made a circuit; but the other passed within a hundred yards of us, upon which I advanced from the woods toward him. Upon my calling, he stopped; but, after looking at me, he proceeded. I again drew his attention and made signs to him to stop, levelling my piece at him; but he slowly cantered away. As I was within that distance at which, in the quickest firing, I could have lodged half a dozen balls in or about him before he was out of my reach, I had only to determine; but it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual who was acquitting himself very coolly of his duty—so I let him alone.

"'The next day I had been telling this story to some wounded officers who lay in the same room with me (my right arm having been shattered), when one of the surgeons who had been dressing the wounds of the Rebel prisoners, came in and told us that they had been informing him that General Washington was all the morning with the light troops, and only attended by a French officer in hussar dress, he being himself dressed and mounted in every point as I have described. I am not sorry I did not know at the time who it was.' Fred says it is just like Ferguson's noble soul to feel and act in that way."

"It certainly showed a noble spirit," I answered; "and I do not wonder that Fred has such friendship for him."

"Fred's feeling for Ferguson," said Hal thoughtfully, "is something I cannot understand unless it is that Amy loves him." As Hal spoke, I involuntarily started, but he seemed not to observe my movement and continued. "He has constantly referred to Amy's great devotion to Ferguson, and to his tender fondness for her since her childhood. He said one day, 'Since Ferguson's rescue of little Amy, he has completely monopolized my place in her heart.' Do you recollect my telling you of his finding her when she was lost in the mountains?"

"Yes," was my answer, not trusting to the steadiness of my voice to say more.

My brother was, however, too much occupied with his own thoughts to observe me, and continued: "Fred has often told me that he will never forget the appeal his dying mother made to him to be kind to his little sister; and he has always shown the tenderest affection for her. I think there is no sacrifice he would not make for her."

"Certainly," I replied; but without apparently listening to me, my brother went on speaking more to himself than to me. "I am sure it must be that Amy loves Ferguson; in fact, Fred told me so, that is, he said so many things which could not possibly be explained in any other way. He seemed to think infinitely more of the hazards and dangers of Ferguson's life than of any which might threaten his own. He said to me with the most intense feeling, 'Willingly would I give my life a thousand times over to save his; the gentlest heart in all this world would be broken if evil should befall Ferguson.' And I recall that, at that very time, it seemed that he wanted to tell me something more. 'In fact,' he began to speak but we were interrupted. I can see him now, as he stood before me, and held my hand in parting; at this moment, I can hear the tones of his voice as he spoke so sadly. He seemed greatly depressed. What troubled him more than all else was the dread that ever he should be brought face to face, as a foe, with Ferguson. He said: 'Sooner would I lift my sword to pierce a brother's heart than see death come to Ferguson. Sooner would I,

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bereaved, lay in the grave the innocent heart I have loved since its childhood than see her live with bleeding wounds which I could never heal.' His very last words were: 'I had wished to say more to you had any opportune moment been granted us; but remember, Hal, that Ferguson is dear to my heart, most dear to me.' Of course he wished to tell me that Amy loved Ferguson."

At that moment Hal's attention was required about duties which detained him during several hours—hours such as a man passes but once in his life. I know not how long I remained, as it were, benumbed, motionless, as though turned into stone; without the power of movement, without the power of feeling; a leaden weight upon my heart which had taken from it all life. There was no consciousness of suffering, for there was no consciousness of life; body and soul were stunned.

Then, as though a long absent spirit had once more returned to its abode, I seemed to hear, in the far-off distance, a voice saying, "Amy is lost," and then again, "is lost to you." I seemed then to hear myself ask in tones of mortal agony, "Is she dead?" "For you it is death," replied the voice; "for her it is not. For you will be, until the end comes, loneliness and regret; one sweet memory alone will shed light to cheer your dreary pathway; but to her will be given the joy of hope and happiness. Her pure heart gives trusting love, and by a noble soul, worthy of her, she is beloved. Let this bring comfort to your lonely heart." These last words seemed to arouse me to consciousness, as though, awakening from troubled sleep, I had heard a living voice speaking them. "Let this bring comfort to your lonely heart." Comfort, indeed! for me would be the suffering; but for her the happiness. With thankfulness must this truth be imprinted upon my soul. Hal came in hurriedly. "We are called to meet the enemy at once—at once," he cried. "Not a moment for farewell. There is a message for you to go to our mother without delay." Then he looked straight in my eyes as he clasped my hands in his: "Tell Emily that with my last breath I shall love her as I have done throughout my life." Then he was gone—gone to do battle with men, bearing in his heart deep, abiding love for one from whom death alone could part him; and I remained to do battle with the grief and despair which filled my heart. The sweetness of woman's love I should never know; for me remained only the sad hope that, conquering vain regrets and restless longings, the victory would at last be mine, when to my lonely heart I could bring peace in saying, "She loves and is beloved—in this find comfort."

In returning with my mother to Carolina, it was thought best that we should go by sea, landing at Charleston. Upon reaching this city, my mother had become so ill from fatigue and distress that we could proceed no farther on our journey. A kind welcome and tender care were both given her in the home of my father's friend and relative, Governor Rutledge, a man of unquestioned patriotism, the Patrick Henry of South Carolina.

CHAPTER XXVI

CHARLESTON FALLS AND I THROW OFF THE YOKE WHICH BOUND ME

I need not tell you the story of what took place during the months which followed. Of how Sir Henry Clinton, in the last days of the year 1779, sailed from Sandy Hook with his fleet, transporting an army; or how, while in the heavens there raged a battle of thunder and lightning, the British fleet passed Fort Moultrie, notwithstanding the heavy cannonade kept up by the gallant Pinckney and his little band of three hundred men. Of the sorrow and suffering and anguish in that beleaguered city, so long and valiantly defended, there is no need to tell. Nearer and nearer came the dreaded day of surrender. Then came the end—Charleston had fallen!

In all directions, detachments of British troops were sent to plant the

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royal standard, and overawe the people. Retiring before the advancing foe, brave Sumpter had left his home in ashes, his family destitute; he could neither place a roof over their heads nor give them food to eat. And unconquerable Marion, with a broken limb, was lying hidden in the swamps of the lower country, waiting for the day to come when side by side with those, who in the darkest hour had not bidden hope farewell, he would, with strong arm, aid in bursting asunder the chains which bound his people.

Proclamations were issued by Sir Henry Clinton requiring all the inhabitants of the province to return to their allegiance to the King, upon pain of being punished as rebels to his government. And upon the eve of his departure for New York, leaving the Southern command under Lord Cornwallis, Clinton reported to his royal master in England: "The inhabitants from every quarter declare their allegiance to the King, and offer their services in arms. There are few men in South Carolina who are not either our prisoners or in arms with us."

Dashing, tireless Tarleton and his legion of cavalry, by their unmerciful conduct and savage fury; by their almost utter refusal of quarter, had begun a war, not of bloodshed, but of extermination. Much I might tell you of those days; but there is no pleasure in depicting distress, above all, in presenting a picture of the sufferings of women and children. I only speak of these sad, heroic days; of the bloody warfare waged by men; of noble deeds of valor at this dark hour, when the shadow of despair was resting in every patriot's heart, to show how deep was the gloom which overshadowed my soul when I could look on and see all this and still be held in the thraldom of my own selfish grief.

Then it was, I said in my heart: "It is no question of her loving me. The thing is this—am I worthy ever to have loved her?" I knew that only a man—not a coward—could truly love a woman. And no true man would sit idly grieving, while his fellow-men were nobly struggling for right. I had tried to cheat myself into the belief that it was because of Amy, of my love of Amy, that all pride of manhood had left me; but I was not blind. I smiled as the thought passed through my mind that if Guy were there, and knew all, he would say: "Ned, you are no better than Adam. You are guilty of wrong and lay the blame on Amy."

Then I remembered the day we had talked of Desdemona, when I had said, "If we truly love, we would do all things to secure the happiness of the beloved one." And Amy said that would be truly noble. Did I believe it would give her happiness to know that love of her had been my undoing? Was she a woman whose influence in any man's life would be to degrade him in anywise? I could answer a thousand times—no! Her truth, her purity, her bright, tender womanliness were given by the divine Creator for the good of all who came within their influence. To have known her, to have loved her should arouse in me the noblest and best aspirations.

Then it was that I threw off the chains which bound me and bade adieu to selfish grief. My mother, who had lingered for months between life and death, but was once more restored to health and such comfort of mind and body as devoted friends could secure her, spoke no word of objection to my going where duty plainly called me; and that was to join Isaac Shelby who had come with his over-mountain men, to aid McDowell and his little band of patriots in their brave struggle to check the triumphant march of the British towards the mountains. There were none to hinder their advance but this handful of determined men.

CHAPTER XXVII

I FIGHT UNDER SHELBY

It was as though new life was given to me when once again I fought at Shelby's side. The tireless activity and energy of himself and men, marching by night, sleeping and fighting by day, aroused in me at once a

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spirit all in accord with their own. As was the custom always with the followers of Sevier and Shelby, we rode usually in the night, and rapidly, from point to point; our scouts, who were unerring in their judgment and unfaltering in their vigilance, led us to the unsuspecting foe; then dismounting, and hiding our horses in the woods, we surprised them and generally brought upon them disaster. Such was our way of harassing an enemy of much greater strength than our own; and unaccustomed to this kind of warfare they began to have a dread, if not a respect for "the yelling devils," as they called us, because we always entered upon the onslaught with a wild Indian war-whoop.

Needing nothing in the way of supplies but some parched corn in our pockets, with blankets strapped to our saddles, and our rifles in our hands, we could start on our rapid night marches at a moment's notice. In this way the celerity of our movements confounded the enemy, causing them never to know when or where to expect us. And as to the fighting—well, no man, either white or Indian, ever questioned the fighting of the men who followed Shelby; and I say literally followed, for our commander always led the way, and the hardest fighting was done by himself. So it was that at our hands the British suffered disaster at Musgrove's Mill and at other places.

I have heard Shelby tell of how, on one of these occasions, he stopped short in the fight to observe Colonel Elijah Clarke, of Georgia, as he engaged in contest with two of the enemy, either one being as strong a man as Clarke himself. One of them gave Clarke a sabre blow on the head as the other dealt him a thrust which would, but for his stock buckle, have ended his life; then with a heavy blow Clarke's sword was dashed out of his hand and he was a prisoner. Instantly, however, although disarmed, Clarke felled one of his antagonists to the ground and started the other on a rapid retreat. In this desperate way did these Americans do battle; I cannot say "fighting for their homes and their firesides," for many of them, like Clarke, knew that their homes were in ashes and their families wanderers, destitute and helpless. Such men are, indeed, terrible foes to meet.

It was on a very hot day, in the latter part of the month of August, that having been concealed in the woods all day, we started out about dark, and by hard riding went forty miles during the night. At dawn of day our scouts were sent out to reconnoiter; and we gathered information that within half a mile of us there was a well-posted body of British of twice our number. We knew it would be rash to attack them, but our horses were too much broken down by hard riding to attempt a retreat; as Shelby said, "destruction is before us and death behind." While we were consulting we heard sharp firing at a short distance, and learned that some of our scouts had encountered a patrol of the enemy. We knew there was no alternative but to stand our ground and do battle, and the first thing, as always with us, was to dismount and hide our horses in the woods in a safe place. In thirty minutes, at a place thickly overgrown with trees and underbrush, we had thrown up a breastwork of brush and decayed logs and were lying concealed behind it. Then Shelby sent Captain Inman with a squad of men to lure the enemy on and tempt them to cross the river. The ruse worked, and the British came on with charged bayonets while Inman was falling slowly back. Shelby had said to some of us, "Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes," and to others, "until you can count the buttons on their coats." You may be sure that when the right moment came our rifles did their work well. One of the Watauga boys shouted out, "I have killed their commander!" Almost at the same moment, another exclaimed, "I have unhorsed the next in command!" Then Shelby raised the yell, and the British knew who was upon them. For a time they contested the ground bravely, but soon they began

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to flee over the hills and through the woods toward the river. We rushed to our horses, and springing into our saddles dashed madly after them, as in the wildest confusion they plunged into the river.

Shelby knew that at Augusta, just fifty miles from where we then were, Cornwallis had accumulated a vast amount of military stores to be distributed among the Creeks and Cherokees; and if these could be captured it would mean freedom for a time for the settlements from Indian depredations. His decision was rapidly taken, and he was just about to give the order to advance, when a horseman covered with dust and foam came dashing up as though on an errand of life or death.

He handed Shelby a letter from Governor Caswell of North Carolina, addressed to McDowell and forwarded by him to Shelby. It had been written by Caswell on the battlefield of Camden, and told of the total defeat of the American army under Gates, the hero of Saratoga. They had been thoroughly routed and were in full retreat, and the Governor had added: "Let every separate detachment get out of the way as quickly as possible." Shelby knew the Governor's handwriting, so there was no room for doubt. Ordering the prisoners to be mounted behind our men, Shelby, with a wave of his hand, called out, "Now, boys, to the mountains!" Indeed, there was need of haste; with fresh horses and men the British were in quick pursuit of us. We had already had fifteen hours of constant marching and fighting, but taking a line as straight as an arrow would fly, we rode all that August day, that night, and the following day; never once did we draw our reins until we were sixty miles across the mountains. Then we made straight for Watauga to bear to Sevier the news of the battle of Camden, and the desperate condition of the Southern colonies; and to tell him of how Shelby had led us in our own fights and marches.

While Shelby had been gone to aid McDowell, Sevier had remained at home, fearing to leave the settlements unguarded, as there were rumors of warlike movements among the Indians. They were preparing to go upon the warpath, and threatenings were heard along the whole border country. We learned that the British were inciting them, not only to devastate the Holston and Watauga settlements, but to commit their atrocities as high up as southwest Virginia, their chief object being the destruction of the Chiswell Mine, where large quantities of lead were produced to supply the American army. The Tories of that region had also been encouraged to make an attempt upon these mines; and Colonel William Campbell of Virginia had been endeavoring with the militia of his county to suppress these Tory insurrections.

All this we knew was only a preparation for the day, when leaving Georgia and the Carolinas in chains, Cornwallis would march his victorious army into Virginia. There was nothing to obstruct his triumphal progress; all the land was at the mercy of the British. Georgia and the Carolinas were spoken of as "the lost provinces"; the mighty power across the ocean was holding us, with iron hand, helpless at her feet. Even the calm, clear eyes of Washington could see no silver lining to the dark cloud hanging over us.

This was the condition of our affairs, and all looked dark enough to have discouraged the bravest heart. But across the mountains were men resolute of nature, inured to hardship, and determined in purpose. In their hearts they had said that they would be freed from British rule. They had left home and kindred and all civilization behind them; and they had come into the wilderness, and into the midst of cruel savages, to rid themselves of the heavy hand of the oppressor; and now, in their resolute hearts was strong as ever this determination to have freedom. At a word from their leaders they were ready, in an hour, to go through the wilderness, over the mountains, through rivers and forests, find the foe and do battle

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with him whether British or their savage allies. One call from "Nolichucky Jack" and the border men would be in their saddles, for never did border chieftain lead followers loyal or more daring. Just here I must speak of what probably I have not before mentioned to you. In the attacks made against the Indians, everything depended upon the celerity of our movements; for this reason, Sevier, and also Boone and the other leaders in Kentucky, had always encouraged the introduction and breeding of fine horses, particularly those which excelled in swiftness. So it may be seen that from evil in many cases good may result; for I have often thought that if our country of Tennessee and Kentucky had not been so infested with savages, we might not to-day see grazing upon our blue grass pastures noble animals which, some day, through their progeny, will win for us a name renowned throughout the world.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE MEN OF THE BORDER GO TO SEEK FERGUSON

One day, not long after our return, Shelby came riding up in great haste to Sevier's house. I was there and upon my telling him that Sevier was not at home, he seemed greatly disappointed and said that he must see him without delay. He had already ridden forty miles from his own place at King's Meadow; but when I told him that Sevier was twenty miles away, attending a horse race, he said: "I must see him at once," and although urged to dismount and take some food, his reply was: "No, I cannot be delayed; my business is urgent." He proceeded immediately on his journey; but with a fresh horse, one of Sevier's fleetest, I soon overtook him; and as we rode along rapidly, he told me why he wished to see Sevier as quickly as possible. "A man by the name of Phillips, who lives in my neighborhood and is a distant connection of mine, said he has been paroled and sent to me by the British leader, Ferguson, to say that if we over-mountain men, or back-water men, as Ferguson calls us, do not desist from all opposition to the British arms, and take protection under his standard, he will march his army over the mountains, hang the leaders, and lay waste the country with fire and sword. As soon as I received this message, I started to see Sevier to determine what must be done."

The result of this consultation between Shelby and Sevier was a determination to march with all the men they could raise, and attempt to surprise Ferguson by attacking him in his camp, or, at any rate, before he was prepared for them; and they appointed a time and place of rendezvous. Most of the militia of McDowell's command had sought refuge with us across the mountains, and were at Watauga; and some of their officers were with Sevier at the horse race. These were seen at once by Shelby; and Sevier was to see the rest while Shelby, in all haste, was to have his own command in readiness, and also procure, if possible, the aid and cooperation of Colonel William Campbell,* of the Holston settlements, adjoining us in Washington County, Virginia.

Upon his return to King's Meadows, Shelby sent by express, by his brother, Moses Shelby, a letter to Campbell, urging him to join Sevier and himself with all the men he could raise. Campbell's home, called Aspenvale, was upon the Virginia frontier, and forty miles from Shelby's. He had married Elizabeth Henry, a sister of the great patriot, Patrick Henry, and he was lieutenant-colonel of the militia of Washington County, Evan Shelby being the colonel. Campbell's cousin, Arthur Campbell, had married his sister, and was county lieutenant, or colonel commandant.

Colonel William Campbell had been engaged with his militia in suppressing Tory insurrections and upon receiving the letter from Shelby, wrote in reply that he had already deter-

*Colonel William Campbell was the maternal grandfather of William C. Preston, of Virginia, and also of John S. Preston, of Columbia, South Carolina, whose wife was a daughter of Wade Hampton and a sister of the late General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina.

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mined to raise all the men he could and march to the southern borders of Virginia to oppose Cornwallis when he approached that state. Upon receiving this reply from Campbell, Shelby at once sent an express with it to Sevier, sending also a letter from himself stating that he had ordered every man in his county to be in readiness to march with him against Ferguson; although he so much dreaded the defenseless condition in which their families would be left, that he had despatched a second letter to Campbell, and also one to Arthur Campbell, who had recently returned from an interview with Governor Thomas Jefferson; and Shelby had laid before them, in these letters, the touching story of McDowell's followers, driven from their homes and helpless families, and also Ferguson's threats and progress.

In reply to his second appeal, Shelby received a message from both the Campbells that they would co-operate with him and Sevier; and aid their friends to return to their homes beyond the mountains; and punish their oppressors. It was agreed that one-half the militia of the county should march with Colonel William Campbell to the place of rendezvous.

This promise of aid from their Virginia neighbors brought great relief to Shelby and Sevier. The Cherokee towns were not more than one hundred miles from the frontiers of Shelby's county, and they were much nearer than that to our settlements; and we well knew that these Indians were preparing to make a formidable attack. Should there not be left a guard sufficient for their protection, the condition of our people would be deplorable.

[*To be continued.*]

THE DUST CHASER

By Wilma Jarratt Ellis

MODERN life has developed a curious creature which neither walks, flies nor creeps, but rushes, and when it is of the feminine gender, we label it the dust-chaser. Whether she existed in a prehistoric day is not known, but she is most assuredly with us to-day, and her species is multiplying rapidly. She is the woman who sacrifices everything to system and order, to spotless linen, shining silver and dustless furniture. She gauges the world of women by the kind of a house they keep and the sort of meals they serve. If she perchance belong to a club, she pays some one else to write her articles, and when she entertains its members she gives one more polishing to her furniture and adds one more dish to her menu to make up for her literary paucity. When other women are dreaming sweet dreams of motherhood, loving and praying children into the world, the poor, deluded dust-chaser is thinking how, after their arrival, they will litter up the floor and scratch the furniture. She sees not the beauty of motherhood; she realizes only the toil. Her *house* is her kingdom; her *home* an unknown realm. She knows not that woman is heir to the heritage of all the beauty of all the ages; that music, art and poetry were ever the vassals inspired and commanded by the charm of her personality. She barters the birthright of a world of intellect and beauty for the miserable mess of pottage of burrowing like a mole into the dust and dirt of life.

Oh, woman, claim your heritage! Cleanliness is right and necessary; order is heaven's first law: but above and beyond all, you are not a machine, but a wonderful human soul, capable of a development only a little lower than the angels.

A woman should be the most beautiful thing in her home. All else in it should be useful or mere accessories to show forth her grace and love-

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liness; her home should be the frame from which she stands out a living, sentient thing that all the commonplaces of life cannot make poor or sordid. There should be no picture in her home that represents more of grace and beauty than she, herself. Let the handsomest hangings drape her own form, not the windows.

Any woman can be graceful and attain to some measure of beauty if she but try. She should polish her finger nails more and her silverware less; she should put as much thought into growing roses in her cheeks as growing them in her garden. They generally grow together. If her income is small and does not permit servants, she should live in a smaller house and not make life slavery by trying to keep up appearances. There is no need that work should eliminate all that is gracious and beautiful in life. Because one is doing one's duty, is it necessary to neglect curling one's hair, or making dainty gowns, or protecting the hands, or cultivating the mind, or developing the poetry and romance of life? In truth is it not about as much one's duty to do these things as the more material ones? Of course, people are circumstanced differently, but, rather than have nothing beautiful, if one has not the true gold of life, why, gild what one has; it will brighten up things wonderfully.

Study the combination of foods, rather than the compounding of delicacies. The family will not then suffer so much from indigestion, which is the bane of our civilization and which is mainly caused by our ignorance of what foods agree with each other, and not what foods agree with one's stomach. There is entirely too much time spent on cooking. We dwarf our intellects and insult our reasoning faculties to cater to depraved tastes and out-do our neighbors. The stomach requires the major part of our poor, deluded women's lives, only to repay us by the basest ingratitude. Feed it a few, simple, wholesome things, make it a part of us, not we of it, and life will be an iridescent dream compared to what it is now. Mind, body and morals are wonderfully influenced by the kind of food we eat, but people are intellectual or strong or good in spite of our present-day method of living, not because of it. I plead for simple, wholesome food, a few dishes and those well cooked.

Have one course less for breakfast and go out and watch the dawn ride up the east. Put off the dish washing a few minutes and see the dew-mist leave the violets. If you have little ones, take them out in the evening, sometimes, and watch the stars. In the dim silence of night, in the long years after, they will remember. Take them to church, teach them to say their prayers, and yet only develop the material part, and they will never know religion. Teach them the mystic holiness of the night, the grandeur and beauty of the dawn, the God expression in flower and stock and stone, and watch the hungry souls reach up to grasp the infinite revelation!

And yet, I would not have you understand that I mean a woman's work and sacrifice have no value. The world were a barren place without the inspiration of her love—and love always means work, always means sacrifice. I only plead for wisdom, that judgment may temper work and sacrifice, else the majesty of both will degenerate into the subjection of slavery. I am but pleading for a spiritual instead of a material realm; for a world where duty need not be at bitter warfare against beauty; but pleading for a woman to come into her own, a home where she shines forth the fairest jewel, gemmed in by little children. For greater than painting or statuary to adorn a home is the beauty of children.

The grandest masters of art and sculpture have never produced one-half so lovely, so perfect a thing, as a little child. Its little foot is matchless, its little hands perfection; its little first cry, to the woman's heart attuned to God, the most beautiful symphony of all creation. And yet, with stars overhead, with flowers underneath, with the universe in our grasp, there are some with the face and form of woman whom a discerning world labels Dust-Chasers.

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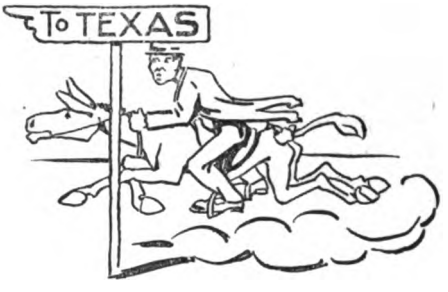
OLD WASH ON THE PANIC

"A panic," said Old Wash to me the other night, "is a invenshun uv de white man to carry out some skeme uv his own. Why, these here panics, Marse John, is as ol' as Ejup'. De Good Book tells uv a panic down dar when de lean swine et up de fat swine. Dar wuz jes' as much money in Pharo's house den es befo'—it jes' went into its hole. Prosper'ty is lak a groun' hog—hit cain't stan' to see its shadder—hit skeers him. But it don' bothah us, Marse John, fur a nigger can stan' ennything a white man can, an' eat a lot mo' things dan de white man urver dreamed uv. Fac' is, nobody enjoys a panic lak a nigger or a po' white. Hit fetches things down whar we c'n reach 'em. Why, I've been eatin' tuhkey reg'lar sence de panic, tuhkey an' spare ribs an' sausages an' beefsteaks. All uv 'em's now down to rock bottom, thank Gawd, an' I hopes dey'll stay down. Las' year tuhkeys brung twenty cents a poun' an' po' white fo'ks cudden' look at 'em. Now de farms uv Middle Tennessee is full of 'em at any ole price. An' hawg meat? Lawd! I'se greasy inside an' out!

"Panics is all right. I enjoys 'em. De good Marster put more'n enough here fur us all, an' when some uv you folks try to git it all into one barn or bin, an' let de res' uv de worl' starve, it gits de res' uv de worl' sorter suspishus, an' suspishun am de mother uv panics. Den arter you got all de po' fo'kses money in yo' banks, you claps de lid on an' sets down on it, sayin':

"'Hab conferdunce, frien's! Hab conferdunce! In God we trusts!'"

The old man laughed for a minute. "Dese bankers minds me uv a time, Marse John, when I loans my bes' mule to a preacher nigger named Luke. Luke borrowed him to ride to a deestrick meetin' in West Marshall, but he nurver stop dar, but keep on wes'ward, as fur as I could l'arn by follerin' his trail to de Miss'ippi River. I gin up bofe Luke an' de mule es lost an' nurver heerd nothin' uv 'em fer ten years. Den one day I gits a



letter f'um Luke down in de Pan Handle, an' he say:

"'Hab conferdunce, brother, I'll be back soon an' return de mule I borrered. Hab conferdunce! It am a godly virtue! Yo' brother in de Lawd, Luke.'

"I still got de conferdunce an' Luke's got de mule!

"Why, Marse John, we don't need much money here. I've knowed one baked 'possum, dressed wid sweet pertaters, to wipe out de de'ts uv a whole nigger settlement betwix' 'em. De fust nigger dat cotch it, an' dressed it an' cooked it don't hab no trouble er-passin' it to de nex' in lickerdashun uv his debt—dat wuz dead easy—speshully as ever' nigger wuz hongry an' wanted it; an' when it got to me I et it, an' eberybody wuz happy, all dey debts wuz paid, an' dah wuz plenty mo' 'possum in de woods. When dey seed how slick it wuck we 'cided f'um dat day in dat settlement we'd use baked 'possum es a mejum uv *ex*-change an' nobody nurver b'en hon-

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gry sence. Whut things we raise we trades fur baked 'possums an' keeps gwine. Hit's a whole lot better'n dese here packin' house certiferkits dat dese here white fo'ks' conferdunce banks puts out.

"I went down to de bank de yudder day an' took one uv dem packin' house scrips erlong, an' begged Marse Joe to gin me some sho' nuff money; but he tells me dat I didn't know whut I wuz talkin' 'bout, dat my packin' house certiferkits wuz a long ways better'n money.

" 'Eb'ry dollar uv 'em,' sez he, 'is wuth a dollar an' a ha'f, de money bein' dar in de bank fer to show it.'

" 'Why, look,' sez he, 'it's better'n money, I tell you.'

" 'I tell you, Marse Joe,' sez I, 'they sho' is valuble. But ef ever' dollar uv 'em is wuth a dollar an' a ha'f, as you say, hit seem to me mighty keerless uv you not to keep 'em in de bank, an' let out dat ole no-count money!'

"Wal,' sez he, 'dis thing jes' had to come. But it'll prove to be a blessin' in disgize fur it'll make Congress do somethin'.'

" 'Yes, Marse Joe,' I sez, a-scratchin' my head; *'but it 'pears lak you is settin' on de blessin'!'*

" 'Now heah, Wash,' said Marse Joe, 'I see you don't understan' this, an' I want all my bank customers, black an' white, to see jes' how it is. Now heah, it's this way: These stificates is better'n money. You comes heah with yo' check fer five dollars. I gives you two dollars in money, and three dollars in stificates which is worth mo' than the money. Now see?'

" 'Yes, Marse Joe,' sez I, 'I see—it this away: I goes to feed my ole hoss to-night. He's had nothin' to eat all day. I gives him two nubbins of cohn an' then I hangs up in his hay rack a b'utiful kromo picture called *Bringin' in de Sheaves* for him to look at. Dat orter satisfy enny hoss,' sez I, 'orten it?'

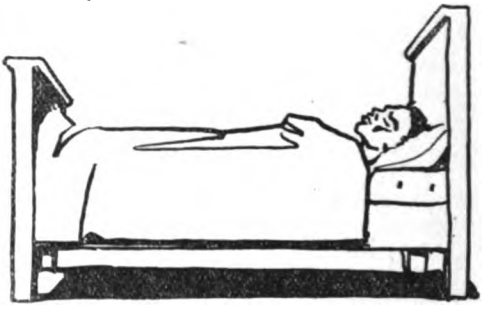
"But Marse Joe didn't see de p'int."

The old man thought a while, laughing gently.

"Dat 'minds me uv Bre'r Pete. Why, Marse John, a baked 'possum is not only de bes' mejum uv exchange in de wurl', but I've knowed one uv 'em to raise de dead! You think I'm jokin' but I ain't, ez I kin prove by eb'ry niggah in our settlement dat seed me raise dat dead nigger.

"Endurin' de wust uv de panic uv sebenty-three, Bre'r Pete, a contrairy nigger dat wuz allers hongry, an' allers dun jes' whut nobody else 'ud do, 'fused to jine wid us in our 'possum *ex*change skeme, bein' too lazy to hunt 'possum an' too contrairy to wuk in harness, an' havin' nothin' to eat, he kep' er-gittin' weaker an' weaker twell he jes' nachally died.

"I knowed how hongry he wuz befo' he died, so 'stidder buryin' him de fus' day lak his widder wanted us to



do (fur she knowed Pete wuz diff'unt, an' she'd b'en feedin' him a long time, she said, an' she didn' wanter take no risks), I 'suaded 'em to let me try my han' on Pete. Wal, we laid him out an' de niggers come fur miles to set up wid de cawpse. Ef dar is ennything a nigger laks to do, hit is to set up wid a cawpse an' go to a fun'ral. Why, I've knowed meny an' meny a niggah to die jes' to see how big a fun'ral he could hab! An' so dey wuz all dar fur to set up wid Pete. Niggers dat hadn't spoke to Pete fur ten years, niggers dat had beat him in chicken an' dog trades, niggers dat had hoodooed an' stole his fence rails, niggers dat wanted his wife, niggers dat had lied about him in de chu'ch, all wuz dar, so sorry an' yet so sati'fied.

"You couldn' see Pete fo' de gloom in dat room, he bein' nachelly black. Now, fo' I went over, I had a nice, young 'possum baked sweet an' brown in de middle uv steamin' hot yaller yam pertaters. Over all dis I had

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poured fresh butter gravy mixed wid a little barbycue sauce uv vinegar an' pepper an' big, white inguns. Dis poured over hot, raised a insense dat made mighty nigh eb'ry nigger dar drop dead wid Pete.

" 'Now, brethern an' sistren,' sez I, es I fotched de 'possum in in a big, ole-fashion' stew pan, er-steamin' an' er-splutt'rin' an' de 'possum fat sizzlin', an de 'taters sorter coughin', 'I've allus know'd dat de hair uv de dawg wuz good fur de bite. Br'er Pete, as you-all know, died uv a panic an' privashun, also uv bein' too hongry an' headstrong, a lesson fur eb'ry nigger heah, dat in time uv panic we'd bettah all pull togethah, hit bein' no time fer 'speriments wid yo' stummicks. Knowin' how hongry he wuz when he died an' whilst he lived, I'm er-gwine to see ef I kain't fetch him to life ag'in wid de same medicine, fur I don't bel'ebe enny uv Pete's orgins is out uv j'int, speshully his eatin' orgins, es his sorrowin' widder will testify when Pete wuz in his usual health an' appetite. An' whilst you-all sing dat good ole hymn:

De fat uv my possesshuns rise
Up in de nostrils of de skies,

" 'I'm er-gwine to try a little 'sperimen on Pete dat'll raise him 'f'um de daid ef ennything dis side uv Gabri'l's hawn kin do it. Jes' all stan' aside f'um aroun' de bed an' gin me air an' elbow room.'

"I raised de winder so de air 'ud blow acrost him. Dar he laid, dead as a 'Publican canderdate in Texas an' colder'n de bunions on Marse Fairbankses' toes. I felt uv 'im an' I knows. It was a fall night an' only middlin' cool, but Lawd, Marse John, when I touched him, he wuz so daid an' cold he turned de hair oil I put on my haid inter taller!

"I larned den dat a nigger dyin' uv honger dies deader an' colder dan ennybody.

"But I had a 'bidin' faith dat Pete wuz still hongry an' faith is de principullest thing in wuckin' miracles!

"I set dat steamin', stewin' pan on his chist, in his folded arms, so de win' would waft de scent acrost his face:

" 'Now, brethern an' sistren,' sez I, 'all jine in de hymn an' gin de 'possum time to wuck.'

"And den I led out, gibin' it out two lines at a time an' all uv em er-follerin':

De fat uv my possesshuns rise
Up in de nostrils uv de skies.

"I stop an' look at Pete. De hot 'possum steam wuz er-rollin' acrost his face, but he wuz still daid. I led erg'in:

De steam uv incense it am sweet,
Arise, my soul, dis scent to meet!

"Still no sign f'um Pete, so I led erg'in:

My houngry stummick yearns to see
A taste uv dis divinity!

"Pete didn' move, but I see de res' uv de congergashun wuz tur'bly 'fected. Dat 'possum wouldn't 'a' b'en dar two minits ef a cawpse hadn't 'a' helt it.

"I led erg'in, thinkin' I'd git a little more 'splicit:

What am de grejunts uv dis stew
On what I stakes my faith anew?

"Nuffin' f'um Pete:

'Possum cotch in a 'simmon tree,
Gray an' fat es he kin be.

"Dey all follered—dey moufs, lak dey eyes, waterin'.

Cooked wid 'taters, gravy brown,
Inguns wid melted butter roun'—

"Den, bless heaben! I seed de en' uv Pete's nose 'gin to wuck, jes' a little, lak a rabbit snuffin' gyarden truck.

"I fairly lif' de roof off wid de nex' lines:

Rise my soul, dese 'taters sweet,
Rise an' eat uv 'possum meat!

"Marse John, I overdone it. Fo' I could say *Amen,* I seed Pete's mouth 'gin to wuck, his eyes flew opin, he sot up in de bed, whilst eb'ry nigger dar turned summersets out'n dat doo', an' some uv 'em am er-runnin' yit!

"But Pete an' me, we et de 'possum!"

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The Voyage of the "Rebecca"

The true story of how a slave ship eluded the combined efforts of England and the United States.

By Harry Van Demark

DURING the late '50's the squadron of war vessels maintained by the United States on the coast of Africa did efficient service in co-operation with the English squadron. The slave trade had long since assumed such proportions as to be a source of great anxiety to both governments, and as far back as 1820 they had agreed by treaty that each would maintain on the African coast a squadron of at least eighty guns.

Among the American vessels detailed for this service were the frigates *Constellation* and *Vincennes,* and many and varied were the adventures which befell them. Exciting chases were the order of the day, and many slave ships were captured through their inability to outsail the war vessels.

There was one daring slaver, however, hailing from an American port and flying the Stars and Stripes, which eluded the combined efforts of the *Vincennes* and three English gunboats. This was the clipper ship, *Rebecca,* hailing from New Orleans, and may be cited as probably the only instance where a slaver neatly pulled the wool over the eyes of the United States government.

When John McDonogh, a prominent Southern planter, died in 1850, he gave freedom to his slaves, conditioned upon their emigration to Liberia after a certain period of years. The time elapsed in the spring of 1859, and arrangements were immediately concluded for their transportation.

It had been intended to send them upon a sailing packet which left Baltimore every year with a cargo of supplies and large numbers of emigrants, but the *Rebecca,* about to sail for the African coast, apparently upon a peaceful trading mission, offered an opportunity which occasioned less bother, so the McDonogh commissioners settled upon her and immediately engaged her services.

The *Rebecca's* captain, who had been trying vainly for months to secure papers which would allow him to approach the African coast unmolested, was only too glad to ship a cargo that would take him to the land of black ebony. Thus the commissioners unconsciously gave employment to one of the most notorious of slave ships, and, incidentally, caused the war vessels of England and the United States much bother.

The *Rebecca* left her wharf in New Orleans at four o'clock one evening, and the following morning was plowing the waves of the gulf. At the captain's table, beside that officer, were the first mate, a medical officer and two Spanish gentlemen who spoke very little English. These men had introduced themselves to the various members of the ship's company as

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representatives of an Havana commercial house. Only the captain and the first mate knew that they were, in reality, members of a Spanish company engaged in the importation of slaves, and were only awaiting such a time as they might be rid of the present cargo to assume command of the ship in their true colors.

On the second morning out the Spaniards held a wordy consultation with the captain to decide whether the slaves on board should be delivered to the Liberian authorities, as the contract called for, or be landed on the south side of Cuba, where they would bring a good, round sum. The Spaniards were for violating the contract and pocketing the gold realized by the transaction, but the *Rebecca's* captain, though a conscienceless scoundrel enough, was fearful lest he run his head into a noose; so he told them that he had agreed to land the negroes on the African coast and would permit no change of program as long as he was in command, and to this they were forced to submit, though they did it with bad grace.

The wind held good throughout the journey and the *Rebecca* covered an average of three hundred and thirty miles a day—a very remarkable speed for a sailing vessel. Life on board was as pleasant as could be desired, for the Spaniards had provided every delicacy necessary for the comfort of officers and crew. The negroes, unaccustomed to the motion of the vessel, soon grew sick of the voyage and the ceaseless inactivity, until finally the officers set them to laundering clothes.

On July 1, 1859, the *Rebecca,* then nearing her destination, was struck by a severe storm of wind and hail off Cape Palmas. A white mist obscured objects near the water and hid the approach of a small steamer that remained undiscovered until she had fired a blank shot for the slaver to heave to. The *Rebecca* hoisted the American flag and held her course. The steamer proved to be the English cruiser *Viper,* and when she had approached as close as was practicable, she sent an officer aboard.

He politely stated his mission, after which he was invited below where the ship's papers were produced for his inspection. This ceremony was not compulsory, for the *Rebecca* was now within the limits of the Liberian government; but the Spaniards feared they might meet the inquisitive *Viper* again, and if they now satisfied the Englishman's doubts, much inconvenience might be averted in the future.

The officer stated that he had been on the lookout for the *Rebecca,* having been informed by his government that she was a suspected slaver. He seemed greatly chagrined to find that she had on an inward instead of on outward bound cargo. He seemed also surprised to learn that the ship had reached her destination. He left after a short stay, and the *Viper* steamed off to the southward. The *Rebecca* continued on up the coast and finally dropped anchor off the mouth of the St. Paul river.

A message announcing her arrival was then sent to the authorities on shore, requesting the presence on board of the person or persons authorized to receive the ship's cargo. A Liberian officer arrived during the evening and arrangements were soon completed for the disposition of the negroes.

The Fourth of July was a Liberian "fête day," and the ship's officers received an invitation to dine with the president of Liberia and his ministers. While ashore they learned that the *Rebecca* was still regarded with suspicion, and as the *Viper* had just put in an appearance and anchored near them, it was decided to depart at once.

The last batch of negroes was landed the following morning, and at noon the *Rebecca* hoisted her anchor and sped down the bay under a full head of canvas. The *Viper,* which had steam up for any emergency, made haste to follow, only to find that the sailing ship traveled twelve miles to her eight. Before dark the *Rebecca* was hull down on the horizon.

The next day the two Spaniards appeared on deck attired in open shirts, white trousers, and red sashes.

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With silk handkerchiefs knotted about their necks, and soft felt hats sitting jauntily on their heads, they looked like typical pirates.

The crew was assembled on the after deck and the elder Spaniard informed them in broken English that he had assumed command of the ship. He said the subordinate officers might retain their positions, and that the former captain and first mate were to be advised with upon every occasion. He went on to say that the object of the voyage was to secure on the coast of Africa a cargo of negroes to be landed in Cuba. He explained that the trip was full of peril, but if successful, also full of money, but if any member of the crew desired to be put ashore, the ship would be stopped at a place where he could be landed safely and double wages to date given him. Every man expressed a desire to remain.

The *Rebecca* was several weeks in advance of the time set for the receiving of her cargo, so she sailed leisurely back and forth along the coast, taking good care to keep well out of the path of the cruisers. After some forty days of maneuvering, the ship was headed for the Congo River.

Seeing here a satisfactory signal, the captain sailed up the stream, arriving at a trading station on the following day. This move was for the purpose of deceiving the war vessels, as the *Rebecca* was yet some distance from her destination, and their caution was rewarded by the sight of a man-o'-war's long-boat which followed them up the Congo and anchored but a few feet from their bow. It belonged to the British gunboat *Tigris,* which had been warned by the *Viper* that the *Rebecca* was a suspected slaver. So the boat was sent in the *Rebecca's* wake to investigate while the *Tigris* lay near the mouth of the river to apprehend the suspect and examine her cargo as she passed out to sea.

Determined to outsail the *Tigris,* the *Rebecca's* officers got things in readiness to drop down the stream at a moment's notice. If successful in eluding the war vessel she would immediately sail down the coast to the place where her cargo lay awaiting her.

To make matters worse for the slaver, a Portuguese warship took up her station to the north of the river's mouth, and another British gunboat, the *Vixen,* to the south. With the *Tigris* in such close proximity, affairs were rather complicated. Then, as if to cap the climax, word was received on board the slaver that the *Vincennes* had also arrived in the vicinity of the Congo. Of all the vessels on the African blockade, with the possible exception of the *Constellation,* the *Vincennes* was the one the *Rebecca* least wished to meet, for the American ship was not only a formidable antagonist, but a fast sailer as well.

One morning near the first of October, the British tars who manned the *Tigris'* long-boat went ashore at the solicitation of the captain of the trading post to quell a riot among the natives, leaving but a single man on watch. This was the long looked-for opportunity and the *Rebecca* raised anchor and slipped down stream, towing the *Tigris'* boat and the lone sailor. At the river's mouth the boat was cut adrift and the slaver sped by the *Tigris* under full sail. The English vessel soon gave chase, but the fast-sailing *Rebecca* quickly demonstrated to her enemy that she was not in the race. Proceeding due west, the *Rebecca* also eluded the Portuguese ship on the north and the *Vixen* on the south.

At daylight every man Jack was employed in changing the appearance of the *Rebecca.* In a short time the ship had been painted black, and all incriminating papers, together with the American flag, cast overboard. Then the course was changed to the south where the cargo of black ebony awaited her coming.

On the afternoon of the fourth day after her escape from the Congo, the *Rebecca* again stood in toward the shore, accurate observations having been taken to the satisfaction of the Spaniards. At daybreak the ship was within two miles of the African coast. As soon as signals were displayed at

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the masthead, the beach seemed to swarm with moving objects, and soon a fleet of canoes was made out, each containing from four to six negroes. Ladders were lowered over the side of the ship and the work of taking on the cargo began.

At two o'clock, when nearly all the negroes were on board, the lookout at the masthead descried a trail of smoke on the northern horizon, and soon the *Vixen* loomed up out of the haze. The *Rebecca* continued her work until the *Vixen* was but three miles away, then the boats which had been lowered to assist the canoes were recalled and sail hoisted rapidly. The gunboat began firing solid shot, but none of them struck the slaver, and soon the *Rebecca* was bowling out to sea under a cloud of snowy canvas.

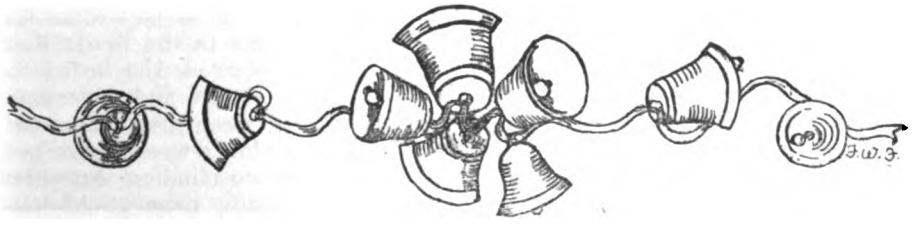
The *Vixen* continued to make futile attempts to disable her enemy, but by dark she was five miles astern and losing ground rapidly. At daylight the southeast trade wind was driving the *Rebecca* along at a fourteen-knot gait, with nothing but a thin trail of smoke on the eastern horizon to reveal the whereabouts of the *Vixen*.

The *Rebecca* shaped her course for the West Indies and near the end of October approached the Caribbee Islands. Here she changed her course so as to run between the islands of Martinique and Dominique, this being decided as the safest. Few sails were met with and these were easily avoided. About noon on the third of November, the *Rebecca* dropped anchor off her destination—a chain of six little islands running parallel with Cuba, southeast of the province of Puerto Principe.

The ship was anchored in fourteen fathoms of water and the landing of the negroes began. Two hours were necessary to put them ashore with sufficient food and sails for shelter. Then the ship's carpenter was sent below to scuttle the vessel. All the combustible material on board was collected and strewn along the decks and a match touched to it. Before the officers and men were ashore the vessel was ablaze from stem to stern. Gradually she settled, and in an hour there was nothing but a few charred timbers to indicate that there had ever been such a vessel as the slave-ship, *Rebecca*.

The members of the crew were assembled ashore and informed that a sloop had been sent for money to pay them off. The Americans were entertained lavishly by the Spaniards until the return of this little vessel some days later, when every man received more than his due in Spanish gold doubloons. The Spaniards then interested themselves in the Americans and assisted them in procuring passports with which to leave Cuba, which was accomplished after certain formalities had been complied with.

Never before in the history of the slave trade had a slaver been able to make merry at the expense of the combined fleets of England and America. The *Rebecca* was one of the last of the daring vessels which so annoyed the cruisers of both nations in the few years just prior to the Civil War.



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THE NIGHT RIDERS

By

HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD

CHAPTER XXIX

The next day the Squire was buried. The funeral seemed one of especial sadness, shadowed as it was with the stain and mystery of a dark crime, and with neither kith nor kin present to mourn, for Milton Derr was behind iron bars, and the girl flatly refused to attend the funeral, despite her mother's urging.

"I won't add a hypocrite's tears to my other shortcomings, and neither will I be a show to some folks who will go more out of idle curiosity than sympathy," said the girl, decisively, and so her mother went alone.

The toll gate was thrown open to the public during the funeral, which was no more than a proper mark of respect to the Squire's memory, for he had long been president of the road, and was a large stockholder, besides.

The day itself was one of gloom and dreariness, with low-hanging clouds surcharged with sullen rain, while at each frequent blast of wind there was a skurrying of fallen leaves, seeking, like sentient things, to find shelter from the pitiless rain.

The interment was in the family burying ground, where the first wife lay at rest, and the tall weeds and grasses of the enclosure were trampled by many eager feet.

During the services, which were held in the house, the women and children huddled together in the "best room," looking about them with awed, half-frightened faces, as if a ghostly visitant might suddenly stalk forth from out some gloomy corner, while the men stood in little groups in the hall, or the Squire's "living room," and when they spoke in low tones, it was mostly of the man within the prison cell, and little of the one within his coffin.

The coming of Mrs. Brown, unaccompanied by her daughter, gave new food for comment, and for a time following her arrival, the victim and the accused were both forgotten in the fact of the strange absence of one who might almost be called a "widowed bride."

Early that morning, on looking from the toll-house window, the first sight to greet the unhappy girl had been the hearse containing the casket for the Squire coming along the road from the town, and the sight had so unnerved her that she once more shut herself in her room, a prey to harrowing thoughts.

Long after the mother had gone to the funeral she sat motionless and dazed, listening in a sort of hopeless apathy to the sound of vehicles rolling by, carrying those to pay their last tribute of respect to the dead; then, after ages, it seemed, she heard the sound of their return, and understood that "earth had been given to earth," and still no widow's weeds were necessary for her, no blinding tears need be shed—in truth, they would have been but a cruel mockery.

She felt a profound pity for the one

NOTE.—"The Night Riders" commenced in August, 1907.

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whose life had gone out so quickly, and in so tragic a manner, yet there was a deeper pity, and—God forgive her!—a changeless love in her heart for the poor, unfortunate being, whose insane jealousy had brought him to his present strait. Yet why blame him? She, herself, was the cause of it all. She could not help but remember this; indeed, she did not wish to forget it. It was his great love for her, and her own seeming unworthiness that had wrought his ruin. She was the guilty one in the eye of God, not Milton Derr.

A day or two after the funeral, Billy West came by the gate one afternoon on his way from town, and brought word to the unhappy girl that Milton had asked to see her, and begged that she would come to the jail. He had something of importance to say to her.

"How does he look? How does he seem to bear up under the strain?" asked Sally, anxiously.

"He's broken down considerable," admitted Billy. "He looks ten years older, to my thinkin'. Of course, I said what I could to cheer him up, but I'm afraid he's got himself into a pretty bad box."

"I don't believe he did it," affirmed Sally, faintly, but she turned her eyes away as she made the denial.

"It don't look possible," agreed Billy. "It really don't. I never would have thought it of him. I hope he can prove himself clear of the deed."

"Won't you ask Sophronia to come by to-morrow and go with me?" asked Sally, thoughtfully, "I hate to go alone."

"Yes, to be sure," answered Billy, "I'll ride over to-night an' see her."

On the morrow Sophronia came. Mrs. Brown at once suspected Sally's motives in going to town, and when she put the question point-blank to her daughter, Sally frankly confessed that she was going to see Milton.

"Sally Brown!" cried her mother, with her hands upraised. "The idea of your standin' there, an' tellin' me you air goin' to see that miserable murderer, that's not only cheated you out of a good husband, but out of a lot o' property besides. He ought to be hung, an' you know it!"

"He sent for me, and I'm going," answered Sally, simply.

"Well, go!" cried her mother, wrathfully, "go! an' soon folks will be sayin' that, like as not, you also had a hand in gettin' the Squire put out of the way. It seems a hard thing to say about your own child, but I declare it begins to look like it," added Mrs. Brown, bitterly.

Quick upon the words the girl's eyes flashed forth something of the indignation she felt at their cruel significance, and an angry torrent of denial rose to her lips, and yet it was suddenly stayed by an inner voice that seemed to say—"Who but you has brought it all about?"

She did, indeed, have a hand in it, but not in the way her mother suggested. Sally turned away and made no answer.

When she was brought face to face with the prisoner, the gloom of the place, the grated cell, the dismal air of confinement, burst upon her in startling reality, and forced on her lively imagination the full significance of her lover's peril.

Milt looked pale and careworn, while in his dark eyes lingered the look of the hunted, supplanting the frank, free gaze they had worn in his careless freedom. He was a prisoner, and the sweet freedom of the hills was no longer his portion. It was some moments before the girl could trust herself to speak, and in Milt's eyes there also lingered a suspicious moisture.

The jailer and Sophronia had discreetly withdrawn to the further end of the dim corridor, and were talking over Milton's case in low voices of deep concern.

"Sally," said the prisoner, in an undertone that reached only her ears, "I have sent for you to put myself right in your eyes. After what happened the other night, and what I had said to you in my ungovernable jealousy, there's only one thing you could think of me in connection with this miserable affair, and I can't blame you in the least for thinking it. You, of all oth-

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ers, have the best right to call me a murderer, but as God in heaven is my judge, I swear to you, by the sacred memory of my dead mother, that I did not commit that crime!"

"I couldn't bring myself to believe you would do so dreadful a thing," said the girl, tearfully, looking into his dark eyes with the mists of doubt clearing her own, despite all the damaging circumstances.

"I didn't do it!" asserted Milt, vehemently. "I know that everything points to me as the guilty man, in your eyes, at least, but I am not guilty. It is true that I was in a frenzy, and quite beside myself with anger when I made those foolish threats. If I could have met my uncle, then and there, I think I could have throttled him and been glad of the chance.

"Before I had gone half the distance to his house, I began to understand what a fool I had been, and I was half tempted to turn back and beg your forgiveness, but pride would not let me, and I walked on almost to my uncle's gate that leads into the avenue.

"As I walked along, I began to reason more calmly with myself. Why should I burden my soul with a crime on account of a woman that had treated me thus falsely? What good could come of it? I was a fool for ever coming back. I should have stayed when once I had gotten safely away.

"To be seen in this locality was only courting death, not only for myself, but for Steve Judson, who had befriended me. After the risk he had run to save my life, it would be perfidy to bring vengeance on his head by my return. I truly hope he has left this part of the country since they have caught me," added Milton, earnestly.

"While I was thinking over all these things," he continued, "I heard a horseman coming along the road, and fearing that a flash of lightning might reveal my presence to some one I knew, I hastily climbed a fence opposite my uncle's place, and started off across the country in the direction of Grigg's Station, fully determined that I would take the first train possible, and forever leave this spot.

"Imagine my consternation when I was arrested the next morning, charged with the very crime I had threatened to commit the night before in my blind passion.

"I could scarcely believe that it was not some hideous joke that was being played on me, as a just punishment for my wicked thoughts, and when they told me my uncle was dead—murdered—and that I was accused of the crime, my own actions must have led them to believe me guilty. I almost began to wonder, if, in some insane moment of self-forgetfulness, I could really have committed the deed. Then calmer judgment came to my rescue and proclaimed my innocence. This is the truth, the whole truth, of that wretched night, Sally!" cried Milt.

"I believe you, every word" said the girl simply.

"That is why I sent for you. I wanted you to know the full facts in the case. If you believe me innocent, I can stand the censure of the whole world."

"And now that the Squire is dead, and can no longer harm you, I, too, have something to confess," admitted the girl. "I am now free to tell why I promised to marry him. I did it for your sake, Milt."

"For my sake!" he echoed.

"Yes, the night the New Pike gate was attacked, your hat was found near the toll-house, in the dusty road. Don't you remember you had written both our names under the lining the day of the picnic last September? Squire Bixler had that hat in his possession, and was taking it to town to give it to the officers. I knew if they closely examined the hat, they would find our names, and I knew you would be arrested and sent to prison. So I promised to marry the Squire if he would give me up that hat, and let you go free."

"And you did this for my sake?" asked Milton Derr, falteringly. "Sally! Sally! can you ever forgive me?" he cried penitently.

But even as he looked, pleadingly, anxiously, into her upturned face, the light of forgiveness had already illumined the gentle, tear-dimmed eyes.

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CHAPTER XXX

The fall term of court was now in session, and Milton Derr was put on trial for his life.

The case, deeply tinged with romance and mystery, aroused a lively and unusual interest, both in the town and county, and during the progress of the trial the courtroom was crowded with interested spectators.

While the prisoner had seemed at first both careless and indifferent regarding his fate, now, since his interview with his former sweetheart, he began to feel a strong and urgent desire to prove his innocence, and to do what he could to help clear the mystery of the murder.

The girl had given him a point to unravel.

"Do you remember telling me that a horseman came down the road the night you were near the Squire's gate?" she asked of Derr on her second visit to the jail.

"Yes, it was the fear of meeting this horseman, and perhaps being recognized by him in the lightning's sudden glare, that led me to quit the highway and take to the fields."

"Well, that horseman never passed me, and I feel sure he never passed through the New Pike gate," said Sally, thoughtfully. "I waited in the road some little time, hoping you would turn back, and even after I had gone to bed it was a long time before I fell asleep. I heard no sound of passing. Whoever that rider was, he stopped at, or near Squire Bixler's place, and came no further. If we could manage to find out who this person was, the mystery of the murder might be solved."

There was little evidence to be introduced on either side during the progress of the trial, and what little there was helped to weigh against the prisoner. His movements at Grigg's Station were those of a man striving to avoid notice, indeed, his whole bearing before and after his arrest was that of a guilty person seeking to make good his escape.

The accused offered no explanation of his presence at the station, where he was on the point of buying a ticket to the West when arrested. To have done so he would have had to disclose his connection with the raiders, the cause of his flight and return, and his presence in the immediate neighborhood of his uncle's farm on that fatal night.

He was in an unfortunate position, it seemed, when everything appeared to work to his disadvantage, and help throw suspicion on his movements, and yet he dared not turn the needed light on them. He knew he was safe, so far as Sally was concerned, in regard to meeting her at the toll-gate, and the idle threats he had uttered against the Squire in the first heat of passion and jealousy.

His enmity toward his uncle was too well known, however, to escape comment, and was easily proven, along with sundry angry words he had uttered against his kinsman when first he had left his uncle's roof, words that had lost nothing of their sharpness by the lapse of time, and were now repeated with such embellishments that even the speaker had difficulty in recalling or recognizing the original form in which they had been first uttered.

Moreover, the great benefits that the nephew would derive from his uncle's death, should it occur before a marriage could take place, were clearly brought forth, and a strong incentive shown for the commission of such a deed, at the especial time it occurred —the eve of the Squire's wedding.

When the evidence had been gathered—it was scant enough at best, and sadly damaging,—the case was presented to the jury by the speakers on each side, with facts so skilfully juggled, now and then, that an impartial listener would scarcely know how to place them aright.

Sometimes flowery rhetorical effects were used where facts were few, that words might count instead, until there seemed never to have lived so just, upright and beloved a man as the squire, or so damnable and bloodthirsty a villain as his nephew.

Sally came to court each day, along with Sophronia and her father. The

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three sat anxiously throughout the trial, hopeful and despondent by turns, as the prisoner was upheld or denounced, one hearer, at least, never wavering in the belief of his innocence from beginning to end.

Late one afternoon the case was finished and submitted to the jury, but scarcely a soul quitted the courtroom, so deep an interest was felt, each one remaining, impatiently waiting for the verdict, which might come early or late, no man knew.

When the doors had closed upon the retiring jury, the Judge picked up a newspaper on his desk, and leaning back in his chair began to read, while Sally, noting the act, wondered within herself how one could seem so calm and indifferent, when a man's very life hung trembling in the scales of justice. Her own brain was in a whirl of excitement and anxiety. She was scarcely able to think connectedly, and to her narrowed range of thought it seemed the very world must pause in anxiety while so weighty a matter was in the balance.

The afternoon grew on apace. The dull gray shadows within the corners of the courtroom deepened and spread until the rows of expectant faces became a blurred and indistinct mass, except where the bands of light, falling through the windows, gave them a certain ashen pallor.

Once or twice Mr. Saunders moved uneasily in his seat. He knew it was growing late, with many things at home demanding his attention—the stock to be fed, the horses watered, the night's chores to be done—yet he felt he could not pull himself away until he had heard some message from the jury room, either of good or evil.

The others waited, too. A vague hum of voices talking in low undertones gradually overcame the quiet that had fallen on the waiting crowd, and from time to time anxious and impatient glances were shot toward the closed doors, through which the jury were to come.

The gray evening shadows without, presaging the approach of night, perhaps the prisoner's doom, silently crept into the room, mingling with the gloomier shadows within the building. Presently the janitor came and lighted some ill-smelling lamps, one upon the Judge's desk, the others clinging to the grimy walls, and soon these lights began to struggle through the smoky chimneys, striving against the deepening shadows in unequal battle, as the good frequently combats with the evil in our natures.

At last, after interminable hours of suspense, it seemed to the waiting girl, the slow tramp—tramp—of the jury down the stairway from the room above, struck her expectant ear like the doleful tread of a funeral procession. Nearer and nearer came the sound, then the courtroom doors were thrown open, and the twelve men entered, two by two, and quietly took their places in the jury box.

The Judge had laid aside his paper, and was leaning attentively on the desk, while every neck was craned forward in eager expectancy. A profound hush fell, and each ear was bent to hear the verdict, whose grave import many already guessed. Those in the rear of the room were tiptoeing and peering anxiously over the heads of the ones in front, while a few who had been waiting on the outside of the building now hurried in and pressed quickly forward.

Sally sat immovable, her hands clenched tightly in an agony of cruel suspense, her heart-throbs sounding in her ears like funeral bells, her face immobile as stone. She had given one swift, piercing look toward the jury as they entered, as if to read in advance the verdict they had brought, and the grave, stern faces she saw froze her very heart with the dire import of that verdict. From the jury her eyes had centered on the prisoner, who had lifted his head, and was calmly awaiting the words that were to give him freedom, or—he dared not think further — life had suddenly grown very sweet to him.

The clear voice of the judge broke in upon the profound silence that had fallen on the entrance of the jury:

"Gentlemen, have you found a verdict?"

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"We have," the foreman answered. "The Court is ready to hear it."

The foreman stepped forward, and, clearing his throat, began to speak: "Your Honor, we, the jury, find the prisoner is"—

A slight commotion made itself manifest at the door of the courtroom. The judge cast an inquiring glance in its direction, and rapping sharply on his desk cried out:

"Silence in Court!"

The noise increased. A voice was heard calling, "Hold! Hold!"

At the sound, Sophronia turned quickly and looked in the direction whence it came. Billy West was calling out, and pressing through the crowd, holding aloft a legal-looking document which he waved excitedly toward the judge.

"Hold, your Honor!" he cried again. "Stay the proceedings of the Court! An innocent man is on trial! I have here a sworn confession from the one who killed Squire Bixler. It was Steve Judson. Steve was shot about noon to-day by Jade Beddow, who was also killed in the fight. Steve sent for me to come an' bring a notary public along.

"Here is Steve's dyin' statement. Squire Bixler owed him some money and refused to pay it. Steve went to his house that night to collect it, and in a quarrel that followed, he stabbed the Squire. Milton Derr had nothin' to do with the crime. He's innocent!"

The excited messenger strode forward and thrust the paper he carried into the outstretched hand of the Judge. A wave of surprise swept over the courtroom, and the murmur of voices grew louder until it finally broke into a loud cheer of victory for the prisoner.

After the introduction of this new testimony, the jury promptly retired, and in a few moments brought in a verdict of "Not guilty."

In all the confusion that arose with the clamor of many voices around him, Milton Derr seemed to hear but one faint voice close to his ear, to feel the pressure of one gentle hand alone, to look into but one pair of tender, truthful eyes—all the rest was but a blurred and indistinct memory.

The End

TO THE POLE

What shall claim the hero's zeal
  Now the war-drums are at rest?
Roar of cannon, bugle's peal
  Stir no more the soldier's breast.
All the giants fled amain
  When Columbus crossed the wave:
All the dragons long are slain,—
  What the quest of warrior brave?

As the trembling steel responds
  To the magnet's subtle thrall,
As the tree-blood bursts its bonds
  When the spring begins to call,
He whose soul is with the North,
  Who the auroral madness knows,
By its spell must venture forth
  To the enchanted land of snows.

Past the gulf's enwinding stream,
  Past the bounds of crag and foam,
Where the eternal glaciers gleam
  And the sirens have their home.
What is life? 'Tis but a breath,
  Time to joy and time to grieve.
For the soul there is no death;
  He who dares, he shall achieve!

Sarah D. Hobart.

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TOM'S LAST FURAGE

By John Trotwood Moore

"Tom's Last Furage," with its interesting history, is published at the instance of numbers o. readers, it being a singular fact that no copy remains of any magazine which has used it. No week passes but some request is made for this story, our former edition being exhausted. It will be incorporated in Mr. Moore's next volume of short stories, but will not appear separately again.

PUBLISHERS TAYLOR-TROTWOOD.

MANAGER'S NOTE. — (In *Trotwood's Monthly*, June, 1906.) There has not been a week since we commenced to publish this magazine that we have not received one or more letters asking us to reproduce "Tom's Last Furage," it never having been published in any of Mr. Moore's books, and hence being inaccessible in permanent form. In compliance with these requests we reproduce the story, together with a note by the autho , as it appeared in the *Olympian Magazine*. Since that publication the old Judge, after serving a quarter of a century as Judge of the Black Belt Circuit, died in harness, while holding court in Greensboro, Alabama, April 27, 1904. It is said that no judge ever lived in Alabama who held so generally the love and affection of all the people, white and black, as did Judge Moore. It seemed almost incredible that the last time he was re-elected to office, in a general election, in which all parties were represented and all classes of men voted, of the 9,500 votes cast Judge Moore received all but one.

Speaking of his death the Birmingham *News* said:

"In his death, the last link of the old leaders of just after the war, passed away, honored, loved, lamented sorely; not only by his home and district, but by the whole South. As his pastor said at the funeral, 'Let us pray God's guidance to fill his place, not only as a jurist, but in the hearts of his people.'"

A few years ago William Jennings Bryan related the story of "Tom's Last Furage," in an after-dinner speech, and said it expressed more clearly the relationship existing between the old Southern gentleman and his slaves than any story ever written.

Peace to the ashes of so noble a man! The old Judge has passed into the beyond. May he meet and know all whom he loved here, even Tom.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—(In *Olympian Magazine*, October, 1903.) This story was first published in the *Horse Review*, of Chicago, December, 1897, but in December, 1899, it was plagiarized by some writer whose name, I am glad to say, I have forgotten, and published in *Munsey's Magazine* under the title of "Jim's Defense." Mrs. Frances Herrick Fowler, the gifted California writer, called Mr. Frank Munsey's attention to the plagiarism and he very promptly wrote me a letter of apology. Since then so many public readers and even negro minstrel companies have used the story, giving credit to the plagiarized form, that, at the earnest request of the editor of *The Olympian*, I am permitting it to appear again in its true form.

A coincidence so amusing occurs in the plagiarism that I shall mention it. The story is an incident in the life of my father, Judge John Moore, still judge of the Black Belt Circuit of Alabama, and Tom's homecoming, bringing my father's saddle, clothes, and sidearms, is the first distinct memory of my life. In plagiarizing it the writer in *Munsey* did little less than change the names, and in doing so he changed "Miss Mary" to "Miss Emily" (my mother's name), thus unintentionally giving the characters their true names.

Columbia, Tenn., October, 1903.

TOM was a sly, rollicking rascal of a darky, with a catfish smile and a jaybird eye. He was ever ready for a laugh, a joke, a drunk, or a profession of religion. He would spend his nights as quickly in a bar-room as at a prayer-meeting, and by day he was equally as ready to battle for politics as for religion. But his strong card was the telling of his wonderful experiences "endurin' de wah," whither he went as a body servant to "Marse John"; and his "hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent

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deadly breach" would have put a flush of envy on the dusky cheek of Othello himself. But Tom's fighting was now mostly under his tongue, and, like many who are yet wearing the blue and gray a full generation after all hostilities have ceased and when all animosities should long ago have ceased with them, Tom's war spirit increased as the square of the distance from the crack of the last cannon. From his own statements there could be no doubt that, besides actually participating in every battle of the Civil War, the Confederate forces were maintained in the field as long as they were, entirely on account of his own skill and genius as a "furager."

His other weakness was his habit of disputing upon questions theologic. In this he was peculiarly strong; for, if the discussion waxed hot, and he found he could not convince his hearer with words, he did not hesitate to smite the centurion's ear, or bite off his nose; and as his war record among the darkies was already Achillean and his fistic abilities unquestionable, there were few who were willing to "spute de p'int wid 'im." His great argument was the efficacy of faith over work, and he was so scrupulously religious in his belief that he finally ceased to work altogether, while it required but the spirit of a July sun and a weedy garden to set him to arguing with renewed zeal.

Now, a man is what his beliefs make him; and so the effect of Tom's belief developed one virtue truly apostolic; he took no thought for the morrow, what he should eat or drink; he carried no scrip in his purse, and, at the beginning of this story, he had not even a change of raiment.

But his staunch friend was "Marse John," the old Judge, who had long been Judge of a Circuit Court in Alabama—so long "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," as the law books have it. The old Judge was a good man and a good Judge—so just that the poorest and the blackest negro, when jerked up before his bar, never failed, equally with the richest and the whitest man in the district, to get that justice to which he was entitled. Nay, more; for in the dignified old gentleman who looked down upon him, pitying him in his environments of ignorance and poverty, and scrutinizing the evidence brought out by the wily lawyers with an alertness that reminded one of an eagle on his aerie watching the sly maneuverings of a congregation of foxes below, the poor wretch often unexpectedly found a strong and stubborn friend. And if the evidence contained but the germ of a doubt in the prisoner's favor, he promptly got the benefit of it, though often, to get it, the old Judge had to bring to bear in the case the guns of his own learned and analytical mind. As he grew older, he continued to fight for truth with a zeal that seemed to increase with the silver of his locks, and he would acquit Innocence though the hangman's rope was already around her neck.

The old Judge's influence in the district was wonderful, as is always the influence of truth and strength. Though unpretentious and often silent, not all the moralists of the circuit could have spun the woof that was in the warp of his work.

Tom had belonged to the old Judge "befo' de wah," and had gone through that fiery ordeal with his master. There is a peculiarly strong bond existing, in the South, between the master and the servant who have thus faced death together.

And so the old Judge now stood up for Tom through thick and thin, and while he openly lamented Tom's worthlessness, secretly he never failed to come to his assistance when in trouble or supply him and his family with food when hungry. If Tom got in jail, he "saunt for Marse John," who quickly bailed him out. If, in a religious scrimmage with another darky, he adopted the warlike methods of Peter, and was fined for assault and battery, he "saunt for Marse John," who, after listening to his tale, paid his fine before the Mayor, and turned him loose, to the terror and dismay of all the other darkies who

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differed with him religiously. If he even concluded that marriage was a failure (and the Chancery Court records will show that he did so conclude several times during the first thirty years after the war), he "saunt for Marse John," who, after listening to his tale, must have concluded that the poor woman was entitled to a divorce, whether Tom was or not; for he never failed to go Tom's security for the costs and the $15 lawyer's fee—all that is required in the black belt of Alabama to enable two yoked-up darkies to separate, and then proceed to make themselves miserable again in another effort to solve the problem. This last act raised the old Judge among the gods, in Tom's estimation; there was nothing, he thought, Marse John couldn't do. The man who could thus sunder bonds that God had joined together, possessed, in Tom's opinion, a few almighty attributes himself.

Therefore, Tom went on, in spite of the old Judge's talks, admonitions, and even threats, until one day something happened. The grand jury returned a true bill against Tom for hog stealing. Now, the old Judge would do anything in the world for Tom outside of his own court, but when Tom got into that temple of justice, he found himself among the laws of the Medes and Persians—and he knew it. If that true bill, properly drawn up by the solicitor and signed by the foreman of the grand jury, had indicted the old Judge's own son, he would have tried him as calmly as Brutus did his boy of old.

But if Tom was in great danger he never troubled himself about it in the least. Throughout the trial he sat with the air of one who considered he was being highly honored to be tried by "Marse John," and in the depths of his face was a secret exultation that foreshadowed a complete, a startling, and even a sensational exoneration.

He had stolen the shoat from "the majah," the old Judge's neighbor, and the major made out a plain, deadshot case against Tom. In fact, several colored witnesses, led by the centurion's servant, as aforesaid, and others who differed with Tom religiously, had even waylaid and watched the defendant and seen him take the shoat and carry it to his own cabin.

In his own behalf Tom said nothing, but sat with a broad and knowing grin on his face, and in his eyes the look of one who, beside having a straight flush in his hand, held a royal one up his sleeve. His lawyer made a feeble effort at defense, and, after submitting a charge or two to the old Judge, who promptly overruled them, the jury was duly charged, retired, and quickly brought in a verdict sentencing Tom to five years in the penitentiary. This made Tom chuckle outright; he almost split his sides in quiet laughter, to the disgust of the court and the astonishment of his own lawyer.

"Stand up, sir!" gruffly thundered the old Judge. Tom arose with his broadest grin and most waggish air.

"Have you anything to say why this sentence should not be passed upon you?" said the Judge, looking sternly at the prisoner.

And then came a rich scene.

"Look er-heah, Marse John—he! he! he!—I sutn'y am s'prised at you—he! he! he!—to sot up dar on dat bench, an' heah dis jury scan'lize my rippertashun lak dat, an' den you turn roun' dar, so sassy-lak, in dat cheer, an' ax me whut I got ter say erbout it—he! he! he! Marse John, whut you mean by doin' dis er-way? Jes' tell me."

The old Judge turned red with anger.

"Mr. Sheriff," he thundered, "take this prisoner to jail!"

For a moment Tom was thunderstruck. Could it be possible Marse John really meant it? Was Marse John, the only white friend he had, about to desert him? Quickly he changed his tactics. He had tried his straight flush and had failed. Now for the one up his sleeve.

"Hol' on, Marse John! hol' on!" Tom cried, dropping his funny ways and assuming a look of intense ear-

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nestness and desperate seriousness. "You dun ax me now, an' if nuffin' else gwi' do you, I hafter tell you whut I do kno' erbout it. An' you'll 'skuze me, Marse John, ef I happens not to be mealy-mouf 'bout tellin' it, nurther; fur you makin' me do it, whuther-no. But I wants you, gen'l'-men uv de jury, an' de shur'f dar, an' dese lawyers heah, an' all uv you, to b'ar witness to de fac', dat Marse John dun fotch all dis row down on hisse'f, befo' all dese heah folks heah, er-tryin' to scan'lize my rippertashun. 'Stid uv sayin' to you-all at the berry fus' befo' dis row was urver started: *'Gen'l'm'n, dese seedlin's am squash, an' dis ole nigger kin go!'* he sot up dar on dat ar bench an' kerry dis thing on, an' kerry it on' an' aig you-all on, and aig you on, er s'archin' an' er' s'archin' an' er axin' questions, an' er nosin' roun' in my privut bizness twell you-all, gen'l'm'n jes' bleegeter go out an' fotch in dis heah vurdick —an' I don' blame you-all 'tall, gen'l'-m'n; I don' think hard uv you 'tall. But I sutn'y wuz s'prized at Marse John, when he turn roun' so sassy-lak in dat ar cheer uv his'n, much es ter say: *'You ole rascal, I got you now! Whut you gotter say erbout it?'*

"Erhuh! Erhuh!" said Tom, chuckling and scratching his head in deep thought. "Wall, suh, heah's whut I gotter say erbout it: Uv ko'rse I tuck de majah's little bitter ole po' shoat! But I jes' swap fur 'im, an' de majah kno' es well es I do I wuz gwi' gib 'im ernudder one back dis fall, soon es my ole sow hed pigs—an' er heap better shoat den I got f'um 'im, too; fur, es you-all kno', my ole sow is three-quarters Burksheer, an' 'fo' Gawd, gen'l'm'n, es I stan' heah on my oaf, 'kordin' ter de supervisement uv Marse John, ter tell you-all whut I kno' 'bout dis thing, dat wuz de littles', bitteres', no-countes' pig I urver swap fur in all my life! Gen'l'-m'n, he didn' make even one good meal fur de old 'oman an' de ten older chilluns, let 'lone de two twinses, de Majah an' de Jedge. We had ter put dese ter bed befo' supper, by tellin' 'em we gwi' hab de pig fur bre'kfus', an' ter make 'aste an' go ter sleep so es ter wake up soon in de mawn-in' an' git dey sheer. Arter dey went ter sleep, we greased de Majah an' de Jedge's moufs wid sum cracklin' skin, an' put er plate ob rib-bones an' scraps by de baid, an' de naixt mawnin' when dey wake up, we tell 'em dey dun eat dey part whilst dey sleep, an' dey b'leeve it ter dis day! Now, ain't dat er hawg fer ter be kickin' up sech er dust erbout? Ef it ain't so, gen'l'm'n, an' dat wa'nt de littles' razzerback I eber swap fer, den I ain't nurver stole hawgs in Georgy!

"Erhuh! Erhuh!" said Tom, reminiscently again. "Nurver stole hawgs in Georgy? Hi-yi-ee! An' now I'm gittin' dar, is I? But b'ar in min', gen'l'm'n, Marse John dun fotch all dis down on hisse'f. I'd nurver tole on 'im—no! not eben at de jedgment mawn—don't keer how hard ole Gab-ri'l keep tootin' 'is hawn, an' er-look-in' at me so s'archin' lak wid his fiah eyes, an' er-sayin': 'Tawm, whut you kno' 'bout hawg-stealin' in Georgy?' An' I'd jes' say: 'Nuffin', Marse Gab-ri'l, nuffin', 'tall, suh, Gawd bless you, Marse Gabri'l: nurver wuz in Georgy in my life, suh, Gawd bless you!' But I can't say dat now no more, gen'l'm'n, 'kase Marse John hisse'f dun ax me ter tell whut I kno' 'bout it!

"Gen'l'm'n, when I fus' went ter de wah wid Marse John, fer ter wait on 'im, I wuz es hones' es de noonday sun; but I didn't bin in de wah six weeks befo' I'd steal ennything f'um er saddle blanket ter de hoss dat wuz under it; ennything f'um er hen-aig ter de guv'ment steer! An' why? 'Kase Marse John dar had ter hab sumpin' n'ur ter eat. You think I gwi' see my young Marster starve ter de'f er-fightin' day an' night, wid no chance ter git nuffin' ter eat, an' er-libin' on parch' cawn an' Georgy branch water, an' hit er-smellin' uv de week's washin' uv de po' Georgy white trash up de creek, allers er-washin' dey clothes in it? Ruther walk five miles ter wash dey clothes in er branch den ter hab somebody wash 'em fur

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'em in er silver-lined wash-tub. You think I gwi' see 'im starve, I say, jes' on 'count uv er little 'lig'us skooples? Menny an' menny a mawnin', suh, Marse John 'ud git up f'um camp so hongry an' weak he couldn't hardly walk, an' say: 'Tawm, you black raskil! did you furage enny las' night?' (He call it *furagin'* den' gen'l'm'n!) An' I'd laf an' say: 'Marse John, you kno' you ain't nurver gin me no money fur ter git ennything!' An' den he'd laf an' say: 'G'long, you sly raskil' an' fotch in my bre'kfus'!—jes lak he wuz orderin' it f'um er rest'rant. An' den I'd laf an' fotch 'im out de sawf'-b'iled aigs, an' de br'iled chicken, an' de home-made Georgy-kyored ham, an' de biskits. An' fo' Gawd, gen'l'm'n, in all dat campane I nurver knowed 'im ter challenge de rig'larity uv his empanelmen' nur ter s'arch too close inter de whar'fo' uv de fotchness. Nur did I eber kno' 'im ter go out an' hab er jury uv twelve men fotch roun' ter de tent ter hol' enny inques' ober de remains uv dat fellerny, wid er leetle ole s'archin' lawyer fur ter ax queschunes, an' keep er-hintin' 'bout stealin', and de pen'tenshury, an' all dat! No, suh, gen'l'm'n; stid uv all dis hooraw an' red-tape, he'd jes' smile all ober an' fall to an' say: 'Gawd bless you, Tawm; you is er jewel, an' no mistake.' "

Here Tom turned fiercely to the Judge.

"Now, whar'd dem aigs cum f'um, Marse John, an' dem chickens? Whar'd I laf an' tell you dey cum f'um? Ax de Georgy hen-roosts f'um Ringgold ter Dalton. An' whar'd dem home-kyored hams cum f'um? Ax de smoke-houses uv de widders in de mountings f'um Chat'nooger to Atlanter! Erhuh! 'Twuz furagin' den, wuz it? An' it wan't no harm fur ter eat de po widder's las' ham, er slorter de chickens uv de innercents, long es you didn't pull 'em yo'se'f? Erhuh? An' I ax yer right now, gen'l'm'n ef he didn't read outen de book dis mawnin' mos' Solomonly, an' 'splain to you-all mos' capisly, dat de 'sessery to de crime mos' de same es de 'sessor? Erhuh! 'Scuse me, Marse John, fer recognizin' dis thing so p'intedly, but you kno' yo'se'f you tell me mos' p'intedly ter tell whut I kno' er-bout it, an' I'm 'bleege ter do it! Ole Gabri'l hisse'f c'u'dn't made me do whut you kin!

"An' dar's de majah, er-settin' an' er-smilin' an' er-aigin' dis thing on. Mebbe he'd lakter kno' whut I gotter say erbout it! Lemme ax yer, majah, ef yer disremembers de week befo' de battle uv Resakker, an' dat mawnin' you cum ober ter me an' Marse John's tent an' say: 'Tawm, you theevin' son uv darkness, me'n yo' Marse John wanter hab little Jo, an' Gin'l Cheat'm, an' Pat Claybu'n, ober in de tent fer supper ter-morrow, fer we're all hongry an' want sump'n fit ter eat. We can't fight fureber on er empty stummic. Now, you jes' git on my hoss, ter-day, an' git er huff on you, you black scamp, an' go up in dese hills an' hollers, an' bring in sump'n' fit ter eat in hair, hide or feathers—jes' make dese Georgy hen-roosts howl! Git us sump'n' fit fer de men dat's gwineter eat it, Tawm, fer yo' rippertashun es er furager is sho' at stake!'

"Erhuh! Erhuh! You ain't furgot dat, is you, majah, ner de supper I got up fer you-all? Er whole b'iled ham—I stole dat f'um er widder-womern's smokehouse whilst I wuz er-pricin' aigs wid her, an' er-watchin' de lay uv de hen-house, er-waitin' fer de moon ter go down. Er tucky gobbler which I mistuck an' shot fer er wild one, meanderin' roun' in er meader in front uv er awf'm 'sylum. Biskits f'um flour I got outter er mill dat seem ter kinder run itse'f, an' two gallins uv mountain dew I stole outen er hard-shell preacher's cellar. An' when all de gin'r'ls dun sot roun' de pine boards I fix up fer er table, an' I fotch all dem things in, smokin' hot an' smellin' lak er supper in heaben, didn't all de gin'r'ls' eyes sparkle lak di'mon's? An' little Jo he up an' say:

'Why, majah, you ax us ter *supper*, an' sot us down ter er *banquet!* Whar in de worl you git all dis?'

"An' den you wink yo' eye at Marse John, an' say:

" 'Gin'r'l Johnson, ef you'd jes'

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'p'int dat nigger Tawm, dar, Cheef uv de Commissary Departmen' uv de Army uv Tinnuhsee, we'd nurver go hongry enny mo', an' we'd whip Gin'-r'l Sherman in two weeks!'

"An' den you all laf, an' went to eatin'.

"Erhuh! Ain't dat so? An' lemme ax you, majah, whut's de diffunce in furagin' in wah an' in peace? An' s'pose sum thirty years arter de wah me an' my fambly 'bout to starve, an' I heah de chillun cryin' fur sumpin' ter eat, an' I goes by yo' lot sum dahk night er-kinder dreamin' all de time an' sorter libin' lak er ole man will, in de pas', an' I 'gin ter think I'm in dat bloody wah erg'in, an' out er-furagin' fur you an' Marse John, an' I happen ter knock ober one uv yo' little ole razzer-back shoats, ter take back ter camp ergin—is dat enny-thing fur ter raise such er hooraw erbout? Ain't I gwi' gi' yo' er-nudder one back dis fall? Jes' tell me!

"But dat ain't all, Marse John; an' you kno' you ax me to tell it *all!* Who wuz it nussed you, day an' night, when you had de chills an' fever in camp 'roun' Atlanter? Who wuz it stood by yo' side at de bridge, whar de gin'r'l tole you to hol' wid yo' kump'ny tell dey capture you er kill you, an' when de Yankees cum lak bees er-swarmin', an' shot you outen de saddle, an' dey captured you, bleed-in' ter de'f—who pick you up an' kerry you quick to de Yankee sur-g'n's tent an' tied de art'ry dat sabed yo' life? An' who nussed you in de hawspital, day an' night, er-stealin, aigs fur you when hardtack would er kilt yer, an' young chickens when ba-con meant de'f? An' when you got well ernuf ter be kerried ter John-son's Islan', who wuz it, 'stid er gwine on wid Sherman's army ter freedom, nurver ter be er slave enny mo', geth-ered up yo' things, took de letter you writ, an' footed it all de way ter Ala-bama ter tell Miss Mary you wuz safe an' well? An' when he got dar, an' seed Miss Mary—Gawd bless 'er—er-cryin' in de door, an' de chillun er-cryin' erroun' er', 'kase when dey seed me er-bringin' back yo' things dey dun gib you up fer dead, lak de pa-pers sed, an' when I got up close er-nuf ter tell 'er you wuz safe an' well, an' gib 'er de letter you dun saunt, an' tell 'er how I cum jes' ter bring yo' letter an' things an' sword an' pistol home, who wuz it but de statelies' an' queenlies' 'oman in de State—now, thank Gawd, one uv de anjuls in heaben—dat wep' ober an' clung to dis ole black han' dat now you say am de han' uv a hog-theef, an' fit only fur de pen'tenshury? An' es 'er tears uv gladness drap on it, she smile' so sweet throo' 'em, an' say: 'Oh, Tawm! Tawm! Gawd will reward you sum day fer this, fer though you is er po' black slave, you hab act de whites' uv de white; you chose yo' duty befo' yo' own freedom!'

"Dat's whut she sed, Marse John; yo' own blessed wife an' my Mistis' dat's in heab'n an' de grandes' 'oman dat now libs in dat lan' ob light! An' dar I stayed, Marse John, an' 'tended de place an' wurked de crap, an' tuck keer uv Miss Mary an' de chilluns tell you cum home yo'se'f. Dat's de trufe, Marse John, es yo' kno' it is yo'se'f; and now I've tole it all es yo' ax me."

And Tom sat down.

From suppressed laughter in the be-ginning of Tom's speech, the entire court had now dropped into subdued sympathy, and even tears. The old Judge himself blew his nose vigorous-ly, and looked carefully over his charges again, while the major came up and whispered in his ear. Finally he said, quietly, yet brokenly:

"The court is of opinion that it has been too hasty in this matter, for, on reading carefully the second charge submitted by the defendant's counsel, the court is convinced it erred in not giving this charge to the jury. The verdict is, therefore, set aside, and a new trial will be given the defendant."

Tom walked out quietly and sol-emnly, a free man yet. But he never was himself from that day on. He was sobered, subdued, crushed. He seemed to think "Marse John" had gone back on him. He quit drinking, fighting, and disputing on things re-

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ligious. He even quit telling his experiences "endurin' de wah," and, more wonderful still, he actually went to work. All this was too much for him. As the day approached for the second trial he became melancholy, morbid, and finally took to his bed in earnest. At first they thought he would get up soon, but he grew rapidly worse; and a week before the trial, the doctor said that Tom would never "furage" again. The old Judge was holding court in another county, and had not heard of Tom's sickness, so when he opened court again at home, he promptly called the case in its order on the docket. Tom's lawyer read the physician's certificate as to the old man's condition.

The Judge looked worried—even troubled. Then he glanced around the court—the major was not there. He took up his pen and wrote quickly across the docket: "Case nolle prossed; no prosecutor!" and as soon as the court adjourned he went by Tom's cabin to see if he wanted anything, and to tell him about nol-prossing his case. As he neared the cabin he heard the uncanny music of the negro mourning song, and it startled him. He went in and found them chanting it around Tom's bed.

He looked at Tom; he was sober, but dying.

The old Judge went up, sat by the bed, and took Tom tenderly by the hand. The negro's face lit up for a moment with its old-time light as he recognized his old master. Then he remembered:

"Will dey try me ergin? Will dey convict de ole man ergin, Marse John?" he asked.

"Not while I am Judge of this circuit, Tom—never!" as he gripped Tom's hand.

"Thank Gawd, Marse John! thank Gawd! I knew you—wouldn'! You see, I wuz jes' furagin'. The majah knowed it—jes' furagin'!" He was quiet a little and dozed some. Then he sprang half-way up in bed—a startled look in his eye:

"Lemme out! lemme out!" he cried. "Don't you hear it, Marse John? Dat's taps—de army uv de Tennuhsee am er-sleepin'—de lights mos' out—I mus' hustle an' git sump'n' ter eat—I mus' furage—gwine on er long furage—but I'll wait—on—you—foreber—in—de—camp—ober—dar, Marse John—." He broke off suddenly; a radiant light gleamed in his eyes; "Miss Mary, my mistis! O, dar she is er-beckinin' an er-smilin' ter po' ole Tom; er-beckinin' an' er-smilin', 'Gawd will reward—you—sum—day!' Oh, home, home, Marse John!"

Two hours later the old Judge came out of Tom's cabin, crying like a boy. Tom had gone on his last "furage."

SOUL BLINDNESS

O thou, hadst thou but known, in this thy day,
  The things which ever unto peace pertain;
  But now thy blinded eyes look forth in vain!
For days shall come upon thee, when thy way
Shall be entrenched on every side; and they,
  Thy foes, shall dash thee to the ground, and stain
  Thee with thy children's blood. There shall remain
No standing stone of all thy vast array.

Thus spake the Master; and the years rolled past.
  The city had not known her day of grace.
And when dread spears into her heart were cast,
  And Roman legions scattered all her race
Among the alien nations,—to the last
  The finger of her Lord she did not trace. *Elsworth Lawson.*

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"DIXIE"

By H. M. Doak

FRIENDS, more careful of his renown than he was in his lifetime, seem to have made the genial and cultivated Will S. Hays, the last claimant to the authorship of the Song of the South. "Mollie Darling" and "Zula Zong" are fairly typical of Mr. Hays' work as a composer and writer of songs. They were popular in such circles as young women who had learned a bit of the piano and their young-fellow callers. He was prolific in song and verse and his music and songs gave pleasure to a large circle. To have given pleasure to many is a crown in any man's life. I have never heard that Mr. Hays claimed "Dixie" while he was living.

I first heard "Dixie" at Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, in 1860. In that day it was deemed necessary that everybody should see Mammoth Cave. When Lord Chesterfield's son told his father that he had been worn out by going down into a coal mine, his Urbanity asked:

"Why did you go?"

"Of course," he responded, "I wanted to say I'd been down in a coal mine."

"Then why didn't you just say so?" replied his suave but wicked father.

After one experience, that is what I would now say about Mammoth Cave if I had never tempted the gnomes and kobolds of that dismal hole in the ground.

At Mammoth Cave I heard "Dixie" sung by a lively young fellow from New Orleans; and, later in the day, I heard it played by the Cave band. A "taking" and "catchy" air, just out, I caught it at once. That was about July, 1860. If it were material (which it isn't) I could fix the exact date. Upon the stage, going out to the Cave, I became acquainted with a Mr. Vassar, of Alabama, and his two daughters, who had just returned from Europe and, curiously, stopped on their way home to see one of the wonders of their own country. After enjoying the day as the escort of one of the charming and cultivated young ladies through the Cave, I left my father at old "Bell's Tavern," and went on to Nashville with the ladies, as any proper young fellow from Dixie ought to have done. It was before Mr. Pullman's day, and I had, for my pains, the pleasure of seeing the ladies dispose themselves for rest upon the car and of bidding them good bye at the Nashville depot.

Along towards daylight my father waked me up at the old "St. Cloud" hotel in Nashville and told me that "Bell's Tavern" had been "burned-down," or "burned-up" (the English language is a bit shaky in these crises) and he'd had to skip with his baggage.

The next time I heard "Dixie" was in Knoxville, in the early days of '61, when the civil war was brewing. By that time it had spread wonderfully and every young woman regaled her callers with "Dixie." Many an evening in January and February, 1861, after a day's practice in manual of arms, school of the squad, and company drill, I've listened to "Dixie" sung by young lady acquaintances of Knoxville, of "Southern" circles, just then beginning to be called "Secesh" by their "Union" sisters. After teaching tactics and "hep-hep-ing" over all

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the hills and plains about Knoxville, the parlor and "Dixie" were an evening's delightful amusement.

When I heard "Dixie" again, after leaving Knoxville, I sang it myself. My old regiment, the 19th Tennessee, was broken up for various detached services early in the war. As Sergeant-major of the regiment, I went with my old company, the Knoxville Guards, Captain John Paxton (my cousin and an old and high Mason), commander, on their march from Morristown to Cumberland Gap. Clad in a superb uniform, with a plume no colonel or general could excel, I had no doubt about myself, or my lofty military future.

We halted two days at old "Bean's Station," now "Tate's Springs," for many years before that a popular watering place; and then surrounded by many well-to-do people, with pretty daughters, who were sweetly "Southern," although most of the surrounding folk were "Union." Our landlady, Mrs. Story, invited all the Southern girls in the neighborhood to meet the Knoxville Guards. Such a dance as we had! Cotilions, old reels, waltz and polka kept it up until daylight. At one time in the evening it was deemed necessary that "Dixie" should be sung. Being the only one in the company who knew both the air and the words, I allowed myself to be drawn forth to sing "Dixie." It was sung. It was applauded. The Confederate public were kind. I escaped unharmed. Full of enthusiasm, the Dixie girls and old maids really thought they'd heard "Dixie."

Having done all the damage we could to the hearts of the maidens in that "neck of the woods," after enlisting Joe Story, son of our landlady, and a few other friends of the cause, we marched on Cumberland Gap.

Just at that time "Dixie" was a favorite air for Southern poetasters. Many verses born to die, written to be sung to "Dixie," were coming out in all the newspapers and magazines of the South. I tried my own hand, but my version never saw print. Somehow the muses overlooked me. One of the best was by Albert G. Pike, the venerable Mason, author of "A Fine Old Arkansas Gentleman, Who Lived Near the Choctaw Line," and of many other songs.

Another popular version and one of the best, ended with the refrain: "We'll die for old Virginia." It is not at all improbable that Will S. Hays tried his hand at that time upon a version of the words of "Dixie."

Ah! who shall speak of the days, the weeks, the months, the weary years after that, when "Dixie" was the stirring prologue to battle and blood, the re-invigorating strain upon the dreary march, the soothing music of midnight bivouac, the cheery awakening air of mornings after unrefreshing sleep upon two rails, turned sharp edges together, song of camp, of bivouac, of advance, of retreat, of ladies' boudoir, of social gathering, of hasty song and dance with the girls upon remote and lonely outposts, air of fife and of band, the spirit, the life and the soul of the great Confederacy!

It all comes back in memory, with all of its poetry, its aspirations, its hopes, its heroism, its sad good-fellowship, and its mournful-jovial recollections; but, except in memory, the poetry and the sentiment of it all, as something then living and breathing, has passed away forever, unless some poetic or dramatic genius shall revive it.

Another, whose claims to the authorship of "Dixie" were advanced after his death, was Harry McCarthy, the "Arkansas Comedian," well-known as the author of "Bonny Blue Flag." I heard of no claim on his part to the authorship of "Dixie" until after his death. I met him once during the war, in Richmond, when I was on a brief leave of absence; and was with him every night for a week, just before I had to leave Richmond to take my humble part in the heavy artillery, in Butler's attack on Fort Fisher, North Carolina.

I met Harry McCarthy again some years after the war as the guest of

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my old friend, Albert Akers, when we had a jovial dining, with the beautiful and attractive Mrs. Akers as hostess. McCarthy was then accompanied by his wife, whom I had known in Richmond as a stage celebrity and beauty, then known upon the bills, unless I am mistaken in the name, as "Miss Lottie Estelle." The old "Arkansas Comedian" then sang for us all of his old war songs, accompanied by his wife, but he made no claim to "Dixie."

As one fairly versed in the song of the South, I have heard of no claim to "Dixie" which seemed to have any reasonable foundation, with one exception. Such claims resolve themselves into three classes: (1) Claims of those who are always anxious to discover something nobody else has ever dreamed of; (2) Claims of those or their friends, who had written verses to be sung to the music of "Dixie"; (3) claims of the class who are always lying in wait to claim any disputed verse, air, song, poem, or what-not. With respect to "Dixie" I do not know of a single claim, made by a yet living man, such as cropped out with respect to "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-Night," a strictly anonymous poem, as to "Beautiful Snow," as to Butler's "Nothing to Wear," and perhaps others, not one of which was worth a dispute.

But for circumstances and its sanctification in a great struggle, neither the words, nor the air of "Dixie" would, perhaps, have been considered worth contention, the words certainly not.

A modest man, Dan Emmett, was never boastful of the authorship of "Dixie." He might have appealed to the South and made it a way to fortune and fame. In his last years he came South and allowed himself to be pointed out as the author of "Dixie," but certainly in no vainglorious spirit. From all the evidence he seems to have been the author and composer, in a sense, of this battle song of the South.

Indeed, "Dixie," like many another good thing, became famous in spite of its author and without his knowledge or intention. It was written, like other minstrel songs, merely as a "catchy" song and music for the hour, for present use before minstrel audiences. Its music scarcely entitles it to higher rank than many another minstrel piece.

My old "Union" friend and remote kinsman, Hon. John Trimble, of Nashville, once said to me, when we were both full of the fresh bitter of the struggle, he from a civil standpoint, I as a soldier:

"I can't think much of a country and a cause that had 'Dixie' for its national air."

"And I might say the same of 'Yankee Doodle,'" I retorted. "You have forgot, Mr. Trimble, that even as poor a bit of song and music as 'Yankee Doodle' got itself sanctified to some extent and yet it never approached 'Dixie' in music or sanctification."

As to the words of "Dixie," I do not remember them. I do remember that "Will de weaver," who was "a gay deceiver" figured somewhat in the original words. Dan Emmett, true to his calling, caught up current and trite "catch-songs," "catch-words," and "catch-names" and adapted them to his minstrel uses of the hour. I happen to remember where he probably got the name of "Will de weaver."

An old Virginian, whom my father brought to Washington County, in the eastern part of Tennessee, to raise, probably, the first crop of tobacco ever raised in that part of the state, used to sing with the banjo a song whose words I have forgot, except in part. That was along in the fifties, not a great while before "Dixie" came out, perhaps in 1857. He sang an old song about a man who came home, as many another man has come home, and found or suspected a visitor of the wrong sex in his house. This hero of a domestic drama was called in the song, "Will de weaver," and described also as "a gay deceiver," just as in the nonsense of Dan Emmett's "Dixie." I can only recall the next to the last stanza, which describes the irate

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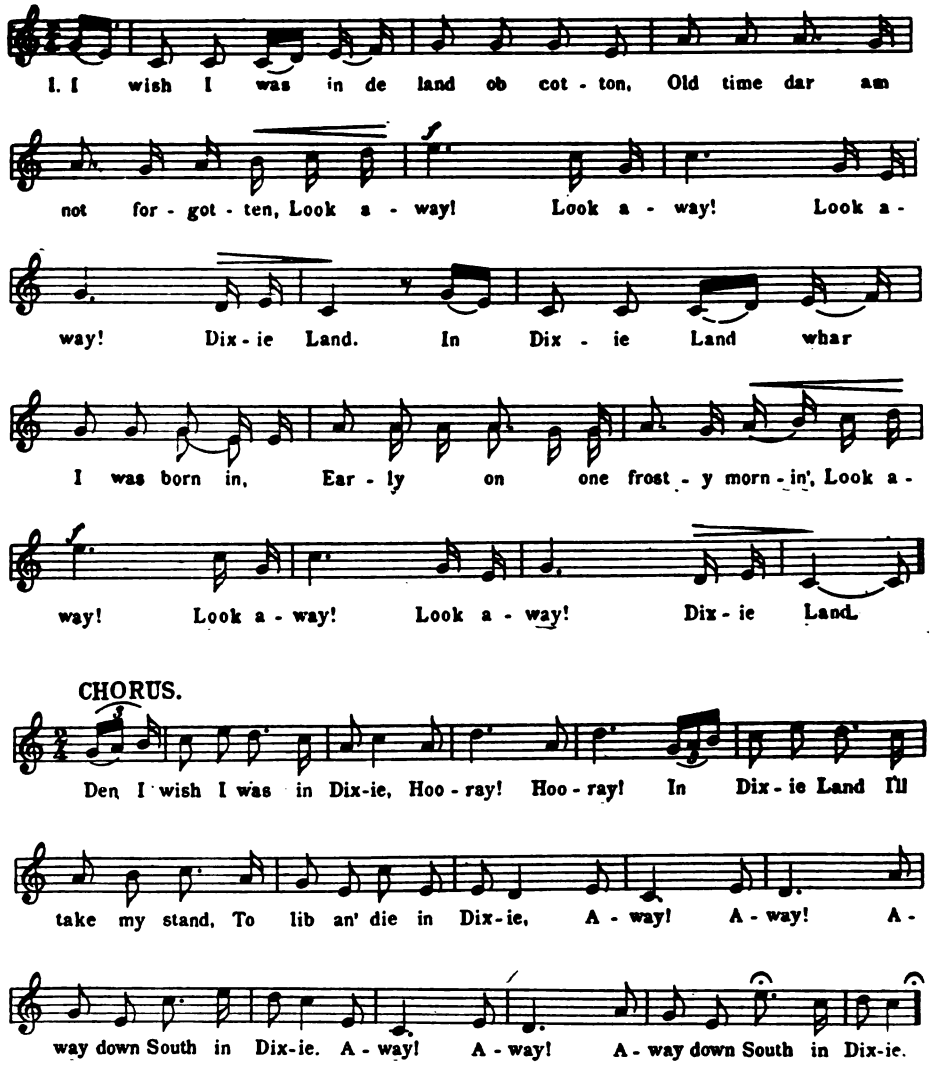
Dixie Land.

Arranged by F. W. M. DAN D. EMMETT.



husband's views, after he had interviewed his wife, and, when her back was turned, had glanced up the chimney:

He laughed, "Ha-ha-ha," I'm glad I've found you;
I will neither hang nor drown you;
I'll build on a rousing fire;
And roast you to my heart's desire.

So, it seems that "Will de weaver," as "a gay deceiver," was a popular hero in that sort of song, descriptive of that kind of marital trouble, long before "Dixie" had embodied him in the song of the South.

The air of "Dixie" was superior to the words and yet it was not great music. But that it caught into the grand sweep of the times, imbedded itself in the popular feeling of the South, upon the eve of a great civil struggle, and became the war-cry of

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a great people, it would never have been heard of after it had fulfilled its minstrel part.

As it is now, to take a personal view, which is fairly representative, tears with me lie deep and their fountains have seldom been stirred by anything. Tears are for women; it is unmanly to weep. And yet it is not the "rebel yell" comes to my lips when the strains of "Dixie" bring back in memory the cause I so loved, the "Stars and Bars" I followed, from the beginning to the end; tears unbidden rise, hardly to be repressed. So it is with thousands of others.

According to Hutton, an excellent authority upon negro minstrelsy and all stage matters, the genuine negro minstrel business began in New York, in 1842 or 1843, with a coterie of whom Emmett was one. In *Harper's Magazine* for June, 1889, Hutton credits Emmett with "Old Dan Tucker," "Dixie." and two or three other minstrel songs and music, overlooking his "Jordan is a Hard Road to Trabbel."

It is probable that Emmett, like many another composer, caught floating popular airs and wrote absurd minstrel words to them, suited to the minstrel business and adapted the airs to his words. His "Old Dan Tucker," as it is now printed, differs somewhat from the air I learned as a boy from old fiddlers and banjo-players—"banjo-pickers" it was then called. They remembered it as sung in the Polk-Clay canvass of 1844. The only stanza of the old song—and that is not among the words of Emmett's "Old Dan Tucker"—that I can now recall, is:

Old Dan Tucker, he got drunk:
An' fell in de fire an' kicked up a chunk;
A red-hot coal got in his shoe,
An' good God Almighty, how de ashes flew.

I also recall the conclusion of another stanza which was evidently, from its allusion to "old Kentucky," sung in the Polk-Clay canvass of 1844:

Git out o' de way, you're all unlucky;
Clear the track for old Kentucky.

Another conclusion of a stanza sung in that canvass, which I think was also sung to "Old Dan Tucker," was as follows:

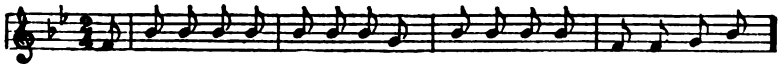
Ha-ha, the country's risin'
For Harry Clay an' Frelinghuysen.

As a boy I heard once that Parson Wm. G. Brownlow sang this, or recited it at Philadelphia. I think I heard this from my father, an ardent Whig and, afterward, a devoted Confederate.

The music also of the old air, as I learned it from old fiddlers and banjoists, differs slightly from Dan Emmett's "Old Dan Tucker," as now published. Hence, I am convinced that he caught a floating popular air and song and adapted them to minstrel uses. Since, however, according to Hutton, Dan Emmett was one

OLD DAN TUCKER.

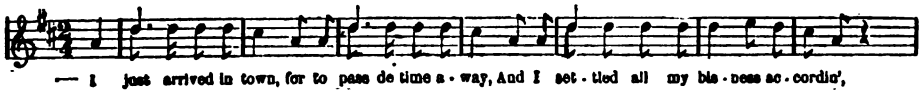
DAN EMMET.



I come to town de ud-der night.) hear de noise an saw de fight. De w

JORDAN IS A HARD ROAD TO TRABEL.

Composed by OLD DAN EMMET.



— I just arrived in town, for to pass de time a - way, And I set - tled all my bis - ness ac - cordin',

of the original minstrel coterie of 1842 or 1843, his version may have come out before the Polk-Clay canvass of 1844. It is possible, too, but not probable, that variations in words and music grew up after the first publication of his "Old Dan Tucker." That sometimes happens. It is oftener the case, however, that "variants" in song and music have preceded the composer's published version of old songs and music re-vamped. While still popular and traditional, music and words are subject to constant alterations. Once fixed by publication they become stable.

I learned "Old Dan Tucker" about 1851, at ten years of age and I am sure that I heard it sung by negroes and played by old fiddlers and banjoists as early as 1850, a year well marked in my memory as that of the Pierce-Scott canvass. I certainly did not hear or learn the Emmett version of song or words as now printed.

It is not necessary to cite examples of floating popular airs caught by composers and re-written and often greatly improved. Such was "Arkansas Traveller" as it is now, composed or credited to an Italian, who died in Cincinnati some twenty-five years ago; that is, he caught an old air and improved it. Some of the best of the simpler and more popular airs of the best composers are such old popular airs caught and improved by genius. In cruder form, I have often heard sung by sailors at sea an air which I am sure was the suggestion to Sullivan of the famous, "Kind Captain, I've Important Information," in the fine "Pinafore" of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Foster, before "Dixie" was written, had furnished this country with the only genuine music it has ever had, the only music that is racy of the soil, in his unsurpassed negro melodies and also in a few other excellent pieces. He had so permeated the song-making and the song-singing mind of America at the time "Dixie" was written that many another had caught his inspiration and fairly imitated his style. Many songs written since Foster came into vogue and popularity would deceive any but the finest and most attentive ear into a belief that they were Foster's own work.

Sensitive to popular melody, keen on the scent of the current and "taking," Dan Emmett had, doubtless, caught a bit of Foster's spirit and hence pitched his "Dixie" upon a higher plane than his preceding pieces.

Unless my ear deceives me, which is always possible, there is a close resemblance between the movement and the rythm of the above three pieces, indicating the same composer, adaptor or transcriber. The fact appears in the work of the greatest composers. Chopin's waltzes exhibit it in a high degree. His waltz No. 11 is almost brilliant variations of his waltz No. 13. Through them all may be detected repetitions of phrases or of a phrase. Nor is it hard to find where one composer has been insensibly influenced by another, as I have supposed Emmett to have been influenced by Foster. Paderewski's "Menuet a l'Antique" not only repeats, but is founded upon a phrase from Chopin's waltz No. 9. So Emmett had probably caught a bit of the prevailing spirit of Foster when he came to the composition of "Dixie."

It is, of course, impossible now to judge of the precise musical value of "Dixie." It has been sanctified, hallowed by use as the national anthem in a great civil struggle of the most brilliant young nation that ever died in the throes of birth. In the South it is an object of idolatry; in the North it is revered, respected, and insensibly given high rank because of the profound respect the North has grown to have for its old foemen and their obstinate resistance.

As well expect the devotee, who has sat, as his forebears have sat, and worshipped and drunk in church music, to criticise the oft-recurring nonsense of the figures and words of our absurd hymnology and the defects of much hymn music, as to expect one who has marched to the stirring strains of "Dixie" ever to find it commonplace or harsh.

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SENTIMENT AND STORY

Environment is the great moulder of human thought and human character. It gives shape to all our ideals of the beautiful and all our dreams of happiness. The environments of brick and mortar which wall in the mighty cities of the world develop genius and stimulate activity in a thousand vocations of life, but they contract the ideals of the struggling millions to the circumference of a dollar and shape their dreams of happiness to all the gilded forms of artificial pleasure which money alone can buy.

Every city is a colossal hive of humanity where swarms of restless spirits gather around the kings and queens of society to taste the sweets of luxury stolen from the flowers of every clime.

The king bees splurge in the parade of wealth and glory—while the little bees follow in strutting imitation of the rich and haughty four hundred.

What wonderful opportunity not only for pleasure, but for the accumulation of wealth the environments of the city afford! There stupendous corporations which control the commerce of nations are organized and put in motion, and there vast and complicated railway systems have their center and, like shining threads of the spider's loom, fret a continent with lines of steel, and weave the warp of civilization around the golden thrones of money kings. Such environments quicken the brain and give it power to grasp marvelous financial problems—but they chill many of the nobler and better impulses of the heart and make men cold and indifferent to the pure and beautiful sentiments of life.

⚜ ⚜

The lover of a city club woman began to plead with her one day for her heart and hand; but she motioned him away and sternly said:

"Put your proposition in writing. I haven't time to listen to an oral argument."

⚜ ⚜

I saw a queen of society go floating down the avenue like a painted bark of beauty, all rigged with rustling sails of silk and glistening ropes of ribbon. She entered a telegraph office and wired this message to her mother in a distant city:

My husband died this morning. Loss fully covered by insurance.

⚜ ⚜

Not long ago I heard a good story on Pierpont Morgan, the head of all the trusts in the universe. While he was abroad he created a great sensation in Paris.

A burglar got into his room and the burglar escaped without being robbed.

⚜ ⚜

In the luxurious dining halls and rich cafés of a grand hotel I saw Wealth and Ease feasting on luscious meats and drinking from golden goblets—while

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ragged children, with hungry looks and watering mouths, stood without and gazed in through the broad windows.

Under the same roof, there were gilded saloons with costly fixtures and gorgeous paintings where wines flowed and liquors old and mellow enticed and tempted alike the prosperous and the poor, the youth in his teens and tottering old age; the learned and the unlearned; the philosopher and the fool.

There statesmen drank bumpers with ward politicians, and perfumed and dainty swells clinked glasses with champions of the prize ring. There, many an innocent boy, just from the old plantation, with the kiss of his mother still warm on his lips, and the benediction of his father still fresh on his heart, took his first libation of wine and entered the world of sin through the beautiful gate of temptation. As I looked upon these shifting scenes of pleasure and pain; of luxury and want; of humor and pathos; of comedy and tragedy, I was moved alternately to laughter and tears by the awful inequalities of life within the massive walls of that mighty city.

And I dreamed of the old plantation far away—where the skies are blue above and the earth below is green, where peace dwells forever in the quiet vales and contentment sings among the hills.

When I speak of the old plantation, I mean the peaceful realms of rural life, far from the maddening strife of men, whether they be the broad and fertile fields of the rich, or the humble cabins of the poor, with only gardens and springs and roses blooming at the door. I mean the sunlit hills and the dreamy dells of the country, where God curtains the earth with blade and leaf and flower and festoons the winding stream with spreading trees and tangling vines. I mean the environments of the farm where art is born and literature drinks at the fountain of the beautiful and where nature rocks the cradles of poets and orators.

The pleasures of the city may be sweet to the senses, but the joys of life in the country delight the soul.

I saw a sturdy farmer boy with nut-brown hands and brawny arms gear his horses in the morning and ride to the fields, mingling his merry whistle with the jingle of the trace chains and voices of the waking world. He caught the odor of wild flowers and watched the bees gathering honey from the clover blooms. He saw the chilled dewdrops that lay on the leaves, like benumbed butterflies, spread their jeweled wings and vanish before the rising sun. He heard his sweetheart singing far down the peaceful valley as she drove her milk cows to the pasture. The air was full of melody and his heart was full of dreams, and he sang back to her his happy love song.

He walked in the new-made furrows and plowed until the shadows of evening gathered and the songbirds ceased to sing in the trees and the crows were flying to the forest; and as he plodded homeward in the twilight, he still dreamed of that maiden down the way.

How easily we are led by our dreams! I saw a humble little home far down in the peaceful valley, and the sturdy farmer boy walked in the moonlight with the maiden who sang in the morning as she drove the cows to the meadow. Instead of a diamond ring he gave her a June apple, and instead of a mansion he promised her a cottage.

And what is sweeter in life than contentment in a cottage, where the morning-glories climb to the eaves and the robins sing among the apple blossoms; where the sun shines bright through the windows and the rain makes music on the roof?

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There was a wedding one night far down in the valley, and in the years that followed I saw a half-dozen curly-headed girls romping around their mother's knees, and a half-dozen noisy boys diving like didappers and swimming like ducks down at the old swimming hole or fishing in the eddies along the winding stream, or yelling and running rabbits in the briar fields—they were the fruits of the union of the plowboy and the milkmaid and I shouted:

"Three cheers for the union!"

I saw the erstwhile plowboy, now the happiest farmer in the commonwealth, as he looked upon his glossy herds ready for the market and his ripening fields waiting for the scythe. I saw him return from the election one day to that cottage on the hill, borne on the shoulders of his exultant fellow-citizens—who had triumphantly elected him a Justice of the Peace. His children gathered around him as he boasted to his wife of his victory and one of the little boys excitedly said: "Pa, are we all squairs?" "No, sir! No, sir," the old man shouted. "Nobody but me and your mother."

Said the old-fashioned woman: "I understand both of your children are studying for professions."

"Yes," replied the new woman, "my daughter is reading law and my son is going to be a dressmaker."

Robert L. Taylor.

TREND OF THE TIMES

The Problem of the Hobo

Although Weary Willy is neither a very prosperous looking, nor a very elegantly attired personage, still statistics reveal the fact that it costs $25,000,000 annually to support him.

This information has caused rather widespread newspaper comment, but all the plans yet put forward dealing with the problem merely suggest that the government corral these vagrants and put them to work—that is, that the government become a general contractor utilizing vagrant labor.

This would naturally be the first scheme to present itself to rampant statute-makers; those who would physic social agues with legislative chill-cures.

Now the mere bigness of these tramp-depredations suggests the great size of the tramp-army—it also suggests a powerful cause impelling men toward hobo-life. The everyday man does not voluntarily adopt the ways of the outcast. The self-respect and home-making tendencies of the Anglo-Saxon forbid such an assumption. Still, that life, once adopted, presents strong attractions.

The major premise of vagabondage is always men out of work. A momentary business depression and the horde of tramps increases. For instance, during the recent panicky times on Wall Street, the Consolidated Steel and Iron Company discharged 5,000 men in one day, and continued daily to get rid of its employees. Such a wholesale dismissal of labor must necessarily add thousands to the quota of the undesirable. And when men are once thrown out of work, they continue to exist, and find a workless existence not difficult after all. So there is the tramp.

Now that the reader may gain some idea of the enormous extent of this unemployed army, we beg him to consider, not only the great sum of $25,-

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000,000 required to support one class of it, the tramps, but also notice the ease with which strikes among laboring classes are crushed, strikes involving thousands of men, often highly specialized men; they are crushed by drafting willing laborers from this army of the unemployed. The tramp is the lowest class in this army, he is the weak, the stunned, the hopeless one—the slough of society, the by-product of trusts and trades-unions. He is the wounded of class clashes, the down and out of the fight.

Considered in this light, what would be the result if the government should forcibly gather up this flotsam and under penal laws contract their labor, thus wilfully and forcibly bringing them once more into competition with their more powerful brothers? The conditions surrounding this second entrance of the tramp into the commercial arena would be entirely different to his first entry. In the second instance, with the government at his back, the tramp must work, willy nilly, he neither decides his wage, nor controls the scale of his living. Being weaker, less desirable labor, the government must necessarily underbid abler workmen to dispose of his services. Such a system would necessarily throw these abler men into the unemployed class, thereby increasing the tramp labor in governmental hands.

So, we may say, that any plan to place the nation in the position of contractor for tramp labor would merely go to increase the tramp recruits, would form an endless chain to swell the list of debauched workmen and strike straight at the industrial integrity of our country.

Again, the tramp hovers on that hazy borderland between crime and non-crime. A too-strenuous course must certainly drive many into downright criminality, and so would have a tendency to foil the very object the legislation was aimed at. As a matter of fact, the tramp has about found his place. He is weak, and there are only three asylums for weakness—the hospital, the jail, and the road.

Singular Ignorance

There seems to be a very strange misunderstanding on the part of those who should be well informed about the suggestion made by the Post Office Department concerning changes in our Parcels Post System. Those who have looked at it in a superficial way have been tempted to condemn it, believing that it will have a deleterious effect upon the small merchant, especially the country merchant, inasmuch as it will make it possible for the farmer to get larger packages at lower cost from the big mail-order centers. For this reason it has been condemned by more than one supposedly well informed body of men. The trouble with those who have spoken against what is intended to be one of the greatest improvements ever made in our postal service, is simply that they have not informed themselves sufficiently as to just what it is proposed to do. Surely it is an anomalous condition of affairs when a man can send a package to London at less expense than to his neighbor ten miles away, especially when it is considered that he can send a larger package to foreign countries than he is allowed to mail in his own country. Of course the Post Office Department is as anxious to protect the country merchant as it is to help the country man, and if the proposed plan goes into effect, the disparity of relative cost to a patron of the rural route between the postage from a mail order house in New York, for example, and from a country merchant in the next town will make it very much to his advantage to trade with the country merchant. An eleven-pound package from a metropolitan mail order house to a rural route patron comes to about $1.30, while the same package ordered from the country merchant on the same route would cost only about 25 cents. From this it will be seen very clearly that the effect of the new proposal will be a tremendous aid to the country man in making his purchases, and by aiding him to increase the amount of business done by the country merchant.

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The Foundations Undestroyed

There has been no better lesson taught us by the recent financial troubles than this: so long as our natural resources continue undiminished, so long as our crops are good and our farmers continue prosperous, we need have no great fear about the condition of financial affairs. During the months that have just passed, our papers and politicians, our statesmen and private citizens, have all had their confidence renewed by remembering that the wheat crop was good and the price high, that the corn crop was good and the price high, and the cotton crop was good and the price high, that the bottom could not drop out of our coal mines, that the tremendous iron industries within our bounds could not be hoarded in safety deposit vaults, and that because of these things, there must continue to flow a golden stream from Europe to our own land. It is probable that the cotton crops will amount to something like twelve million bales, and that it will be valued at something like seven hundred million dollars. Yet this is only one-tenth of the value of farm products of the whole country. It was more than a little encouragement at the time of the crisis of the panic to remember that this cotton would be sold abroad where there was no tightness of money at the time, where also would be sold a large proportion of our other farm products. All of this points us very unmistakably to the wisdom of the advice of our Agricultural Department at Washington, and reminds us that this sentiment is taking tangible shape in organizations for the conservation of our natural resources.

There remains no duty before the American people more important than just this, that they should be wise enough to take care of that which is as yet their own. DeTocqueville long ago told us that the North American continent was the richest in the world, in all that goes toward the building of a great civilization. What is there that mankind wants which is not to be found on the North American continent, and found under climatic conditions which make it possible for white men to avail themselves of them? Already the marvelous development in the iron industry, in the mining of coal, in the growing of food products and especially in the production of that wonderful fiber which clothes the world, have made it very plain that the North American continent is destined to be the richest and the happiest of all the countries of the world. Yet it is probably true that unless we are mindful of the simplest economic laws, we will lose out in the coming years. Coal can be burned up, iron can be mined until there is none left, all the forests may be cut away until the whole continent is as bare as the hills which used to rear the famous cedars of Lebanon. And when the forests go, the flood gates of the rivers are opened and the magnificent electric developments of their water powers are destroyed. It is a very pleasant thing to know that the present administration has interested itself in this important matter, and both parties will commit themselves to the policy of conservation. Who is more criminal than the man who uses up all he has and leaves nothing for his children?

Beautifying Our Winter Playground

There can be no doubt but that the Florida East Coast Railway will be in many respects the most remarkable piece of engineering in the world when it is finished. Already it has transformed the eastern coast of Florida from a waste of sands and barrens into one of the most beautiful sections of the world. All down that long stretch of coast from Jacksonville to Miami, a distance of more than three hundred and fifty miles, magnificent hotels have been built, roadways constructed, and a thousand things done to make it a veritable Paradise. Since the great freeze of a decade ago, the orange growers have had to move further south, in order to assure themselves that their groves would not be de-

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stroyed, so that even that section around Orlando has come to be considered a little far north. But there are thousands of square miles of good soil lying further southward where there is no danger of cold weather interfering with the growth of tropical fruits. For the successful development of any country which combines truck and fruit growing, rapid transportation is necessary. This, also, Mr. Flagler's railroad has done for the east coast of Florida, so there are now two crops, the orange and the tourist. There is little doubt but that the latter is the more profitable of the two.

The approaching completion of the extension of this railroad over the Florida Keys from Miami to Key West has called attention in a special way to the remarkable nature of the undertaking. In 1896 the road was completed to Miami and eight years later it went some thirty miles further south into the homestead country. Hitherto it had been simply a railroad developing a new section, but when Mr. Flagler announced that he would extend the line to Key West, he outlined a plan which for unique interest has few equals. There were not lacking those who thought the project entirely impracticable, and the storm of last year which swept away a good part of the work seemed to prove them right. Yet the undertaking has not been abandoned, but on the contrary is soon to be finished, and tourists can then enjoy the unusual feeling of riding over the sea in a Pullman car. There are something like four hundred and fifty little islands beyond Miami and Key West. Over these Keys the new extension is to run, and the magnificent scenic effect of such a trip will draw thousands to it. Reinforced concrete arches have been anchored to the solid rock beneath by steel pointed piling, to assure the solidity of the structure. In some places steel cylinders filled with concrete have also been used, and the road is to be ballasted with coral rock, taken from the islands themselves. It seems probable that when this extension is finished the Pullman cars from the north and west, which now stop at Jacksonville will run on to Key West, at least it is to be hoped so, and thus add interest to winter residence in the land that has come to be known as the "Winter Playground of the Nation."

WINTER RAIN

O Winter Rain! beating through all the day
  And the cold twilight on my window-pane,
You melt the beauty of the snow away,
  But bring not back the flowers, O Winter Rain!

O Winter Rain! you fall upon my heart
  And melt the snows that covered all my pain,
Causing the streams of old regrets to start,
  But give no boon for balm, O Winter Rain!

O Winter Rain! one note of joy you bring:
  The while I listen to your plaintive strain
You whisper distant promises of spring,
  When life—all life—shall bloom, O Winter Rain!

J. M. Grantham

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

LILLIAN KENDRICK BYRN

Having graduated from boarding school and entered the social world as a "maid of honor," the "Little Colonel" very naturally began to dream dreams of the coming of her own true knight and, like every other dreaming maiden, she looked for a resplendent being upon a noble charger. "The Little Colonel's Knight Comes Riding" tells of all the swains who came to woo, the final choice and the end of all dream stories—"so they were married and lived happy ever after." It is said that Mrs. Johnston intends to end this series, but it is doubtful if her readers will be willing to relinquish the winsome "little Colonel."

• • •

If the average reading American were asked to name three or four of our best "human interest" writers, it is a fair presumption to say that he would head the list with O. Henry. This non-committal name has, until recently, hidden the identity of William Sidney Porter, a native of North Carolina, a citizen of the world. His cosmopolitan understanding is so keen that it is fairly puzzling. When I read "Cabbages and Kings," I was sure that only a lifetime in Central America could have enabled him to catch the shades of local color and native character so cleverly and accurately, while "The Four Million" and "The Trimmed Lamp" show such an understanding of the life of New York's mediocre citizens that only a life-long student or a sympathetic genius could have written them.

Comes now "The Heart of the West" to convince us that, after all, O. Henry is a cowboy, for surely no other could draw such a convincing picture. He does not give us the usual wide-hatted cowboy of picturesque profanity and prodigious deeds of valor—he even gives the hero of the opening story a flat-brimmed derby while on the range—but he shows us the real cowboy's kindliness, tolerance and his admirable humor. To read "The Heart of the West" is like taking a journey to that breezy section and knowing its people at the close range of friendship and not as mere parts of a bizarre landscape.

"The Little Colonel's Knight Comes Riding." By Annie Fellows Johnston. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, $1.50.

"The Heart of the West." By O. Henry. New York: The McClure Co. Price, $1.50.

Of course America is in some way connected with most of the important events of history. We love to boast that Jackson defeated the British soldiers who won the battle of Waterloo; we love to trace the connection between our national acts or the acts of our representatives, and the settlement of questions troubling other nations; we make of great importance the act of the American dentist in helping the Empress Eugenie to escape; but we generally overlook the fact that the empress' family owed much to America before that, for her grandfather was American consul at Malaga, Spain. Doubtless this did not greatly increase his business (he was a wine merchant), and being a loyal British subject, he was probably not fired with particular zeal for our country, even after a visit from Washington Irving, who dandled the future empress on his knee; but the fact remains, nevertheless, that he was our representative. Mr. Sergeant throws a very clear light on this period of the family fortunes and makes a most interesting narrative of the life of the consul's granddaughter. He does not attempt to show her as the peerless, maligned creature which some historians make her, nor does he show her to be the shallow egotist she is frequently portrayed. Without glossing over her faults, Mr. Sergeant describes a woman of warm impulse, marked social instinct, keen intellect and, above all, a tender heart. The frontispiece, a tinted portrait on parchment, is of such exceptional delicacy and sweetness that it compels immediate sympathy and interest, and the last portrait draws us still closer to the sad-faced widow at Chiselhurst.

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Few authors have had such opportunities for gathering historical material from original sources as Miss McLaws. A grandniece of Jefferson Davis' first wife, she was one of his favorite young visitors, and after her parents' death, she made her home with his widow.

Miss McLaws is a native of Augusta, Georgia, and her first novel was a romance of the days when England and Spain fought for the Florida border. After several other historical romances, she be-

"The Last Empress of the French." By Philip W. Sergeant. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, $3.50, net.

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gan "The Welding." Commencing before the Mexican War, it shows the giant leaders of those days and the conflicting policies which culminated in the Civil War, and finally depicts the welding of sections into one great nation. Although the hero, David Hamilton, is a fictitious character, Stephens, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Davis, Toombs, Lincoln, Lee, Sherman and other men of mark are portraits painted with absolute fidelity. One incident, that of President Buchanan's dancing at his inaugural ball, has been sharply discussed, many claiming that it was against all precedent and questioning the author's statement. The description was given to her, however, by Mrs. Davis, who declared that, in spite of his sixty-five years, he was the most graceful man on the floor.

• • •

Mr. Herford has furnished a delightful contribution toward "the gayety of nations." Every turn of the page brings pictures that grow "curioser and curioser," and the final denouement is indeed astonishing. Mr. Herford has done some clever things, but his latest creation proclaims him a master of burlesque.

• • •

A new book by Mr. Benson is always sure to find its way into the hands of discriminating readers. It would be hard to find a greater contrast in the literary world than exists between the author of "The Upton Letters" and his brother, the author of "Dodo." They are the sons of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. "The Altar Fire" does not carry us through exciting scenes of adventure, nor does it present vexatious social problems; it relates those meditative joys of the spirit which make for the rich, deep, fulness of life.

• • •

It is a remarkable fact that, notwithstanding columns of newspaper description and numberless books annually written on our neighboring republic, the majority of Americans to-day look upon Mexico as a semi-barbarous country, full of ruins, deadly insects and fevers, mitigated only by delicious tropical fruits and picturesque Indians who know the secret location of fabulously rich gold mines. This misinformation is due, largely, to the letters written to the home paper by "schedule-trippers," whose opportunities for observation are necessarily minimized by their mode of travel. Then, too, the ragged beggar sunning by the cactus hedge, the group of naked children under the banana plant and the wild and dangerous search for lost mines, make more picturesque reading than accounts of the factories, the smelters, the steel plants, the harbor works, the steamship, railroad and lumber interests and hundreds of other enterprises which tell the tale of Mexico's progress in developing her resources. Few visitors examine the record of the achievements of President Diaz, but most of them find it interesting to write that he is "a full-blooded Indian and rose to his present position from the depths of poverty." This style of writing is much easier than the chronicling of facts, which carry with them the troublesome necessity of being verified, and are even then extremely difficult of interesting arrangement. Mr. Winter, after more than two years spent in various parts of the country and a thorough study of its past history and present condition, has written a book of remarkable interest and great value. The able statesmen who are guiding the destinies of Mexico are given full praise for their progressive measures and their wise provision for future stability and prosperity; the high standard of its cultured society are described. Opportunities for new enterprises are listed, with reports of those already in operation; and with these he skilfully weaves the picturesque Indians and their customs, the incomparable grandeur of the scenery and the marvelous range of climate which makes Mexico attractive on every score.

Several maps and beautiful sepia photographs taken by the author handsomely illustrate the book.

• • •

A book which will find a joyous welcome among the wee folks is "Son Riley Rabbit and Little Girl," a charming combination of fancy and the simple incidents of a "really" child, "Little Girl" being Mrs. Cooke's small daughter. A jolly companionship brings the happiest and gayest hours to the rabbit and child. The illustrations are from actual photographs taken at the author's home in Knoxville, adapted with fine artistic effect. In every way the characters of this delightful book are refreshingly natural, and in incident, treatment and general interest the story is exceptional.

• • •

Among the holiday books "The Best Man" easily takes front rank, not only for its cleverness of style and witty dialogue, but for the sumptuous manner of its presentation. The first story, which gives the title to the book, is the best in the group, but all are unique in conception and worked out in Mr. McGrath's entertaining manner.

"The Welding." By Lafayette McLaws. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, $1.50.

"The Astonishing Tale of a Pen and Ink Puppet." By Oliver Herford, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $1.00, net.

"The Altar Fire." By A. C. Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, $1.50.

"Mexico and Her People of To-day." By Nevin O. Winter. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, $3.00.

"Son Riley Rabbit and Little Girl." By Grace MacGowan Cooke. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. Price, $1.50.

"The Best Man." By Harold McGrath. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price, $1.50.

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THE FAMILY SCRAP BOOK

We have begun this department expecting our readers to make it. It has been suggested by a number of our readers, and there is no department that should be more popular. There are few of us who have not in old scrap books, or elsewhere, something—in prose or poetry—that we cherish; that has become part of our souls. Send them in, thus preserving them and permitting others to enjoy them.

FAITHFUL

[From a Salado, Texas, scrap book.]

It is something sweet when the world goes ill
To know you are faithful and love me still;
To feel, when the sunshine has left the skies,
That the light is shining in your dear eyes.
Beautiful eyes! more dear to me
Than all the wealth of the world could be.

It is something, dearest, to know you care
When life with its sorrows seems cold and bare,
To feel, when I falter, the clasp divine,
Of your tender and trusting hand in mine.
Beautiful hand! more dear to me
Than the tenderest things of earth could be.

Sometimes, dearest, the world goes wrong,
For God gives grief with his gift of song,
And poverty, too. But your love is more.
To me than riches and golden store.
Beautiful love! Until death shall part,
It is mine, as you are my own sweetheart.

—*Author unknown.*

FAITH AND DUTY

DEAR SIR:

I inclose a short poem taken from the *Chicago Tribune* of a number of years ago. The thought impressed me so at the time that I clipped it out and have preserved it in my scrap book. The author's name was not given, but it contains a beautiful thought and should be preserved.

Very truly yours,

Mansfield, Ohio. W. H. GIFFORD.

FAITH AND DUTY

God made me; I will not apologize—
The workmanship is his; if firm and fair,
The credit of his strength I do share;
If it be rudely reared, and men despise
Its quaint design, and deign to criticise,
I do not murmur, for I have no care—
I question not the builder, here nor there,
Believing still that all his ways are wise.
This is the one sweet duty that I claim:
To keep the palace chambers cool and pure
And lily-chaste within, while they endure,
And all the many turret lights aflame;
To pour love's wine and bid the world take part
Around the purple altars of my heart.

THE SUNFLOWER'S WOOING

[Sent by Raymond Joslin, Dickson, Tennessee.]

In the corner of a meadow,
Where the ground was coarse and hard,
Stood the daughter of a lily,
Who had wandered from the yard.
She was tall and fair and slender—
The embodiment of grace,
Smiling sweetly in the sunlight
As it fell upon her face.

Near her stood a tall sunflower,
Bending lovingly above,
As he, trembling just a trifle,
Told his simple tale of love;
How through all the dreary winter
Hope had kept his heart astir,
How through long and lonesome summer
He had waited there for her.

Then he softly whispered something,
Something tender—can you guess?
And the lily quick assented,
Sweetly nodded him a "yes;"
So he drew a trifle closer
To his lily-love so fair,
And, when evening breezes moved him,
Bent and kissed her then and there.

—*James Courtney Challiss.*

OLD SONGS

EDITORS TAYLOR-TROTWOOD:

I send, subject to your inspection, an old song. It was among some Confederate effects captured at "Spanish Fort." It was adopted by a quartet in our Color Guard. Perhaps for the same reason that impelled the coyotes of the plains to serenade the camp fires, they sang it—well—often!

Oatville, Kansas. J. C. TRUE.

SWEET ANNIE

I go forth to battle, 'mid the smoke and rattle
Of musketry, and cannon's loudly roar.
They cannot defeat us, the Lord will assist us,

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We'll conquer, or see home and friends
no more.

Chorus:

Come, come, come, love, come,
Come, ere the night torch is pale.
Arise in thy beauty, thou marvel of beauty,
Dear Annie, sweet Annie of the vale.

If then, love, I'm lying, wounded, bleeding,
dying,
If on the field of battle I am slain,
The spirit of my lover around me will hover,
In heaven will meet thee, love, again.

Chorus.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy
soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that
which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh, tell me be-
fore all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole;
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true
mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfill?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day my
whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield
my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—
Not thou—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but
thou wilt surely warn and save me
now.

Nay, answer not—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my Fate—
Whatever on my heart would fall—remem-
ber I will risk it all!!

—*Adelaide Anne Proctor.*

EDITORS TAYLOR-TROTWOOD:

I am very desirous of learning who was the author of the inclosed poem, "If I Should Die To-Night." Please publish this in your Scrap Book Department, with the request for the name of its author, if any should know.

Very truly yours,
E. K. HARDIN.
Clover, South Carolina.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death has left it almost fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against my
hair,
Would smooth it down with cheerful ten-
derness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-
night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind with loving
thought
Some kindly deeds the icy hands had
wrought,
Some gentle words the frozen lips had said,
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside;
And so I should be loved and mourned
to-night!

If I should die to-night,
E'en hearts estranged would turn once more
to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance.
And soften in the old familiar way
(For who could war with dumb, uncon-
scious clay?)
So I might rest forgiven of all to-night!

O friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold
brow;
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a
thorn;
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I
plead!
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not
need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

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"THE CRY OF THE DREAMER"

[Sent by Miss A. L. Lincoln, Beaumont, Texas.]

I am tired of planning and toiling
  In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling
  And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river,
  Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
  And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
  Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
  In the throng that hurries by;
From the sleepless thought's endeavor,
  I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
  And a thinker dies in a day.

I can find no pride, but pity
  For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
  But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands too skilful,
  And the child-mind choked with weeds!
The daughter's heart grown wilful,
  And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! from the street's rude bustle,
  From the trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle
  And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream, as of old, by the river,
  And be loved for the dream alway;
For a dreamer lives forever,
  And a toiler dies in a day.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

A MOTHER'S LOVE

[Sent by Mrs. Paul Sallice, Gainesville, Texas.]

Some day.
When others braid your thick, brown hair
  And drape your form in silk and lace,
When others shall call you "Dear" and "fair,"
  And hold your hand and kiss your face,
You will not forget that far above
All others is a mother's love.

Some day,
'Mong strangers in far-distant lands,
  In your new home beyond the sea,
When at your lips are baby hands,
  And children playing at your knee;
Oh, then, as at your side they grow,
How I have loved you, you will know.

Some day,
When you must feel love's heavy loss,
  You will remember other years,
When I, too, bent beneath the cross,
  And mixed my memory with thy tears;
In such dark hours be not afraid;
Within their shadow I have prayed.

Some day,
Your daughter's voice, or smile, or eyes,
  My face will suddenly recall;
Then you will smile in sweet surprise,
  And your soul unto mine will call
In that dear unforgotten prayer
Which we at evening used to share.

Some day,
A flower, a song, a word, maybe
  A link between us strong and sweet;
Ah, then, dear child, remember me!
  And let your heart to "mother" beat.
My love is with you everywhere—
You cannot go beyond my prayer.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT OF '62

[Sent by Miss Grace Henry, Shawneetown, Illinois.]

The following poem was written in bivouac on Christmas night of 1862, by William Gordon McCabe. He was born near Richmond, Virginia, August 4, 1841.

The wintry blast goes wailing by,
  The snow is falling overhead,
  I hear the lonely sentry's tread,
And distant watch-fires light the sky.

When forms go flitting through the gloom,
  The soldiers cluster 'round the blaze
  To talk of other Christmas days,
And softly speak or house and home.

My saber swinging overhead
  Gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,
  While fiercely drives the blinding snow,
And memory leads me to the dead.

My thoughts go wandering to and fro,
  Vibrating 'twixt the now and then,
  I see the l .7-brow'd house again,
The old hall wreathed with mistletoe.

And sweetly from the far-off years
  Comes borne the laughter faint and low—
  The voices of the long ago!
My eyes are wet with tender tears.

I feel agai.. the mother-kiss,
  I see again the glad surprise
  That lightened up the tranquil eyes
And brimmed them o'er with tears of bliss,

As rushin, from the old hall door
  She fondly clasped her wayward boy—
  Her face all radiant with the joy
She felt to see him home once more.

My saber swinging on the bough,
  Gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,
  While fiercely drives the blinding snow
Aslant upon my sadden'd brow.

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Those cherished faces all are gone—
  Asleep within the quiet graves,
  Where lies the snow in drifting waves,
And I am sitting here alone.

There's not a comrade here to-night
  But knows that loved ones far away
  On bended knees this night will pray,
"God bring our darling from this fight."

But there are none to wish me back,
  For me no yearning prayers arise;
  The lips are mute and closed the eyes,
My home is in the bivouac.

THE NIGHT WIND

EDITORS TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE:

DEAR SIRS: Inclosed find copied poem, which I contribute to your Scrap Book published in each edition of the TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE.

Yours respectfully,
REUEL S. REAGOR.

Shelbyville, Tennessee, Dec. 15, 1907.

Have you ever heard the wind go "Yooooo?"
  'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!
It seems to chill you through and through
  With a strange and speechless fear.
'Tis the voice of the night that broods outside
  When folks should be asleep
And many and many's the time I've cried
  To the darkness brooding far and wide
Over the land and the deep:
  "Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wail the long hours through?"
  And the night would say in its ghostly way:
    "Yooooo!
    "Yooooo!
    "Yooooo!"

My mother told me long ago
  (When I was a little tad)
That when the night went wailing so,
  Somebody had been bad;
And when I was snug in bed,
  Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up round my head,
  I'd think of what my mother'd said,
And wonder what boy she meant!
  And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:
    "Yooooo!
    "Yooooo!
    "Yooooo!"

That this was true I must allow—
  You'll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
  I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say,
  Suppose you make the test;
Suppose, you've been bad some day,
  And up to bed are sent away
From mother and the rest—
  Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
And then you'll hear what's true;
  For the wind will moan in its ruefulest tone:
    "Yooooo!
    "Yooooo!
    "Yooooo!" —*Eugene Field.*

A LITTLE MAN

[Selected from the scrap book of John W. Faxon, Chattanooga, Tennessee.]

A little man dwelt in a little town
  A little over twenty years ago;
He gained a little portion of renown
  Within the little crowd he used to know.
He wed a little maid when twenty-one,
And later on they had a little son.

The little man had little to regret;
  He had but little patience with the weak;
When others' fill, his eyes were never wet;
  With sinners he had little time to speak;
Instead, he went to church a little late
And dropped a little nickel in the plate.

He drank a little coffee now and then,
  But little stronger liquor passed his lips;
He mingled little with Bohemian men;
  Life's wine he drank in stingy little sips.
When stragglers came to him for food or bed,
With little pain he shook his little head.

He made a little fortune rapidly,
  By grinding labor out of little arms,
And by foreclosing a variety
  Of little mortgages on little farms.
He died, and 'neath the weeping willow bough
A little worm is working on him now.

—*Anonymous.*

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WITH OUR READERS

This department is open to our readers for the expression of their opinions on questions of public interest. The editors, while inviting contributions bearing on measures and events of general interest, reserve the right to exclude such matter as is not deemed suitable, and are not responsible for opinions expressed.

MORE ABOUT GENERAL LYTLE

DEAR EDITORS:

In fulfillment of my promise, I send you this statement of the death of Gen. W. H. Lytle, at Chickamauga, as told me by Dr. N. D. Richardson, late of Nashville, but at that time surgeon of the 50th Alabama Regiment, Deas' Brigade.

On the morning of the 20th of September, 1863, the 50th Alabama was advanced to an armed reconnoissance to develop the line of battle of the enemy. Striking the front of Lytle's Brigade and finding them at breakfast, they readily stampeded them and followed in pursuit. The rough ground soon broke up the line, and the 50th was halted for realignment. This gave Lytle a chance to reform, and he came back at a charge with great gallantry, riding in front of his brigade, waving his sword, and overlapping the single regiment of Confederates, at once pushed them back. In the retreat a lieutenant and two privates of the 50th found themselves headed off by a ravine and likely to be captured before they could cross it. The lieutenant said to one of his men: "Give me your rifle. If I can drop that general we'll halt that line of Yankees until we can get away." At the crack of the rifle, the general pitched from his horse and, in the momentary halt, the three Confederates clambered down one side of the ravine and up the other and rejoined their command. An hour later the Confederate line swept all opposition away in the decisive charge which settled the fate of the battle.

General Lytle's body was found and readily identified, since he had spent some little time in Athens, Alabama, prior to 1861. Gen. Patton Anderson, on hearing of his death, rode to where he was lying late in the afternoon, and ordered Dr. Richardson to see to the burial of the body, and further ordered that his personal arms and belongings should be carefully preserved.

Dr. Richardson buried General Lytle, his negro, Bill Nick, digging the grave. Turning the cape of his overcoat over his face, they "left him alone in his glory."

His watch and sword were sent into the Federal lines a day or two later by the hands of General Gracie, with a letter from General Anderson extolling his heroic death, and one from Dr. Richardson, describing the place of burial.

General Lytle's body bore two wounds, one behind the ear, which killed him, the other piercing the heel—this last most probably after he fell. The lieutenant who fired the shot knew General Lytle by sight, though he probably did not recognize him until after he fell, and he, not unnaturally, regretted the necessity of war which forced him to the act, and so far as I know he has not allowed the knowledge of his action to spread. He is still living and a prominent attorney of Tennessee. In giving me the account, Dr. Richardson gave me also the name of the lieutenant, but requested that I should not mention it, and of course I cannot do so.

I asked Dr. Richardson if the poem, "I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying," was on the person of General Lytle, as declared by some authorities, and he definitely replied that it was not.

Trusting that this account of General Lytle's death, which has been the subject of many articles, will be of some value to you, I am,

Yours truly,

Athens, Alabama. T. M. HOBBS.

"ANNE" AND "THE CONQUERORS"

The following letter, as well as others received, is published to emphasize an editorial point often pointed out by us, to wit: that no one reader—not even one editor—should expect to have everything in a big magazine entirely tasteful to him or her. There is no disputing concerning literary taste, and the wise editor in publishing a variety can only hope that each one of his readers may find something in the magazine that suits. One subscriber, having written us to cut "Anne" out, a dozen rise to protest. And so it goes.

Remember the literary "don't:" *Don't* think that because you do not like a thing it is worthless. The same rule holds all through life.

"EDITORS TAYLOR-TROTWOOD:

"Give us all of 'Conquering the Wilderness' and kindred literature you have, but don't cut 'Anne, Her Diary' out, not a leaf.

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Being a lineal descendant of one of those original Kentucky families who crossed the mountains on foot from Virginia, I am much interested in all they did and how they did it; but we are living in a later age in which 'Anne' and 'Mammy Lou' are acting their part, and should go to record.

"Long life and prosperity to TAYLOR-TROTWOOD.

"Respectfully,

Palestine, Texas. "S. P. ALLEN."

EDITORS TAYLOR-TROTWOOD:

I want to thank you for the real pleasure I have gotten for some months past from your excellent magazine. I try to "boost" it all I can by lending the numbers to other errant Southerners here that may enjoy it, too. It is provincial, thoroughly so, but that is right, and should be its stronghold. Nothing you have published in it has appealed more strongly to me and to those to whom I have shown it than what dear little "Anne" has to say in her diary. I have looked forward each month to the real treat of reading these sketches, giving so brightly and so sweetly their portrayal of the inner life of that most lovable of all God's creatures, a thoughtful, dainty, sincere little Southern woman-child. I am supposed to be a crusty old bachelor myself, but I would be ashamed of that ilk if I thought the "Descendant of [all?] the Conquerors of the Wilderness" belonged to it, since the said d— of the c— of the w— has seen fit to bleat publicly his personal opinion that "Anne" is trash. I am not disposed to find fault with the article he praises, but as Dogberry said, "comparisons are odorous;" and if he fails to rightly appreciate the "Anne" sketches, he should blame himself, not the author of them. I am sure that I echo the sentiment of very many of your readers when I beg that her little ladyship will give to us more such peeps into her inner life.

With all good wishes,

Faithfully yours.

GIVUS MORANNE.

Los Angeles, California.

P. S.—I want to make one or two other suggestions:

Would not "Dixie" be a mightily taking title for a magazine? Everybody knows Dixie—everybody loves Dixie—just Dixie with perhaps a bar of the song we love. Away out here in California, even the bands can play no other tune that can get the spontaneous encore always given Dixie.

Again, on page 722 of your September number, you refer to the name Chickamauga as meaning the "River of Death." I am pretty sure it is from the Choctaw, in which language "Chickamau-oka" means good water. This is in contradiction to the popular belief, I know, but I thought it might interest you.

DOUSCHKA PICKENS' BURIAL

[The following clipping from an old paper is sent us by Mrs. Florence H. Robertson, Plasterco, Virginia, with the request that it be reproduced in this department of TAYLOR-TROTWOOD.—EDS.]

At Edgewood, the ancestral home of Governor Pickens, of South Carolina, there lately died his daughter, Douschka, who was as well known in the South at her death as was her illustrious father at the close of his career.

Before the close of the war Governor Pickens died. Learning his approaching fate, he summoned all his slaves at midnight from their cottages, and, being lifted from his bed to the window around which they were gathered, the dying governor called upon them to stand by their mistress and their "Little Missy Douschka," no matter what the war might bring about, or what temptations might cross their paths to tempt them away. He died as the moon rose, and the oldest of his slaves were his pallbearers. Since then not one of the men whom he addressed that night has left the service of his widow, and at the close of the civil strife, when negroes were hastening to seek work in towns and cities, the Pickens plantation almost alone remained intact.

It is almost the only plantation where the laborer is paid a bonus in addition to his wages, according to the season or success of the crop. The plan of giving to the tiller his percentage of the fruit of his toil was instituted by Douschka, at the age of eighteen.

She was buried from Edgewood, and her funeral services were without a parallel in Southern history. As related by a prominent South Carolina lady, who was an eyewitness to the services, it was a memorable scene. Her pallbearers were the exslaves of her father, some of whom had borne him to his grave over a score of years ago.

The spectacle was striking in its antithesis. The coffin was white velvet, profusely covered with white flowers, and around it in the palatial ball room of the homestead were grouped the white-haired negroes. The scene was impressive enough in itself, but was almost startling in its solemnity when Mrs. Pickens, the courtly, beautiful mother, stepped to the head of the casket, and facing her faithful servants, addressed them:

"I have sent for you to do you this honor because," and here there was a break in the voice, "I wish to make a public acknowledgment of your faithfulness and devotion, through all her sweet life, to this, your young mistress. When your master died, you will remember he sent for you and confided to your faithful care and protec-

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tion his wife and little child. You have been faithful to that trust.

"In all the dreadful times of riot and thieving you have stood by us and protected us, and I thank you now in the presence of all these friends for your loyalty and devotion. That sweet, young life is over, and you will carry from this room her precious body. Her spirit is with God, and she is an angel in heaven, and I now ask you to continue your faithful devotion and protection to your desolate mistress and to those little children of your young mistress, whom she loved better than her life."

It was a strange sight, this little speech and appeal of a mistress to her ex-slaves at the casket of her daughter. The salves, weeping and awed, bore their young mistress to the family burial ground and laid her by the side of her father, whom they had buried thirty years before. The tombstone will bear the name by which she was known, "Douschka." Mrs. Governor Pickens is the vice regent of Mount Vernon from South Carolina, and enthusiastic over the old home of Washington, always at the meetings, and upon all her visits to this city had been received with marked social attention.—*Washington Post.*

I KNOW A MAN

(BY H. E. P.)

I know a man who has a hog,
He dotes upon his breeding:
He takes the prizes at the fair
And spends a lot on feeding.
(It just costs him a heap of money.)

I know a man that has a girl—
He hasn't time to love her;
He seems to think the blooded hog
Is something far above her.
(And though the girl isn't improving, the hog is.)

I know a man who has a "hoss"—
He's very fond of "hosses;"
When it gets sick or lame at all,
He counts it 'mong his losses.
(He (the hoss) can travel very fast.)

I know a man who has a boy—
But isn't it a wonder,
He has no time to think of him,
But bids him "Go to thunder?"
(And the boy seems to be going *very fast,* too.)

I know a man who has a cow,
A Jersey, and a beauty;
To feed and groom her every day
He counts a pleasant duty.
(And the beast evidently likes the attention.)

I know a man who has a wife,
And sometimes he will beat her;
If she were but a Jersey cow
Much better would he treat her.
(And I reckon she wishes she were, sometimes.)

I know a man who has a dog,
He plays with it quite often;
And when the dog greets him at night
With smiles his features soften.
(The man's features, I mean.)

I know a man who has a soul,
At least so says his neighbor;
He thinks he has no time for souls,
He's "druv so" with his labor.
(But he will need to take time.)

FINALE

I know a man who must repent
As quick as time will let him,
Or with his hogs and dogs and things
The devil's sure to get him.

Pomona, Tennessee.

"BELIEVED TO BE RIGHT"

EDITORS TAYLOR-TROTWOOD:

The recent unveiling at Richmond of the monument to Jefferson Davis and the eulogies pronounced upon that great statesman call to mind a certain trend of thought in this day and time which is most fallacious in itself and unjust in its treatment of the cause of the late Confederacy. It is very common, even in the South, to hear some orator speak of the firmness with which President Davis clung to the views which *he believed* to be right.

It is most fortunate for our republic that the animosities engendered and fostered to a white heat by the Civil War are fast disappearing, and no true citizen should countenance their resurrection. At the same time it is a pitiable state of affairs when the Southern people, or any other people who love truth in history, allow the names of our Confederate heroes to be handed down to posterity as the advocates of a cause which they *believed* to be right, but which we in our superior wisdom know to have been wrong. The children of that immortal body of Confederates may properly admit that the Civil War was the stupendous political mistake of the nineteenth century, but they are unworthy heirs if they let history say that their fathers were in error and should bear the blame for that awful fratricidal conflict.

We often hear the opinion expressed that the God of battles and of nations intervened and turned the scale of victory to the Northern arms. For my own part I am frank to say that I believe myself that such was the case, but it is a great mis-

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take to rush illogically from that hypothesis to the conclusion that the North was right and the South wrong. If victory always perches upon the standards of those fighting in the cause of right, the philosophical historian would have a most unenviable task when he comes to tell of the dismemberment of Poland, for instance, or the defeat of the Boers in South Africa in their brave struggle for national existence, and many other such events in history. In fact, history is full of the cry of the martyr giving his life for principle and his fellow men and receiving as his reward the derision of those whom he strove to serve. Instead of defeat arguing the unjustness of a cause, it is the only infallible test of its justness; and likewise the only true test of the greatness of a man is to drink the cup of vindictive hate proffered by his countrymen for having stood for principle. The saddest words that ever fell upon human ears were those of the crucified Christ: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and contemporary history wrote him down as an impostor. Time, and time alone, can eradicate the passions of a generation, and when that is done the bright light of truth can sweep the history of events that caused those passions and place honor where honor is due. Some unborn Homer will yet arise to tell the story of Robert E. Lee, as he stood on the Southern bank of the Potomac at his beautiful Arlington and looked upon Washington and all that it typified—fame and glory at the head of the United States Army, and then resigned from that army to share the fortunes and what he then knew to be the woes of his people. The innate modesty of the man prevented his making any public announcement of his reasons, but in a letter he gave to his sister and unintentionally to the world afterward his simple reason, "Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language." Some poet will sing of the death of that brave Tennessee boy, Sam Davis, who gave his life for honor and to generations to follow a grander example than that of Pythias, in that he died rather than deliver up his enemy. And the future historian will write down in his book the deeds of Jefferson Davis, the high-minded patriot, who was tried in the crucible of defeat and found to be without fear and reproach. No man without the consciousness of right to sustain him could have delivered that touching farewell to the United States Senate when Mr. Davis, appreciating the fact that Anglo-Saxons might soon shed Anglo-Saxon blood, bid the stars fall if they would, but for himself he could only follow the course dictated by duty and patriotism. And in this money-mad age, it were well for us to study the lives of such men as Jefferson Davis and those of his school, who put the Constitution and principle above everything else, regardless of temporary consequences.

The sacred duty of the Sons of the Confederate Veterans and the Daughters of the Confederacy remains to each member to rebuke any one who through ignorance or passion would impugn the motives of those who cast their lot with the Lost Cause, and wait for time to vindicate them.

Austin, Texas. W. H. LONG.

"THE LOST CAUSE"

Not lost! from graves sweet flowers spring;
And from defeat, oft victories grand.
Our flag is furled, but memories great
Of noble deeds enfold our land.

We cannot feel a single drop
Of precious blood was shed in vain,
For from the bosom of those deaths
A glorious Southland sprang again.

Let cowards sink to rise no more!
Our heroes, hearts of metal true,
Like ancient knights, go forth in quest
Of nobler deeds that they may do.

Ah! yes, our Dixie still stands forth
The toast of all the proud, the brave;
Her beauty and her chivalry
Rich blossoms from our heroes' graves.

The fires that burn within her breast
Shall burst in glory's hallowed flames;
Lofty in noble deeds and truth
Our South, the queen of earth remains.

MARIE LOUISE DAVIES

(Wife of private messenger of President Jefferson Davis).

Richmond, Virginia.

THE MILK SICKNESS

EDITORS TAYLOR-TROTWOOD:

Your story, "The Mystery of Milksick Mountain," reminds me of some personal incidents:

In the spring of 1854 two brothers who had previously left their early home in the Green Mountain State to make one in Illinois, planned to visit that home again, hoping that the health of the wife and the younger brother might be permanently improved by the journey and the change of scenery. All winter they had been getting ready for the trip of more than a thousand miles—at that time a serious undertaking.

The party was led by a prairie schooner equipped for the trip and was in charge of the younger brother, a man of forty-five, his wife and ten-year-old daughter. Besides the prairie schooners that headed and brought up the rear there were three saddle horses in use with twenty-seven

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horses, a few loose, but the most of them fastened to a rope which was intended to keep them in line, no matter what happened.

The elder brother brought up the rear. He had with him his wife and two boys, eight and ten years of age. Leaving Manchester in Scott County, they held a southeasterly course through the state of Illinois. As they approached the eastern side of the state there were waitings for the water to subside. Every day had its new features. Sometimes the women and children were rowed for miles at a time over an expanse of water that would frequently swim the horses for short distances. As we neared the breaks of the Wabash River, we began to hear stories of the fatalities from the milk sickness that was always just ahead. Some thought that it was a mineral that abounded in certain localities, not where we were, but uncomfortably close for the stories of death that were current; others were sure it was a plant that grew more or less abundantly along the stagnant pools left by former overflow. We had previously never heard of "Milk Sickness," but the stories of its fatality left anything but pleasant memories. In time the horses from Illinois were sold at remunerative prices.

Fifteen years later these people were back in the "milk sick" country again. At Centralia, in Marion County, Illinois, Dr. Peavler had made a wonderful reputation in his treatment of ague and it was claimed that he could cure "milk sickness." Just after noon one bright, clear day, a man by the name of Bullock drove up to the doctor's office and said: "Doctor, I have two steers down with the milk sickness. Can you go out and cure them?" The doctor replied: "If I do, you will say they would probably have gotten well anyway. I will go out with you, select the one you think is worst, and I will cure that one but you must handle the other in some other way." The writer was interested, accompanied them, and saw the steer saved. Dr. Peavler then told him the formula, as follows: "Take three doses (two grains each) of quinine, twelve hours apart, and follow by using tartaric acid in any form, powder, pills or lemonade. It will break up any case of ague that was ever developed. Milk sickness is ague in cattle, nothing more or less. The same treatment will cure, just as long as you can get them to swallow the quinine and acid."

In 1876 the writer was in a dental office in Nashua, New Hampshire. A young man came in who had as severe a case of ague as I ever saw. I was surprised. He said: "I have been down in Kentucky, and for three months, have been shaking as often as every other day. I have been to all the doctors here and they know nothing but quinine, and it does no good." I took him to a druggist and got ten cents' worth of tartaric acid made into powders. Three months afterward I saw him, and he said: "You saw me have my last chill." So much for milk sickness and ague.

L. E. CLEMENT.

Pierce City, Missouri.

THE HOME-SPUN DRESS AGAIN

DEAR MR. MOORE:

I am a regular reader of TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE and an enthusiastic admirer of the writings of both its editors. I have read with a great deal of interest the "Historic Highways of the South," and with much pleasure and merriment the Sentiment and Story of "Our Bob;" and another department in your magazine to which I am much attached is the Family Scrap Book. In fact, the scrap book is one of my hobbies. I have one on which I have been working for more than forty years, and in it may be found pieces to suit every sentiment and humor to which the fancy of a reader might turn.

I notice in your February number in this department an article from Mr. J. S. Waddel on "The Home-Spun Dress," in which he ascribes the authorship to Lieutenant Harrington, of Alabama. This is a mistake, according to the decision of the committee selected by Prof. John Uri Lloyd, who offered a prize of $100, as mentioned by Mr. Waddel, for a copy of the song in full, with the name of the author. The prize of $100 was awarded to Mr. William J. Bryan, of Cincinnati, Ohio, for the first copy of the ballad and correct name of the author, and another prize of $50 was awarded to Charles W. Hubner, of Carnegie Library, Atlanta, Georgia, as the first person giving incontrovertible proof of the authorship of the ballad. This committee named Miss Carrie Bell Sinclair, of Savannah, Georgia, as the author. There were over four hundred contestants for the prize, of which number the writer was one. The claims of forty-eight different authors were presented. I have a copy of the decision of the committee (three judges of the Cincinnati court), with a history of the song and a picture of the author, sent me by Professor Lloyd, which I prize very highly. If you would like to publish the name in your magazine, I will cheerfully lend it to you.

With best wishes,

I am sincerely yours,

Nashville, Tennessee. J. O. BURGE.

[We are glad to get this information and will publish the decision of the judges in full in our next issue.—EDS.

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BELLS AND MOTLEY

A DEPARTMENT OF (AB)ORIGINAL HUMOR

By TOM SIGISMUND STRIBLING

THE ORACLE

It had snowed the night before, but Mr. and Mrs. Veribright had not been able to carry little D'Azzle Veribright (aged twelve months) out to see it until late that afternoon when it had begun to melt.

The father and mother now walked along with seeming carelessness, but really in eager expectation of the brilliant thing little D'Azzle was sure to say.

"Mama," quoth the scintillating little cherub, "who made it snow?"

The fond parents pricked up their ears eagerly, and each gave the other a meaningful glance.

"God made it snow, son," replied the admiring mother, who then stood alert, her ever-ready fountain pen poised above the "Baby's Diary."

The youthful prodigy looked at the melting snow in disapproval. "Well," spake he, scornfully, "he made an awful mess out of it."

A gleam of ineffable triumph suffused the faces of the fond parents. Mr. Veribright rushed for the offices of his down-town friends armed with the very latest. Mrs. Veribright wept tears of joy as she poised herself on one foot and balancing the heavy "Diary" on her drawn-up knee, penned a long passage before the eyes of the admiring crowd.

* * *

A BALLAD OF RIBS

I know it is an ancient jest,
The butt of many squibs,
Since God first took old Adam
And made Eve of his ribs.

In days before he married,
Old Thompson vowed 'twere fibs,
That men were sometimes harried
When they got back their ribs.

Now, Thompson's spouse was very lean,
When he at last did get her,
He said he could have had one fat,
But he loved Spare Ribs better.

A very virago she proved;
Poor Thompson could but plea,
"Alas, this paradox is true,
My Spare Rib's roasting me."

At last, within his happy home,
Two twins bawled in one crib,
And now poor Thompson can but moan,
"Spare me this pair, Spare Rib!"

* * *

A PANIC CAMEO

THE CLERK (reading paper)—Oh, sir, this is horrible, horrible!

THE MAGNATE (excitedly)—What? What is it?

THE CLERK—There are hundreds of unemployed men, sir, actually starving in the streets.

THE MAGNATE—What a fright you gave me. I thought stocks had fallen again,

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DISQUALIFIED

SHE (gushingly)—Oh, Mr. Rymagin, you're a poet—would you mind explaining this stanza to me?

HE—Er—really, Miss Fluttyr, you must excuse me: I wrote that quatrain myself.

* * *

THE PESSIMIST (glumly)—I tell you, I don't get enough to eat during the panic.

THE OPTIMIST (cheerily)—Oh, that's all right; it'll soon be over, you know—then we'll all have plenty.

THE PESSIMIST (still more glumly)—Yes, and I'll have indigestion again.

* * *

BILL'S CHARACTER

A negro was once testifying in a lawsuit where they wanted to prove the defendant was a dangerous character.

"Now, uncle," began the attorney, persuasively, "wouldn't you say that Bill, here, was a bad man, a dangerous man, a man quick to fight?"

"Hit's lak dis, Boss" (the old negro cleared his throat solemnly); "Bill, dar, is ve'y vivid in verbal exercises an' ve'y lurid in linguistic combinations, but, suh, when hit comes to pussonal adjustment, he is not so eagah fu' de contex'."

* * *

There once was a nigger named Coné,
Who went to a hen house, alone.
Bagged a hen in his clothes,
When a great wind arose,
And the cyclone bagged the sly Cone.

* * *

During the recent Spanish-American War, Smith, a young private, overstayed his leave of absence in a Cuban town, owing to the fact that he carried an uncertain amount of spirituous fluid in a bottle and in other places about his person. He had just entered camp when his captain stopped him and demanded an explanation.

Smith halted, became suddenly sober and saluted.

As he did so, the captain caught sight of the bottle.

"What have you got there, Private?"

"A bottle of whisky, sir."

The captain frowned fiercely, clanked his sword.

"Advance, Private—with the cork out!" he commanded.

Smith advanced.

* * *

A FEW IRISH BULLS

To be turned on the pasture as soon as the reader receives this magazine

Oi 'ave often noticed that the most onexpected things happen whin no wan is looking for thim.

Oi rushed up to a man the other day and said, "Hello, Mike." Sez he, "Hello, Pat," but he wasn't my Mike. I remembered the man's name but I couldn't place his face.

It's a great joke to go deaf in Ireland. A fellow once went deaf there and the neighbors made such fun of him that he never heard the last of it.

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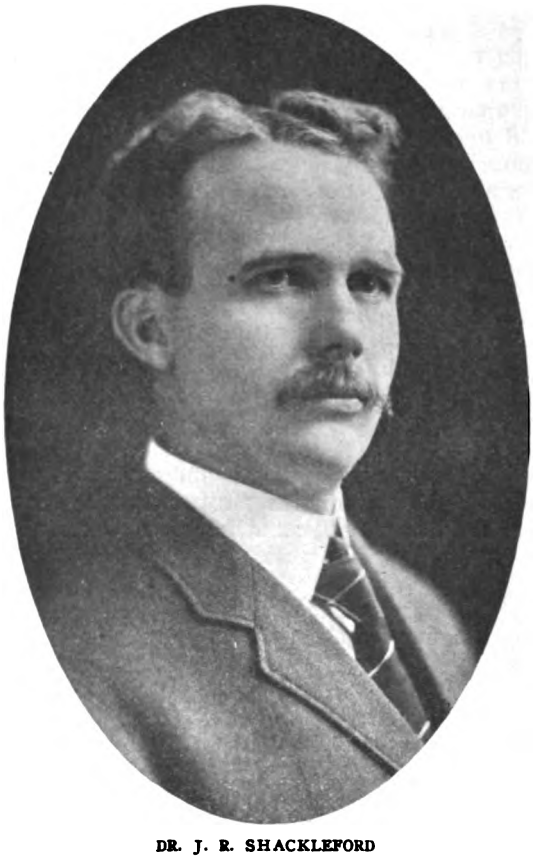
AN OSTEOPATHIC PIONEER

About the first of last December there went from Nashville to St. Louis the first physician who ever practiced osteopathy in the state of Tennessee. And this pioneer is by no means an old man. On the contrary, he carries but thirty-seven years. Yet what he has accomplished in his profession is worthy of a much older man.



DR. J. R. SHACKLEFORD

Dr. J. R. Shackleford was born in Lewis County, Missouri, in 1870. Like three-fourths of the prominent business men, he was reared on a farm, and began his education with a blue back speller, seated on an old field school bench, swinging his feet at the floor. Passing from here he completed his literary education at the Christian University at Canton, Missouri.

Now, in those days, osteopathy was a strange and weird thing. The only paths the sick and afflicted ever thought of taking were the allopath and the homeopath, and even the homeopath with his infinitesimal doses was looked upon with deep suspicion and alarm. The folks wanted something that would rouse them, shake them up, a dose they would have to tiptoe to swallow. And to be merely rubbed, by an osteopath—forsooth.

The moral of this digression is that it took, in those good days, an independent spirit to break away from the accepted order and embark upon the new and untried.

So we find the doctor, in June, 1897, graduating from the American School of Osteopathy, at Kirksville, Missouri, a full-fledged osteopath. With the same pioneering instinct that led him to choose his profession, he deliberately settled in a city and state where his profession was not recognized by law.

But upon the advent of the doctor in Nashville there came a radical change. It was largely through his influence that osteopathy was legalized in Tennessee. He drew many friends about him, both personal and professional, among whom were Senator Robert L. Taylor, John Trotwood Moore and others. He was appointed by the governor as president of the first State Osteopathic Board of Tennessee. He organized the Tennessee

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Osteopathic Society and became a member of the Nashville branch. He is a member of the American Osteopathic Society. In brief, he was boldly to the front in everything relating to his profession in his adopted state.

Perhaps the strongest reason why he ever left the City of Rock is because of his marriage to Miss Illinski, daughter of the late Dr. Illinski, of East St. Louis. At any rate, St. Louis called him, and he moved back to his native state, to the big town on the Mississippi, and he is now located in St. Louis, Century Building, Suite 1003.

We feel that the enviable record he made in Nashville will prove but a forerunner of a still greater success in his new home.

The one boast the doctor makes of all this noteworthy career is an exceedingly humble one; he says that in the past and at present, no one ever came to him for treatment and were refused, whether they had money to pay or not. Perhaps that is why his career was possible.

Aside from his professional attainments, the genial doctor was always popular, and this article is frankly in the nature of a Nashvillian "good-by" to a departing friend.

SOME COMMENDATIONS

DEAR SIRS: I have just read in your September number the article written by Hon. Van Leer Polk on the subject, "Basic Principles of the Negro Question." The arguments in this article are unanswerable.

I wish it could be read by every true American, North and South.

Very truly yours,
A. F. WOOD.
Corsicana, Texas.

From *Western Review:*

"TAYLOR-TROTWOOD is the equal of any Eastern magazine.

Mr. Jno. Trotwood Moore,
Nashville, Tenn.

DEAR SIR: A friend of mine handed me a copy of your monthly recently, containing story of "Tom's Last Furage." The issue is of June, 1906. Unfortunately, several pages of this delightful story are missing, and I have had only a whetted appetite for the full story. Can I prevail upon you to send me a full copy of the issue containing the story? Born in the South and a son of a lieutenant in Morgan's command, I appreciate the beauty of your magazine and it would give me pleasure to subscribe as a regular reader of your publication if you will let me know the cost. I will send you check to cover same.

I trust I may get the full text of "Tom's Last Furage," and with best wishes for your success, I am

Yours respectfully,
C. S. ASHBROOKE.
Madison, Wisconsin.

DEAR EDITORS: A little praise, especially if it be based on facts, is good for one's constitution. I want to tell you that you people have produced in your September number a magazine to be compared with any popular magazine published in America. Aside from the mistake of placing some cheap paper in the middle of this issue (pp. 677-708), you have published a periodical that gives from beginning to end a pleasant day's reading,—interesting articles, distinct illustrations, variety enough for all classes of patrons. I trust that this effort in Southern magazine-editing will reach even a higher standard. Yours sincerely,

CARL HOLLIDAY,
Prof. of English, Cox College.
Atlanta, Georgia.

From *Cullman* (Ala.) *Tribune:*

"There are no better literary productions in the country than *Uncle Remus' Magazine* and *Tom Watson's*

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Jeffersonian Magazine, of Atlanta, and the TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE, Nashville. Published in the heart of the South, edited from the hearts of Southern men, they deserve and should receive the hearty and enthusiastic support of all Southern people."

From *Laurens Advertiser*, Laurens, South Carolina:

Much of a Magazine

"Some writing in a newspaper office is much of a task—this constant grinding at the copy mill—but it is a real pleasure to prepare copy on such a subject as THE TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE. It is like answering a letter which you have just received and enjoyed—you want to write about it. We have been looking a whole month for TAYLOR-TROTWOOD, and it has seemed such a long while; but that is only on account of impatient eagerness and restless longing, for, in some other respects, the time has seemed very short. But the magazine for September is here, and this is one instance, at least, when "possession is more enjoyable than anticipation."

"Everybody in this section ought to take an interest in the TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE. It devotes a space in the current number to Clinton and Laurens. 'Little Laurens and little Clinton,' it says, 'have shown with their thousands what big Nashville and big Atlanta should do with their hundreds of thousands.' [Go to the Laurens Drug Co. and get a copy—don't come botherin' us for ours, we need it.]"

Editors TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIRS: As the months pass, I am more and more an admirer of your excellent magazine, so much so that I cannot afford to miss a number. This I did in November last. By some mischance, either by the mail, or an oversight of your mailing department, the number for that month did not reach me. Will you kindly mail me a copy, so that I can keep complete files?

And greatly oblige, yours very truly,

J. M. MARTIN.

New Castle, Pennsylvania.

The Taylor-Trotwood Magazine,
Nashville, Tenn.

DEAR SIRS: I am sending you a list of fifteen subscriptions to the TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE. I presented the matter to some of my friends because I believe that your magazine is the one the South has been looking for during the past forty years.

I shall probably pick up additional subscriptions as I have occasion to speak to my friends about the matter.

Sincerely,

Owensboro, Kentucky. D. L. MERRITT.

MY DEAR SIRS: Please accept my sincere congratulations on your splendid and beautiful Christmas number—December number, I should say. You have made a wonderful improvement, and I trust the New Year will bring you unbounded success.

Sincerely,

Mt. Vernon, Indiana. FLORA G. KLING.

DISCOVERIES IN HUMAN ELECTRICITY

By Clara Wright Ruland

Since the time of Franklin, science has known there is electricity in the air. Not until Marconi's recent triumphs, however, did we dream that this air-electricity could carry wireless messages. Subsequent to the work of Galvani, over a century ago, we have also known there is electricity in every living creature, yet, we have not found, up to the present day, any use for this electric power.

A Washington scientist, Andrew McConnell, now claims to have proven both with scientific laws and hundreds of actual tests, that this electricity of life can be utilized by an invalid to cure himself when specialists fail, that an old person may reinvigorate himself and lengthen his life, and all without any drug, apparatus or mental suggestion, simply by developing a control of the electric forces in the body.

Twelve years ago a young student published a volume of poems which presaged a literary future. Nervous prostration cut off that hope. Undaunted, the lecture platform was tried, and on the eve of general success the same enemy stopped that venture.

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A literary magazine in the graveyard of magazine undertakings, the South, was launched and kept going for six years before nervous prostration blighted that endeavor. From personal ambition he turned to do something for the town life of the Southern states, to broaden and get them in touch with the spirit of the age. The lecture platform was selected as the entering wedge, to bring the ablest minds to speak direct to the people. In three years he had a lecture course in nearly every town of over 1,000 inhabitants east of the Mississippi.

Heart trouble was then added to nervous prostration, and this last work had to be turned over to other hands. Again he saw that Massachusetts had more libraries than the ten Southern states combined, and determined to put equally good ones, containing the best literature, into all the little towns. Strange to say, in another year he had two hundred towns with libraries, and then that splendid work had to be given up. It was death or health! Friends talked "Christian Science, Mental Science, Hypnotism, Magnetic Healing, Medicines and Rest." But what is health? Cannot we have an exact science of health and know just what to do to be sure of it? Are not the differing health creeds proof that we have not discovered its fundamental laws?

Next, followed two years delving into the libraries, through all phases of material and psychic science with the same missionary spirit and courage that a minister would preach to the heathen. Summer days would find this far-visioned student out in the silent woods lying in a hammock getting nature's quiet help to digest and correlate the known scientific facts.

Finally, one day he goes to a little Alabama city and quietly hunts out the worst chronic invalids. He tells them that vital power is all there is to health, he gives countless and most convincing proofs that this vital power is electricity. He tells them how it is produced in the body battery, that one must become his own electric engineer, that every way the vital power is generated any human creature can increase. Reports spread of noted invalids getting well in one and two weeks. Old people give up their feeble ways and walk with spirit, looking many years younger. The people see the results and wonder what it means. The invalids proclaim it the greatest discovery of modern times. The unknowing skeptics call it "Hypnotism or Christian Science." The cured say, "No, it is simply natural ways to increase the vital power which will cure every form of vital weakness!"

Our scientist comes to Washington and is most often seen in the Surgeon-General's Library or the Congressional. His proofs that vital force is electricity multiply beyond dispute. People beseech him to teach them how to cure themselves. Scientists, ministers, many from the common people, begin to proclaim they are well in from one to six weeks, and praise and defend this scholarly man whom to see is to be convinced of his unusual sincerity and deep, penetrating mind.

Invitations begin to pour in from clubs, societies and churches to have lectures on these discoveries in vital force. One minister from the pulpit proclaims it the greatest discovery of the last fifty years. Ministers take the lectures to learn to increase their working capacity, to get the scientific explanation of many Bible truths to reach skeptical minds, and underneath is a desire to help spread this scientific cure to counteract the growth of Christian Science.

In an interview I had recently with Mr. McConnell he stated:

"All ill health, chronic weakness, despondent unhappiness and untimely death are the direct result of an abnormally low state of vital force. We seldom take germ diseases until the vitality is too weak to resist them. We do not take consumption until the vital force in the lungs is too weak to kill the germs. We do not have indigestion, nervous prostration, heart trouble and the hundred other forms of chronic ailments until the vital power gets too weak to keep the vital organs up to their normal activity. Weakened vitality lessens the heart action, lessens the breathing, lessens the digestion and lessens the excretion of waste poisons; lessens the rebuilding and repairing power of the body.

"If we can get a science of the life forces and learn to control them as mechanical forces, then every man may have the blessings of good health, happiness, power and long life. Realizing that this was the one great need of science I have made it my life work.

"This is the one need of medical science. There are five principles of medical practice. Sanitation, to prevent germ diseases, and this has done wonders in preventing yellow fever and all other contagious diseases. Antitoxins, to kill the germs in the system, and the antitoxin for diphtheria has

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worked miracles. The commonly used principles of purgation to rid the system of accumulated waste are good for acute times, but the constant use makes the system depend upon purgatives and like a boy whose mother does everything for him, one gets into a chronic weakness. The fourth principle is sedation, to allay pain with sedatives like ether, etc. The constant use makes the dope fiend and destroys health.

"The fifth principle is stimulation to draw the reserve forces for a special emergency, to get strength for acute or dangerous illness. It is usually done by the mild use of a poison like alcohol, strichnine, etc. The cells of the body feel the poison and like a man fighting for his life the whole body is aroused to great activity. This gets more energy into circulation and produces a temporary increase of strength, always followed by sinking further below the normal. It is like whipping a horse. It draws upon the reserve forces but does not produce more energy. This will kill a horse and constant use of medical stimulants will make an invalid of every one.

"Thus we see that medicine has no way to increase the vital force, the one thing necessary for all health and long life. If medical science could control the vital forces there would be no chronic disease. Every one could have health.

"Vital force being all there is to health and long life, what is this all important energy? If it be a mysterious life principle which man can never fathom, one that glows in youth and subsides in old age, then science has done all for health that is possible to be done. But if vital force is a common energy which man can produce, increase and regulate, then we can do for man all the impossible things. Health, happiness and continuous life will be as simple as the running of an engine.

"My investigations into the vital forces prove beyond a doubt that all vital power is the common energy, *electricity*. In almost a hundred, all more or less conclusive, experiments by recognized scientists,I prove that all muscular action comes from electricity generated in the body; that the human body has every principle, and is a Voltaic battery; that every process essential to life is a process of generating electricity; that the brain and nerves work from an electrical basis and in many other indisputable ways prove that the motor energy in plant, animal and man is *Electricity*.

"We can produce, increase and control electricity. My next step was to find how the vital electricity is produced. From that I found that any one may increase and control his production, that any invalid may cure himself, without doctor or apparatus; that an overworked man may increase his vital electricity without taking a month to years for a rest cure.

"The effects of learning to increase and regulate the vital forces are appalling in importance.

"It means that any man may cure himself of any form of chronic disease without patent medicines or specialists.

"It means that any man may increase his mind power and working capacity by increasing his vital force.

"It means that any man may make himself happy by flooding his system with vital force. We are depressed when the vitality is low, and happy when it is strong.

"It means that all disease becomes curable because when vitality is increasing the rebuilding, repairing capacity of the body is increased. Diseases are incurable only when the vitality is decreasing, making the tearing down process greater than the rebuilding.

"It means the best check to drink. When one is in a low vital state, feeling blue or unequal to work, there is a strong tendency to take a drink of whisky, which will, in five minutes, make one feel vital. To be able to increase the vital forces rapidly will take away the desire as increased vital power is better than stimulation.

"As age is but the gradual decrease of the vital forces there is too little energy to run the vital organs, so a way to increase the vital power will unquestionably lengthen life.

"It means that the doctor will be confined to acute and dangerous attacks, that patent medicines will have run their course and that people will no longer become chronic invalids, spending all they earn for medical treatment which makes them worse. Health will be simply a question of mechanics, of making more energy than we consume, just as we have to earn more money than we spend. We will have an exact science of health, as reliable as mathematics or physics; when once a man becomes his own electrical engineer he need no longer fear the undertaker.

"Proving the vitality to be electricity proves thinking a process of directing electric waves. This will scientifically explain all the uncanny psychic phenomena which

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have been the puzzle of the age: telepathy, mind-reading, clairvoyance, etc. All are simple human ways of sending and receiving wireless telegraphy.

"On the same basis, proving thinking a process of directing electric waves, gives a scientific explanation of the cures of Christian Science, Mental Suggestion, Catholic Shrines and Faith Healing. Electricity can decompose and recompose matter and can make any chemical changes. Therefore, certain states of mind directing electric currents can chemically change the body into a well condition. The churches will soon take up this principle to check the spread of Christian Science.

"I have made no discovery in one sense of the word, have no chemical or apparatus to patent. I have simply found by scientific proof and actual demonstration upon a hundred people, that we can increase, regulate and control the vital forces. This means a new step in the world's progress. Chronic disease can be conquered and life can be vastly lengthened. Science has only begun its discoveries in Electricity, the one universal energy of both the Organic and Inorganic realms."

BUSINESS NOTICES

GREAT PROGRESS OF THE PRUDENTIAL

Enormous Figures Dealt in by This National Life Insurance Company

The annual statement of The Prudential, of Newark, New Jersey, which is published on another page, shows the company to be stronger in public confidence than ever before. The year 1907 is reported to have been one of unusual gains in every department of the company's business. The company issued and paid for in new insurance during the year over two hundred and seventy-two million dollars. The number of policies in force has been increased by over four hundred thousand, bringing the total number of policies in force up to over seven and one-quarter millions. The total amount of insurance at risk is over one billion three hundred and thirty-seven million dollars. In payments to policy-holders, The Prudential has maintained and surpassed its record for liberality. During the year The Prudential paid to policy-holders over eighteen million dollars, while since the organization of the company the total payment to its policy-holders has been over one hundred and forty-one million dollars.

A safe and profitable investment to a life insurance company consists of loans to its own policy-holders, on the security of their policies. The statement shows over seven million dollars loaned in this way.

The Prudential also shows a reduction in expenses in 1907 (on a basis of equal premium incomes in 1906 and 1907) of nearly one million dollars. The tax payments by the company in 1907 also reached the enormous sum of one and one-quarter million dollars. The net gain in insurance in force was over eighty-four million dollars, and this, the company's officials state, was a greater gain than the company made in 1906, one of its banner years.

The Prudential states that through its splendid equipment, experience and organization it has given since the introduction of its New Industrial Policy and New Low Cost Ordinary Policy, more life insurance for less money than ever before, and to this, no doubt, is due the great success that the company made last year, and is making this year.

The New Low Cost Policy is described by the Prudential company as the greatest success in life insurance, and this is due to the fact that it is sold at as low a rate as consistent with the guaranteed benefits and the absolute life insurance protection which it affords.

Send to The Prudential, Newark, N. J., for rates on the New Low Cost Policy at your age, and The Prudential officials state that you will be surprised at the large amount of life insurance you can secure from that company at such low cost.

The teachers of Mississippi will hold an examination in May at Jackson, Mississippi, to contest for a prize to the one answering twenty questions, the answers to which will be found in "Ferguson's Lessons in Land Numbers." This is a remarkable book published by Thos. M. Ferguson, Hattiesburg, Mississippi.

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"TOPPING THE TOP"

The Hamilton-Brown Shoe Company's seven large factories, six of which are located in St. Louis, and one in Columbia, Missouri, employ over five thousand people, paying them forty thousand dollars weekly, are and have been since the strike producing nearly twenty thousand pairs of shoes every working day. This company has two hundred and eighteen stockholders, and its shoemakers have $91,717.15 on deposit with the company, drawing interest, making it co-operative and profit-sharing. They have one hundred and twenty salesmen, covering nearly all the states and territories, and the orders are coming from all sections. Their cash express business is running ahead of last year. During the last thirty-five years they have passed through the severest panics the country has known, and such years have been some of their best years. In 1897 they gained in shipments $1,002,788.-91. January 1, 1908, they increased their capital from $2,500,000 to $3,500,000, something that few concerns would have nerve to do in face of the financial disturbances, but keeping their nerve at such times has enabled them to top the top of achievement, and made St. Louis the world's largest shoe market.

The Peck-Williamson Company, 366 W. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, ask for an opportunity to prove to you that their Underfeed Furnace saves one-half to two-thirds on coal bills.

WINFIELD, W. VA., Feb. 1, 1908.
Taylor-Trotwood Publishing Co.,
Nashville, Tenn.

GENTLEMEN: Yesterday I received a copy of "Life Pictures." I am greatly pleased with the book, and would not part with my copy of it for $100.00, could I not procure another. JEROME DUDDING.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 11, 1908.
Taylor-Trotwood Pub. Co.,
Nashville, Tenn.

GENTLEMEN: About December 1 I placed my order with you for a copy of Senator Taylor's "Life Pictures." As soon as the book was ready for distribution you filled my order and the volume reached me about two weeks ago. I cannot begin to tell you how much pleasure the entire family gained from this delightful book. I have heard a great deal about "Bob Taylor," but never before read his lectures.

Thanking you again for the pleasure we have derived from "Life Pictures" and expressing my appreciation of "Taylor-Trotwood," which has become our favorite magazine, I remain, Yours very truly,

MISS MAUD B. FLOWERS,
301 Shukert Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY

Kindly publish the following statement again, as since making my big hit in a Mexican gold mine, I cannot answer the letters I receive. I believe any man or woman can make big money by buying stock in any of the rich operating mines, because Mexico has the richest mines in the world, and Mexican laws will not permit fraudulent mining schemes.

Be sure to invest in a mine that is being actively operated, and whose officers are men of integrity and honesty; a few dollars invested with such a company now may bring you thousands in a year. The Pittsburg Oaxaca Mining Co., Block 1282, Pittsburg, Pa., is absolutely reliable, and by their assistance I made over $20,000 in less than a year, having only a few dollars to begin with. A friend of mine, from a $10 investment, is now getting a dividend of $5 a month. You do not have to go to Mexico; write to the above address, and you can rely implicitly on the information you receive. J. MARSTON.

The newest school for young ladies in the South is the Tennessee College for Women, at Murfreesboro, which opened its first year with 190 students last September. Of these 128 are boarders, from eight different states. It is a fine location, with a large and perfectly equipped brick building. It has an excellent faculty, two literary societies, the Ruskin and Lanier. Its finely equipped Music Department is under the charge of Dr. H. H. Nast, a pianist and instructor of note. The school is the only one in Tennessee owned by the Baptists. George J. Bennett is President.

At the recent meeting of the Association of College Presidents, held at Jacksonville, Ill., the following resolution was passed:

"*Resolved,* That we congratulate President Joseph R. Harker and his co-workers

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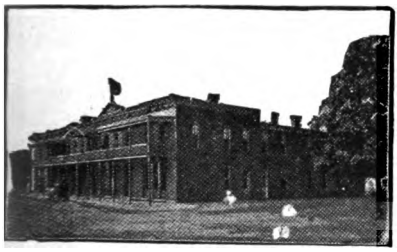
pon the recognition of Illinois Woman's College by the University Senate as entitled to full college standing, and that we express to the denomination and the public our confidence that this College, having a distinct field in this section of the country, meets its opportunities with excellent courses and competent teachers."

This makes Illinois Woman's College one of only three full colleges for women in the entire Mississippi Valley. It was founded in 1847 and commenced its full college work in 1907.

Recently the young lady students at Harlin College, Mexico, Mo., gave the Latin comedy, "The Menæchmi," by Plautus, in the original. The young ladies found themselves able to commit their lines in Latin with ease. Some of them gave evidence of much histrionic ability. Costumes were of the period portrayed. The various characters were assumed by Misses Edna McDonald, Salisaw, Okla.; Leila Talbot, Parsons, Kan.; Virgie Poyner, Clarksville, Ark.; Vera Hoagland, Mexico, Mo.; Pearl Read, South McAlester, Okla.; Mabelle Pryor, Paris, Mo.; Zella Bynum, Tulsa, Okla.; Grace Jenkins, White City, Kan.; Elizabeth Burton, Fort Scott, Kan.; Eva Covert, Mena, Ark.; Ted Okell, Ft. Madison, Iowa; LaVern Snell, Columbus, Ky.; and Betty Rose, Dearborn, Mo.



MORPHINE

ALL DRUG, LIQUOR AND TOBACCO ADDICTIONS cured in ten days by our painless method. Unconditional guarantee given to cure or no charge. Money can be placed in bank and payment made after a cure is realized. 85 rooms equipped as first-class hotel. Patients who cannot visit sanitarium can be cured at home. References: Any county or city official, any bank or citizen of Lebanon. Large booklet sent free. Address

CEDARCROFT SANITARIUM

DEPT. T. LEBANON, TENN.

DR. W. BAILEY WILLIAMS

RHEA SPRINGS
TENNESSEE

Practice limited to chronic diseases: Dropsy, Asthma, Catarrh, Cancer and diseases of women. Removal of cancer without the knife a specialty. Fees in cancer work range from $25.00 to $[illegible].00. Twenty years' experience. Careful and personal attention to all correspondence. Reference given. -:- -:- -:- -:- -:-

Dr. S. A. Morse, Specialist

in all Catarrhal diseases of the eye, ear, nose, throat, lungs, stomach and bowels. This is Home Treatment, and common sense treatment Dr. Morse has cured more people with his Improved Vaporizing Inhaler and constitutional treatment in the past five years than any ten men in America If you cannot possibly come for an examination and trial treatment at my office, then send to-day for booklet and symptom blank. (*Mention Magazine.*)

Office, 506 1-2 Austin St., . . WACO, TEXAS.

FARMERS should write us for prices on field seeds.

MERCHANTS should write us for prices on produce.

Nashville Seed Co.

J. J. ODIL, Manager.

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Underfeed FURNACE

SAVINGS

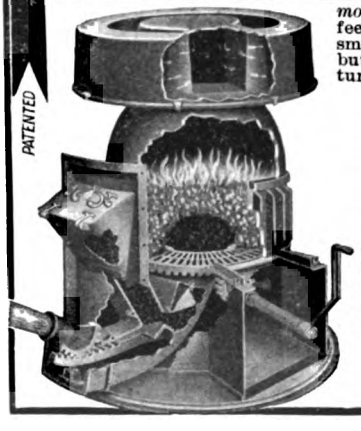
Trail Across the Continent.

WHEREVER the doctrine *goes* that a dollar *saved* is a dollar *earned*, there you'll find the UNDERFEED FURNACE. From Maine to California and Manitoba to Mexico, delighted hundreds have learned, during winter terms in the School of Experience, that there *is* one warm air furnace which declares an *annual dividend*. The

Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnace

Saves One-Half to Two-Thirds of Coal Bills

Illustration shows furnace without casing, cut away to show how coal is forced up under fire, which burns on top.



The Underfeed assures more *clean, even heat* at a smaller outlay for coal than any other furnace ever made. *Cheapest* slack yields as much clean heat as *most expensive* anthracite. Fed from below, the Underfeed Twentieth-Century Way, with all the fire on top, smoke and ashes, wasted in other furnaces, cannot escape, but *must* pass thru the flame, are thus consumed and turned into heat units.

G. H. Lee, of the Lee-Radtke Hardware Co., Barabee, Wis., writes: "If anyone had told me what could be done with the Underfeed Furnace, I would not have believed it to be possible. It is certainly a wonderful furnace. It is all that you claim for it and more too. I supposed that this furnace would be more trouble to take care of than a topfeed, but I find it less care. I shall cut my fuel bill in half or less, and this is not hot air, either."

We've got *lots* of testimonials just as enthusiastic which we'll gladly send you in fac-simile, with our illustrated Underfeed Booklet, fully describing this money-saving furnace. Heating plans and services of our Engineering Department are yours—FREE. Write today, giving name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO.

366 W. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

Our 1908 Proposition to Dealers is Well Worth Reading

11

"The Fence that Lasts Forever!"

CHEAPER THAN WOOD

Ornament your front yard by installing a **beautiful Iron Fence.** It will give tone to your premises. Our Iron Fence has **Style, Beauty, Finish** and **Durability, and in Cost we compete with the World. 100 Choice Designs, Symmetrical** and **Perfect.** Address **Dept. G** for prices.

CINCINNATI IRON FENCE CO., Incorporated, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

☞ **FREE Catalogue.**

AGENTS WANTED in every town. **EASY TO SELL.**

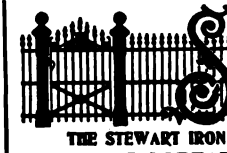
KODAK

Amateur Pictures Finished

Our finishing plant the largest and most up-to-date in the South. We specialize mail order work. Get price list.

DUNCAN R. DORRIS

Management, E. L. KEPLER, 25 Arcade, Nashville, Tenn.



Stewart's Iron fence

25c per foot and upwards

OVER 300 DESIGNS

Write for Catalogue 29

Agents Wanted

THE STEWART IRON WORKS CO., Cincinnati, Ohio

THE WORLD'S GREATEST IRON FENCE FACTORY

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BUSINESS NOTICES

The True-Tagg Paint Company are offering the most durable floor paint on the market, made in nine beautiful colors. Any ten-year-old child can apply it.

The Dixie Artificial Limb Company, whose display ad appears on another page, agree to give an absolute guarantee to any one who needs an artificial limb.

The Peck-Williamson Company, 366 W. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, ask for an opportunity to prove to you that their Underfeed Furnace saves one-half to two-thirds on coal bills.

Read the ad of Baird-North Company, 905 Broad Street, Providence, R. I., in this issue and write them for their illustrated catalogue. It's free to every reader of the TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE.

There is no better shoe for men on the Southern market than the "Big 4 Line" put out by the J. G. Hynds Shoe Manufacturing Company, of Nashville. This company has covered the Southern States with hustling salesmen, and the demand in that territory for this particular brand of footwear is enormous. It has been said by many that "when once a Hynds shoe is worn, no other will satisfy." We take pleasure in calling your attention to this company's advertisement.

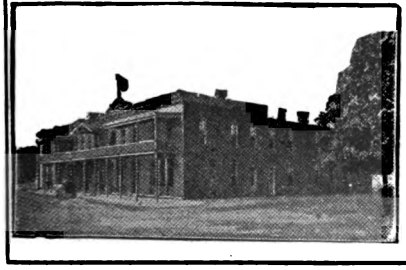
Several months ago a party of Dallas gentlemen became interested in grahamite property in Indian Territory and invested thousands of dollars in testing the deposits, buying lands and perfecting titles. They then formed a company, called the Grahamite Company, with a capital of $150,000. The directors and officers of this company are amongst the best known and substantial of the business men of Dallas, whose names are a guarantee of responsibility and success. Those of our readers who don't know what "grahamite" is, and would like to know, can secure the information free by addressing the Texas Corporation Securities Company, North Texas Building, Dallas, Texas. See their page advertisement in the front part of this magazine.

ROSES THAT GROW

TWO THINGS NECESSARY—GOOD PLANTS AND PROPER CARE—A FLORIST WHOSE ROSES ARE DEPENDABLE.

Rose! thou art the sweetest flower,
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose! thou art the fairy child
Of dimpled spring, a wood-nymph wild.

Perhaps no flower has been so much the subject of the poet's verse as the rose, and deservedly so. This plant whose blossoms scent the air with their fragrance and gladden the eye with their beauty, can be grown in all its glory by every one. There are just two requisites—good bushes and a little common sense. If you have never grown them before, it will more than pay you to try this coming season, and if you will order from Reed (Wm. B. Reed, Chambersburg, Pa.) you will get good roses—roses that grow and bloom. Follow directions Mr. Reed will send and nature will do the rest. *Reed's roses are becoming famous.—Assembly Herald, Philadelphia.*



MORPHINE

ALL DRUG, LIQUOR AND TOBACCO ADDICTIONS

cured in ten days by our painless method. Unconditional guarantee given to cure or no charge. Money can be placed in bank and payment made after a cure is realized. 35 rooms equipped as first-class hotel. Patients who cannot visit sanitarium can be cured at home. References: Any county or city official, any bank or citizen of Lebanod. Large booklet sent free. Address

CEDARCROFT SANITARIUM

DEPT. T. LEBANON, TENN.

3,000 Famous Books by Famous Authors, 50c ea. Hunter & Co., Nashville, Tenn.

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BRODNAX

Our Catalogue of

Diamonds, Watches, Gold Jewelry, Sterling Silver and Rich Cut Glass

Is Now Ready for Distribution.

IT CONTAINS 148 ILLUSTRATED PAGES.

Let Us Send You a Copy.

You will need a copy of our catalogue to help you in selecting something suitable for the fall weddings. We make a specialty of sterling silver, and show a large line of it in the catalogue. The illustrations are fine, and you can tell just how the articles you are interested in will look, and will be able to order without making a mistake.

The same can be said of our cut glass. The pictures are almost as attractive as the glass itself, and you know that nothing makes a better appearance for a small amount of money than rich cut glass.

It is about time to commence thinking of your Christmas presents, and it does not pay to put off ordering them until just before the holidays, for everybody is too busy then to give your letter the attention it deserves.

Pick out the goods now. We can engrave them nicely, pack them properly, and the express companies can bring them to you in good order and in plenty of time.

You can rely on orders sent us being promptly filled. Our rule is to fill every order the day we get it. This means that an order from anywhere in the South will reach us, and the goods get to you in, at the outside, three days. Ask any of your friends that have traded with us, and they will tell you that there is no place like Brodnax's for promptness.

We guarantee absolute satisfaction in every shipment that we send out. It isn't often that we are called on to make good our guarantee, but when we are, settlement is made cheerfully and to your satisfaction.

So won't you send us your request for Catalogue No. 29, and then give us a share of your business?

Geo. T. Brodnax, Inc.

GOLD AND SILVERSMITHS.

29 South Main Street, Memphis, Tennessee

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BUSINESS NOTICES

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Write the Baird-North Company, 905 Broad Street, Providence, R. I., for their illustrated catalogue of money-saving jewelry. It's free to readers of the TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE.

Several months ago a party of Dallas gentlemen became interested in grahamite property in Indian Territory and invested thousands of dollars in testing the deposits, buying lands and perfecting titles. They then formed a company, called the Grahamite Company, with a capital of $150,000. The directors and officers of this company are amongst the best known and substantial of the business men of Dallas, whose names are a guarantee of responsibility and success. Those of our readers who don't know what "grahamite" is, and would like to know, can secure the information free by addressing the Texas Corporation Securities Company, North Texas Building, Dallas, Texas. See their page advertisement in the front part of this magazine.

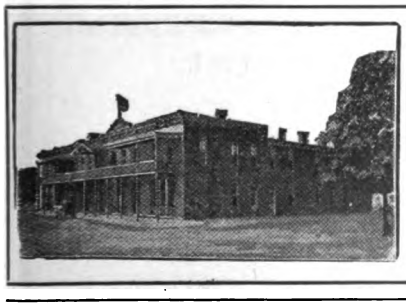
WINDERMERE HOTEL UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

The Windermere Hotel, Delmar Boulevard and Clara Avenue, St. Louis, under the able management of Mr. W. F. Williamson, is now the leading family hotel in the West End. Its location is excellent and its manager is one whose hotel experience enables him to promise the best attention to patrons who appreciate the benefits of a first-class hotel.

Mr. Williamson is particularly adapted to the hotel business, his genial personality making him a favorite as a host and his long experience giving him the executive ability to carry out his plans in a manner which proves satisfactory to his guests.

In St. Louis Mr. Williamson opened the Hamilton Hotel during the World's Fair, and under his able management made it the leading West End hotel of the city. Guests of all nations were his during the time when St. Louis was thronged with visitors, and all departed from the Hamilton while he was manager with kind words for the one who made their stay so pleasant.

Mr. Williamson built and conducted the Hamilton Hotel in St. Louis until the United Railway Company changed its trackage, which left that hotel far away from the routes of travel.



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CEDARCROFT SANITARIUM

DEPT. T. LEBANON, TENN.

3,000 Famous Books by Famous Authors, 50c ea. Hunter & Co., Nashville, Tenn.

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BRODNAX

Your Christmas Wants Can Be Easily Filled from Our 148-Page Catalogue

Prompt Shipments and Express Charges Fully Paid

With a copy of our catalogue you will have before you the cream of what is up-to-date in jewelry.

We devote ten or twelve pages to diamond jewelry. Diamonds make ideal Christmas presents. You can never have too many of them and they enhance in value eleven per cent yearly.

We devote fifty-five pages to gold jewelry. No finer stock of sterling silver and cut glass can be found anywhere. Goods may be ordered from our catalogue just as intelligently as you could buy through a personal visit to our store. It is a great deal easier to buy this way and far less expensive.

Every shipment is made with the distinct understanding that the goods must come up to your idea of what our high standard should be. The decision is left with you entirely, and anything that is not satisfactory may be returned at our expense and prompt adjustment will be made as you direct.

Our packages are unusually attractive and we take special pains with gift shipments that go direct to the recipient.

We nearly always ship the same day the order is received. Your order is acknowledged immediately upon receipt, with advice as to how shipment will be made, and we give you the definite shipping date in all cases.

Write for our catalogue and Diamond Booklet No. 29. Both will be mailed you with our compliments, at our expense, and your orders are solicited and will be filled in accordance with the guarantee given above.

Geo. T. Brodnax, Inc.

DIAMOND MERCHANTS
WHOLESALE AND MANUFACTURING JEWELERS

29 South Main Street, Memphis, Tennessee

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SOCIETY HAS ADOPTED

THE NEW WEDDING INVITATION, "THE DOROTHY MADISON," FOR FALL

OF COURSE WE ARE THE FIRST TO SHOW IT
POST YOURSELF ON THE CORRECT FORM BEFORE YOU BUY
SAMPLES ON REQUEST
PLEASE DO NOT WRITE FOR CHEAP ONES
WE MAKE THE BEST POSSIBLE TO MAKE

FOSTER, WEBB & PARKES

NASHVILLE

WEDDING INVITATION SPECIALISTS

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BAKER'S COCOA

First in Years!

First in Honors!

First on the Breakfast Tables of the World!

Registered, U. S. Pat. Off.

48 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd.

[Established 1780]

DORCHESTER, MASS.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

"When Frost is on the Pumpkin and fodder's in the shock," there comes a feeling of satisfaction to daily users of

Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

at having survived the summer months with **clear** skin and complexions unimpaired. **Mennen's** is a safe and pure toilet necessity, delightful after **bathing** and after **shaving**, and indispensable in the nursery.

For your protection it is put up in a **non-refillable** box—the **"box that lox."** If **MENNEN'S** face is on the cover it's **genuine** and a **guarantee of purity.** Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1542.

Sold everywhere, or by mail, 25 cents. **Sample Free.**

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Try MENNEN'S Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder
It has the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets

Maxwell House Blend Coffee

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

No matter what kind of coffee you prefer or what particular brand you are using at present, a trial of

MAXWELL HOUSE BLEND

in comparison will prove very decisively Maxwell House Blend's superiority. Never sold in bulk.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT

CUP QUALITY

CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE CO.
NASHVILLE, TENN
HOUSTON, TEX.

SANDERS, NASH.

GENTLEMEN
WHO DRESS FOR STYLE NEATNESS, AND COMFORT WEAR THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD

The Name is stamped on every loop—

The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c.
Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

ALWAYS EASY

The N Y Public Library
40 Lafayette Place febo3

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THE SANITARY CONQUEST OF THE ISTHMUS. BY ERNEST CAWCROF

THE TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE

EDITED BY

SENATOR ROBT. L. TAYLOR

AND

JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE

NASHVILLE TENNESSEE

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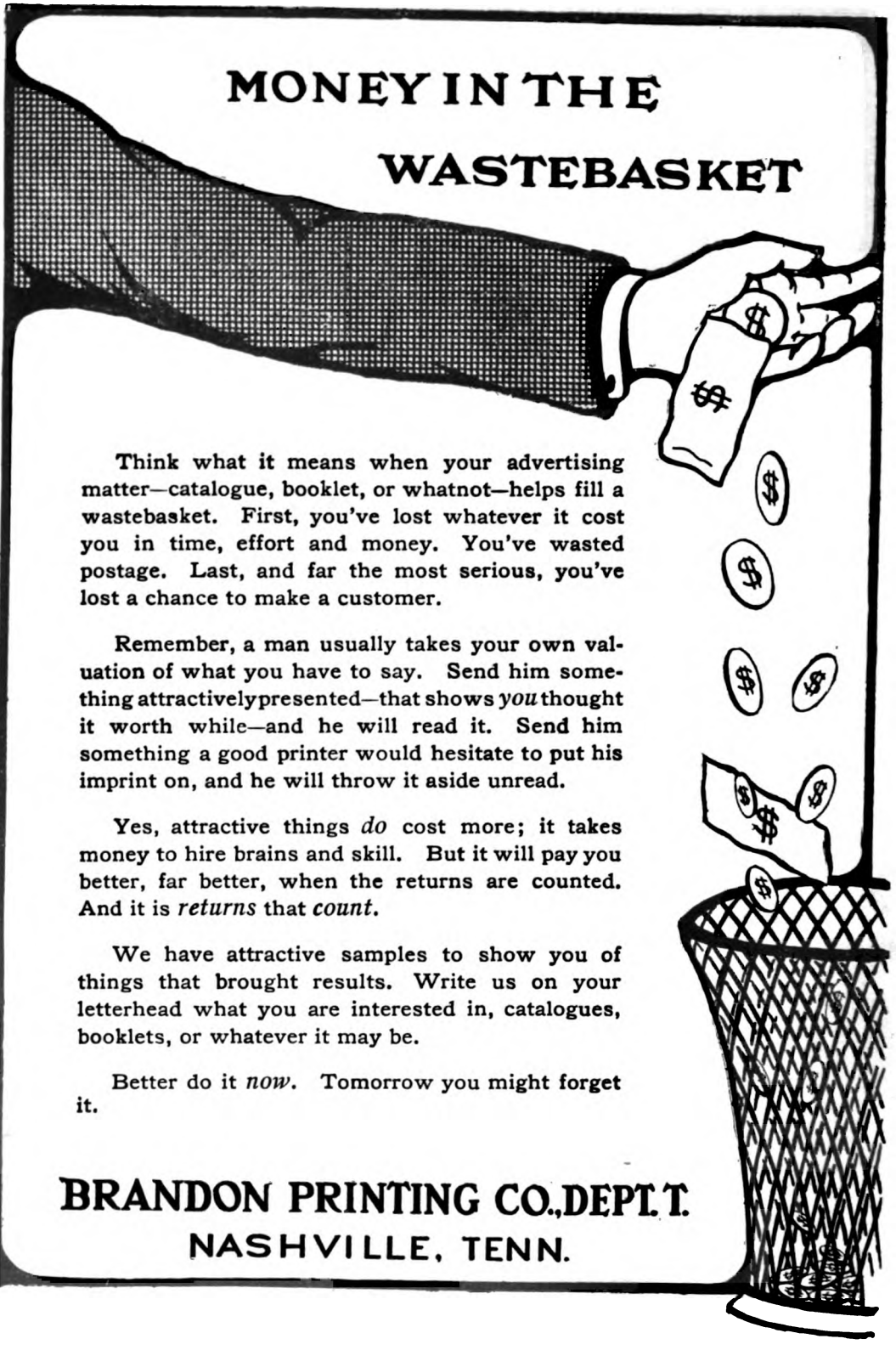
MONEY IN THE WASTEBASKET



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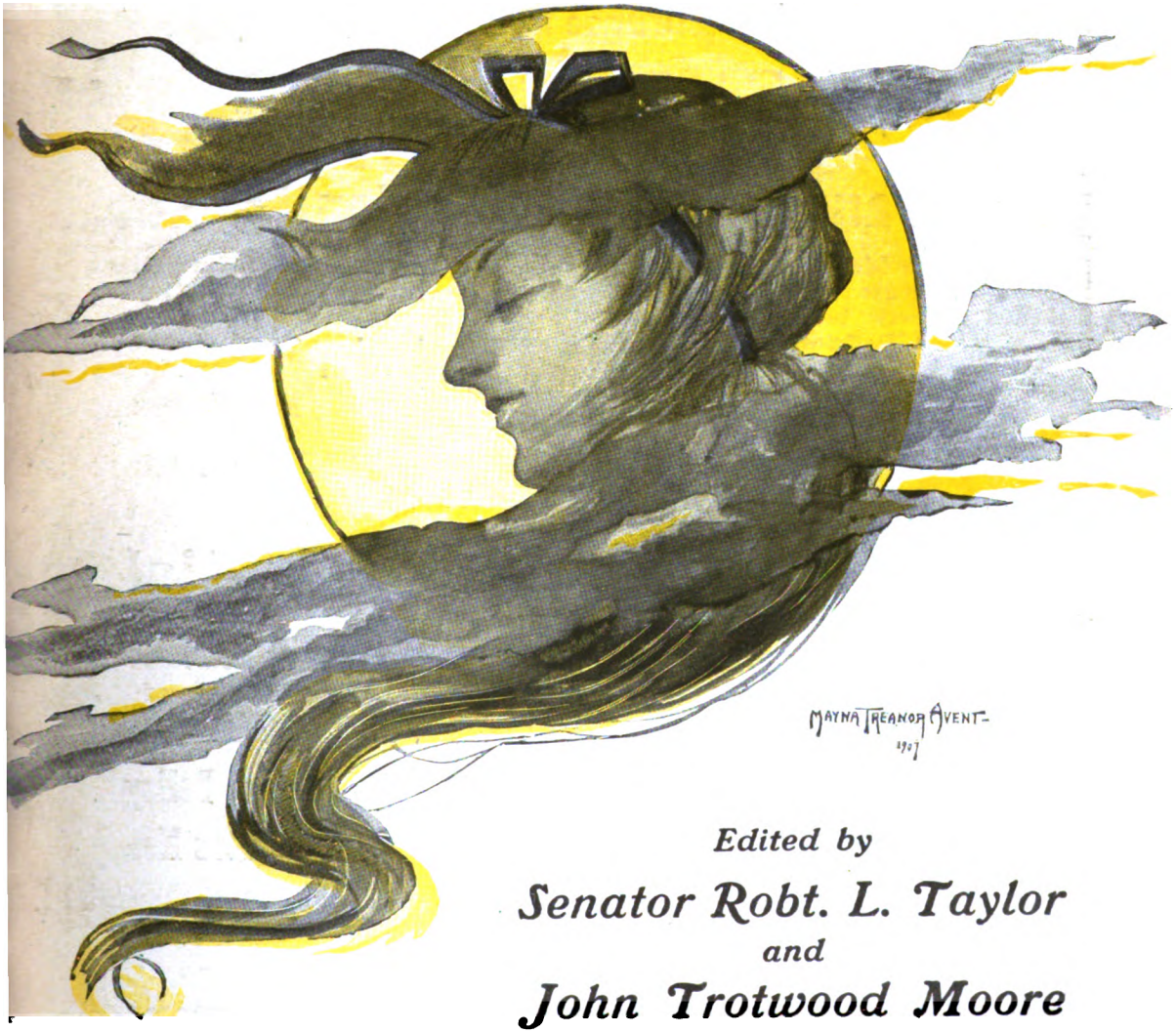

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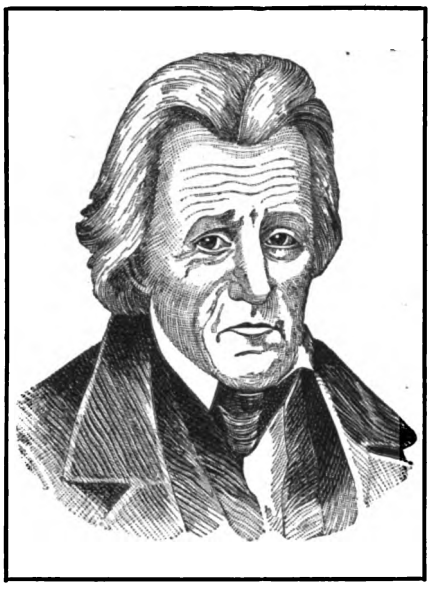

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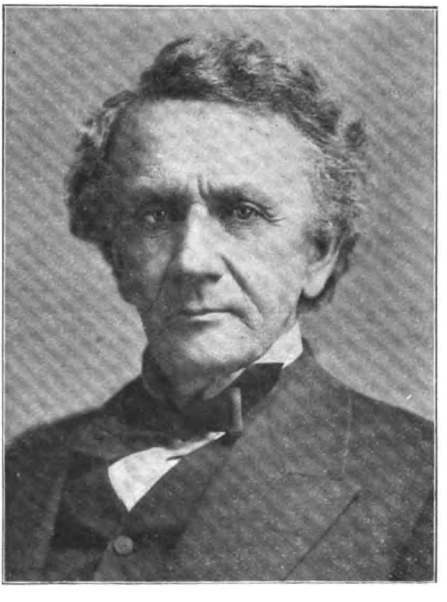

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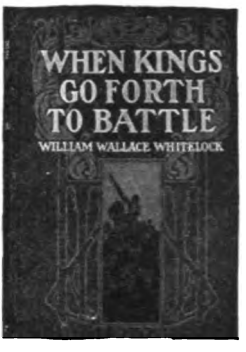

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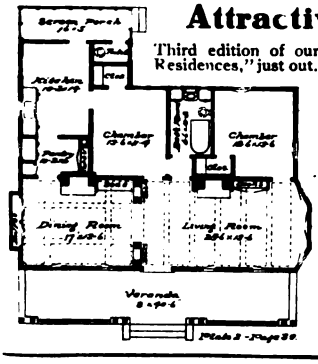

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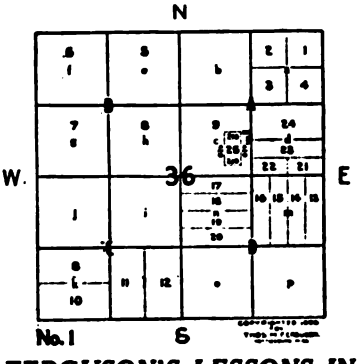

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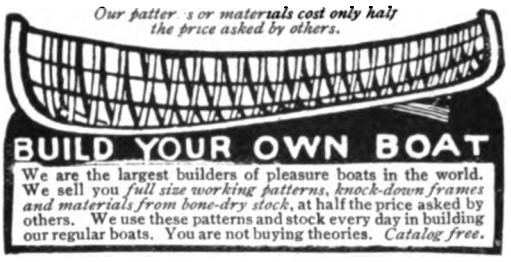

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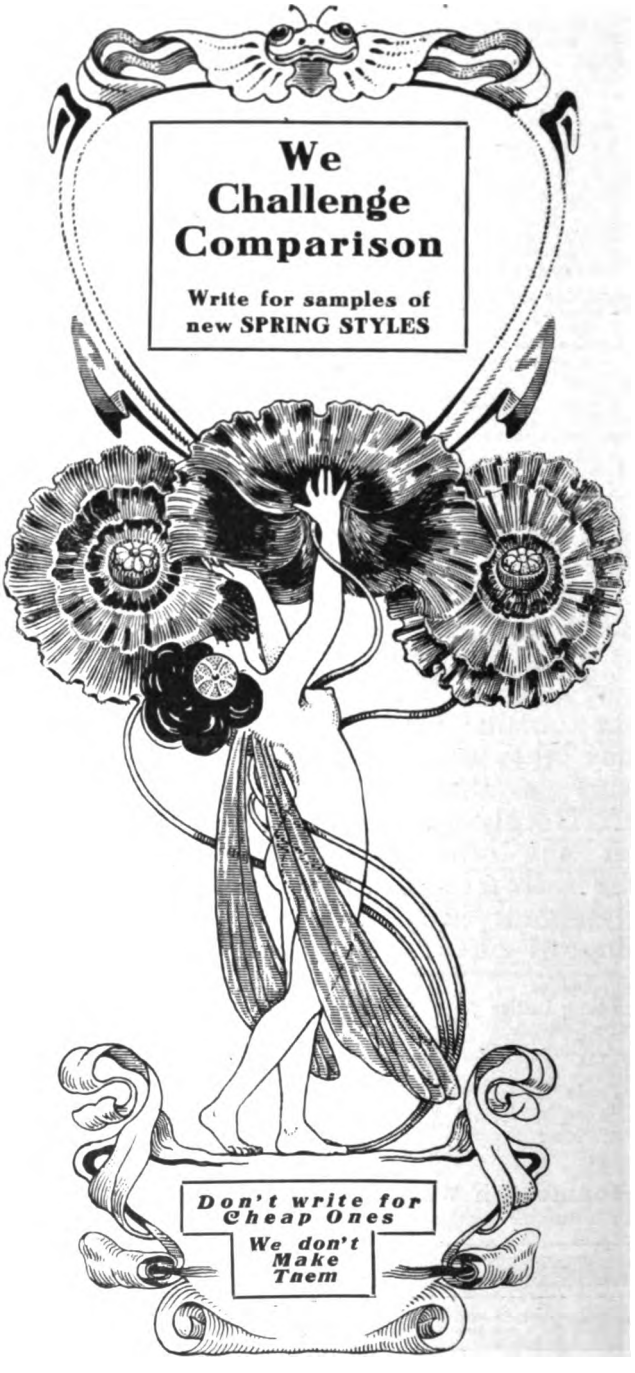

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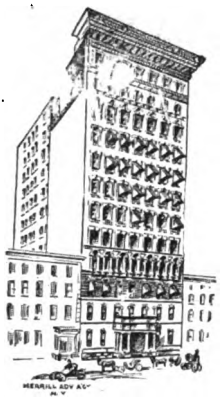

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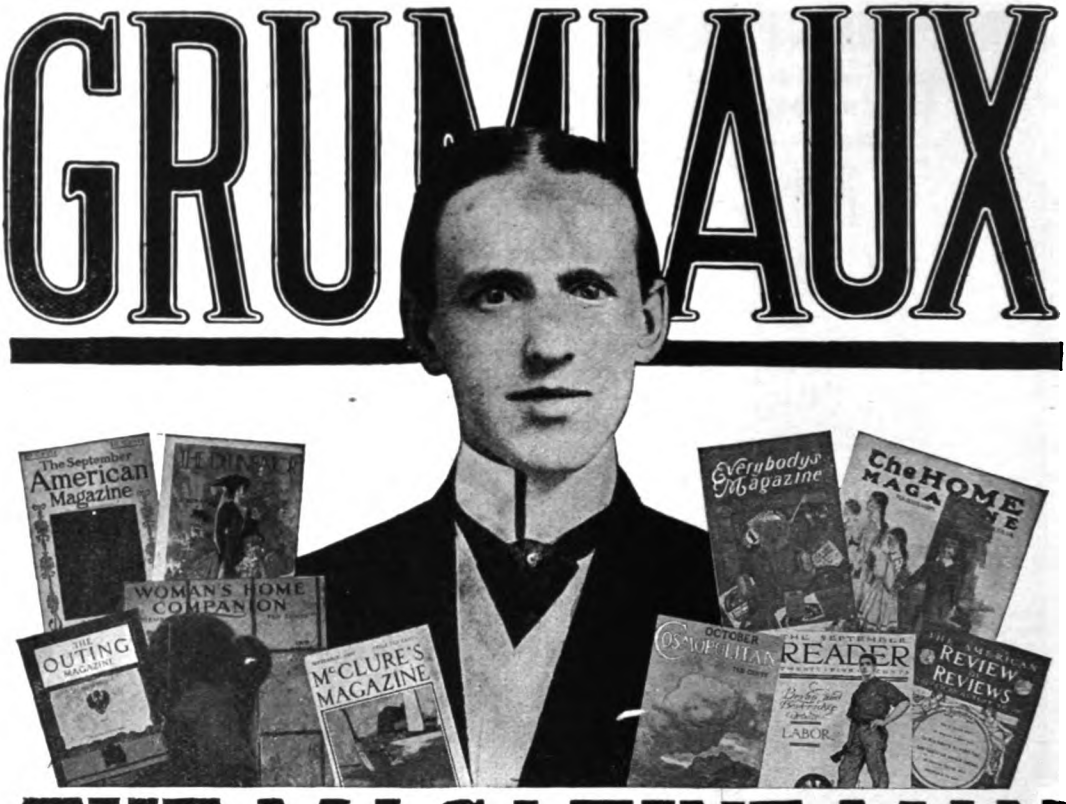

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We want each one of our subscribers to do us a small favor, and we believe you appreciate THE TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE sufficiently to grant it at once.

Will you tear off the card below, sign it and hand it to a friend—a friend who you know will act upon your suggestion? THE TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE is now going into thousands of Southern homes and circulates largely in all other parts of the country, and if each one of our subscribers will do us this favor our circulation will increase like magic. The favor will be greatly appreciated by the magazine's editors and publishers.

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I shall consider it a special favor if you will send $1.00 to The Taylor-Trotwood Pub. Co., Nashville, Tenn., for one year's subscription to THE TAYLOR-TROTWOOD MAGAZINE, enclosing this piece of paper bearing my signature. I am a subscriber to this magazine and consider it worth twice what is charged for it, and would not think of doing without it. It is a Southern magazine, and, in my opinion, has few equals. Send in your subscription to-day, and later you will thank me for urging it upon you. You should have it in your home, anyway, and if you haven't, you have been neglecting a good thing and missing a great deal. It is edited by United States Senator Robert L. Taylor and John Trotwood Moore. What better would you want? Hoping you will attend to this at once, I am,

Your friend,

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Fig Culture in the Coast Country of Texas

By E. C. Robertson, Houston, Texas

The Good Book tells us that the fig was one of the fruits grown in the Garden of Eden, and also found in the Holy Land. It is not surprising, then, that we find it growing in such profusion in South Texas, which is called the Modern Eden by those who know most and love best this wonderful coast country.

While the fig is a common tree in nearly every yard and farm in the coast country, there are no large orchards, and when we take into consideration the rapid growth, sure crop and profits derived from same, the greatest wonder of all is why more people do not cultivate figs in a commercial way. Perhaps one reason is that the fruit is so delicate that it will not bear shipping any great distance in the warm weather when it ripens.

It has been found that the best way to market a crop of figs is to have a preserving plant near by the orchard so as to take care of the fresh, ripe fruit each day.

There is nothing that makes a more delicious preserve than the fig, and in South Texas the Magnolia variety is especially esteemed for that purpose. At Aldine, a suburban village of Houston, is located the largest fig-preserving plant in Texas, where the celebrated skinless fig preserves are made, such as won the highest prize at the St. Louis World's Fair. They command the best prices and the demand is practically unlimited. The Pullman Car Company now consumes the total output of several plants at fancy figures. One concern in Pittsburg wanted as a trial order several times as many gallons of fig preserves as are now put up by all of the plants in Texas combined. There is no possibility of ever glutting the market for fig preserves for the next quarter of a century.

If you have never eaten of this delicious fig preserves, you should do so at the first opportunity.

From 150 to 200 trees are set to the acre in rows so that they can be cultivated. The land should be kept cultivated each year and the trees well cared for. There is no disease or insect known to injure the fig in the coast country of Texas, and with proper cultivation the tree will live the average lifetime of man.

There are several varieties of figs grown in this section, those most common being the Celeste or Sugar Fig, White Adriatic, Brown Turkey, Large Blue Ischia, Lemon Fig, while the best of all for commercial purposes is the Magnolia Fig. It is only within the last dozen years or so that the Magnolia Fig has become generally known, and it is truly a wonderful fruit in many respects.

The profits derived from the cultivation of figs are both sure and satisfactory to all who give the tree half a show. Of course, the best returns are derived where careful cultivation is given and local conditions are favorable for marketing the fresh fruit.

The trees begin bearing fruit the second season after planting and will yield on an average one bushel to the tree the third or fourth year, and increase about fifteen per cent annually thereafter for some fifty years, if properly cared for. There are fig orchards in this section that net $300 to $400 per acre, but it is safe to expect not less than $250 to $350 per acre, wherever a preserving plant is found, to consume the fresh fruit as fast as it ripens. Such conditions exist at Aldine, which is in the lead of all other points in South Texas, in the fig-preserving business in Texas, from which plant more fig preserves have been shipped than from all other places combined. The Aldine Fig Company is preparing to plant one thousand acres in figs to be sold on easy payments, which will enable this place to maintain her supremacy in the fig business for years to come. Aldine is destined to become known all over the country wherever the Texas fig preserves are sold. It is settled altogether by white people, and no negroes will be allowed to own property here.

Other fruits besides figs are grown successfully at Aldine and throughout the coast country of Texas. The Satsuma orange, lemon, peach, plum, strawberries and dewberries are now cultivated more extensively each year and with considerable profit in this section. Vegetables are sometimes grown in the young fig orchards, and the truck farms are to be seen on every hand throughout South Texas.

The coast country of Texas will soon rival southern California in attractions for the homeseeker and investor. Her pleasure resorts are becoming more favorably known every year, and already many people are spending the winter in Texas who formerly went to Florida and California for health.

The climate of South Texas is indeed most delightful at all seasons, and in some respects surpasses the Pacific Coast.

Houston is already the metropolis of the coast country of Texas, and is destined to become one of the greatest cities of the South. She possesses much of the hustle and bustle of a larger western commercial center with the spirit of Southern hospitality. The eyes of the world seem to be turned toward Texas, and the Magnolia City will lead all others. The fig farmers find a ready market here for their fruit.

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FORTUNES IN FIG ORCHARDS

Letter from Mr. Harry Ashton

Aldine, Texas, Jan. 21, 1908.

Mr. E. C. Robertson,
Houston, Texas.

DEAR SIR: It is with pleasure that I say that all of my business relations with Mr. F. W. Colby, a large land owner, have been entirely satisfactory, and he is regarded by the citizens of this community as an honorable, upright gentleman in all his dealings.

I have examined the land around Houston, and consider that at Aldine unsurpassed for the culture of figs. The Carpenter Fig Co. have an orchard here and the manager says that the orchard at Aldine produces more figs to the acre, and better quality, than at either of their other plants. Last year he picked 2,400 pounds in one day from fifteen acres. The Carpenter Fig Co. started the fig preserving business at Aldine and have never paid less than three cents per pound for fresh figs delivered at their plant.

The demand for the skinless fig preserves is unlimited.

I gathered from one tree last summer one morning ninety-eight ripe figs.

After fully investigating your fig orchard proposition I would recommend it to my old friends or anyone else who is seeking a safe and profitable investment.

Wishing you success in your efforts to place a good investment within the reach of the people, I am,

Yours respectfully,
HARRY ASHTON.

(Mr. Ashton is an old iron worker and used to be manager of several plants in Ohio and Pennsylvania.)

Texas Figs Are World's Fair Winners

Figs grown at Aldine, near Houston, make best preserves known. Figs never fail to bear full crop here and trees live your lifetime.

One Acre Set in Figs and One Town Lot at Aldine, $230

Payable $10 down, $10 month without interest. No payments when sick. Clear warranty deed in case of death. Local cash market for fruit. Single crop pays for land and lot with an annual income thereafter. If you want to enjoy life in South Texas, make your own vine and fig tree or make a small, safe, profitable investment. Write for particulars. Agents wanted. Better than banks, bonds or life insurance.

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The process does not require the use of chemicals.

Saves time and labor and does away with the slavery of the churn.

It is made from the sweet cream direct and the sweet milk after the butter is extracted, is improved, being more palatable, more easily digested and keeps sweet longer.

As much butter can be made from milk by this process as by churning.

The butter will keep longer and is of a better quality.

The finest quality of buttermilk can be made if desired.

The process is more cleanly and the product more healthy as it destroys all disease germs.

Saves utensils and time cleaning them up.

Every consumer of milk, whether in town or in the country, needs to use this process to supply his own home with the best butter and good milk.

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Butter in one minute is a certainty, saving time and labor and money.

It is absolutely beyond value to the housewife, farmer or dairyman.

IT WILL NOT FAIL

This Process will not fail. It will do everything we claim for it; if it will not, we will return the money you have paid us for it and make you a present of one hundred dollars. Health officers, dairymen and scientists have pronounced it perfect.

We have made arrangements with the Churnless Butter Process Company (Incorporated) to sell individual rights to families. Thousands are using it and they would not part with their knowledge. You have the utensils in your home to do the work with. With this process you can buy the milk and make your own butter.

SEND US $5.00 for the right and the Process. If you are not fully convinced write us for testimonials of prominent people.

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The PURITY CO., Agts.

Vanderbilt Building, NASHVILLE, TENN.

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Our Rival Republics in South America

Mr. Freeman Tilden, formerly of the editorial staff of the N. Y. Evening Post, is in South America for the Van Norden Magazine, studying and writing of the astonishing growth in commerce and national influence of the great republics below the Equator. In April he will begin a series of brightly written articles, in which we North Americans will learn many things we do not know now about the life, the politics, the resources, and the industrial development of the countries with which we must soon reckon as world-powers. The articles will be fully illustrated with photographs.

Beginning with the April number the Van Norden Magazine will cost $1.50 a year by mail. Additional features in the way of complete digests of general as well as financial news, and pictures and cartoons of the month will appear in that number. These new features will make the Van Norden Magazine broad and complete enough for the American who reads only one Magazine, while it will still contain the unique features that now make it a necessary magazine for the American who reads several.

Until March 31st, subscriptions will be entered upon the books, for any number of years, at the present price of one dollar a year.

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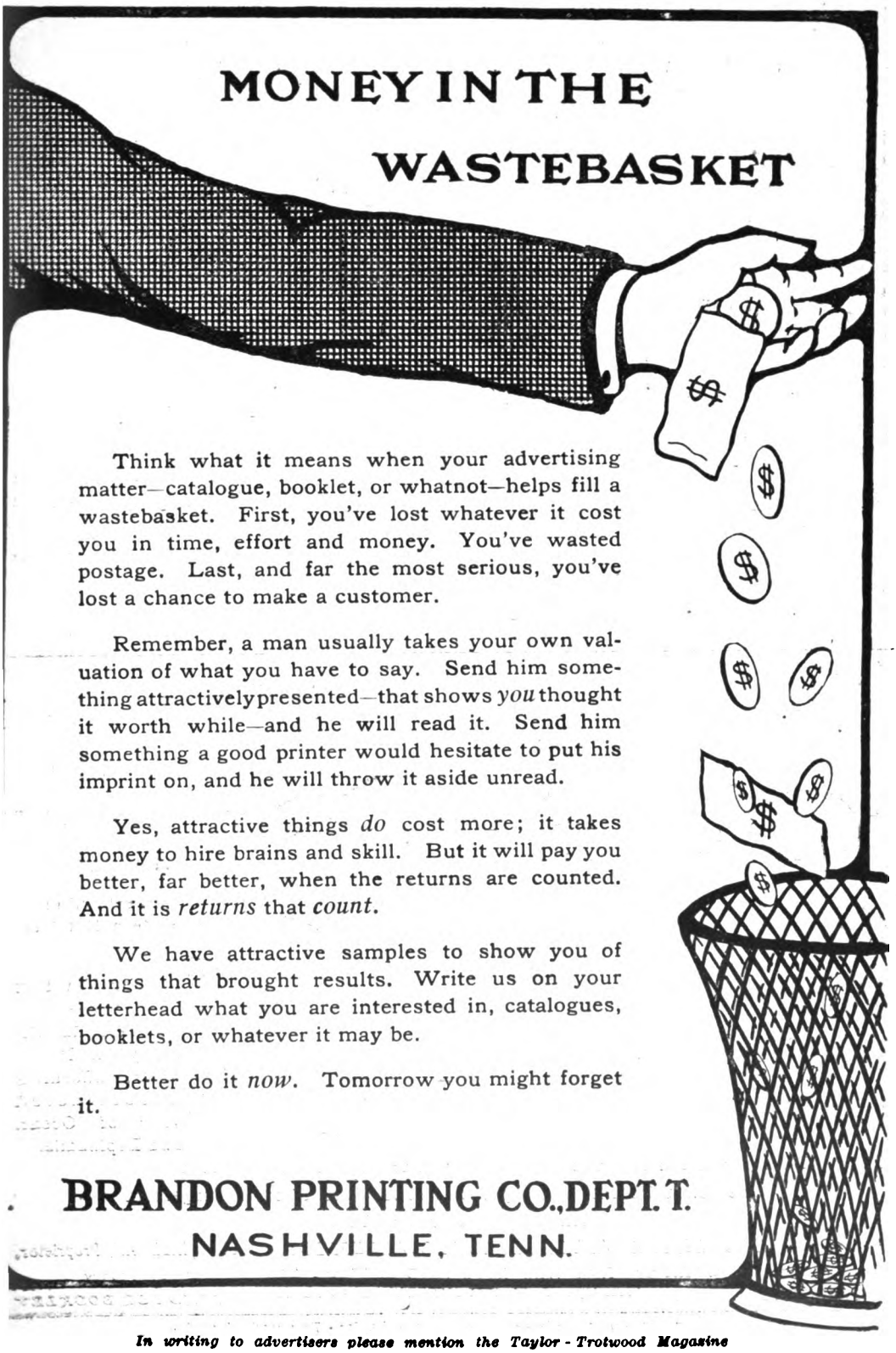

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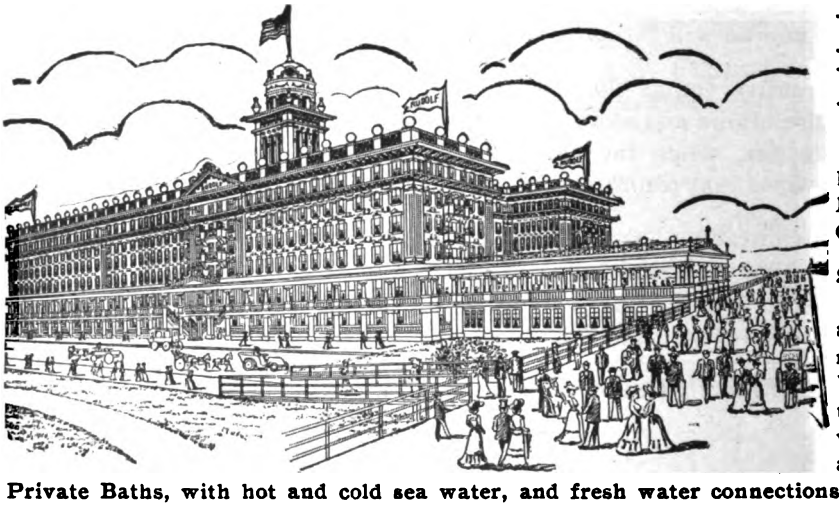

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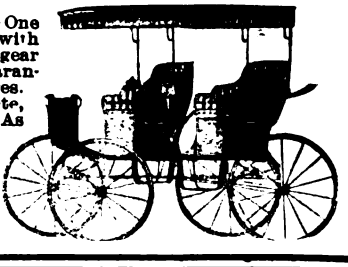

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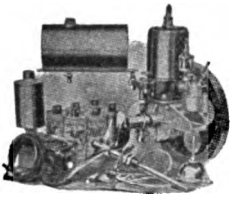

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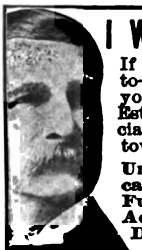

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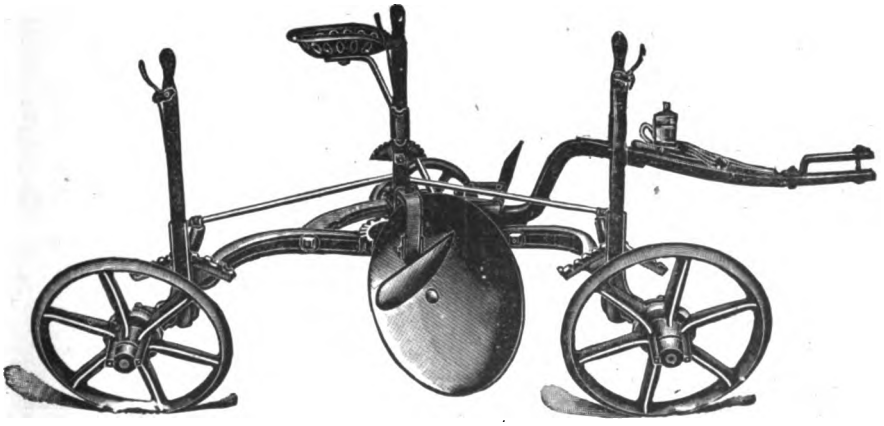

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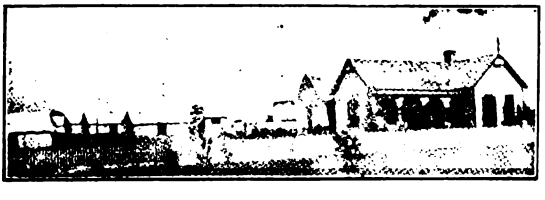

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